

Great Mage 211

Season 1 Chapter 211: The Black Witch (2)

The Abyss.

Frey finally faced the place that made him the most uncomfortable after a long time.

Despite the fact that this was the place he'd spent more time in than the real world and the mental world combined, he didn't feel used to it.

This was because he didn't miss the Abyss at all.

'It feels strange.'

His body was moving around in a space where such a thing should not have been allowed. That fact alone was enough to make him feel strange.

'No. It's because I'm using my soul body now.'

Frey's body was still on the continent. The form that was currently in Hell was his soul in his image.

Even though it was out of his body, it wouldn't be wrong to say that it had formed a new body as he'd left some insurance.

Of course, that didn't mean he left his real body without any protection.

Frey looked around.

He didn't need to go looking for Iris. He was probably the one with the best understanding of the Abyss with the exception of Lord.

He could see where she was.

"Iris."

His voice rang out in the pitch black space.

He didn't receive an answer, so Frey called out to her once more.

"Iris."

He was sure she could hear him.

Iris seemed to have been deeply assimilated with the power of space. There was no way she hadn't noticed Frey's arrival.

Nevertheless, he still didn't receive an answer. Perhaps it was because she had no intention of talking to him.

Frey bowed his head. Then he muttered in a low voice.

"...The Abyss. It's a terrible place that can't be described with just the word solitude. At first, it feels like only your body was restrained, and your mind is basically trapped in a barrel. But it doesn't take long before you realise that that's actually not a good thing."

It was a horrific punishment.

The Abyss could be called the space of madness.

Even if a sage with deep mental training was trapped in this place, he would not be able to last very long before he went crazy.

And even if you were frustrated, there was nothing you could do. You couldn't break your neck, scream out of frustration, or move in any way.

It was a world where nothing could be seen, heard, or touched. Only thinking was allowed.

Lord hadn't locked Frey in the Abyss for no reason. He did it because he felt being locked in the Abyss was even crueler a fate than death.

And it truly was.

“Is this the atonement you wanted?”

[...!]

He could feel the space fluctuate slightly. Iris had obviously had a reaction.

As expected, she was listening to his voice.

However, Frey wasn't happy even though his predictions were correct.

Rather, his heart became heavy.

“There must have been a reason. Killing Schweiser, separating Lucid and Kasajin, and standing beside Lord.... However, you'll never tell the story behind it. Especially to me.”

Never.

Frey could finally see the reason.

Some of the questions he had about Iris' actions had been answered.

"You don't want to be forgiven."

Frey recalled what Iris had said just before she left the last time.

'You want to forgive me?'

At that time, Iris had gotten angry. She was still smiling faintly, but he knew she had been angry at that moment.

She didn't want Frey's forgiveness.

So she kept her distance and hid her reasons.

"You thought that I'd forgive you after hearing everything."

That is what Iris believed.

If someone else had thought that, he would've been upset. Nothing felt worse than having someone come to a conclusion before he himself could make a judgement.

But Iris was different.

She had the right to guess his thoughts and make conclusions.

“...I’ll respect your choice.”

He wanted to know what happened.

He wanted to know the inside story behind her choices.

Wasn’t that natural?

Iris was one of Lukas’ closest friends, a friendship that was supposed to be eternal.

He wanted to hear her reasons, comfort her, and forgive her for what she’d done. But if Iris didn’t want that, then Frey wouldn’t either.

He felt that the deeper the relationship, the more thorough the respect one should give to the other.

“However, there are some things that you have misunderstood. Don’t run away. You can’t atone for your crimes here in the Abyss. I know your value. It is counterproductive and irrational to let you rot in a place like this.”

Frey’s voice became serious.

“Iris, if you truly intend to take responsibility for what you have done, follow me.”

It was a very clear voice.

He once again felt a shift in the space. This was proof that Iris’ mind was reacting.

“That way, I will produce the best result. I’m putting everything on the line. But it’s hard on my own. I need help. Your help. So walk beside me from now on. That will be your atonement.”

[...that.]

Iris spoke for the first time. But it wasn’t with her mouth.

It was Telepathy, something close to a thought.

Her cracked voice rang out in his head.

[That is not an atonement for me. That’s not even a punishment.]

“What?”

[And I'm not trapped here either. I can leave any time I want. I'm just waiting for the right time.]

"...are you saying you can get out of the Abyss on your own?"

Frey asked back because he couldn't understand her words, but he didn't receive an answer.

But somehow, he felt that she was smiling bitterly.

[I don't like writing very much.]

It was something that was completely unrelated to the current situation. But Frey continued to listen to her voice without interrupting her.

[Still, when leaving something behind, there's nothing better than text on paper. I also made a diary. I wrote a little... no. I only used it from time to time but it became a lot because I kept using it. Ahaha. Isn't that natural? After all, I used it for 4,000 years.]

"..."

[Read it when the time comes.]

"...where is it?"

[It's not time yet. I haven't finished using it.]

He heard Iris' laughter.

[It's okay. Everything will be fine. I don't know about anything else, but at least I am very thorough. You don't have to do anything. You've already worked hard enough. We all know that. That Lukas did far more than we expected.]

That was Iris' mistake.

Frey knew just how important his duty was. And what would happen if he stopped now.

The rest that Frey was allowed to have was over. 4,000 years was more than enough.

How could he possibly rest more?

"No. This is just the beginning."

Iris laughed again.

Unlike before, this laugh was truly cheerful.

[...I knew you'd say that. But please don't disregard my sincerity.]

“...”

[Please make the world a better place.]

Shuk.

Frey felt his body being pushed back by an intangible power.

It wasn't a forceful feeling. Instead, it was soft. As though someone was softly gesturing to him.

However, Frey's expression hardened.

This was the same thing he felt when he left the Abyss in the past.

Suddenly, Lord's words appeared in his mind again.

'Do you really think that? That you were able to successfully find and attack a flaw in the Abyss and escape?'

No way.

Frey opened his mouth and shouted desperately.

“Iris! Was I able to escape the Abyss because of your...”

[As long as it was you.]

Iris’ whisper interrupted Frey’s words.

[I believed that you’d be able to make it through. That you’d come back, that your mind wouldn’t break, and that you wouldn’t give up. And it turned out that I was right.]

“...Iris.”

[I was really happy to see you again.]

* * *

Hitume Ikar.

It had been quite a long time since they’d started walking through the Dark Forest.

Ivan’s expression crumpled.

“He’s not coming.”

He was talking about Dro.

He looked back. Anastasia also turned slightly to follow his gaze.

“No matter how late he is. He wouldn’t get lost.”

“Dammit. It’s really bothering me. Should I go get him?”

“No.”

Anastasia shook her head.

“I don’t think it would be wise to go back there.”

“Why not?”

“I have a bad feeling about it.”

“...”

Although the statement lacked any logical basis, Frey agreed with Anastasia.

This was because he had a lot of confidence in his own senses.

'It has saved my life many times.'

Ivan scratched the back of his neck subconsciously.

Since they'd left Dro alone, he felt an ominous feeling as though someone was licking the back of his neck.

Something troublesome would happen if he turned back.

Ivan's instincts were telling him that.

"I've been wondering, why don't we just destroy the forest and leave?"

At first, it might have seemed like an ignorant statement, but Anastasia could no longer deny it. She also felt that they'd spent too much time in the forest.

"Now that I think about. We haven't felt the traces of any assassins in a long time."

Just as she muttered this to herself, they felt someone approaching them from behind.

Ivan turned his head around, frowning.

“Are you only returning now? You really took your time...”

He was speechless. It was an unexpected face.

It was none other than a gray-haired young man who showed up. It was Frey.

Ivan was pleased.

“Frey! Ha. You’re finally here. Did you manage to get onto the island?”

Now that Frey was there, he would no longer have to be trapped in this depressing forest.

A man like him would use some kind of magic that Ivan had never seen before to destroy the barrier without a trace.

However, Anastasia didn’t look pleased at the reunion.

“...I don’t think that’s Frey.”

“What?”

“As expected of the Great Sage. You have good eyes.”

“Huh?”

Ivan narrowed his eyes when Frey spoke in a tone he’d never heard him use before.

It was the same for the others. Jekid, who was silently watching from the side, put his hand on his sword’s hilt.

“Who are you?”

Frey gave a nice smile.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Grey Trowman.”

“...Grey... Trowman?”

Ivan muttered the name slowly while tilting his head.

“How is that... possible? Are you supposed to be Frey’s descendant? No. You look too much alike.”

It wouldn’t have been strange for him to have any descendants as he was over 4,000 years old, but everything else was strange other than that.

“Descendant? That’s impossible.”

Anastasia denied that with a stern expression.

“How can you be so sure?”

“That stone head would not have gotten a woman without me knowing it. He would have preferred to memorise another magic formula instead.”

Ivan’s expression also became serious when he heard that.

“If that’s the case, don’t tell me that even at this age, Frey is...”

“Right. He is the Great Mage in the truest sense.”

Ivan was shocked.

“Oh... Oh, my God. For 4,000 years... H-, he’s a lot stronger than I thought.” (TL: I’m dying! This was exactly my reaction!!!)

Anastasia made a sad expression as she spoke.

“That’s the fate of a 9 star Wizard. It’s like being mentally castrated.”

“And you were physically castrated. No wonder you two are best friends.”

“You bastard.”

Just as blood vessels were about to burst on Anastasia’s forehead. Someone appeared beside Frey, no, Grey.

“What the hell are you guys talking about?”

It was the Great Medium.

She looked at Ivan and Anastasia with a ridiculous expression.

Ivan’s expression was a bit bitter as he spoke.

“Why are you here?”

“I’m controlling this man right now.”

Anastasia turned to look at Grey again.

