

The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years - Chapter V1C20 Preparation and Training (6)

Season 1 Chapter 20: Preparation and Training (6)

A week passed.

Frey looked extremely disgusting.

Once he had determined that his spot was indeed safe, he set up a few alarms, took off his armor and began to train wholeheartedly.

It was more efficient this way.

However his beard began to grow and his body began to smell.

There was a waterfall right in front of him so he could decide to wash himself at any time, but in the end he chose not to.

This was because his concentration would be broken by the cold water falling on his body. The situation he was in right now was extremely sensitive.

Other than to take care of the physiological needs of his body, Frey devoted all of his time to training.

Time passed.

Kooo.

A week later.

A blue haze began to form around Frey's body. His mana had become clearly visible!

This sign meant that Frey was on the verge of breaking through to 6 stars.

His mana capacity had more than doubled. The purity was also incomparable to the way it was before.

Though this was an achievement that was almost impossible to attain in a week, Frey was still not satisfied.

It was still not enough.

More. More. More.

He was as desperate as a person that had been condemned to death, but he wasn't impatient.

It was like walking a tightrope, but Frey carefully kept the balance and perfectly digested it.

Time passed again.

Three weeks.

But this period was a little more stimulating than the other weeks.

One of the alarms he'd set alerted him in the midst of his battle training.

'This...'

Frey's expression became hard.

When doing this training, the wizard's body was as defenseless as a newborn baby. Just a simple touch and it was possible for the pulse in his body to become entangled and he would die instantly.

He barely managed to calm the two halves of his mana room that were locked in battle. Then he removed the properties that he'd given them and waited for the mana within him to slowly calm down.

Afterwards, he opened his eyes to look at the intruder.

"...you are."

Black eyes were looking back at him.

It was a bird, but it was no ordinary bird.

It had a profound gaze, with feathers that seemed to be made from flames and exuded warmth. Frey knew this creature.

No, there was no one who did not know its name.

“A Phoenix.”

A monster so rare that it was called a fantasy, had appeared.

A flash of happiness appeared in Frey’s eyes.

He had worked with Phoenixes before. In general, they were incredibly difficult to tame. No, it should be said that it’s impossible.

However this was only because they were very picky when choosing their companions and only for those who were worthy would they bow their heads without hesitation.

‘It is the Ispania Mountains which has all kinds of monsters.’

But he would never have expected to meet a Phoenix here.

Besides, why was it there?

There was no hostility in it’s gaze. From the beginning this divine creature simply waited calmly until he opened his eyes.

Frey soon guessed why.

‘It must have been attracted by the fire mana that I was manipulating during the battle training.’

What he also took note of, was the state that the Phoenix was in. It’s feathers were soaked.

Was it because it came through the falls?

No. There was a faint rain smell coming from it. However the flames on a Phoenix’s feathers burned so strongly that it shouldn’t be wet by rain.

But this guy’s flames were weak and seemed as if they would go out at any moment.

Looking closer, he realised that there was a large scar on the bird’s chest. As if its body had been slashed by a huge claw.

If the wound had been a bit deeper, it would've ripped through its heart.

Contrary to what many people believed, this creature wasn't actually immortal.

It was only called that because given the right conditions, it would be able to escape death compared to other creatures.

Frey smiled gently and gestured.

"Come here."

The Phoenix blinked and kept staring at Frey.

"Are you going to keep staring at me? Didn't you come here for help?"

His gentle tone was that of Lucas, who was praised as an amazing teacher in the past.

The Phoenix paused for a moment before making its way over to Frey.

If anyone had seen this sight, they would have suspected that something was wrong with their eyes.

A noble being that was famous for never obeying anyone had been attracted with a few simple words and gestures?

Frey slowly stroked the feathers of the Phoenix that had come closer to him. This action was akin to holding a ball of flames with your bare hands, but Frey did not feel any heat.

This was proof that the Phoenix felt no hostility towards him.

"You must have fought a mighty creature. It's alright. I think I can help you."

Frey immediately began pouring his mana into the Phoenix.

The mana had been given the properties of fire once again.

Changing the properties of mana was a very difficult skill that even some of the most well known mages would not dare to try it, but it was very simple for Frey.

As he touched the Phoenix's neck, Frey muttered.

“You’re taking away the fruits of my training.”

“Kuruk...”

The Phoenix stomped its feet and made a low sound. Frey laughed.

“It was a joke, so stay still. It will be over soon.”

