

Great Mage 21

Season 1 Chapter 21: Sonia Aquarid (1)

It had been a month since they'd entered the stupid mountain range.

Lawrence, a member of the Skeletal Axe Mercenary Group, missed cold beer, strong tobacco and Amy's amazing body.

'Goddammit. When is that bitch Sonia or whatever coming?'

If it wasn't for the high pay, he would have canceled this job already.

It was okay if it was a bit dangerous. It wasn't a day or two since he started risking his life after all.

But a boring job was the most unbearable.

As mercenaries, the members of the Skeletal Axe Group were all rather patient and brave when waiting for their objective.

But in a forest without alcohol or women, it was practically torture for them to stay there for an entire month.

As a result, they played games to pass the time.

"Now that's it! Juan, you lost!"

"Shut up and wait a bit! Victor! Where do I hit to win? Adam's apple? Heart? Or should I aim for the space between the front teeth?"

"Forehead. If it's an instant death, then you get 10 points and you win."

Lawrence clicked his tongue as he stared at his partners.

The 'Human Darts' that they were playing was a game they made to pass the time.

It was a simple game where a person was hung from a tree and they took turns to throw daggers at them.

The closer to the target, the higher the score.

Sometimes they'd capture strangers from the mountain to be their targets.

And if they managed to find a woman to use as a plaything, they would use her a few times before letting her go on the mountain and the monsters would take care of her for them.

Juan was one of the members who especially liked to play.

"Stay still..."

He grinned maliciously and aimed his dagger.

The man tied to the tree was already covered in blood. He was in such a bad condition, that he would probably die even from a slight touch.

“When I hit the forehead it’ll be 10 points? Then I’ll come from behind.”

“Let’s see if you’ll get it.”

Shwik!

The dagger flew quickly and if it continued along its flight path, it would hit the man right in the center of his forehead.

Just as Juan was about to shout for joy, the man’s head drooped down.

Pak!

The dagger ended up sticking to the tree just above the top of the man’s head.

“Puhahaha! Juan you bastard, look at you luck!”

“What the hell? Did he die at such a time? Kuhaha!”

“I win! I get 10 silver now haha!”

As his partners were all laughing, Juan’s face became red with anger and his cheeks trembled.

“Who is this little bitch to bow his head?”

Juan approached the man tied to the tree and chopped his neck.

Thump.

The head bounced a couple times before it stopped rolling. The face of a man locked in an expression of pain and fear was revealed.

“To take out your anger on a man who’s already dead.”

“Let him be. He’s already lost 5 games in a row, it’s such a big blow that he had to let out the steam somehow.”

“Hey, let’s get out of here. I am the vice-captain after all.”

“You’re right.”

When his other partners showed their intentions of returning, Juan had no choice but to follow them.

However before he left, he made sure to spit on the distorted face with an angry expression on his face.

“Damn bastard.”

Just as he said so and turned around, Juan was surprised.

“Hu-, Huk!”

A man was now standing in front of him.

However the man’s appearance was quite bizarre.

The man was emaciated and his head looked messy.

He had a long, tangled beard and his face looked like it had been washed several times with mud.

Even a cold blooded murder who had experienced many life and death battles couldn't help but find his appearance to be terrifying.

"Y-, you bastard! What the hell are you...!"

Juan quickly pulled out his knife.

However the man's gaze remained on the body without even taking a glance at Juan who was standing there.

'Gh-, ghost? N-, no. There must be an explanation...'

The rotten smell...rotten smell?

'Un-, undead?'

Did undead also appear in the Ispania Mountains?

Juan kept looking at the figure's face with an uneasy expression until the figure finally opened its mouth.

"I was late."

"Huh...? Wh-, what did you say?"

Shik.

Those were the last words that Juan ever spoke.

At that time, a white sickle had appeared behind him and removed his head from his shoulders in one swipe.

Juan died without realizing that it had been done by a 5 star spell Light Sickle.

His head rolled to the body of the man that was still tied to the tree who had died a few moments before him.

The skinny man, Frey, kept looking down at the body.

The man had died because he was toyed with by all the mercenaries, not just Juan.

"..."

Then he looked back.

In the dark of the night, Frey's eyes could still clearly see the rest of the group of mercenaries who were heading back to their camp slowly and calmly while still in the mood to joke around with each other.

Frey's pupils began to shine brightly like a burning flame.

* * *

"We lost contact with the vice-captain."

The head of the Skeleton Axe Mercenary Group, Karles, frowned as he heard those words.

He was getting a lot of stress these days.

“Were there any survivors?”

“Just me.”

“What kind of monster was it?”

“That...it was a ghost.”

Karles made an odd expression as his subordinate said those words.

“A ghost? Are you sure you know where we are?”

“Yes of course. We’ve been here for over a month, how could I not know where we are?”

“You say you know but you’re talking as if you got hit in the head by a boulder.”

Karles stared at his subordinate with a vicious gaze before looking around.

A vast forest, with tens of thousands of trees which towered high above their heads as well at the mountains which stretched up into the clouds

This was the Monster Paradise, the Ispania Mountains.

The mercenaries familiar with this place called it the Hell Mountains.

It was one of the three greatest danger zones on the entire continent that even B class mercenaries like themselves did not dare to go further than the outskirts.

There was what in this place? A ghost?

“I’d rather see a ghost. I’ve only been seeing the faces of trolls this entire time and I’m honestly getting sick of it.”

Karles’ subordinates laughed insidiously.

“Is it a female ghost? Then it’s more than welcome to come.”

“It’s not a joke. This is serious. Fifteen members of our group, including the vice captain, were killed by an unknown monster.”

If they lost more of their group then it would be much more challenging for them to face off against the strong knights of the Aquarid family.

It was natural that he took this matter seriously.

“And there was no trace of them. Like they had all evaporated. I know. They were just joking around to help us relax.”

Karles doubted their story. If they were truly eaten by a monster then there would be some traces left because monsters were messy.

Even if it ate the whole body, would it also eat the armor and weapons?

“What did it look like?”

“It was a man. With long scattered hair...umm it had a very rotten smell.”

“Rotten smell?”

“Yes. On top of that it appeared and disappeared like a ghost, even though it was the middle of the day.”

“Hmm.”

Karles closed his eyes for a moment.

Then he slowly opened them again.

“It was a wizard.”

“He should be very skilled and capable of double casting as well.”

“So that’s why vice captain and the rest got taken out. A battle mage?”

“Maybe. After all it’s much more believable than some guy who came back from the dead to kill us.”

He let out a sigh.

A mage in itself was tricking, but being able to fight so well in the mountains as well as double casting and barehanded combat?

‘How many years have they been acting as a mercenary?’

If so, it would be the most prickly type of enemy.

“Strengthen the perimeter. That ghost...if you see that ghost, then kill it immediately. It could be a wizard sent by the Aquarid family.”

“Alright. But isn’t that strange? It’s hard to believe that that family of high ranking knights actually hired a sorcerer.”

“It’s not like it’s not possible. It is to escort the only daughter, so they might have bowed their heads this once. Anyway, we only need to focus on our mission, so stay alert.”

As Karles was about to turn around, he suddenly thought of something and opened his mouth.

“Ah. You said yesterday that you found five guys around here. What did you do with them? I feel like they’d die if we let them go anyway so we might as well play with them.”

“Which ones do you mean?”

“The women who came to pick herbs and the mercenaries were escorting them.”

Karles’ subordinates let out a laugh.

“I don’t know, but you kill anyone who comes searching for herbs. You never get tired of it and always want to keep going. It’s human nature to share the good stuff with your fellows. Isn’t it?”

“They want to die soon. We have to help them.”

“Kuku. So what did you do to them?”

“We used the women to let out our desires and used the mercenaries as targets. Ah. They died at dawn. The wolves ate them alive as they slept. One of them was actually played with by the vice captain yesterday.”

This time Karles was the one who let out a laugh and he laughed for a long time.

“Put all the toys away. According to the information, Aquarid’s daughter will be here tomorrow. Throw the bodies to the monsters. Don’t leave them near the city like last time alright? We’re leaving this place soon but it’s still a hassle.”

“Spa-, spare me, plea...”

A quiet voice was heard.

Karles turned and gazed toward the sound. There dangling from a rope was a man with blood all over his body.

The clothes barely covered his private parts and there were daggers in almost every bit of his exposed skin.

Only

“I b-, I beg...the things I saw here...I will never tell anyone.”

The man looked pitiful.

Karles looked at him for a moment, before turning.

“Tion, what did I just say?”

“Yes.”

Tion smiled and pulled out his sword.

“You said to dispose of it.”

Season 1 Chapter 22: Sonia Aquarid (2)

A woman with blue hair panted as she looked around.

The mercenaries around her were laughing loudly in excitement.

Her eyes became dark at the desperate situation. Her body was practically screaming at her to rest, that she was at her limit, but it would all be over if she did.

Sonia Aquarid took pride in her swordsmanship.

From a young age she had an exceptional comprehension ability toward swordsmanship and her talent shocked the Aquarid family which had always been known to produce the most talented knights.

If she had been born as a man, she would definitely have been able to take over as the head of the family.

At 13 she was able to display Sword Aura. At 15 she was able to win in a fair duel against a Royal Knight, at 18 she was granted the title 'Rainstorm' by the King.

To be given a knight's title was one of the greatest honors in the Luanoble Kingdom and it was also the first time in the history of the kingdom that someone was able to gain a title under the age of 20.

Sonia felt that she couldn't find any more opponents and in a way it was true.

While she was dedicating her life to the sword, she suddenly got word of a marriage proposal with the Kastkau Empire.

The person was from the Jun family, one of the Three Great Noble families of the Kastkau Empire.