“...I think it’s Frey’s body. But he has a different core. What happened?”

The Great Medium nodded.

“Don’t misunderstand. This is what he asked me to do.”

“Asked?”

“Yeah. He had a favor to ask you, including that other one.”

The Great Medium’s expression became serious as she said those words.

Season 1 Chapter 212: The Black Witch (3)

Morgid, King of Hitume Ikar, couldn’t help but feel as though a great storm had just passed.

As the tension that filled his body slowly faded, his legs began to feel weak.

“Yo-, Your Majesty!”

“Are you alright?”

The Samurai rushed forward to support the staggering Morgid.

He turned to look at them.

Most of the Samurai had embarrassed expressions on their faces. This was natural. After all, they’d failed to properly fulfill their roles as the King’s guards.

If Frey had wanted it, Morgid’s head would have already fallen to the floor.

However, Morgid didn’t intend to hold him at fault for that. His strength was like that of a natural disaster, and a natural disaster was given that name because there was nothing humans could do to stop it.

“...I’m... okay.”

As he said that, Morgid gestured for the Samurai to let go of him. He couldn’t show such a pathetic appearance before his subordinates.

'No. Haven't they seen it already?'

Recalling his unsightly appearance in front of Frey, he felt embarrassed.

Morgid walked staggeringly to his throne before sitting down heavily. Then, he let out a deep sigh that seemed to come from his heart.

"...I."

He'd always thought he made the best choices. From a king's perspective, from the people's perspective, and from the nation's perspective.

It was the same this time, too.

Demigods.

There were at least dozens of these ridiculously powerful beings who could all destroy a country single-handedly.

To fight against God's race?

How was that any different from telling them to kill themselves?

'Reared? He's mistaken.' (TL: Frey mentioned being 'reared like animals')

Morgid bit his lip.

This was just him keeping his head low. To protect his country and to save his own life.

He wasn't wrong.

After all, this was a judgement he made for his entire nation.

But he was afraid.

He felt as though a disturbing wind was blowing around the country.

"What will happen to Hitume Ikar now?"

He murmured this without expecting an answer.

[It will be destroyed.]

"...!"

Morgid's face, which was just beginning to regain its complexion, became pale once again.

Juk.

It was a skeleton that appeared. Sinister green light seemed to wrap around its entire body, and ominous purple energy poured out from its mouth endlessly.

This was not a human. And it was definitely dangerous.

Realising this, the Samurai acted almost simultaneously.

Taht.

Just like before, their response was swift.

Although they were exhausted, their senses were much sharper following the incident with Frey.

The Royal Guard, made up of dozens of elite Samurai, surrounded this unknown being and launched their attacks.

"S-, stop!"

Morgid's cry was a step too late. No, the results would have been the same even if he'd managed to yell in time.

The sinister aura brushed past their skin.

Rattle...

Despite seeing it with his own eyes, it was still an unbelievable sight. The green light that surrounded the skeleton flowed through the bodies of the dozens of charging Samurai, causing them to become skeletons.

It was as if they were aging at an extremely high rate.

Crack.

A skeleton stiffly turned its head. It was clear that the Samurai didn't understand what had happened to them.

And that was his last movement.

The Samurai all collapsed to the floor like broken dolls.

"A-, ahh..."

This being was different from Frey. Morbid was able to recognise that fact immediately.

It was only then when he truly understood. Frey didn't really have any intention of exterminating them.

Between Frey and the skeleton in front of him, Morgid wasn't sure who was stronger. But one thing was clear.

Transcendent beings were incredibly terrifying.

"G-, God's race..."

This being was a Demigod. He was certain of that.

Morgid hurriedly got down on his knees.

The Demigod, Nozdog, looked down at him.

[You?]

"I, I am the King of Hitume Ikar, Morgid."

[That's not what I'm asking.]

“H-, huh?”

[Why are you still alive?]

A strange fire burned in Nozdog’s eyes. He walked over to Morgid.

“H-, huk...”

Morgid remained kneeling. He couldn’t move at all as it felt like a mountain sat on his shoulders.

A boney finger swept across his neck.

[This... I see. The Great Medium did a pretty good job. Is this a minimised defensive spell? Well. You are still a king. You would need to have at least this much.]

“G-, God’s... race...”

[But it’s just a minor annoyance.]

The sinister wind blew again.

“Kuaack!”

Morgid screamed.

It was an unbelievable sight even though he was seeing it with his own eyes. The flesh on the tips of his toes fell, allowing him to see his toe bones sticking out of the mess of flesh and blood.

“H-, hu-. Huhaha!”

It was a nightmare. It was most certainly a nightmare.

Morgid almost went crazy. The most terrible pain he’d ever experienced in his life dug into his brain.

[Is the spell causing it to work from the bottom? How interesting.]

Nozdog’s cold voice brought Morgid’s reason back. He looked up to Nozdog with a broken gaze.

There was no emotion in the flames burning in the skeleton’s eye sockets.

As soon as he saw this, Morgid couldn’t help but remember Frey’s words.

‘Reared.’

It was a word that he hadn't understood back then. But now, he understood it a little.

He understood what Frey was worried about. And why he used such an extreme term like 'rearing'.

'Thing like this... could happen at any time.'

For the Demigods, their deaths meant nothing.

Regardless of whether it was one, dozens, hundreds, or even thousands. To them, humans were like worms who could be killed as they pleased.

They were like livestock being reared, completely different from dying during conquest or domination.

Morgid also realised that he knew nothing about the Demigods.

"Hu-, hahaha!"

Morgid burst into laughter that was filled with madness.

He thought he'd never made the wrong choice for himself since becoming king. The same was true with the Demigods.

He was convinced that he'd made the best and most reasonable choice.

But that wasn't the case.

Morgid shed hot tears of resentment.

The most miserable thing was that although his death loomed near, he still didn't know the reason for it.

Nozdog's aura completely covered his body, and before long, the King of Hitume Ikar became a pale white skeleton.

Nozdog looked away from his corpse.

He'd just killed the king of a country, but it didn't mean anything to him. Whether it was an ant or an ant queen, in the end, it was still an ant.

'The Great Medium isn't here.'

Before arriving there, he'd stopped at the Great Medium's residence on Lesha, but she wasn't there.

Nozdog had used space-time movement to follow her traces, which was why he ended up in the castle of Hitume Ikar.

He had no reason for killing Morgid and the Samurai. He truly didn't.

In other words, it was nothing more than swatting a fly after he saw it.

[Where is the Great Medium?]

It was said that she could feel the presence of every living being on the island of Hitume Ikar. If that was really the case, then she should have been able to help him find the man called Dro.

So first of all, he had to find her.

* * *

[You came back sooner than I expected.]

Frey blinked when he heard Lord's words.

Then he realised he had already left the Abyss and returned to Hell.

He turned around.

One thing was different from before he left.

Lord was the only Demigod present.

[Did you come to a conclusion?]

“Right.”

Frey paused for a moment before continuing.

“I will cooperate with you.”

[Hmm. I see.]

Lord nodded as though he expected such an outcome or as though it wasn't too big of a deal.

Seeing his attitude, Frey couldn't help but feel a bit strange.

He would have found it strange if Lord was happy to receive his help. Nevertheless, Lord's current attitude was a bit too dry.

'What is he thinking?'

Frey narrowed his eyes as he tried to guess Lord's intentions, but it was useless. He wasn't certain if he would have been able to do so if Lord had features, much less when he didn't.

Therefore, his top priority was to not lose the initiative.

"However, there are conditions."

[Tell me.]

"After defeating Lucifer, you will not try to dominate the mortals on the Continent."

[Sure.]

"...and release Iris."

[Understood.]

"..."

Frey's feeling of incongruity became stronger. No matter how he thought about it, this response felt much too innocent.

Was he lying?

[Do you not believe me?]

“...should I?”

Lord shrugged.

[Hmm. I ‘swear’ I will not rule over the mortals after returning to the continent, and Iris Phisfounder will also be released. Without a scratch.]

Frey snorted.

“Do you expect me to believe a verbal oath? One that has no binding whatsoever?”

[I’ve never broken an oath. When Riki died, I could have killed you, but I didn’t. That was because Iris and I had an oath. She ‘asked’ me not to, and I agreed.]

“...”

[But if you still can’t believe it, then I have nothing more to say.]

Frey forcibly swallowed his words.

Lord was right. At that time, the anger and hostility he had towards him were beyond imagination. It could even be said that Riki's death had driven him half mad.

Yet even in that state, Lord kept his oath.

This was also part of the reason why he couldn't understand Lord's current attitude.

'No. I don't need to understand.'

He quickly put aside his judgement, deciding to not care about it as much as he was able.

Frey was also aware of just how loose their alliance was.

It was correct to say that he had formally joined forces with Lord. However, he had no intention of helping Lord kill Lucifer.

'I'll step in before the battle is truly over.'

It would be correct to say that Lord's and Lucifer's powers were a half step higher than Frey's. So if he fought them one-on-one, his chances of winning wouldn't exceed 70%.

On the other hand, Lord and Lucifer were almost equal. So unless they actually fought, there was no way to determine who would win or lose.

That was why he decided to watch their battle from the closest spot. And, if possible, control the flow of the battle. Conserving his own strength while creating situations in which their strength was reduced equally.

And if it became possible for him to overwhelm them on his own, he would kill them immediately.

Lord and Lucifer were just too dangerous. If left alive, they would almost certainly harm the mortals.

Frey was sure of this.

Of course, there was only one reason why Frey decided to join Lord instead of openly claiming neutrality. That was because they might become uncomfortable with Frey's existence and make a temporary alliance in order to get rid of him first.

'...however.'