Time passed slowly.

The sound of the rain made the scene pleasantly harmonious without breaking the stillness of the image.

Frey enjoyed this moment.

Past places, past ties, past memories.

A rare soft smile spread across his face.

“You remind me of the old times. My old friend looked just like you.”

Frey slowly stroked the Phoenix’s feathers.

“This is in return for reminding me of those good memories. Next time you see your enemy, beat him.”

“Kuruk...”

The Phoenix looked at Frey with a deep gaze.

Frey gave it another bright smile as he returned its gaze.

“...”

The Phoenix slowly turned around before separating the waterfall’s flow and stepping out.

Frey watched it leave with many complicated feelings before noticing something on the floor in front of him.

“Um.”

It was a Phoenix feather.

“You gave an excessive gift.”

Frey let out a low laugh.

It was a gift that had endless value as it could be used from things such as healing wounds, to manufacturing magic items.

He looked at it for a moment.

Then he sat down, closed his eyes and returned to his training.

* * *

Four weeks.

Deep in the cave, Frey had become completely indistinguishable from his previously handsome appearance.

He didn't clean himself so his hair, beard and body smelled quite rotten and his face became black as if it had been painted with charcoal.

His food had run out a week ago.

Originally he had intended to go out to hunt for food if necessary, but Frey was so focused on his training that he decided to starve.

If he hadn't drank any water, then he probably would've died.

His cheeks were thin and seemed to be just skin.

Looking at his appearance it would be more believed that he was a beggar instead of an aristocrat.

However if there was anyone to see this scene, they would not have been able to open their mouths.

This was because Frey, who was fully concentrated on his cultivation with his eyes closed, gave off a very mysterious feeling.

“Ssss...”

A long hiss came from his mouth.

Anyone who had working eyes would be able to see the blue mist that came out of his mouth along with the hiss.

Frey slowly opened his eyes.

Unlike his gaunt face, Frey's eyes were brimming with life.

He calmly accessed his condition.

'I became 6 stars.'

He had become a 6 Star Wizard!

It was a dream that every wizard hoped to achieve and it was the marginal line that everyone thought they could reach with enough effort.

7 Stars and 8 Stars. These were levels that could never be reached unless a person's talent, effort and ability were all at a high level.

On the other hand, the 6 star level was achievable as long as one had enough talent and was willing to put in enough effort.

Of course, no one knew how long it would take.

The age of the youngest wizard to reach 6 stars, was 35 years. On the other hand, Frey Blake was just over the age of maturity.

If this became known then maybe all the wizards all over the continent would faint. They would all then fight a scouting war to take him away with all their might.

However there was no excitement on Frey's face.

After all he was simply walking on a road that he had already walked long before.

'Now I can collect mana simply by breathing.'

This was one of the skills that 6 star mages were capable of. It was definitely a big advantage to absorb mana simply by going through your daily routine.

If he closed his eyes and concentrated, then he would be able to collect richer mana, faster.

Frey muttered to himself while looking at his skinny wrist.

“I’ve been starving for a while so I’m in terrible shape.”

However it wasn’t too much of a problem since he could still be efficient even when he was not in his top form.

In any case, the form he was in was not perfect, so he intended to eat until his stomach exploded when he was finished and gain some weight.

Frey went out and suddenly let out a laugh.

“This guy...”

Bodies of monsters were piled outside the cave.

There was a wide variety of monsters that had one thing in common. They all had burns on their bodies.

Frey immediately knew who was behind it.

The Phoenix.

“You knew I was defenseless so you watched over me.”

He had stayed in the cave for a very long time without seeing even the slightest glimpse of a monster.

The service was a solid one.

Frey looked around for that troublemaker but he didn’t know if it was hiding or if it had left already.

If fate willed it, they would meet again.

Frey made a light decision.

“Now then...”

It was time to achieve his goal in the Ispania Mountains.

Exploring Schweiser’s dungeon.

Just as Frey was about to set off.

Ahhhh~

A scream was heard from far away.

Only

The birds in the trees ahead were also startled by the horrible scream so they flew away together.

But it was not a monster's scream. Not even a common beast.

It was the scream of a human.

“...”

Frey suddenly recalled the story he'd heard in the bar.

Corpses had recently been found near the mountain range and there was a high probability that it was done by other humans.

Frey's form, which had been standing still for a while, suddenly disappeared, leaving nothing but a soft sound.