From generation to generation, the Luanoble Kingdom had always shared a close blood relationship with the Katskau Empire.

There had already been several similar situations where great noble families were able to form bonds through marriage.

However Sonia did not like the choice that the family had made for her.

‘All wizards are weak.’

At least, all the wizards she had met.

In all honesty, Sonia had never had a good opinion of wizards. The days when they stood in the limelight were long gone.

In fact, it was the public’s opinion that since the age of light 4000 years ago, they had been getting worse.

Even Kastkau, which had formerly had the reputation of being the Magic Empire, was currently working hard to train its own knights.

This was the era of the knights.

She had fought Battlemites from the Magic Towers before and won without much difficulty.

This led her to believe that her thoughts were not wrong.

Now she wanted to meet the people called 'Magic Martial Artists'.

She had heard that they were people who were experts in close combat who strengthened their bodies using mana instead of aura. She felt that they would at least be more fun to fight than the boring wizards.

Sonia didn't want to marry a man who was weaker than her, but she had no way to refuse her father's wishes.

In the end, it was decided that she would go directly to the other family to meet them for herself.

Originally, she was supposed to use the Warp Stone.

But Sonia vehemently refused to do so. She had used a Warp Stone once when she was younger and ended up suffering from upset stomach, headaches and vomiting for more than a week.

Other than that, the only way to get to the empire was by boat or by crossing part of the Ispania Mountains.

However the weather at sea was not good and it would take much too long for her to wait for a ship when it calmed.

Inevitably, this meant that she had to go through the infamous mountain range.

With the knights from the Aquarid family, the monsters that they would find at the outskirts were no challenge at all.

After all, there were over a hundred mountains in the range, so there were still ways to avoid the truly dangerous areas.

Her convoy was made up of 10 knights and 5 servants. Sonia thought their presence was cumbersome, but in the end she decided to accept it instead of complaining.

She thought that it would be a boring trip.

But her expectations couldn't be more wrong.

"It seems the tales of the knights of the Luanoble Kingdom are only rumors."

A man with a scar on his face finally spoke.

There were dozens of bodies around her, including those from his party, but the man's face was still relaxed.

The reason was quite clear however as there were still around 20 of his men around.

On the other side there were only four survivors, including Sonia.

Even then the other three were only two servants and an old knight who had retired for more than 10 years already.

'I was careless...no.'

Even if she had been vigilant, they wouldn't have won.

From the start there were too many enemies.

However that wasn't the only reason. The main reason was how well prepared the enemies were.

'They aimed for the moment we were just about to leave the mountains when we had been the most relaxed.'

By the time they'd realised what was happening, three knights had already been killed.

"What are you after?"

Sonia tried hard to speak while panting and Karles responded with a bright smile.

"You're asking me that? Your head of course."

He glanced over the body of the silent Sonia.

"Ah. Of course I don't just intend to kill you. It's always been my dream to taste a noble woman. The only daughter of the Aquarid family is the perfect partner to fulfill my dream for the first time."

Sonia knew that her opponent was intentionally saying such things in order to affect her reasoning.

But even though her head knew that, her body couldn't ignore it.

Her face became red after being humiliated in such a way.

"I would take my own life before giving you that chance."

"Oho. Well that would be worth seeing. Then we'll just have to take it out on the old man and two bitches behind you."

“I’m confident in my torture skills. They would all beg me to kill them before 10 minutes had passed.”

The man gave her another smile and bowed slightly.

Sonia bit her lip.

‘So that’s why they kept them alive.’

It was now clear to her what their purpose was. Besides their job was to only kill Sonia.

She thought they didn’t care about it but now she realised that they did it to stop her from killing herself.

“Don’t worry Sonia. We would never be a burden.”

Luther, the retired knight and a father figure to Sonia, spoke to her with a smile. It was a smile that showed that he was already prepared for anything.

Sonia’s eyes shook. Then she closed them.

Then she looked towards the two maids.

“You will lose your lives because of my incompetence. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.”

“It was something that I prepared for when I became a maid of the Aquarid family.”

One of the maids laughed.

“Would you please end my life by your hand? I do not want to become a toy for those beasts.”

“...okay.”

Sonia bowed her head.

The maid’s lips were shaking slightly. Though she spoke casually, it was obvious that she was afraid to die.

Karles clicked his tongue.

‘It truly is a prestigious noble family. Even a simple maid has such a strong willpower.’

He ordered his men.

“Stop them.”

The mercenaries rushed towards them, but Sonia’s sword was much faster than their movement.

Chik.

And something was even faster than her sword.

“Ah?”

Sonia looked blankly at her hand.

The sword was not there anymore.

‘Someone took my sword.’

But it did not take her long to realise what happened.

As a knight this was the greatest humiliation, but Sonia was so focused on what happened that she did not think of that.

Instead she pondered while shaking her head.

'Did any of them have that sort of skill...'

Didn't that mean that they could stop her desperate suicide if they wanted to?

Despair flashed across Sonia's face.

Just as she was about to try to bite her tongue in order to save her dignity, she realised that the mercenaries that had been previously running toward her were now looking behind her with wide eyes.

'What happened?'

Sonia looked back and was startled immediately.

This was because there was someone behind her.

It was a sloppy man. He had messy hair, a beard that was much too long and he looked like he had not washed himself in a long time.

Although his clothes and armor were in relatively good shape, no one noticed that because of his overall messy appearance.

Sonia had never seen such an unkempt man. Nevertheless, she couldn't open her mouth.

A sword was in the man's right hand. The sword that Sonia had just been holding.

It was the same for the embarrassed mercenaries. They all turned to look toward the man that was standing in the center of them.

This man, Karles, the leader of the mercenary group, rolled his eyes once.

'A ragged appearance, overgrown beard and that grey hair...'

He then spoke quietly.

"Right. So you are the ghost."

Even after the vice captain had disappeared, members continued to vanish into thin air.

Eventually ten more had been taken by him. Some of them held key roles for this mission.

If it wasn't for those members that had disappeared, the number of members that had been killed in this raid would've been reduced by half.

Frey ignored Karles' words. Instead he looked at Sonia and returned her sword.

"Aht."

Sonia hurriedly received her sword. Normally she would have taken it calmly, but this was enough to show that she was not in her right mental state.

Only then did he turn to look at Karles.

"You are the leader."

The mountain range was so large that it took him a long time to find them. In the first place, Frey had no talent for pursuit or search.

Because of this, he had not been able to clean himself since he wandered the mountain.

Karles looked back at Frey and a serious light flashed in his eyes.

So he was looking for where the camp was.

They had been there for a month so there were a lot of things to be stored. It couldn't be neglected or it would be taken by monsters, so he had to let 10 men guard it.

“What happened to my members?”

“Exactly what you think.”

“...”

Karles' face became cold immediately as he realized something.

This man never had any intentions of sparing them. The member's description that he was cruel was accurate.

‘We shouldn't give him time to cast spells.’

Karles gestured quickly.

“Aim at the wizard! Don't approach from the front, use the trees!”

The mercenaries moved immediately.

‘A Battlemage's power is usually equal to five B class mercenaries. We can defeat him with the amount we have now.’

“Kehuk!”

At the end of his thoughts, blood splattered from a mercenary.

Karles blinked in shock.

‘What? What just happened...?’

For a moment he could only stare blankly.

Then his instinct told him that something was coming to him.

His body reacted before his mind could and he pulled his two swords up to block.

Clang!

It was a spell.

It was a spell with so much power that Karles’ wrists began to throb after he managed to block it!

It seemed like he would lose grip on his swords but he gripped his teeth and endured it.

Karles was an A class mercenary.

His skills were solid and his experience was abundant. He had even fought Battlemages numerous times before.

Therefore he knew that there was a certain cooldown after a wizard casts their spells.

'He won't be able to keep attacking.'

The moment that his attacks paused would soon come. No, it didn't matter if it came or not.

He still had over a dozen men around him. He was sure that they would chop off the mage's head while he had to take a break.

...That's what was supposed to happen.

However something was strange.

Clang. Clang.

Cold sweat covered Karles' entire body.

His legs shook and his wrist throbbed as if they were broken.

Nevertheless he refused to let go of his swords. The moment he let go was the moment he died.

'Why hasn't the spell ended?'

It was as if dozens of wizards were alternately shouting spells at him.

He'd been holding on for so long but what were the other guys doing!

Karles decided to take a look around despite the danger.

He immediately felt like he'd have a breakdown.

'Cr-,crazy...'

He wasn't the only one holding his sword desperately.

All the mercenaries were being attacked by the spell!

'Wh-, who is that man?'

Was he able to cast and control this many spells at the same time?

Even the Deputy Head of a Magic Tower that he had met before wasn't this powerful!

It was at that moment.

Ttuk.

The magic finally stopped.

"Huk...! Huk...!"

"Uh, uhh..."

The mercenaries lowered their hands and desperately took breaths of cold air.

Karles also lowered his hands while shouting loudly.

"Hi-, his mana should be empty! We have to kill him now!"

If this missed this chance then it was over.

Karles wasn't confident in withstanding such a barrage again.

These words seemed to light a fire in the mercenaries who looked like they were about to fall over any moment.

"Kill him!"

"This bastard!"

The mercenaries rushed forward at the same time.

Sonia, who had been watching in a daze, hurriedly raised her sword and tried to confront them. She didn't know who this person was, but at least he wasn't an enemy.

Then Frey raised his hand to stop her.

"Stay back. It's already over."

"O-, it's over? What..."

Kuahh.

At that time the ground began to shake. The mercenaries gasped.

“Ea-, Earthquake! 5 star magic!”

“Da-, dammit! Let’s get out of here!”