It was a flimsy idea. It was so simple and shallow that anyone would be able to think of it if one simply pondered for a moment.

This was the comment that Frey had about his plan after he thought about it. Therefore, he put forward those conditions in order to slightly reduce his suspicion.

However, would Lord really be unable to see through such a simple trick?

Would the leader of the Demigods, one of the strongest beings in the world, be any less smart than he was?

...He was uneasy.

'One move.'

He was certain that Lord had a trump card. And he had absolute confidence in this 'one move'.

Otherwise, the carefree attitude he showed so far wouldn't have made sense.

'Lucifer hasn't shown all of his cards, either.'

Frey felt that he also needed to get more cards. In order to be on par with them.

[Is there anything else you want to ask?]

"...no."

[Then you should go now.]

“Aren’t we supposed to stick together? We don’t know when Lucifer will make his move.”

Lord let out some air from his mouth.

It took him a while to realise what it was, but it sounded similar to a laugh.

[Don’t you have other business in Hell? I’m sure you didn’t just come here to see me. Do what you want. I won’t interfere.]

“ ... ”

[And Lucifer won’t make a move right away. It looks like he has some business on the Continent.]

Frey naturally had things to do in Hell. So he would have looked for a chance to leave Lord’s side to do the things he wanted.

However, Frey couldn’t help but get a complicated feeling when Lord read his intentions and gave him permission beforehand.

‘...but I can’t deny it.’

Frey felt a bit displeased that he would be acting just as Lord expected, but he didn't show it.

Instead, he just turned to ask Lord something before he left as though he just remembered.

"By the way, where did the other Demigods go?"

[...ah. You mean them?]

Lord let out a laugh as his mouth appeared on his face, smiling brightly.

[They went back.]

Season 1 Chapter 213: Individual Schemes (1)

Frey returned to the area in the Black Dream Hell where he arrived.

Lilith flinched when she saw someone approaching her, but she let out a sigh of relief when she saw it wasn't a Demigod.

'...no. Is that right?'

She could feel this man's power. It was much larger and denser than that of the Demigods.

But he had a hostile relationship with the Demigods. Lilith had seen this with her own eyes.

Taht.

Frey landed in front of Lilith. And as though he didn't have time to waste, he immediately brought up his reason for finding her.

"Where is Asura?"

"...are you asking *me* where he is?"

Lilith replied in an incredulous tone.

Even the lowest-ranked demons in Hell knew that she and Asura were enemies.

But Frey's expression was serious. He didn't rush her to answer, and he didn't steadily increase his aura, but he was constantly exuding a constant pressure.

Lilith couldn't help but mutter softly as she avoided his gaze.

"The Black Dream Hell is as good as fallen at this point, so there will be a meeting to discuss countermeasures. All of the Archdukes, including Asura, will participate."

All would participate.

Frey's expression hardened when he heard that.

"Including Lucifer?"

"Naturally. Lord Lucifer is the deterrent factor. Do you think, if not for him, that the arrogant Rulers of the Demon World would sit down and have a discussion?"

"..."

Lucifer's influence in Hell was far greater than he expected.

He knew it was great, but he was still shocked when he heard her words.

'This will be a pain.'

Frey felt his head throb slightly.

Lucifer's relationship with the other Rulers was much stronger than he anticipated. There seemed to be no room for Frey, a stone that rolled in, to interfere.

'No. Do I need to be careful?'

Hell would inevitably be destroyed. If this fact was to be made known to the Archdukes, there was no telling how they would react.

One thing that he could be certain about was that they wouldn't willingly accept their demises. They might end up revealing their ambition towards the Continent as the Mortal World would be the only safe place left.

Frey knew the demons' greed well.

'I have to persuade them to become a third force.'

It was impossible to persuade the Demigods. Their trust in Lord was absolute.

But the demons were different. Even though they were all a part of the same race, they were hostile towards each other.

He felt that if he played his cards correctly, he'd be able to convince them to cooperate with him. But when he heard of Lucifer's influence, his mood became solemn.

It seemed that this plan would be harder than he expected.

"Where will the meeting be held?"

“The Demigods’ next destination. The Bloody Hell, Beelzebub’s territory. Oh, Barbatos won’t go. He had to protect the Dragon Lord, who was buried in his territory.”

There wasn’t really any need to watch over the Dragon Lord. After all, it was probably just an empty shell.

In the same vein, Lord would probably not continue to trample upon the territories of Hell.

The Dragon Lord’s core had already been taken by Lucifer, so taking down Lucifer had become his sole purpose.

‘Lucifer will also try to get them on his side.’

Just as Lord proposed an alliance with him, Lucifer would also try to expand his forces.

In fact, the Rulers of Hell were already enraged. They had already developed a grudge against Lord and the Demigod’s who trampled upon their territories as they pleased.

This meant that Lucifer’s objective was already half complete. Frey’s task was to change the minds of the remaining Archdukes while Lucifer was away doing his other business.

Even if it was impossible to completely convince them, he would be satisfied to just plant the seeds of doubt.

The trust they had in Lucifer needed to be cracked.

If he returned, then Frey would almost completely lose his right to speak, so it was safe to say that time was limited.

After thinking all of this, Frey finally opened his mouth.

“Where is the Bloody Hell?”

* * *

The entrance to the Bloody Hell was disgusting. The dark and gloomy atmosphere of the Black Dream Hell seemed cute in comparison.

At first glance, it looked like a blood red lake.

But Frey knew it wasn't a lake.

Buzz-

Instead, it was a group of hundreds of millions, maybe even billions of thumb-sized, blood-coloured flies.
(TL: cringe)

It wasn't a lake but a large hole. However, the hole was filled with so many insects that they appeared to be a moving liquid.

Lilith said she'd come after cleaning up the Black Dream Hell. Because of this, Frey came to the Bloody Hell on his own.

Taht.

Frey threw himself into the hole without hesitation.

The sound of flies shook his ears violently. The sound of one fly's wings was not a problem, but it became an unimaginable torture when such a large number of them gathered.

If he hadn't protected his eardrums, it was possible that blood would have poured out from his ear canals.

Then the flies swarmed towards him.

Chch-

Frey's covered his body in pale lightning, causing the bloody flies to immediately scatter to avoid the threat.

If he was willing, Frey could have burned all of them to ashes within moments, but he didn't. After all, he didn't come to pick a fight.

As Frey went deeper into the hole, the bloody flies no longer approached him. They just observed his movements from a distance with their compound eyes.

Paht.

Frey finally fell out of the hole. The scenery he saw was no different from the rest of Hell.

Then a huge shadow covered his body.

[What the... You...]

[Is it an intruder? Then why didn't the blood flies attack?]

It was giant demons. A demon with the head of a goat and one with the head of a lion.

They weren't as large as Agni or Asura, but they were still as large as castles.

Frey looked up to them and said.

"I'm here to see Beelzebub."

[Hmph. Lunatic.]

The goat-headed demon on the left snorted before the demon swung the whip in its hand. The whip became engulfed in flames as it hurtled towards Frey.

Jik.

Frey drew a diagonal line with his finger.

Immediately after, the whip was cut in half and the flames that were spread on it extinguished instantly.

[What?!]

Ignoring the demon's shock, Frey moved his left foot once.

Crackle!

A bolt of lightning that traveled from his foot shot through the ground like a snake before hitting the demon's foot.

[Ku-, uk!]

The demon's eyes rolled back as it felt a pain it had never felt before. Smoke then came out of its large mouth, showing its burned insides.

[Bastard!]

Then, the lion-headed demon on the right roared and charged forward. Every step it took made the ground shake like there was an earthquake.

Frey didn't back down.

He lightly kicked off the ground and jumped dozens of meters off the ground with that single step. In an instant, he appeared in front of the lion-headed demon's head.

[...!]

The lion-headed demon was shocked. This was because he didn't expect that this small opponent would not back down and, instead, would charge towards him.

But soon, he bared his teeth fiercely.

How dare he try to fight against him up close?

He opened his mouth wide, as though he intended to swallow Frey whole.

Paak!

And it was closed even faster than he opened it as he felt a powerful impact on his chin.

He felt that some of his teeth had been broken.

Frey's fist had only hit the lion-headed demon's head once, but it fell down immediately without making a sound.

Boom!

The two demons had quickly been incapacitated.

Looking down at them, Frey tilted his head.

'Is this the power of a High rank demon? They are at least ten times stronger here than on the continent.'

They were also ten times larger.

After having this thought, Frey shook his head.

He could see a large castle in the distance. Perhaps that was Beelzebub's residence.

Just as Frey was about to head there.

Paht.

Someone appeared in front of Frey.

It was a man who had the head of a fly.

Buzz.

Following the man's appearance was the sound of countless fly wings buzzing. While it didn't sound as loud as that from the hundreds of millions of flies from before, it was much more intimidating.

Frey realised that this being didn't use a technique like Warp or space-time movement, but he had appeared in front of him using pure speed.

"You were too heavy-handed."

As he said this, Beelzebub looked down at his two subordinates.

He'd begun to move since he noticed Frey's entrance into the Bloody Hell. It had only taken him about a minute to arrive. He hadn't expected that Frey would have taken down two High rank demons in such a short time.

Frey also looked down at the two demons as he replied.

“I could have killed them.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I don’t have any hostile intentions towards you.”

“Nonsense. From the moment you entered the Bloody Hell, you crossed an irreversible river. The only thing left now is a battle to the death. We will now determine who among us is closer to the realm of Absolute.”

“Don’t be mistaken. I’m not a Demigod.”

“...what did you say?”

Beelzebub’s body, which looked like it was about to shoot forward, froze.

Crackle.

Frey let lightning cover his body as he continued.

“Those thousands of eyes are just for decoration, are they? Does this look like divine power?”

“...”

Beelzebub fell silent for a moment.

He had no choice but to agree with that statement.

Frey’s power was similar to divine power, but it was also different.

“...then who the hell are you?”

“Including that, there are other things that I would like to tell you. But this place is a bit...”

“...”

After a brief silence, Beelzebub turned around, saying.

“Follow me.”

Paht.

Then he disappeared.

It was the same high-speed movement that he displayed during his arrival.

'A test.'

To see if he could follow.

Frey felt that it was a bit childish, but he understood that it was the other who didn't want to back down so easily. Therefore, he chased after Beelzebub without saying a word.

Beelzebub was a bit surprised to see Frey catch up to him so easily. Throughout the entirety of Hell, there were no more than five beings who could match him in terms of speed. Of course, this included the Archdukes who ruled over the other hells.

'Should I increase the speed a little?'

Beelzebub had this thought, but he soon decided not to. Because they were already close to their destination.

It was a hot, dark basement.

Beelzebub stopped moving and turned to look at Frey, saying.

“I can’t let an outsider into my castle so easily. I hope you understand.”

“Of course.”

“So who exactly are you?”

Frey was silent for a moment before finally opening his mouth.

“Beelzebub, what do you think of Lucifer?”

“...!”

Beelzebub’s expression changed, surprising Frey. It was just a probe before he said what he intended, but the reaction he got was far greater than he expected.

‘...this might be...’

It was possible that he’d already found his first potential ally.

Frey looked at Beelzebub.

Frey didn't know much about this demon.

It was not a demon that Iris had signed a contract with in the past, nor had he ever heard of any Contractor who had. However, he had heard some stories and legends about him in the past.

Beelzebub. The King of Flies. The Great Demon of Schemes.

This was probably the demon who had the best insight into Lucifer's plans.

But what really mattered was what was about to happen.

"Let's make a deal, Beelzebub."

Frey was going to negotiate with him.

Season 1 Chapter 214: Individual Schemes (2)

Beelzebub looked at the grey-haired man in front of him.

'This man is mysterious.'

This was the only conclusion he could reach.

Beelzebub was confident in his insight, and this was a statement that could even have been considered humble. After all, his thousands of eyes could view and analyze everything around him from many different perspectives.

Even if it was a creature whom he'd never seen before, he could tell its habits, characteristics, and even weaknesses just by observing it for a certain period.

However, the being in front of him did not give him any clues even after his focused observation.

'In other words...'

This man was a transcendent being.

This was the only thing Beelzebub had been able to gather. That was why he was even more confused.

Beelzebub only knew three types of transcendent beings in the universe. The Demigods, Demons, and Dragons.

He wasn't a Demon. He couldn't have been a Dragon because they were all extinct. Which was why he thought that he was a Demigod.

In fact, he even seemed to be able to control divine power.

"I am human."

“...”

Beelzebub couldn't believe it.

However, he found it strange.

He could not find any traces of lies in Frey's voice.

“Asura and Lilith can prove my words.”

“The Queen of Dream Demons and a War Demon. That's a rare combination.”

It was not strange for him to say that.

After all, he was talking about none other than Lilith and Asura. Didn't those two have the worst relationship among the six Rulers of Hell?

The hostility and hatred that the two of them had towards each other had long surpassed imagination.

Beelzebub observed Frey for a moment before speaking.

“You are not human.”

“ ... ”

“Even if you were human, that is a thing of the past. You have already shed your mortal shell and emerged as an entity capable of stepping into a whole new dimension.”

Such a being could not be called human.

He didn't know as much about the state of the soul as Lucifer did, but he understood enough to know that the being in front of him had somehow defied fate.

As if he was truly curious, Beelzebub couldn't stop himself from asking.

“But why are you deceiving yourself into thinking you're human?”

“The most important thing is how I see myself, King of Flies.”

“What do you mean?”

“As you said, I'm not human. So what am I? Can those thousands of eyes on your head define my existence?”

“ ... ”

Beelzebub remained silent, showing that he couldn't.

Frey continued in a quiet voice.

“You can't. Even you, who has the keenest of insights among the Demons, cannot determine what I am. That is why I call myself human.”

Since no one knew what he was, he had the freedom to call himself as he pleased.

So Frey still considered himself a human. At least, until he could figure out what he had become.

“That's sophistry. There is already a proper title in the world for mysterious beings like you.”

Beelzebub burst into laughter as he continued.

“Monster.”

Then he nodded again and again as though he liked the word.

Beelzebub then made a decision. He looked towards the man whose very existence was in itself a contradiction, and he said.

“How interesting. I’ll trust you... you’re an unbelievable and unidentifiable being. So you’re rather reliable in a situation like this.”

Usually, he would never have worked together with an unknown being, but the current situation was urgent.

He didn’t know his identity nor his goal, but that was exactly why he chose to trust him.

No. He had no choice but to trust him.

Because he had to deal with the two great beings, Lord and Lucifer, whose schemes ran so deeply that he could no longer tell the truth from the illusions.

“What should I call you?”

“Frey.”

“Alright, Frey. Let’s cut to the chase. Tell me what you know about Lucifer.”

Frey nodded and opened his mouth.

* * *

He finished talking.

Beelzebub remained silent for a while, seemingly unable to speak. He also made no movements except for the occasional tilt of his head.

It was only after the unpleasant Demon World winds blew three or four times that Beelzebub finally opened his mouth.

“I see. So that’s Lucifer’s plan. It matches with my assumptions.”

It explained why Lucifer was so willing to give up the Corrupted Hell. He had already turned his eyes away from the territories of Hell.

Instead, he wanted to acquire richer, fertile land and turn that place into a nightmare.

However, there was still something that he was not clear about.

“There is one thing missing from your story.”

“What is that?”

“The eventual destruction of the Demon World.”

“...!”

Frey’s expression cracked. Then he immediately regretted it.

‘He landed a hit.’

He’d unconsciously expressed shock at the unexpected statement. This had given a silent confirmation to Beelzebub, who was only half confident.

His agitation was so subtle that not even the quickest of individuals could realise it, but he couldn’t trick Beelzebub.

‘However.’

This was still fine.

The negotiation, deal, or however you might call it was not over it. It was possible that Beelzebub had done this on purpose, but if he truly slipped up here, he would lose control of the conversation.

So Frey quickly corrected his posture. Then he raised his chin and asked in a calm voice.

“How did you know that?”

“I’ve long been interested in the history of Demons. Especially in the legends that have been passed down in the Demon World. So naturally, I know of Satan, who ruled Hell in the past. I also know that his existence was closely tied to this world.”

“Are you saying that you know about the balances?”

“At the very least, I know enough to not be embarrassed while talking to you.”

Should he have admired him for showcasing a bearing that matched his thousands of years of life?

No. It was a bit different than that.

It was possible that aside from Lucifer, Beelzebub was the only demon in Hell who knew this truth.

As Frey expected, negotiating with Beelzebub wasn’t easy. But that was exactly why it was worth it.

If he could bring him over to his side, then it wouldn’t be difficult to persuade the other Demon Lords.
(TL: I swear the author bounces around names so much)

“Do you intend to hide it?”

“It’s kind of strange to announce that your world is going to end.”

“That’s true.”

Beelzebub nodded.

He seemed too calm even though the world he lived in, the Demon World, was bound to be destroyed.

“Do you have a way to prevent it?”

“Right.”

“...!”

He didn’t expect that there would really be a way.

Frey looked at Beelzebub with a shocked expression before asking.

“What is it?”

“Simple. After killing Lucifer, take Satan’s core out of his body.”

The core.

This was what Lord had told him earlier. The core was the qualification for the balance in a material sense.

Lucifer had swallowed Satan. He was being digested, and when that was completed, the Demon World would be destroyed.

So if they killed Lucifer, they would be able to prevent the destruction of the Demon World.

“Will you then absorb the core?”

“Huht.”

Beelzebub chuckled softly.

“It’s very attractive, but I’m not interested in such a low probability gamble.”

Beelzebub knew that he was not capable of absorbing Satan’s core. The moment he swallowed it, his body and mind would collapse at once.

“It’s too much for me. And it’s not just me. No demon is capable of absorbing the balance’s core.”

Lucifer was the only one capable of that.

Frey's expression became strange.

"Then...?"

"We can give the core to someone who is qualified."

At first, he didn't understand, but after a moment, Frey's eyes brightened.

This was because he understood the meaning in Beelzebub's words.

"The Dragon Lord's body."

"Right."

Beelzebub nodded as he answered.

"As Lord said, it's already a shell. However, it is a shell that qualifies as a balance. As long as it has the core to serve as a power source, it should be able to recover its function. We'll just change its role a bit."

It certainly made sense.

Frey admired the fact that Beelzebub's wisdom was much greater than he imagined. He wasn't just smart. He was also able to think flexibly depending on the situation.

"The Dragon Lord doesn't have an ego. It would be a balance without a will. It might be useful in many ways, but I have no intention of using it. Instead, its body will be buried deep in hell in a place of which nobody knows."

It was an understandable decision.

To the Demons of Hell, the balance was a troublesome figure. Instead of the struggle, insults, and slaughter that were norms for them, they would be forced to remain peaceful with each other as they fell under absolute rule.

It was much more suitable for their tastes to have a situation in which they continued to struggle because of the different sides having equivalent power.

'If they planted Satan's core into the Dragon Lord and then buried him deep underground, he would basically become a totem.'

In that case, Hell would be much safer than the Continent.

But Frey realised that he had overlooked something important.

"...then what about the Continent? Even though it's currently an empty shell, the Dragon Lord is still the Continent's balance."