The mercenaries struggled to escape the spell but the range was too wide. They didn’t have enough experience when facing a wizard.

Also had they been in perfect condition, they might have been able to escape. But now that they had reached their physical limit, it was impossible.

Even those who stood at the back could not escape the furious shaking.

“Ugh!”

“Kuk...”

The mercenaries were buried in the ground in no time. They tried to wrestle and dig their way out with their hands but they were soon sucked into the ground.

‘I, I can’t believe it! The magic he used so far was simply to stall for time?’

Karles was astonished as he felt the pain of rocks crushing him from every direction.

This man had kept them in check with one spell while using that chance to cast another!

He knew the wizard had been capable of double casting.

But this was the first time that he'd ever seen such a powerful double casting.

The entire mercenary group had been suppressed by a single spell before. And what was with the power of that Earthquake spell?

Rather than simply shaking and opening the ground, it had sucked them in as if the earth itself was alive.

Only

'Oh, oh no. In such a way...'

Karles was filled with grief, but he had no way to escape.

Kuuuu.

The shaking stopped and the ground returned to its previous appearance.

“Oh, oh my God.”

Sonia stared at the man in front of her.

Then it clicked in her brain. This man had wiped out the mercenaries in the blink of an eye.

Season 1 Chapter 23: Sonia Aquarid (3)

“Th-, thank you for your help.”

Luther hurriedly bowed.

Frey looked over at him and Luther immediately became nervous because he did not know what this strange man would say.

He had helped them, but he also might not have approached them with good intentions.

“No problem. Are you hurt?”

As Frey responded to him, Luther let out a sigh of relief.

Now that he thought about it, if such a powerful wizard truly had any bad intentions towards them then they might have already been buried in the ground together with the group of mercenaries.

“The mercenaries...are they all dead?”

It was Sonia who spoke next.

Frey nodded.

“Do you want to see the bodies?”

“N-, no. That’s okay.”

Sonia was a cold woman so she wasn’t usually embarrassed, but she stuttered because she was still amazed.

She believed that he would really show her the mercenaries’ corpses if she had answered too late.

She cleared her throat a few times before finally speaking in the proper tone befitting a noble lady.

“Thank you for your help. I’m Sonia Aquarid from the Luanoble Kingdom.”

Although he was her benefactor, it was not easy for her to speak formally. For a woman, Sonia usually spoke in a very cold, stiff tone and she rarely used respectful speech.

However Frey shook his head slightly when he heard her words.

‘Aquarid? I think I heard that somewhere before.’

It felt relatively recent, but since it didn’t come to his mind after he thought about it for a moment, he determined that it wasn’t that important.

“I am Frey Blake. From the Kastkau Empire.”

Sonia was surprised when there was no change in his expression even after she had revealed her identity.

This was because the Aquarid family was one of the most well known knight families on the continent.

Even if he was from the Empire, he should have heard of it.

‘Is he a commoner?’

In reality, she thought he was a commoner because of his unsightly appearance. Even the beggars on the streets of the kingdom were much cleaner than he was.

He was also smelly, but Sonia took care to not reveal her thoughts.

However Luther's next actions surprised her.

"I see, so you're a member of the Blake Family."

When Sonia turned her questioning gaze to him, he answered with a smile.

"It is one of the most famous wizard families. It has produced some of the most outstanding wizards who supported the Kastkau Empire."

Luther continued, feeling his explanation was a bit insufficient.

"Earl Isaka Blake, the current head, is one of the eight 7 star wizards in the empire, and is the head of one of the six Magic Towers."

"...that's right."

Luther's reactions indicated that he was a member of a family that was at least on the same level as the Aquarid family.

Sonia turned to look at Frey in amazement as she recalled the magic that he had just used.

Hundreds of light shapes had flown from his fingertips and constantly suppressed the mercenaries, and when they thought it was over, the ground opened up and devoured all of them.

It had been a beautiful and also overwhelming scene.

'I could never beat all of them.'

Especially the man with the scar on his face. It was the first time that Sonia had been confronted by such an anomalous and unconventional swordsman.

Even if she was to duel him one on one, she could not guarantee her victory.

To deal with such a group without getting a single scratch.

'This is definitely a first class wizard.'

It was at that moment that Sonia's impression of the wizard changed greatly.

After a while, she tilted her head.

'But why does such a person look so terrible?'

Frey looked toward where the mercenaries had been buried and opened his mouth.

“They must have been waiting in the mountains for more than a month. It seems that you are their target, is there any reason for that?”

“How did you know that they stayed for a month?”

“That was when corpses were first found nearby. They seemed to have captured people from the city who were wandering nearby and tortured them.”

Sonia nodded at that.

Their speech and behaviour were very vulgar and lowly.

Luther also nodded.

“For a month...that seems to coincide with the time that we left the Luanoble Kingdom. It could be that someone hired them. The Aquarid family has just as many enemies as we have comrades.”

But they knew one thing.

Given that these mercenaries were so strong, the person who hired them must also have a considerable amount of power.

Frey seemed to think about something before saying slowly.

“So what will you do now?”

“First we need to go to a city. I heard that there is a city called Ispaniola nearby.”

“Just follow the boulevard when you meet it. It is not that far away.”

Luther sighed in relief.

“That’s great.”

“On the way here I found traces of battle. A lot of the corpses seemed to be from your party, what will you do with their bodies?”

“...They all have families. It would be great if we could take them home but we can’t afford to. So the least we can do is bury them.”

“I’ll help.”

Luther wanted to refuse as a courtesy but Frey’s offer was like a welcome rain after a long drought.

He couldn’t help but ask with a happy face.

“...are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Th-, thank you. So while you collect the bodies, could you please check to see if there are any survivors?”

Frey shook his head.

Luther sobered up and felt that he had asked for too much but Frey then spoke.

“Ispaniola. There is a warp stone there, I’ll take them there so you can send them back to Luanoble.”

“Can you really?”

It was an unimaginable proposal.

Sonia, Luther and the two maids could not help but stare at him with wide eyes.

Frey nodded.

“I have to stop by the city anyway. And I need to take care of the other bodies as well.”

* * *

Frey showcased his amazing magic again as he carried the bodies to the city.

He stacked the bodies on a wagon with broken wheels and used that to move them.

Sonia and her maids only looked on in admiration, but only Luther knew how ridiculous his actions truly were.

‘He should not be more than thirty...’

He could not imagine how heavy the wagon was to move.

Moreover, Ispaniola wasn’t only ten minutes away.

Instead it took them a few hours to get to the city on foot. Nevertheless, Frey did not show any kind of strain at all.

In fact he was still able to have normal conversations with Sonia and Luther.

This was proof that he was not devoting much of his attention to the spell that he was using.

“Twenty?! Really?”

“That’s right.”

“I thought you would be at least over thirty...”

“That’s rude.”

Frey and Sonia seemed to become quite close. The two seemed to be years apart but in truth they were the same age.

Luther looked at the sight with a curious gaze.

‘She’s fully acknowledged him.’

Usually it was incredibly difficult for Sonia to become acquainted with a man.

Especially when it was not someone that she was related to.

Even in Luanoble, the number of true friends that Sonia had could be counted on one hand.

So the sight of her chatting with a man, and one from another country, was a very unfamiliar sight for Luther who had watched her from a young age.

'That's fine. With the amount of talent that this Blake boy has, it would be fine for her to marry him.'

After all, the Blake family was comparable to the Aquarid family.

If the agreement with the Jun family didn't go well, then Luther would suggest this to the head of the house himself.

Eventually, they arrived at the city without Frey losing a drop of sweat. By this time, Luther was looking at him as if seeing a monster.

'His mana capacity is amazing.'

Only then did he begin to ponder about Frey's unkempt appearance. Perhaps it had something to do with training.

After all, the mana concentration in the Ispania Mountains was known for being extremely dense.

Even so, there were probably extremely few people who would be willing to train in the place that was given the name Hell Mountains.

Shortly after arriving in Ispaniola, Luther immediately sent the bodies back to the Luanoble Kingdom.

He hired a mercenary guild to escort them and sent one of the two remaining maids to guide them.

Meanwhile, Frey seemed to have left the other bodies with the city guard.

These bodies belong to the inhabitants of the city that had been murdered.

When it was all over, Luther seemed to come out of his daze.

Although Sonia had higher status, she had the least amount of experience, so it was up to him to express his gratitude first.

“Thank you very much. I do not know how to repay your gratitude...”

“It was nothing.”

Frey didn't seem to be very sociable.

He never had much to say and seemed very cold.

“Then I will take my leave. I hope the rest of your journey will be better.”

“Wa-, please wait.”

Luther hurriedly tried to stop Frey.

Frey only turned his head to look back at Luther.

“Please let me give you a reward.”

“I didn’t do it hoping for a reward.”

“I know, but...please. If I was to let you go like this then the Aquarid family would be considered dishonourable...”

“...”

Luther was quite desperate.

As long as Frey was a child from a noble family, then he should show them this bit of courtesy, otherwise they would be in his debt.

No, the political implications aside. Luther really wanted to repay Frey for all that he had done for them.

“Please Frey. Let me repay your favor.”

Sonia also bowed her head.

It was very rare for her to bow.

Only

Frey was lost for words for a moment, before he let out a sigh.

“I’ll only accept dinner.”

“Th-, thank you.”

They were lucky, if he had decided to be stubborn, then he would have left without hesitation.

Luther’s face was shining with happiness and Frey spoke after a moment.

“I know a good place, let’s go there.”

“Alright.”

Season 1 Chapter 24: Sonia Aquarid (4)

The place they arrived at was a bar.

At first Luther was quite embarrassed but he quickly schooled his expression.