“As you said, when the Dragon Lord becomes the balance of the Demon World, the position for balance of the Continent would be left open temporarily.”

Without a balance, it would be the Continent, not Hell, that would be destroyed.

However, Frey did not believe that Beelzebub would try to force such a result. His conversation with him so far had allowed him to grasp a slight understanding of what he was like.

He was an extremely rational and cold-hearted Demon. And he recognised Frey as a possible partner.

Therefore, he would never try to make such a ridiculous deal.

“It’s simple. You become the Continent’s balance.”

“...!”

Frey’s expression hardened.

Beelzebub could feel his agitation, but he continued in a calm tone.

“You have the ability to do it. I can tell this just from standing in front of you. You are much stronger than I am.”

It would have been the same even if he compared him to the other Rulers. Frey had already surpassed most of the other Rulers.

‘He’s about half as strong as Lucifer and Lord.’

But that didn’t matter.

Before absorbing Satan, Lucifer was about as strong as Frey was now. So it wouldn’t be a problem for him to handle the core.

“I would be like Lucifer.”

Frey’s concerns were natural. Ability wasn’t enough to create a balance.

The ‘qualification’ was also required.

Lord and Lucifer had not become balances because they didn’t have the qualifications yet.

“If I swallow it but cannot absorb it, the Continent would be doomed for destruction.”

That would simply be postponing the inevitable destruction. It would not solve the fundamental issue.

But Beelzebub shook his head.

“That won’t happen. The Dragon Lord has been imprisoned in Hell for over 4,000 years, and the core has lost its connection. If someone who has the ability swallows it, that person will become the balance.”

Frey couldn’t help but agree with those words.

Right.

That was the reason the Dragon Lord had been buried in Hell in the first place. It was Lord’s preparation in order to take the position of balance of the Continent.

He was so thorough that he would not allow even the slightest error.

“That’s the only method we have left. We have no choice but to take the cores from Lord and Lucifer after killing them.”

Seeing that Frey still didn’t agree to his proposition, Beelzebub decided to take it a step further.

“If you can agree to this, I will promise my full cooperation.”

Season 1 Chapter 215: Individual Schemes (3)

‘If I became the balance, I would be more than a transcendent being.’

Frey looked at himself objectively. He realised that he had less resistance to being a non-human being than before.

Another voice inside of him was dismissing his faint hesitation as stubbornness.

Stubbornness.

It wasn't wrong.

His heart was gradually leaning towards what Lord and Lucifer said.

'The Continent needs a being to protect it.'

And he wanted to fulfill that role. He wanted to protect not only the humans but every other being on the Continent.

He also had the confidence.

Lord and the Dragon Lord were not capable of such a task. It was impossible for them, who were born as transcendent beings, to understand the lives and needs of mortals.

But Frey was different.

He had climbed up from the bottom. It would not be hard for him to handle something potentially impossible for them.

It would also let him paint the continent in his own colors. Selecting only those who understood him, who had the will to fight, the ideal world...

“...”

Frey shook his head.

He felt the arrogance of the Absolute sprouting up inside him. This certainly didn't bode well with him.

Ever since he'd come to hell, he felt his inner self undergoing subtle changes.

'Is it because I left my body behind?'

It was possible that this was the reason, but it could also have been that this was an inevitable change.

What Frey was feeling was his being becoming closer and closer to the order and following the path of fate.

Lucifer had been right. He was already in a cocoon.

Even if he personally destroyed the chrysalis, he could no longer return to being a caterpillar. The moment he wrapped the silk around his body, he was destined to become a butterfly.

Frey realised that there were only two paths in front of him.

Evolution or destruction.

‘Sooner or later.’

Frey was more aware of his internal changes than anyone else.

It was not a matter of willpower.

He would soon have to accept the fact that he’d truly become a transcendent being.

* * *

Asura roughly sat down on a chair. Then, with a rough voice, he growled threateningly towards Beelzebub.

“The meeting was supposed to be held tomorrow.”

“This is an urgent matter.”

“Then speak quickly. I left my territory unattended.”

This wasn't strange, considering the fact that the Demigods had invaded.

Asura wanted nothing more than to tear the Demigods apart with his own hands as soon as possible. But Beelzebub shook his head.

“You don't need to worry about your territory anymore.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I will explain when everyone arrives.”

“...”

Asura snorted before falling silent in his seat.

Soon after, Zefar, Barbatos, and Lilith arrived. Then the doors shut on their own.

Asura's eyebrows furrowed.

“What’s the meaning of this, Beelzebub?”

“What do you mean?”

“There is still one empty seat.”

“No. Everyone is here. The Archdukes that I invited.”

Beelzebub spoke in a firm tone.

Just as Asura was about to open his mouth again.

Click.

Someone walked through a door on the other side of the room.

Asura’s expression became stranger. It wasn’t Lucifer that walked into the room. Instead, it was someone much more surprising.

“You...”

Frey Blake first bowed his head slightly to Beelzebub. This was to show his appreciation for the effort to bring the other Demon Lords together on such short notice.

Seeing this, Zefar spoke in a disbelieving voice.

“Are you working with the Demigods now, Beelzebub?”

Demonic energy began surging from Zefar’s body. It seemed he thought Frey was a Demigod and believed that this meeting was a trap.

But Asura shook his head.

“No. He’s not a Demigod.”

“Then what is he?”

“...a human.”

“What did you say?”

Barbatos, who had risen from his seat, turned to look at Asura and said.

“What the hell are you talking about? How could a human come to Hell? And... and why can I feel divine power in him? No. It’s something more than that... Shit. Who the hell is this monkey?”

“He really is a human.”

This time, it was Lilith who spoke.

Barbatos turned to look at Zefar with a strange expression.

“Are these lunatics going crazy together? They’ve been living long enough that it’s obviously possible, but it’s too sudden.”

“There must be a reason. Let’s listen to them first.”

Frey turned to the empty seat and spoke.

“I told him not to call Lucifer.”

“With what right?”

Asura’s voice was full of hostility as he asked this question. He originally didn’t have any bad feelings towards Frey, but things were different now.

As the Ruler of the Slaughter Hell, he didn’t tolerate others invading his world.

This fact wouldn't change just because he was a human whom he liked a little.

"I will tell you Lucifer's plan. You can make your own decision after that."

After saying that, Frey recounted what he'd told Beelzebub before. He didn't hide the information about balances.

-When he was finished speaking, the five Rulers reacted differently.

"Hell is going to be destroyed? Are you bluffing to gain our trust?"

When he heard Zefar's cynical words, Beelzebub turned to look at him.

"All of Frey's words are true. I can vouch for him."

Then Barbatos spoke up.

"Who the hell are you?"

"At least I'm a Demon with a much better brain than yours."

“You fly bastard.”

Unlike Barbatos, who seemed reluctant to even think about it, Zefar seemed genuinely surprised by Beelzebub’s unexpected confirmation.

He obviously knew how wise and knowledgeable the King of Flies was. He was not someone who would be deceived by someone else or cooperate with someone without a good enough reason.

Lilith also lifted her hand.

“I believe him.”

“Why?”

“...”

Lilith couldn’t answer Zefar’s question. This was because her pride wouldn’t allow her to admit that Frey saved her life.

Then Barbatos snorted.

“You trashy bitch who couldn’t even protect her own territory. You seem to have mistakenly thought you have the right to speak here. You should be thankful you haven’t been kicked out of your spot yet.”

“Your breath stinks, Barbatos. Do you want to give me your territory, then?”

“Oh. You can try.”

“...”

It was only then when Frey truly understood Lucifer’s influence.

Although he had never witnessed a meeting when he was present, he was certain that such a messy scene had never occurred.

To call the relationship between the various Rulers bad would be an understatement.

But Frey didn’t intervene in their fight. Instead, his gaze was locked onto Asura, who was also looking at him.

Asura then closed his eyes while muttering.

“Right. I knew that there had to be a reason why Lucifer was willing to give up the Corrupted Hell. He even bowed his head, which made it even more unbelievable. Kuku. Right. Now, I’m in a bad mood.”

He opened his eyes and turned to Beelzebub.

“Beelzebub, do you agree with him?”

“That’s right.”

“Right. I should have expected as much from you.”

The hostility in his voice was evident.

At that moment, Frey knew what choice Asura would make.

Asura then turned to look at Lilith and Zefar respectively.

“It seems the Black Dream slut has decided to shake her ass to the humans now, and of course, the greatest coward in the Demon World will wait until the last moment before making his decision, as always.”

“What?”

“...Asura, are you crazy?”

Anger was evident on the faces of the two Rulers who had been insulted.

But Asura ignored them and laughed, saying.

“You guys are the crazy ones. You want to entrust the fate of Hell to a human? Are you serious? Kuhaha! You bunch of fools can’t tell the difference between cooperation and dependence!”

“...”

“The fact that you guys claim to be Rulers is so disgusting. I can’t be a part of that. So I’m going to step out of this frame.”

Frey responded in a calm voice.

“Asura, this isn’t a matter to be handled with emotions. Isn’t it you who doesn’t understand what it means to be a Ruler?”

“Pay attention to where you’re standing. Outsider, you have no right to interfere in this war. I’ll let this go for the sake of our past relationship, but if you dare stand before me again, I *will* kill you.”

Barbatos nodded.

“You said it perfectly. I agree with the War Demon King. This is our fight. The fact that an outsider was even in this meeting makes me feel dirty.”

After making their positions known, the two Demon Lords prepared to leave.

Frey, who was looking at them, muttered just as Asura was about to leave the room.

“Stop barking, Asura.”

Of course, Asura did not miss this murmur.

He turned around as a fierce aura began rising up from his body.

“What did you just say? Human.”

Crack.

The stone wall cracked from just his aura.