He could not understand why Frey had brought them to this place.

'This is not a place for nobility...'

This was the sort of place that mercenaries who had vulgar mouths and behaviours would come to.

But Frey opened the door without any hesitation.

Immediately, the smell of tobacco and beer were prevalent.

The bald giant behind the counter, who was the owner, seemed to recognize Frey immediately.

He observed Frey for quite a while before he burst into a loud, pleasant laugh as if he was filled with joy.

After a short conversation with the owner, Frey came back to the group.

"They will prepare the food while we go wash up and come back."

"Ah, I see."

It seemed that now that he had the chance, he wanted to immediately clean himself.

Despite not showing it on their faces, Sonia and Luther quite agreed with Frey's decision to go clean up.

As soon as they had opened the door, the faces of all the people in the bar had become sour.

There were bathrooms upstairs since the bar seemed to also function as an inn.

Quite unexpectedly, even warm water was prepared for them to wash their bodies much more comfortably.

Sonia soon returned to the first floor after a pleasant bath, but she found a man sitting at their table.

'Did he sit here by accident?'

Sonia narrowed her eyes at the man.

The man that was sitting there had very handsome features. Sonia had seen many handsome men in the Luanoble Kingdom, but this man seemed to have a sort of charm.

What she noticed in particular was his slightly long grey hair that was tied behind him and his deep set eyes.

The only blemish was that he was a bit too skinny, but that wasn't a really big deal...

'Hmm?'

Sonia couldn't help but tilt her head. The man's appearance was extremely similar to someone else.

The skinniness, the grey hair, the deep set eyes.

"If you're done, why don't you take a seat?"

The moment she heard the voice, she realised.

Nevertheless a confused expression appeared on her face.

"...Frey?"

* * *

"Is something wrong?"

"N-, no. You just look completely different from before..."

"I looked a bit old after not taking care of myself for a while."

Frey laughed and Sonia blushed while complaining in her mind,

‘That’s not a bit.’

She couldn’t even compare the current him to the beggar-like appearance he had before.

For the first time in her life, Sonia felt a tingling sensation in her chest.

“Y-, your clothes look good.”

Sonia, who was not used to praising people, turned her head away as she said that.

What he was wearing at that moment was his Westroad Academy uniform which was made for its appearance instead of practicality.

It went very well with Frey’s current appearance though he would look even better if he gained a bit more weight.

“I didn’t have any other clothes to wear. My armor needs to be washed since it is so dirty.”

“R-, right.”

“Are you going to keep standing? The food will be here soon.”

“Ah, I’ll sit down.”

‘How many times will you stutter, you idiot!’

Sonia scolded herself inwardly as she hurried to take a seat.

She was nervous.

Seeing Frey’s indifferent face seemed to make her feel worse somehow.

Sonia felt it was unfair that she was the only one who was embarrassed. Thinking quickly, she desperately tried to find a topic.

“Your spells were amazing. It was the first time I saw such an amazing wizard like you.”

“It was nothing.”

While he said this, Frey’s face showed no signs of being flattered.

This was proof that this was what he really thought, that his present level of skill was truly nothing.

When he thought of the guys he'd have to face in the future, his current power was like he was holding a dagger as small as a pebble in his hands.

However, Sonia felt even more admiration when she saw his humility.

'He's completely different from all the wizards I've met before.'

All they knew was how to boast.

About how well they could develop magic, or that they had ongoing research that was going well or that they were one of the top 10 mages in the tower...

In a fight, they were only a group of children who knew how to recite spells.

They didn't even have time to finish their spells before Sonia had drawn her sword, closed the distance between them and pressed it against their adam's apple.

Why do they want to duel when they were no good in the first place?

"So where are you headed?"

Frey's voice brought her out of her thoughts.

"I know you were heading to Kastkau, but I'm curious about your destination. Of course you don't have to answer."

'Is he concerned?'

It felt like he had brought up the topic when the conversation had paused, so Sonia interpreted it favourably.

She replied without hiding anything.

"I'm going to the Jun family."

"...Jun family?"

Frey raised an eyebrow.

For some reason, Sonia felt proud that she had finally managed to get a reaction out of this man.

"What are you going to do there?"

"That...a marriage proposal."

She didn't know why her face became red and her voice cracked a bit.

Frey didn't notice Sonia's behaviour.

"Ah, right. The daughter of the Aquarid family that would become Peran's fiancée. So that's you."

"Huh? How did you know?"

"I heard it from Peran."

"Are you familiar with Peran?"

Luther came down from his bath and interrupted the conversation.

Frey could only give a smile as Sonia looked away in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your conversation."

"That's fine. Sit down, let's talk."

"I'm sorry again but I can't join you. I'm sure you understand."

Luther and the single remaining maid stood behind Sonia.

Luther and Sonia shared a pseudo father-daughter relationship, but even then there were strict protocols in a master-servant relationship that could not be ignored.

This was their house's business so Frey did not interfere. He simply took a sip of water before answering Luther's previous question.

"Peran is my friend."

"I see. Both of your families are famous wizard families in the Empire. Have you been friends since childhood?"

"I met him for the first time on a ferry to the capital. It was only for a short while, but I appreciated his character and so we became friends."

"I see..."

Luther was relieved.

A good way to tell a person's character was to look at the friend's he kept.

And from what he had seen of Frey, Luther believed that he was a man of good character.

Only

If a young man like Frey could accept him as a close friend then that meant that he was a good person.

Soon the food arrived.

Venison with mouth watering spices, fresh salad and lamb soup.

Luther admired the quality of the food.

Finally, a sausage was placed in front of Frey.

Frey looked up at the owner's face and the owner returned his gaze before they both burst into loud laughter.

Sonia and Luther could only watch their interaction with confusion.

Season 1 Chapter 25: Sonia Aquarid (5)

Frey spent a day in the inn to get rid of his fatigue.

He intended to rest for today before heading into the mountains again tomorrow.

Early the next day, Sonia's party left.

They seemed to be headed right to the Jun family residence in Kastkau. (TL: yes 'Kastkau' and now 'Kausymphony')

"We're probably gonna stay with the Jun family for a while. By the way...will you come to the house to visit?"

Sonia tried to speak as casually as possible, but she was unable to hide her expectant and anxious expression.

Frey did not notice her behavior, he was only thinking about the fact that Peran had asked him such words before.

"When I find what I'm looking for, if you are still at the Jun family then we'll meet."

"...right."

Though Sonia spoke plainly, her face was practically shining.

Frey watched them as they left the city before turning around.

It was finally time to go to the dungeon.

* * *

'I have about three weeks left.'

He would use the last week to travel back to the academy.

Of course, this wasn't because he was willing to learn in the academy.

He was curious about the identity of Syris Triznine, but it wasn't just that he wanted to uncover her identity.

Frey had a habit of setting a deadline for himself when he had to work on a task.

There were more than a hundred mountains in the Ispania Mountain Range and naturally it would be almost impossible to search all of them quickly.

Fortunately, Frey had some clues as to what mountain Schweiser would have put his dungeon on.

'That should be the place.'

Frey looked up at an extremely tall mountain in the distance.

This mountain, which was twice as large as most of the other mountains, directly pierced the clouds.

Ungwanbong.

Though it also had another name.

“Drake Mountain.”

Kuaahh~

A Drake’s roar pierced the ambience of the mountain range.

Frey narrowed his eyes and looked towards it.

Drakes were among the best predatory monsters and the ones that lived in the Ispania Mountains were especially powerful.

Just their teeth alone were enough to easily destroy huge boulders.

The worst part was that these creatures lived in packs.

This was the reason why Frey decided to move only after achieving 6 stars.

'Now I should be able to handle about 20 Drakes.'

However, there was no one who could say just how many drakes could be found in the Ispania Mountains.

There was also a chance that a 'mutant' that the bar owner had told him about could also appear.

Frey calmly began to climb the mountain.

Drake Mountain was very tall, but the danger was beyond imagination.

Even a 6 star mage could easily lose their life if they were negligent.

After climbing for about an hour, Frey finally encountered his first monster. It was not a Drake, but an Ogre.

But unlike normal Ogres, this one had red skin and three eyes. In its hand was a huge tree for a club, and there was a mass of flesh and blood nearby.

The mountain was called Drake Mountain, but that did not mean that other monsters couldn't be found here.

To enter their territory, one had to reach the waist of the mountain. Below that was the area where all sorts of monsters lived. (TL: 'waist of the mountain=the middle area' similar to 'foot of the mountain=bottom')

'It has keen senses.'

Frey narrowed his eyes as he inspected the Ogre.

'That should be fire resistant skin. So. Did it evolve to survive against the Drakes?'

From what he knew, since it was strong against fire, then there was a high chance that it was also relatively weak against ice.

Frey quickly chanted a spell.

"Ice Spear."

Chang.

Three ice spears appeared in front of him.

When the Lich Dullard had attacked the Cortez, the spears he created were much larger in comparison to the ones that Frey created, however, the difference in the concentration of mana was not something that could be compared.

Shik.

Pupuk.

“Kurk!”

Frey clicked his tongue.

The skin and bones of the Ogre were much stronger than he had anticipated.

The spear aimed at its head had been blocked with just his skull and the one aimed at its chest had been blocked its ribs.

‘To block my Ice Spears means that its bones are as hard as steel.’

For these types of monsters it was most effective to burn them with fire, but this one happened to be fire resistant.

Frey realised that the Ogre in front of him would be more annoying than the mercenaries that he’d faced the other day.

Drake Mountain lay in the center of the Ispania Mountains.

This meant that the monster one would find here were much stronger than those that could only live in the outskirts.

'I could kill it if I used Earthquake, but that's too loud.'