Lilith gulped subconsciously.

‘He grew stronger.’

Asura’s aura made her feel as though she was a mortal who could die at any time, not a transcendent being who could live for an eternity.

Whenever wars broke out, he was also standing on the frontlines, and he never neglected training his body to become stronger.

As a result, the gap between them had widened over time, and it was now impossible for her to close it.

At that moment, all of the demons in the room had a similar realisation.

Asura was the strongest demon present.

But Beelzebub was the only one who didn't shrink back.

'Asura is probably the strongest demon in the world.'

This demon wasn't currently targeting him.

"I'm saying to act like a predator if you are a predator."

"Are you trying to provoke me?"

"Is that what you think?"

Frey got up from his seat.

Then he looked up at Asura and said.

“I’m weaker than Lucifer.”

“Hmph. That’s natu...”

“However, I’m still stronger than you.”

“...”

Asura’s eyes narrowed.

“So I’ll give you a test. To see if you will just be killed by Lucifer or if you’ll manage to scratch him first.”

“It seems your tongue has gotten longer, Lukas Trowman. But don’t be mistaken. You don’t think this is the Continent, do you?”

Krrr.

Beelzebub’s castle began shaking.

It shook as though it was terrified of Asura’s aura.

Frey smiled and said.

“Right. My words were long. But the meaning is simple. As you say, I’m an outsider, so I will obtain your cooperation by invoking the only law in this world.”

“Hoh.”

The only law in Hell.

Asura, who knew what this meant, finally restrained his anger. Instead, he smiled widely and said.

“Then?”

“Right.”

And that was the end of their conversation.

Asura’s figure disappeared. The floor above which he was standing was crushed, sending pieces of rock flying in every direction.

Then, in an instant, he appeared in front of Frey.

Crack!

Asura's large hand grabbed Frey's head and squeezed as though he was crumpling a piece of paper.

But that wasn't the end.

He then smashed Frey's head into the floor before dragging it across the Demon World's ground.

Crack, crack, crack!

He also added demonic energy to his grip.

Even if it was a head made of steel, it would have been crushed in his hands.

But Asura frowned as he felt a sudden pain in his wrist.

"...!"

Frey's hand was holding his wrist.

Crunch.

His bones, which wouldn't melt even when dipped in lava, had been broken by a human?

Asura burst into maniacal laughter.

“Hahaha! Kuhahaha!”

Then, he slammed Frey into the ground and drew his six weapons.

* * *

“Asura can’t win.”

Lucifer muttered as he watched from a distance.

Seeing the two transcendent beings wrestling through the land of Hell, Dro asked.

“Why didn’t you intervene while Frey was convincing them? If you had appeared on time, the Rulers might have followed you instead.”

“I don’t need the help of such small fry. And this situation is actually rather good for us.”

Lucifer could already see the outcome of the fight.

In the end, Frey would win and obtain the assistance of the five Rulers of Hell. He now had that much power.

But the truly important thing was what would come after.

Lucifer looked across Hell.

He looked towards the being who could not be seen nor felt but was definitely paying attention to this situation.

“Lord, I know you’re watching.”

Lucifer smiled contentedly.

“Your pure love has been horribly betrayed. So what are you going to do now?”

Season 1 Chapter 216: Individual Schemes (4)

“ ... ”

Barbatos was speechless.

He was looking at the scene below him with a stiff expression.

It wasn't just him.

The other four Rulers also had similar expressions on their faces. Including Beelzebub, who had some idea about Frey's power.

"...are we going to just watch Asura..."

"Barbatos, are you trying to insult him?"

"No. I said something stupid."

Barbatos rarely admitted his faults, but it couldn't be helped in this situation. He looked at Frey with a complicated expression on his face.

At first, he thought that the game had already ended when Asura slammed Frey's face into the ground. But it wasn't.

He hadn't even received a scratch, and he was later able to easily break free of Asura's grip.

Then, they went out to fight an even battle.

This was an unbelievable and unrealistic sight.

A human fighting evenly against a Ruler of Hell?

If someone had told him this, he would have laughed loudly in their face. However, as he was seeing this sight with his own eyes, he had no choice but to believe it.

'Asura... is stronger than me.'

Barbatos admitted this fact.

Of course, this didn't mean those words would ever come out of his lips. But he said it to himself.

If he were to fight Asura right at that moment, he would have been defeated.

'The other Rulers should be having the same thought.'

But his thoughts were completely wrong.

Beelzebub was instead paying attention to the sky, not the ground.

In the skies of Hell, so high up that it was a place he would never be able to reach, someone was watching the fight on the ground.

And it seemed that Beelzebub was the only one who noticed his presence.

'Lucifer.'

It wasn't just one. There was also a black-haired man whose appearance was similar to Lucifer's.

"...?"

Beelzebub tilted his head to the side, feeling that something was wrong.

The man had black wings on his back that were similar to Lucifer's.

'No.'

They weren't similar. They were exactly the same.

Only then did Beelzebub realise where this strange feeling was coming from.

The man only had three wings on his back. They were all on his left side, and his right side had nothing.

Lucifer originally had 6 pairs of wings.

The other three wings were on the back of the other man.

'Who the hell is he?'

The moment this question popped into Beelzebub's head.

Juk.

Lucifer turned to look at him.

* * *

Boom! Boom!

Huge explosions occurred one after the other.

No one would have believed it if they were told that these were actually caused by the collision of weapons and a body. Moreover, it was not the body of a Magic Warrior but one of a Wizard.

A black mountain collapsed, causing a massive landslide.

Frey gestured towards the rocks, soil, and trees falling towards him, and the collapsed mountain immediately regained its original shape.

It was a transcendent feat that was similar to reversing time, but no one was surprised by this ability at this point.

The surrounding area had already been destroyed to the extent that the original shape could not be found at all.

“Hmm.”

Asura laughed loudly despite the pain he felt in his wrist, revealing his sharp teeth.

He didn't have the tendency to enjoy pain, but it was an entirely different story when he was locked in a close-combat battle like this one, where he was unable to guess the outcome.

The tension and joy of fighting turned his pain into pleasure.

Asura lifted his arms. He had six arms, and in each hand was a different weapon.

Saber, axe, spear, hammer, club, and staff.

They were all treasures of the Demon World that had existed for thousands of years, and at the same time, they were the trophies that Asura had risked his life to obtain.

Asura was able to perfectly control each one of these six weapons. It had been hundreds of years since he'd acquired the 'staff', which was the last of the group. And since then, he'd practiced with them constantly.

These weapons could already have been considered a part of his body.

'...as I thought.'

Something wasn't right.

Asura bent his knees slightly. Then, his body shot forwards like a cannonball.

Frey did not back down, and he instead took a stance.

Asura laughed inwardly.

'He is mimicking a warrior. Every move he makes is clumsy. This shows that his body can't keep up with the movements he learned just by watching... However...'

There was that strange power that was neither divine power nor mana. And it covered all of the flaws in his natural fighting sense.

In Asura's eyes, this made Frey more suited to be a Knight or a Magic Warrior than a Wizard.

Boom!

Asura's blade was drawn diagonally. Frey paused while trying to block the attack. Then he felt the presence of that axe coming from his right.

But that wasn't all.

The hammer and club were aimed at his skull. And if he stepped back, his heart would be pierced by the spear and staff.

'There're no gaps between the attacks.'

This was an attack that was close to perfection.

It wasn't just stabbing or cutting. Depending on Frey's subsequent movements, the directions of the attacks would also be changed to follow him accordingly.

It was one attack that contained a hundred different changes.

And it wasn't just one. There were six such attacks.

A hint of the practice that was put in could be felt in the diversity of the attacks. He even saw the years of experience that had accumulated over countless battles.

'It's like a Golem.'

Frey felt like there was a calculation apparatus in his mind that calculated thousands and tens of thousands of possible outcomes and selected the most favourable conclusion.

But what Asura had was something closer to instinct than logical thinking.

Frey's eyes shook slightly.

Paht.

Asura clicked his tongue.

He missed again.

He thought he'd finally managed to trap him in a net, but when he came to his senses, he'd already escaped.

'It's not teleportation.'

This was a battle that required their focus to be honed to the limit. Even if he were to use a skill like teleportation, he would only be able to move a short distance away, and he would still be within Asura's range.

But Asura could clearly see Frey's graceful movements. He tried to predict his movement and change the direction of his attack, but he still missed.

'This means I've lost this fight.'

Asura didn't understand.

He had an overwhelming advantage. Wasn't it normal for the side on the defensive to be in the most disadvantageous position?

Ninety-nine paths were blocked. If he took even one incorrect step, his entire body would be destroyed in an instant. Yet Frey still managed to find a way to escape.

One time could be called a coincidence. And two times could be called luck. But if it happened three times, four times, or five times, then it was intentional.

This meant that Frey could easily see and take advantage of Asura's flaws.

"..."

The hands holding his weapons up drooped.

This was the first time in thousands of years that he'd felt that his weapons were a hindrance.

'That doesn't mean anything.'

As he thought this, Asura did something that was completely unexpected.

Boom!

Frey's expression changed.

This was because he saw Asura throw away his weapons. They were so heavy that even though he had only thrown them lightly, they cracked the ground as they landed.

At the same time, Asura's aura, which was like a mountain before, suddenly dropped to half of its former strength.

But Frey didn't let his guard down. Instead, he felt an unfamiliar tension that was different from before.

Asura spread his legs. His knees were bent, and his waist was also tilted slightly. His six clenched fists were pointed at Frey, and his eyes burned as though they contained the fires of hell.

'He changed his stance.'

He hadn't weakened. He'd adapted.

Frey immediately realised this fact.