If he made too large of a fuss then other monsters would surely flock toward the sound..

The same was true for wind magic, while it might be helpful, the disadvantage of that was that it had a very large range.

'There's nothing else I can do.'

He had no choice but to choose a slight foolish method.

"Ice Spear."

ChaChaChang.

Ten ice spears materialised in front of him and a bone freezing chill could be felt.

"Kuaahhh!"

The Ogre roared at him and it was so powerful that it destroyed the ground.

“If you make so much noise, what reason would I have to keep quiet?”

As he muttered this in a low voice, Frey lined the spears up.

Papapat.

Tutututuk.

“Kuk...”

The Ogre opened its eyes wide. An ice spear was sticking from his forehead..

Frey had hammered the ice spear as if it was a nail, sending it deeper with each successive spear.

Kuong.

The Ogre’s body fell to the ground, causing it to shake.

As he looked at the body, Frey couldn’t help but mutter.

“That wasn’t bad.”

Only

The fight just then had been pretty helpful for him to adjust himself.

Fighting the students in the academy could never compare to this.

This one battle had been much more beneficial to him even when compared to fighting the mercenaries of the Lich, Dullard.

“This is what I want.”

This was something he could become immersed in.

Frey’s eyes shined.

It seemed that this trip wouldn’t be as boring as he thought.

Season 1 Chapter 26: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (1)

“Magnificent.”

Frey sat on a large boulder and looked down from his position on the largest mountain in the vicinity.

He could see the other mountains, the buildings in Ispaniola City which looked like nails sticking into the sky, a large flowing river and a vast meadow, all at once.

The process that he had needed to see such an amazing sight was incredibly difficult.

He looked down at his armor.

The armor was ragged and his overall appearance was rather messed up.

He did not have any healing spells so he was covered in wounds.

If before he had looked like a beggar to Sonia, now he looked like he had been on a battlefield for a week.

The strength of the monsters which lived on Drake Mountain was much higher than he had expected.

The Drakes which he'd met after he entered the mid levels of the mountains were strong enough to make his blood run cold.

'Especially that guy...'

An enormous Drake that he had only managed to see once.

It had the body of a Dragon, completely with scales that looked harder than steel and a roar that shook the entire mountain range.

Frey was able to roughly tell how strong an opponent is just by looking at them. It was a skill developed with age.

And that skill told him one thing.

He couldn't beat it.

'It's the King.'

Perhaps the entire mountain range was his territory.

It was a Monster Lord.

Frey made sure to avoid that guy.

This was because this was not an enemy he could defeat, even if he tried to resort to tricks.

At the same time, Frey diligently practiced to master his senses and control. Thanks to that, he finally gained an achievement.

'I finally made Frey's body mine.'

Such an adjustment was only possible through real world experience where the pressure could push him over his limit.

He was now convinced that he had fully gained control over Frey's body, without the slightest error.

However, it had taken him two weeks and three days to reach the summit, which had exceeded his expectation.

It was the result of him being too focused on his practice.

"Hoo."

Frey realised that his mana was once again full.

At the top of the mountain, the air was thin, but the mana concentration was incredibly dense.

Thanks to that he was able to refill his mana capacity before he had even realised.

He turned around and looked at the volcanic lake behind him.

As the size of the mountain was beyond imagination, the volcanic lake at its peak was not a joke.

What Frey truly paid attention to, was the island in the middle of the lake.

“Fly.”

Woowoong.

He flew over using the flight spell.

However, he still remained wary of the lake. It would not be weird if that freak had raised a monster in the lake.

Tat.

Fortunately nothing happened and Frey was able to land without any trouble.

He looked around. The island was small but it was very beautiful.

Frey recalled Schweiser’s words from the past.

“The peak of a towering mountain that pierced into the clouds. Where there would be a beautiful lake...with a small island in the centre.”

It was consistent with what the guy dreamed about every day.

Frey looked at the ground.

Then he closed his eyes and concentrated for a moment.

“...I knew it.”

His lips stretched into a smile.

No matter what that guy did, he liked to make it big, so there was absolutely no way that such a small island would be able to fit his dungeon.

And just as he had expected, there was an enormous space below the island.

‘The only entrance is this island. If someone tried to force their way in from any other direction...the entire mountain would collapse.’

That tricky guy.

Frey thought it was troublesome, but he was glad to have found a trace from one of his best friends after such a long time.

Frey looked around.

The entrance to the dungeon wasn't that hard to find.

It was the largest tree on the island. Literally a giant tree.

There was a large hole in the tree that served as an entrance.

Frey went into the hole without hesitation.

The fact that he had been nice enough to build stairs showed that he intended for the dungeon to be found.

It wasn't too dark as there were soft lights in the stairwell.

After walking for a while, Frey stopped and looked ahead of him.

In front of him was a gigantic door that was covered in magical runes.

With a quick glance Frey had already noticed a few things.

'I can't open it by force.'

It was a magic technique that Schweiser himself had created.

Maybe if he was in Lucas' body, but at the present, Frey's body would explode like a firecracker the second he tried.

That meant that he had to follow the rules.

Frey's gaze was drawn to a small marble that was on the front of the door.

After dusting it off a bit, he realised that it seemed to be a jewel of some sort.

Placing his hand on it, Frey began to send his mana into the gem.

Woowoong.

After a moment, white smoke began pouring out of the marble.

Soon the smoke began to take shape.

It became a grey haired, golden eyed boy.

Tadah.

There was a mischievous smile on his face and he was wearing a funny white robe that was free of any dust.

He looked like an immature child who was pretending to be a wizard.

“Ahem! Can you hear me? Can you hear-?”

“...”

Frey felt like crying for a moment. It was a voice that he had missed more than he himself had realised.

The smoke figure had a face that he had not forgotten even after all those years that he had been stuck in the abyss.

Schweiser Straw.

Frey knew that it was only a simple illusion, but he could not prevent the flutter in his heart.

“...long time no see.”

“First of all, congratulations on finding my dungeon! Though I don’t know what you’re here for.”

“You old man without a conscience, did you feel good making yourself look that young?”

“If you’ve come all this way, that must mean that you have a great interest in the study of magic! Congratulations! No matter what it is that you want, you will get it here! Because this is none other than the dungeon of the Great Sage Schweiser Straw! Uahahahat!”

“You...how did you die?”

They were standing in front of each other.

Nevertheless, Frey felt empty because the figure of Schweiser just kept saying what it was meant to say.

It could not respond to Frey’s voice at all.

Schweiser giggled and kept talking.

“Of course I can’t just let you into such a place so easily. I will give you a question. If you get it right, you can get into the dungeon.”

“...”

Frey clenched his teeth as he felt like tears might roll down his cheeks.

4000 years.

It was so long.

It was a long time filled with only loneliness and pain. But he had made it through.

It was an accident, but in the end he still got a body.

Frey had believed that after he had made it through it all, he could withstand anything.

But it wasn't true.

The moment he saw Schweiser's face, the moment he heard his voice, he felt lonely like he was once again stuck in that huge ocean filled with nothing.

All those that he had known were now dead.

"...no."

Not everyone was dead.

There was still one left.

Sparks seemed to fly from Frey's eyes.

It was ironic.

All his family, friends and everyone he'd had a close relationship with in the past were all dead, and the only one who was still alive was the enemy that he hated more than anything else in the world.

"I hate dragging my feet so I'll ask right away!"

At that moment, Frey felt like Schweiser had truly made eye contact with him.

"What does Schweiser Straw hate the most?"

Though he was still smiling, there seemed to be a light in his eyes that was different from before.

Of course Frey knew the answer to that question.

How could he not.

Only

The thing that Schweiser hated the most was the same thing that he himself hated.

Frey's face became ice cold.

He then spoke a word as if he wished he could destroy what it meant.

It was his lifelong enemy.

The one who had sealed him into the abyss.

The one that killed all his friends.

"Demigod."

Season 1 Chapter 27: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (2)

"That's correct."

Schweiser smiled faintly and then the smoke disappeared.

Krrr.

The huge door then began opening slowly. Frey, who was one step away from it, stood there and watched this happen.

Finally, the inside of the dungeon was revealed. However, Frey didn't seem the least bit happy about it.

"..."

The huge room behind the door was empty.

No, it wasn't empty.

There were two metal figures standing there that seemed to be made from an unknown metal.

They were Iron Golems.

But these weren't something that could be taken away because they were, in essence, the guardians of the dungeon.

They were so powerful that even Frey might not be able to defeat them.

Originally, this room should have been some powerful spells, magic research notes or amazing equipment.

Frey had thought that no one had visited this place before, but he had forgotten to factor in the fact that it had been there for 4,000 years.

“I don’t even know when they were taken.”

Frey paused as he looked around quietly.

‘This space...was it so small?’

When he had checked from the island, the dungeon had appeared to be much larger than what he was seeing.

As he looked around in confusion, his gaze was drawn to another door on the other side of the large room.

On the right side of the huge door, which looked just like the one he’d just opened, was another marble.

Frey approached this marble and infused it with his mana.

Pshhh.

Then just like before, the smoke once again poured out before taking the shape of a grey haired figure.

Schweiser had reappeared.

The only difference was that this time he appeared to have aged a bit.

The first illusion had been that of a boy, this time, he appeared as a young man.

“Then for the second question.”

“The second question?”

“Ah, I might not have explained it properly. The further you go inside, the greater the legacy you will obtain. And keep in mind that you can only remove one item.”

Schweiser didn't actually respond to him.

It was just that the timing of his question had been so perfect that it seemed as though they were actually having a conversation.

Schweiser pointed toward the Iron Golems.

“I won't be responsible if you decide to break this rule. I might be able to forgive you, but they definitely wouldn't allow it.”

Then he gave a bright smile.

“If you’re wrong then you’ll be sent out immediately, so there’s no need to be nervous.”

* * *

“Then let’s move on to the question.”

At that moment Frey began to feel a bit nervous.

He felt that he knew a lot of things about Schweiser but he didn’t know if he could be said to know everything.

Everyone had something that they might not want to reveal.

This was the same for Lucas who was called the Great Mage and Schweiser who was hailed as the Sage.

“The Black Witch. Iris Phisfounder1. I really disliked that woman.”

“...”

It was a very random statement.

Frey tilted his head slightly in confusion.

He knew that Iris and Schweise didn't particularly like each other but...

'Was there a problem with Iris?'

Frey narrowed his eyes slightly.

That woman seemed to personify the word riddle. She liked to hide away and she was even good at it.

While Frey was contemplating seriously, Schweiser continued.

"She pretended not to care while we were running around and saving the world. At the start, I really disliked that witch because I couldn't understand her way of thinking. Did she really have to fall in love right before the continent would become a sea of fire?"

"Hoo..."

This was interesting.

Frey began to recall Iris.

She was a woman who always wore a mysterious smile which went perfectly with her dark hair. He'd never known if she tried to seduce because she was truly sex starved, or if it was just her character as a witch.

But what did he mean there was a man that Iris liked?

There was never any gossip about her having a relationship in their group of friends.

"Lucas, that stone headed bastard. He was the only one who could never see that she was blatantly flirting with him."

"...huh?"

Frey's face became a little pale at those words.

"What are you talking about..."

"Like I said, I really disliked Iris, but when I saw Lucas' face, who didn't even raise an eyebrow at her obvious affection, even I got mad at him. I'm sure a Stone Golem would have noticed it faster than him."

"..."

While Frey was still in shock from the revelation after 4,000 years, Schweiser continued speaking in a leisure tone.

“Ah. My mouth is sore. If I kept talking like this I’d feel bad, so that’s all for that little chat. Anyway, about this woman named Iris. There were three powerful demons that she was contracted to. Among them, there was one who held a different weapon in each hand, and represented the existence of good and evil...”

“...Asura.”

“That’s correct!”

Krrr.

The huge door slowly opened and dust rose.

Schweiser’s figure once again disappeared after giving a bright smile.

Instead of stepping forward, Frey hesitated while wearing a complex expression.

‘...don’t tell me he is going to keep going like this?’

It felt like sneaking a peek at his friend’s diary.

Whether to go in or not.

Frey was seriously feeling troubled.

* * *

The next room was also very large, but unlike the first room, it was not empty.

However, there was only one thing that seemed to be a magic item.

[Bracelet of Perpetual Snow]

It was a magic tool that let the user cast the 7 star spell 'Blizzard' once a week.

It could be called an amazing item.

Yet Frey passed it immediately without a second glance.

It was not what he wanted.

Frey approached yet another door.

After infusing his mana, Schweiser appeared again.

A cheerful smile was on his face and he appeared to be a few years old.

“Then the next question...”

“...”

The dungeon was very long. Fortunately, there was no question that Frey was unable to answer.

However, most of the questions were not things that many people would know.

He knew Schweiser was weird, but Frey hadn't expected him to make the questions in his dungeon like this.

They had nothing to do with magical knowledge.

When he arrived in the fifth room, Schweiser spoke again.

“You're the first to have come this far.”

That was right.

In this room there were Schweisers many magic items, spells and research books that would be extremely valuable if taken outside.

There were even martial arts books and scrolls that could be used by knights or magical martial artists.

'Lava Shoes, Flying Cloak, Iron Golem's Summoning Stone, Moonlight Sword...'

Even if it was a wizard, mercenary or knight, the items that they could find here were things that they would even sell their souls for.

However, Frey only continued walking as he took a glance at them.

Passing through the room.

Passing through.

Passing through again.

At one point, Frey had lost count of just how many rooms he had gone through.

'This is the tenth room.'

“This is the last room.”

Schweiser was wearing his usual smile but Frey couldn't help but stare at him.

This was a Schweiser that he had never seen.

The long white beard, the numerous wrinkles and now his white robe seemed to match his overall appearance.

When Frey had seen Schweiser last, he was only middle aged.

He had never seen his old friend this 'old'.

Frey couldn't help but mutter even though he knew that Schweiser couldn't hear him.

“But this means that you lived longer than I did.”

Frey's body died at the age of fifty and his soul was trapped in the abyss.

Now, Schweiser appeared to be in his 70s. His previous mischievous attitude was nowhere to be seen.

He was still smiling happily, but now it appeared more like the kind smile of the elderly.

Frey listened to what Schweiser had to say.

“Lucas Traumen.”

At those words, Frey’s body shook.

Because his name was called in a voice that seemed to contain an indescribable sense of sadness.

“Standing at the top of the world by the age of forty, the Great Mage! The master who received the respect of everyone in the world! Being able to be his friend is one of the things I’m most proud of in my life.”

“...me too.”

Frey’s lips twitched and he felt an itch in his eye.

“I do too.”

“I will give you the last question. What is my real name?”

“...!”

Frey shuddered.

He felt like Schweiser was smiling and looking at him.

'This question...'

Maybe in the entire world, only 'Lucas' would know the answer to that question.

At that time, Frey truly began to feel like Schweiser was looking at him.

Like he was looking at him with an expectant gaze.

"Schweiser Wilsemann."

Schweiser let out a laugh.

It was bright and refreshing.

"That's correct. And...everything inside is for you."

"Did you know? Wait."

Frey, with a voice filled with longing, hurriedly asked. Knowing that his voice could never reach.

Schweiser still smiled and moved his lips.

Only

“ ... ”

“What was that?”

Frey could not hear the words.

Schweiser’s figure slowly disappeared like a ghost.

Season 1 Chapter 28: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (3)

The size of the last room was very small compared to the ones before.

On the left was a desk and chair and on the right was some shabby looking storage boxes.

If the rooms that he had seen so far were storage rooms, then this room seemed more like a room that someone lived in.

First Frey went to the boxes.

There were two of them, when Frey opened the first box, he found the item that he had been looking for.

Inside was a small bottle filled with a milk like substance.

Looking at it, Frey couldn't help but say it's name.

"Frozen River."

It was a liquid that could only be found in the Wailing Cavern out of human reach and formed at the rate of one drop every thousand years.

Drinking just one drop would activate all the veins in the body and increase the maximum volume and sensitivity to mana explosively.

In addition, the size of one's mana room would also increase by several times, if the original 'Frey' had taken a single drop then he would be able to directly reach the 4 star level in one leap.

Frozen River was one of the treasures that no one truly knew whether it actually existed or not.

It was also the thing that Frey needed to reach 7 star as quickly as he wanted.

He carefully put the bottle away in his bag. This was the only thing in the first box.

He opened the second box on the right of it.

What he found there was a pair of earrings, a blood red gem and a blue bracelet.

“ ... ”

Frey closed his eyes.

On the way here, Frey had seen numerous magic items. These magic items were ones that wizards would exchange for even at the cost of their lives.

However, while looking at them, Frey had no reactions at all.

But now it was different.

The earrings in front of him now, were his own.

“Typhoon Earrings.”

It helped the mind concentrate smoothly and also contained barrier magic.

It was not an amazing item even though it was in the last room.

In the beginning Frey had made them just to pass time, but he had given them to Schweiser after he had said that he liked them for some reason.

Nevertheless, Frey lifted the earrings out of the box like they were a treasure.

'I can't believe you left this in the last room.'

Frey smiled and then looked at the bracelet.

This was something that transcended all of the magic items that he had seen so far.

"The Great Sage's Staff."

Although it was in the form of a bracelet right now, it was the staff that Schweiser loved dearly.

It was also his symbol.

It made your mana purer and concentrated it to the maximum, increasing your magic power by several times.

It also had the effect of storing 5 spells that could be used in emergency situations.

Frey didn't use magic items, but now he decided to change his mind.

Because above all else, the item belonged to Schweiser so he wanted to use it.

Frey immediately wore the earring and put the bracelet on.

Then he picked up the red gem.

'This...is a Golem's core...'

He didn't quite understand.

Schweiser was an excellent wizard but he also had a habit of creating dolls.

Just by looking at how much mana was in the core, he could tell just how much work had been put into it.

Finally, he looked at the desk.

It was warm as if someone had used it just moments ago. In fact there was a candle on that looked like it had just been lit.

What he found on the desk was a book.

Was it a diary?

He opened it and read it.

[Lucas is gone.]

This was just the first phrase, but Frey's chest felt heavy.

The elegant handwriting that he was used to was completely disheveled, as if the writer could not control their emotions.

[It's obviously the work of the Lord. No one else could make him disappear without leaving a trace.]

His judgement had been correct.

It was the Lord that Schweiser mentioned that had sent Lucas into the Abyss.

[Lucas was the peacemaker. It was a role only he could play and a job than no one else could take over. I tried to bear his burden, but there's not a moment that I don't feel that it is not enough. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Lucas, it's impossible for me.] (TL: peacemaker as in the one keeping the group together and happy)

The words in the book ended there.

No, there seemed to be one last paragraph.

[If anyone sees this, please complete Anastasia. The clues are there...in my greatest masterpiece...Anastasia.]

Frey took out the gem again.

When he looked at it carefully, he could see letters engrave on the gem.

They formed a word.

[Anastasia]

* * *

“I see. So this is a golem created by Schweiser.”

Maybe he made it after he disappeared.

Frey was curious.

From what he could remember, Schweiser had reached the pinnacle of puppeteering.

He also loved every golem he made.

But he had never expressed such confidence in any of his golems.