In general, abandoning your weapons meant a reduction in your overall strength, but this didn't seem to be the case for Asura.

His intuition was proven by Asura's next movements.

Asura's figure disappeared, leaving behind only an afterimage.

He moved so fast that Frey was temporarily unable to see him. Even Milled's clairvoyance was unable to keep up with the movement.

Crack.

"...!"

Then he felt a sharp pain in his side.

This was the first time that he'd actually been hit since becoming a transcendent being. The unfamiliar sensation of pain in his body caused his thoughts to pause momentarily.

Without properly dispersing the shock, Frey's figure was sent flying. His body skipped off the ground like a rock on a lake.

While the sky and ground were spinning around fiercely in front of him, Frey desperately tried to focus on recovering from the unexpected attack.

'This isn't the end.'

He was right.

Asura appeared and struck Frey again.

Bang, bang, bang!

Six arms battered Frey's body like a storm. Although he protected himself with divine magic power, the shock of each attack sent him reeling.

It wasn't just the punches.

Currently, Frey was a soul body. This meant that normal physical attacks wouldn't be able to even leave a scratch on him. But each explosive punch that Asura hit him with, which happened over a dozen times in the blink of an eye, contained demonic energy, which was able to reach his core.

'He is equal to or stronger than Agni.'

One might have thought that Asura was stronger, but Frey thought differently. Unlike Asura, who grew up with continuous struggles, Agni's life had been mostly peaceful.

After all, the Demigods rarely had to engage in life-or-death battles. They didn't know how hard it could be to take down just one opponent. They couldn't understand the misery of the weak.

Nevertheless, the similarity of their powers was a clear indication of just how overwhelming the Demigods' inherent strength was.

'However.'

It didn't matter if Asura was stronger than Agni.

'Push.'

Paht!

A dazzling glow erupted from Frey's body. And Asura, who was constantly attacking him, was flung away, crashing heavily into Beelzebub's castle.

"..."

Asura slowly stood up within the cloud of dust, his eyes narrowed as he looked at Frey.

Divine magic power was wrapped around Frey's body like invisible armor. It even made him look like a saviour bathed in holy light.

The fact that he was currently standing in Hell made the scene even more dramatic.

Of course, Asura didn't pay any attention to things like this.

"A body made for battle. No. It should be more than that. It's a power that has a ridiculous practical ability."

"You seem surprised. Have you never seen something like this before?"

"That's right."

Asura nodded.

Frey glanced at the weapons he threw aside and said.

"Your speed has increased by several times. I don't think you'd become so fast just by throwing your weapons aside..."

"It's true.

"What?"

Asura smiled and pointed at his weapons.

“Even my lightest weapon weighs hundreds of tons. I’ve made them smaller, but their weights remain the same.”

“...”

Frey became speechless.

When he threw the weapons aside and they cracked the ground, Frey didn’t think they were that heavy...

That was no different from fighting while carrying a castle on your shoulders. It was no wonder his movement speed increased so explosively.

“Then let’s get started again.”

Asura laughed.

Frey’s heart became heavy when he saw this.

‘This may not go as I expected.’

Asura was much stronger than he expected. He was not an opponent whom he could handle as he pleased.

It was possible that Frey would end up killing him.

There was only one reason why he thought so. He could feel his own patience reaching its limits.

And seeing that Asura continued to be disobedient, his irritation was beginning to increase.

'This lowly demon dares to defy me/you.'

Voices sounded in his head.

It sounded like Lukas and Frey's voices had been mixed together. Even though they were his own voices, hearing them still made him uncomfortable.

'They' laughed and mocked Frey.

'You're pathetic. You're really pathetic. Do you really need the help of these weaklings?'

'Why are you underestimating yourself?'

'You can do it on your own. Lord and Lucifer are afraid of you!'

'Just kill him! Swallow the power of this insolent demon!'

"..."

Frey forcibly suppressed his irritation.

He also tried to ignore the voices in his head. He cleared his mind.

Perhaps Frey's greatest enemy at this moment was neither the Rulers of Hell, Lord, nor Lucifer.

'Hold on.'

He had to control it.

It wasn't time.

Not yet.

Season 1 Chapter 217: Individual Schemes (5)

“ ... ”

Asura blinked his eyes slowly.

As he lay on the ground, he realised two things. One was that the sky in Hell, which he had been looking at for thousands of years, was still very ugly, and the other was that he'd accepted his defeat much more calmly than he expected.

'When was the last time I lost?'

Asura tilted his head for a moment, but he soon decided to stop thinking about it. This wasn't the time to be locked in memories of the past.

His gaze turned to Frey.

Unlike Asura, who became a wreck, he didn't have any injuries to speak of, and he was able to remain smiling. Nevertheless, he was able to get the sense that he was very exhausted.

'It's not because of me.'

Asura knew this, so he couldn't help but ask.

“What were you fighting? You weren’t even focusing on me during our fight.”

“...”

“...well. I’m not really asking. You don’t have to answer.”

In any case, Asura was the loser.

Frey had been right. His strength was more than one level above Asura’s. Even though his attention had been focused elsewhere, it hadn’t been hard for him to subdue him.

In fact, Asura was curious about why he was even alive at that moment. In Hell, defeat usually meant death. The more powerful the individuals involved were, the more true that was.

The winners would not want to leave any regrets behind, so they would take preventative measures.

That was why Asura thought he would die if he were to ever lose.

“So are you willing to accept my will now?”

“What else can the loser do?”

“Good.”

That was enough.

Frey pressed against his throbbing temples and turned to look at Beelzebub's castle.

Paht.

In the next instant, his body appeared in front of the other Archdukes.

"I've persuaded Asura. So all that's left is... Barbatos."

The Ruler of the Despair Hell became nervous when Frey called his name. However, the words he heard next were unexpected.

"Won't you change your mind?"

"H-, huh?"

"I understand your position. For a ruler, borrowing the power of a foreign party would certainly make you feel uncomfortable. But there are exceptions to everything, and I believe this situation is an exception."

"..."

Barbatos thought that he would be singled out as the next opponent. Now that Asura had been defeated without much effort, the other was more than able to overpower him. It wouldn't even be a difficult task.

Nevertheless, Frey spoke in a calm voice, and it seemed that he truly intended to genuinely persuade him, without argument or sarcasm.

"I don't want Hell to be destroyed. Not for the demons or for you. What would happen to the majority of the High rank demons after this world is destroyed? Would they simply lie down and accept their end? No. Never. I'm certain that they would look for ways to survive. Regardless of what it takes. And this will naturally result in them stretching their claws towards the continent. That is what I'm worried about."

Although the demons were unable to use their full power when they left this world, naturally, there were exceptions. The fact that a High rank demon named Kaltud was able to become Nozdog's Apostle was proof enough.

'Even if it's weakened, if it's a High rank or stronger demon, it would certainly cause chaos if it descended onto the continent.'

This was something that Frey believed with all his heart.

If the other side was human or another mortal race, he might have been more casual. But they were talking about demons.

"Mm..."

“I see. So it’s not for us but for the continent.”

Barbatos nodded at Zefar’s words.

Such frankness was very effective against the demons. They preferred this kind of calculative remark rather than meaningless courtesy or compassion.

In a way, this statement even made Barbatos feel relieved.

He’d realised something when he saw the fight with Asura. He couldn’t beat Frey.

Nevertheless, if Frey decided to fight him, he would have no choice but to accept it. The title ‘Ruler’ resting on his shoulders would not allow him to refuse.

It was possible that Barbatos might even become the one to propose the fight first.

However, Frey understood Barbatos’ position and gave consideration for his position as Ruler.

It was a novelty. To be exact, it was something Barbatos had never experienced before.

After all, this was Hell, where only the strong survived and the weak were eaten.

That's why he never expected that Frey, who had the position of supreme predator in this bloody world, preferred to lower his head.

"...fine. I will cooperate."

So it didn't take long for him to make a decision.

Frey sighed in relief at Barbatos' words. This wasn't because Barbatos had said the words he wanted to hear. Rather, it was for himself.

He could have fought Barbatos. In fact, he still had the urge to do that. However, Frey believed that if he fought again, he might have really killed his opponent.

That was why he was restraining himself.

Because he wanted to unleash this feeling upon Lucifer or Lord.

"...by the way, where did Beelzebub go?"

Frey looked around as he said these words.

Lilith had an ambiguous expression on her face as she said.

“I’m not sure. He suddenly flew up into the sky.”

The sky?

Frey followed her gaze.

Then he used his clairvoyance to look for Beelzebub.

“ .. ”

But there was no one in the sky.

* * *

“Hmm. So Nozdog came to Hitume Ikar, and he’s after the Great Medium...”

After hearing all of this, Anastasia became lost in thought.

As wrinkles appeared on her youthful face, Ivan smiled belligerently.

“Good. Nozdog is one of the Apocalypses, isn’t he?”

He was on the same level as Agni, who he'd fought in Silkid. If he defeated him, he might be able to restore some of his wounded pride.

But Anastasia shook her head firmly.

"We don't have to fight him."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll explain later, so be quiet. I'm more curious about where Frey's consciousness went."

When he said those words while looking at the self-proclaimed Grey Trowman, the Great Medium answered his question.

"He went to Hell."

"What?!"

Ignoring Ivan's shocked scream, Anastasia spoke calmly.

"...naturally, that doesn't mean that something went wrong and he fell into the underworld, does it?"

“Right. The place he went to was the land of the Demons.”

“Hmm. I see. So that’s why he left his body behind.”

When she nodded with a look of understanding, Ivan tilted his head to the side.

“What are you talking about? What does going there have to do with throwing away his body?”