'A golem that Schweiser was able to call his masterpiece.'

How much power would it have?

"..."

Frey shook his head and put the Golem core back in his bag.

It was basically the nucleus. It was the most essential part, but it still wasn't enough to create a Golem.

He knew almost nothing about making golems. The Golems that he had made while bored had been so disastrous that it drove Schweiser crazy.

Schweiser had even burst out laughing.

'Never try to make a Golem again!'

He remembered that guy laughing so hard that he shed tears until he was hit in the face by a fireball.

Anyway, he didn't have any ingredients and he didn't know how to do it. So he would need to look for a talented puppeteer to make it for him later on.

'If I make that Golem then I'll have a clear picture of how things went after I disappeared.'

The information in the book was too sparse.

It was closer to Schweiser whining about his situation at the time.

Most of the information that Schweiser had left was probably with Anastasia.

Frey glanced around the room.

There was one more door which seemed to be the exit.

He looked around the room one more time to ensure that he had taken everything he needed.

Frey hesitated for a moment before putting the book and pen on the desk into his bag and leaving.

Krrrr...

Immediately after Frey left the room, the door closed.

Chang.

Defensive Magic also appeared to protect the room, this meant that one could not reenter the room after leaving it.

Of course, this didn't matter because he'd gotten what he wanted anyway.

Frey walked through a dark cave and when he reached a few steps from the exit, he stopped, his expression becoming hard.

"..."

He looked back.

The cave he was in was a dead end so he'd have no choice but to go out.

He was sure that he knew this and was waiting for him outside.

Taking a deep breath, Frey left the cave.

[....]

It was a Drake.

Dozens of times the size of a normal Drake, staring at Frey with its fiery, red eyes.

Every one of its sharp teeth were about the size of Frey himself.

-Drake King.

He was the ruler of the mountains that Frey had not wanted to encounter.

It was not just him either.

As if guarding the king, there were dozens of Drakes hovering nearby.

Frey looked around.

'This is the worst position.'

It was a sheer cliff, with nowhere for him to step properly.

The opponent was also a monster that could fly and had tough skin that magic would not work very well against.

Frey sighed and opened his mouth.

“Were you waiting for me?”

[...]

The Drake King’s bright eyes just kept staring at Frey.

Frey continued calmly.

“I know you have intelligence. Answer me. Were you waiting for me?”

[Kukuku.]

The Drake King laughed. The Drakes in the surroundings also screeched like they were responding.

[You're a pretty interesting guy. Yeah, I was waiting for you. I was waiting for the human who entered the mountains of Torkunta without fear.]

The Drake King, Torkunta, let out another laugh.

[You're here to gain the power that is hidden in this mountain.]

"...you know about the existence of this dungeon."

[Oh oh. Of course. It has been a thousand years since I've ruled over this place. How can I not know even this?]

A thousand years.

Frey frowned.

He had felt it from the moment he saw it, but after hearing those words from the Drake itself, he was sure.

'It has transcended its race.'

The ridiculous size, the human-like intellect and the long lifespan.

It must have taken a lot.

A mutant that stood out from the moment it was born, with superior intellect compared to others in its race and the luck to eat a few magic herbs or items.

If you were to compare him to an ordinary Drake, then Torkunta's existence could only be attributed to a bunch of overlapping miracles that were impossible to replicate.

Frey realised it once again.

The monster in front of him was the first one that he had met since his return that had the ability to kill him.

[At first I wondered why humans that weren't from around had come. I was curious about what they wanted, so I let them have their own way for a while.]

Those who came before Frey were probably looking for the remnants of Schweiser.

[I searched many places before I noticed this mountain. It was pretty easy to notice. I also knew that there was a space hidden inside...]

Torkunta spoke in a slightly offended way.

[But...I couldn't get in there. I couldn't even break it.]

Of course this would be the case.

No matter how smart Torkunta was when compared to normal Drakes, there was no way for him to compete with a human Sage Schweiser Straw who had created the dungeon on this mountain.

He wouldn't have been able to solve this mountain unless a Dragon decided to give him a hand.

[So I waited. I watched what the humans were doing. They either got some kind of weapon from the hidden space or directly got stronger as they came out. From the very cave you just walked out from.]

Torkunta's eyes curved into half moons.

[Of course since they were human. Majority of them became my prey.]

At that moment a faint hint of displeasure appeared on Torkunta's face.

It was because he'd remembered a woman who had escaped his grasp.

She had purple hair and an ice cold gaze.

Torkunta kept talking to chase away the humiliating memories.

[It made me very happy. Some of them had weapons that even I couldn't break. They were annoying to handle so I disposed of them. But what I paid most attention to weren't the ones who came out with weapons.]

Torkunta let out a low laugh.

[The ones who took elixirs...they smelled so delicious. And as I ate them, I became stronger. From then on I waited for humans like you to come.]

Torkunta looked delighted.

Frey now understood how Torkunta had been able to get such an amazing life span.

'When he ate the humans who chose to take elixirs, he also ate the elixirs that were in their possession.'

Or he ate the humans who had already consumed them. Either way would have the same result.

Torkunta was fishing humans this way.

He couldn't go into the dungeon, so he waited for the humans who went into the dungeons and took elixirs then he killed and ate them.

Frey became angry.

His hair almost became white from anger.

This filthy monster was using his best friend's precious dungeon as bait.

It was a disgrace to Schweiser who treated this dungeon as his own child.

At the same time, it was necessary for him to remain rational right now. He quickly assessed his current situation.

'My spells can't kill Torkunta.'

He could not defeat it.

It was just like how a 6 star wizard could never defeat a 7 star wizard.

Even if he used his strongest spells, he would not be able to kill it.

Using the Staff of the Great Sage would not help his situation at all.

'Damn it.'

Frey tried his best to not show any expressions on his face, but the Torkunta's presence was very shocking.

From a human perspective, this being had transcendental powers and was not impatient at all.

His cunning matched his age as he was in no hurry for his meal.

Pfft.

[Your eyes are pretty fierce. But that is all you can do. Come...you will be my nourishment.]

Torgunta opened his mouth wide and a lava like flame could be felt climbing up it's throat.

Frey put his mana into the bracelet.

At that moment the Staff of the Great Mage materialized in his hand and he used one of the stored spells without hesitation.

"Earth Wall."

Krrrr.

It was a simple spell which raised the ground in front of the caster and created a wall, but Frey was utilizing the terrain.

He used the angle of the sheer cliff to stab towards Torkunta's neck like a spear.

It was so powerful that it no longer seemed like an Earth Wall.

Kwajik.

But it didn't work.

The spear like Earth Wall, which should have been stronger than even a steel spear, couldn't even leave a scratch on Torkunta's neck.

Now it was Torkunta's turn and his breath was coming.

Even the cliffs would melt like ice in a desert under his breath. (TL: sounds like someone I know)

Frey leapt into the air and activated flight magic.

Hooook.

Then he felt something hot flow past his back. But Frey did not pay much attention to it.

“Kueeek!”

The Drakes who had been watching from the air all began to swoop down.

Frey bit his lip and began casting spells with both hands.

“Ice Spear. Wind Storm.”

Ice spears appeared in the sky and empowered by the wind storm, flew with incredible power toward the Drakes.

The spears tore apart the Drakes’ thick skin like it was paper.

Frey was able to do triple casting now, but he did not have the time to do so.

‘There’s too many of them.’

Krrrk.

His barrier was scratched. It had been formed from his Typhoon Earrings.

If it wasn't for the barrier, he would have been forced to cast defensive magic.

He didn't want to waste time focusing on these little minions.

Unless he did something about Torkunta who was the core, the pack of Drakes would keep attacking him indefinitely.

Frey looked around furiously while killing the drakes that were nearby.

'Could I cause an explosion within its body? If I coordinate it properly, I should be able to do it somehow. Maybe I should block his sight with fog or smoke...no. A simple flap of his wings would be able to get rid of such small tricks.'

Additionally, even if he was able to cause an internal explosion, he could not deal enough damage to knock it out of the air.

Torkunta was much too big for that.

He needed to escape, but the moment he thought about it, he knew it was impossible for him to get away.

They would never let him get away and he was still not at the stage where he could use the warp spell.

No, even if he could use it, he would still need 10 minutes to activate it.

'Magic won't work. Otherwise the other's he hunted wouldn't have been eaten. This...'

It was an absolute crisis.

To take Torkunta down, he would need one large powerful spell, not a bunch of small, weak ones.

But at this moment, Frey was unable to use any such magic.

'If I can't do it, I'll need to take the Frozen River...'

But it would take at least a week for the Frozen River to stabilize.

He had come out because he would die if he didn't get food and water.

'I don't have a choice.'

Frey made up his mind. He didn't know how stable it would be.

If he made a single mistake, his body would be badly damaged, but anything was better than dying here.

With that thought, Frey took out the Frozen River from his bag.

Only

“Kiiieek!”

From the distance, something flew toward them with a screech.

All the Drakes, including Torkunta, turned to focus their gazes on the figure that was coming.

Frey couldn't help but mutter when he saw the creature's shape.

“You...”

It was the Phoenix.

The same guy that Frey had healed using his mana was now screeching at Torkunta while exuding heat fueled by extreme rage.

Season 1 Chapter 29: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (4)

The Phoenix's feathers burned brightly and soon a wild flame covered the whole area and the flames that came from the feathers formed smaller Phoenixes.

These small Phoenixes then screeched and dashed toward the Drakes.

Frey clenched his teeth.

He knew what this skill of burning its feathers to make clones meant.

...and what it cost.

'He's using his own life as fuel.'

This meant that the Phoenix was risking its life.

Nevertheless, it didn't have much of an effect since the Drakes were resistant to fire.

They could be considered natural enemies of Phoenixes but the flame Phoenixes did not give up and clung to them anyway.

There was only one reason why it entered a fight that it couldn't win, yet continued to fight so persistently.

To draw time.

'Are you telling me to run away?'

Frey was filled with a sense of guilt.

This might not have happened if he had been a little more calm and composed.

After he had returned, everything had been a flash.

Nevertheless, he had believed that he hadn't slackened or let down his guard.

Now it seemed like he was only convincing himself.

4,000 years was long enough to drive anyone crazy and the world he met when he came out was very different from what he knew.

The poor wizard's ability dulled his senses and his failure to experience any crises became a poison.

Frey finally realised.

There was no despair or pressure in the life that he had started this time.

So in the end he found that he wasn't decisive enough.

"Ugh."

Frey bit his lip and blood rolled down his chin.

Humiliation, anger, regret.

The biggest thing he felt was disappointment in himself.

“Pathetic. You’re pathetic, Lucas Traumen.”

Frey inspected his situation.

He could not waste the time that the Phoenix was desperately buying for him.

Nevertheless.

He didn’t plan to run away.

Frey looked around.

The Drakes all had their attention focused on the Phoenix. This moment might be the only chance he could get.

He soon saw a cave that was formed by a collapse part of the cliff and flew into it without any hesitation.

The entrance might get blocked at any time by one of Torkunta's attacks, but he did not have the time to care about that.

The cave was dark to a certain extent, Frey sat without any delay.

Frey looked at the Frozen River in his hand for a moment before drinking it all.

Hum!

Hum.

"Kuk...!"

Immediately after, his eyes flashed like thunder.

Frey felt a terrible pain as if his body was being torn to pieces as it pierce through him. Blood began to pour from Frey's eyes, nose, mouth and ears at the same time.

It was not something that should be taken without preparation.

But he had no other choice.

Frey's eyes that were dripping blood shone with a venomous light.

The roars and screeches of the Phoenix and Drakes could be heard from outside.

"...please."

Don't die...

Just hold on for a little longer, wait for me.

It won't take long.

* * *

The Phoenix had known from the moment he was born, that he was meant to be alone.

This was because he also knew that he was far superior to all others.

He looked down on all the monsters that lived in the vicinity including those that had lived for a long time or those that were much larger.

But in the state of looking down on everything, the Phoenix looked around and suddenly felt lonely.

There was no concept of parents, since Phoenixes were creatures birthed directly from nature.

There was also no group or family since they were rare enough to be considered mythical creatures.

But the others were always 'together'.

They got along with others who looked like them and didn't have to feel lonely.

But not him.

The Phoenix was lonely.

So one day he decided to wander around the continent to find something similar to himself.

However, he could find none.

After wandering around aimlessly for a while, it arrived at the Ispania Mountains.

The Phoenix had learned that there were many beings with transcendental strength in this place. So he felt that if it was here, he might be able to find others of his own kind. He wandered about excitedly.

There was none.

There was nowhere else he could search.

He was truly alone.

His loneliness then devolved to become anger.

Torkunta appeared one day while he was flying in the sky filled with rage.

He hadn't come there to have a conversation.

[A Phoenix. That's rare. Then I'll eat you too.]

"Kieek!"

So he fought, and for the first time since his birth, he lost.

If he hadn't been a Phoenix, instead of being gravely injured, he would have died right then. So he fled, feeling afraid and threatened for the first time.

This place was not where he belonged. He had to go back.

But where could he go?

Slowly, he could feel that his body was cooling down. He could feel that this meant his death was approaching.

Then he felt warm energy.

His Phoenix feathers could easily make flames, but he never felt any warmth from them.

He didn't know what it was, but for the first time in his life he felt a bit of comfort.

So the Phoenix struggled to move its wounded body and headed toward the place that the feeling originated from.

He found a man in a cave behind a waterfall.

A messy, dirty, stinky human.

The Phoenix knew what humans were.

They were a race of covetous, selfish, lowly creatures who were only blinded by their own desires.

Perhaps the most harmful out of all the creatures that lived in this world.

But this human was different.

The man had looked at him in amazement at first before his expression slowly became more gentle and he gave him a gentle smile.

He had been attracted by that smile, and so a magnificent Phoenix had bowed its head to a man.

The human had treated him like he knew him. The Phoenix couldn't help but feel some affection.

It was a feeling that he had never felt before, that he had never known he could feel.

For the first time, he felt that he had found what he had been searching for all along.

"You remind me of my past memories. My old friend was like you."

Then the human poured in energy similar to his own, into his body. This caused his failing body to become energized once again.

It was enough to help him escape the clutches of death.

The Phoenix took a careful glance at the man who had saved him. The man was still giving him that gentle, yet somewhat sad, smile.

“...”

Then the Phoenix turned and left the cave.

Only

He realised that he was hindering the human from doing something. Nevertheless, his smile, his touch and his face would never be forgotten.

After that, he secretly followed the human.

Even he didn't know what he intended to do at that point.

However, a dangerous situation had occurred before he could obtain an answer.

When the human came out of the cave, he was attacked by Torkunta.

Before he could realise what he was doing, the Phoenix was already flying towards Torkunta.

Season 1 Chapter 30: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (5)

Torkunta laughed at the Phoenix. He was the one who had failed to catch it the last time.

He already knew what it was.

A creature that was called a mythical being.

[Are you coming to me again? Do you think I can't burn you with my flames just because your feathers are made of fire?]

Kooo.

Torkunta opened his mouth once again and his flames spewed out toward the Phoenix. The Phoenix twisted its body in pain.

[Why did you come back here after running away in fear? I never miss a prey twice.]

Eating a Phoenix might give its persistent vitality to him.

Torkunta had gained the special properties of several monsters in this way. This time, he wanted it to happen again.

Tuk.

The breath attack stopped and Torkunta looked down.

He hoped that he hadn't burned the Phoenix to ashes.

[Hoo...]

However it still seemed to be okay. It was strange

Torkunta understood his power very well, and it was also possible for him to guess the approximate level of his opponent.

Originally, he just had to use his breath and the Phoenix would be panting and barely holding on.

[So you were hiding yourself.]

Torkunta laughed happily.

[There are many humans that I can step on. That guy who ran away also seemed to be a rare talent, but not like you. Good. Let's have some fun.]

* * *

"Kuk...!"

Frey let out a pained grunt.

A storm like chill seemed to be rising from his body.

White frost clung to his face and he looked quite pale. There was white steam leaking from his mouth. His fingertips were cracked like pottery and his lips were blue.

If anyone touched his body at that moment it would be as though they were touching ice.

Frey's body was cold to the extent that even the north and south poles could not compare to him.

This was the Frozen River.

An elixir of extreme coldness.

If Frey hadn't been able to reach the 6 stars level before taking it, then his body would have slowly become an ice sculpture and his heart would've stopped completely.

No.

The power of Frozen River was so strong that even a 6 star Wizard would have troubles handling it properly.

But Frey was able to.

Ultra precise mana control, a sense of balance that did not tolerate errors even if they were the width of a hair and mental power that couldn't be distracted by the pain that was ripping through his body.

Without even one of them, his body would have already shattered like a piece of ice.

Originally he had intended to take the elixir together with a potion that had a large amount of flame power or after his body had reached the stage perfection.

Even then, it would still take him a week to fully digest the Frozen River.

But now he couldn't afford to do so.

Jurk.

Blood poured out of his nose.

Frey could feel nothing but pain and cold throughout his body.

Such horrific pain would have caused the mind of any other person to stir and twist but Frey's mind remained the same as though nothing was happening.

'This is nothing.'

This pain, this cold, it was nothing.

He'd suffered much more than this numerous times. The problem was that the time was too tight.

'A little bit...just a little bit more...!'

The cold air that was surrounding Frey's body began to spread to his surroundings.

Crack. Crack.

The rocks around him became white before cracking and splitting into pieces. The ground slowly began freezing over.

The range slowly extended outside the cave.

[Hm?]

This caused Torkunta to notice the chill.

At that moment, he was very relaxed. This was because the Phoenix could not hurt him no matter how much it struggled.

Simply his skin was able to fight against the flames.

But he was weak against the cold.

'What the hell...is that?'

Torkunta felt a chill down his spine.

He noticed its existence immediately. His instincts warned him that that cold could kill him.

'I have to deal with it immediately'

Just as Torkunta turned his gaze away.

"Kieeek!"

[Ack!]

The Phoenix struck Torkunta's left eye with its beak.

Torkunta struggled with the great pain. For him, this was the first injury he received in decades.

[This, This...! How dare you!?!]

He roared in anger and smacked the Phoenix to the ground. Even then he could not get rid of his anger and trampled on it repeatedly.

Kwang! Kwang!

When Torkunta's massive body trampled the ground, the surroundings shook as though there was a major earthquake.

Soon, Torkunta's stomping stopped.

"Kuk..."

The Phoenix, whose body was a mess, spat out some blood, yet it still managed to forcefully raise its head.

At the moments that their gazes met it provoked Torkunta's anger once again.

He felt like this bird was laughing at and mocking him.

[Impudent...!]

It was at that moment.

Crack! Crack!

Ice poured out of the frozen cave.

The ice was like a plant growing at a tremendous rate. Moving as if it was alive, it then pierced the bodies of all the drakes around Torkunta.

This happened in an instant.

[What?!]

Torkunta looked around.

His offspring groaned and spat out blood.

Only

“Kieek...!”

“Kuk...!”

Crack.

The ice broke apart.

The drakes’ blood and flesh rained down together with the pieces of ice.

Meanwhile.

Frey walked forward.