“The pressure applied when crossing between dimensions breaks up and dissipates all forms of matter. In this sense, the body is nothing but a burden. The soul of an ordinary being would never be able to accomplish something like that... but it might be possible for the current Frey.”

Anastasia couldn’t help but feel that Frey was growing further and further away.

As she tried to soothe her aching heart, Ivan spoke again.

“So you’re saying his soul left his body. Doesn’t that mean he’s dead?”

“In a sense, yes. That would have probably been the case if I didn’t enter this body.”

This time, it was Grey who answered.

His appearance and voice were identical to Frey's. But his tone and expression were very different.

That was why they felt strange.

Unlike Frey, who rarely showed his emotions, there was always a small smile on Grey's face.

"Then who are you?"

"I am a Wizard who was active about 2,700 years ago."

Then, after falling silent for a moment, he added something else as though he felt his explanation was too short.

"I was the strongest 9 star Wizard of my time."

"Hoh..."

"At that time, there were also people fighting against the Demigods, and I was one of them. I dare to say that. After the Era of Light, which was ruled by the Great Mage, Lukas Trowman, we were probably the ones who fought back the most against the Demigods."

Pride was obvious on Grey's face.

The Great Medium sighed and interrupted.

“Grey, you’re getting off-track.”

“...ah. Right. Pardon me. It’s been a long time since I’ve been able to use my tongue.”

He gave a short laugh before continuing.

“In any case, I died. And when I came to my senses, I had become a spirit body.”

“Spirit body?”

“I guess you could call it a ghost. Then I met a man... and when I heard what he had to tell me, my jaw literally hit the ground.”

“Frey.”

“Exactly, it was the Great Mage himself who called out to me.”

“Actually, it was me, not him, who called your soul.”

Grey shrugged at the Great Medium's lazy words.

"Ah. You're right. Heh. Sorry.... Anyway, he told me everything. After going to Hell, if his body was left alone, it would eventually collapse, so he asked me to stop that from happening. Of course, I was honored to help. I immediately accepted his request... and that's all that happened before we arrived here."

So it was the Great Medium's ability that drew his soul into Frey's body.

'...but is that it?'

Anastasia knew Frey well.

She didn't believe he'd do something as troublesome as to find a new soul just to maintain his body. Considering Frey's efficiency, there should have been several reasons why he allowed Grey to possess his own body.

Of course, there was still one thing she was curious about.

"Then how are you a Trowman? Frey didn't have any children."

"I used to be a slave. Naturally, this meant that I didn't have a last name. So I borrowed the name of the man I respected the most. I thought I had the qualification to do so."

Anastasia nodded.

If it was a 9 star Wizard, he was certainly qualified to call himself a Trowman. Because of Frey's personality, he wouldn't have had a problem with that either.

However, Ivan seemed to be a little disappointed. He was expecting something more dramatic and interesting.

Suddenly.

“Wa-, wait! Wait a minute! What are you guys talking about?”

It was Jekid who hurriedly asked this in a distraught voice, his pupils shaking violently. (TL: I was wondering where he was in all of this)

If anyone who knew his usual temperament were to see this scene, they would be shocked.

Jekid Deosis, Circle Master of the Lucid Swords. (TL: I think the author forgot his last name here xD called him 'Deocide')

He was always serious, and he rarely panicked. So no one would expect him to act in such a way.

Unfortunately, the only subordinates who could have borne witness to this sight were those beside him, and they were just as shocked.

Only then did Ivan realise that they'd completely forgotten about Jekid's existence and nodded.

"...oh, yeah. This guy was here too."

"Yeah."

Though he was openly ignored, Jekid shook without even realising it.

"Gre-, Great Mage Lukas? Why are you mentioning the names of ancient heroes? P-, plus a Wizard from 2,700 years ago? Are you all crazy?"

"Mm."

Anastasia frowned slightly.

His tone was strong as he said that, but it was understandable.

And he hadn't even realised anything.

No, that expression was wrong.

Frey and Anastasia did not feel the need to hide their identities any longer.

Besides, the other was the Circle Master of one of the three Great Circles. To an extent, he had the right to understand the situation.

Therefore, Anastasia spoke with a solemn voice.

“Listen, Lucid’s successor. Frey Blake is Lukas Trowman. After being imprisoned for 4,000 years in a place called the Abyss, he escaped relatively recently, and now, he’s headed to Hell to stop the Demigods’ plot.”

Then, she pointed to herself with her thumb as she continued.

“As for me, I’m the Great Sage, Schweiser Strow, praised as the Great Mage’s best friend and the Representative of Truth. I’m sorry for my delay in greeting you, but I sincerely hope we can continue our friendship.”

Jekid’s jaw dropped again.

Then the man beside him couldn’t help but speak.

“Lu-, lunatic!”

“...”

Season 1 Chapter 218: Individual Schemes (6)

It took them a while to persuade Jekid and the others. And Anastasia couldn't stop glaring at the Knight who called her a Lunatic.

She wanted to hit his head at least once, but she knew that with her current body, doing such a thing would only have made her look more ridiculous.

So instead, she thought about Hector. If he wasn't a Dragon, she would have long separated his flesh from his bones.

'He could have at least made me look a little older.'

Since she didn't appear very old, it could be said that Anastasia's suffering was only beginning.

The Knights flinched when they saw her gritting her teeth. On the other hand, Jekid, whose face had regained some semblance of calmness, opened his mouth with a sigh.

"Hoo! If all of this is made up..."

"Then I would have been called Great Literati, not Great Sage."

"..."

Anastasia didn't really care too much about persuading them or proving herself. Probably because she didn't think it was necessary.

In fact, her judgment was correct.

'I don't think it's a lie.'

Anastasia's story had managed to fill in many of the doubts Jekid had. The things that had happened so far had too much of a cause-and-effect relationship for him to deny her words.

In particular, there was Frey Blake's ridiculous growth speed.

He was an unprecedented genius who had managed to reach 9 stars at an age of less than 30 years. At the same time, he had discretion and judgement that were not proportional to his age, and he knew to act boldly at times.

There were times when he showed consideration even with small actions, and there were times when he was so cold-hearted that it was hard to tell if he was truly a human being.

Talent alone was not enough to explain all of these things.

Time was a necessary factor in order for such omnipotence to appear in a human.

If Frey's real identity was the Great Mage who disappeared 4,000 years ago, then all the questions he had would be answered.

“...I see.”

The day of the purge. He remembered the words Frey said to Rezil at that time.

‘You don’t deserve to be the master of the Strow Necklaces.’

At that time, he’d thought it was just arrogance.

In fact, it was possible that everyone thought so.

Rezil had been leading his circle before Frey was even born. Although his choices were wrong, the agony he went through and the burdens he had to shoulder were enough to destroy a person’s character.

No one felt that a child too young to understand these things had the right to question his qualifications.

But that wasn’t the case.

Frey was truly ‘qualified’ to judge others’ qualifications

Jekid felt like he’d finally understood a hidden truth after the fact. He looked up, his eyes calmly sinking again.

“So what are you going to do now?”

“We have to kill Nozdog.”

Ivan replied in a tone that seemed to say the answer to the question he was asking was obvious.

In any case, since the Great Medium and Grey were there, it wouldn't have been hard for them to escape the forest.

But Anastasia was paying attention to something else.

“What is his purpose for coming here in the first place? Was it to bring the country to its knees? Or was it to destroy it?”

“I don't think it's either of the two.”

“Why do you say that?”

The Great Medium shook her head.

“If his purpose was to make the country submit, he wouldn't have killed the country's royal family.”

“...he killed the royal family? Nozdog?”

“Yeah.”

If that was the case, then the situation might have been worse than they expected.

“And afterwards?”

“He’s currently staying in the palace.”

The people in the palace were most likely dead.

Ivan was almost certain of it.

“He’s probably looking for me. That’s why I came to this forest.”

The Dark Forest could be called a closed space as it was completely isolated from the outside world. Unless Nozdog used a special method, he would be unable to find any trace of her.

Meanwhile, Anastasia still pondered with a serious expression.

‘Does he still have Illuminium?’

Or had he found another method to escape the punishment of the law?

She wasn't sure.

But there was one thing unclear. What was Nozdog's purpose for coming to the country if it wasn't for submission or destruction?

"...perhaps, killing the Great Medium is his goal."

"Yeah. But we don't know why."

Then Ivan asked bluntly.

"How are you so sure that you're his target?"

"Because he's blatantly following my tracks."

The Great Medium could see the entire continent.

It couldn't have been a coincidence that Nozdog appeared in the places she'd been in one after the other.

So she was certain that he was tracking her.

In a way, the fall of the palace was her fault.

Ivan, who had been thinking for a while, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Let’s defeat Nozdog.”

Anastasia sighed.

“...Ivan. As I said earlier, defeating Nozdog is not so simple.”

“I know. I didn’t say that without thinking about it first.”

Anastasia paused.

This was because Ivan’s voice was serious as he said those words. He continued in a clear voice.

“Because I fought Agni before, I have an idea of how strong Nozdog will be. So looking at the current power of our group, I can say that it’s not impossible.”

Lucid Swords’ Circle Master. A Magic Warrior who was at the threshold of Warrior King. A Golem with a transcendent body. A 9 star Wizard. And the Great Medium who had mastered sorcery.

The Great Medium froze at that.

“Wait. Why am I in the head coun-”

“We’re definitely not inferior in terms of power. I think we would be able to defeat him. But the risk is definitely high. I think...”

“That we should wait for Frey to come back?”

“...”

Anastasia could not respond. Because Ivan’s words were exactly what she was about to suggest.

“If that guy was here, then catching Nozdog would definitely not be a problem. He managed to defeat a monster like Agni without a scratch. But we don’t know when Frey will come back, do we?”

“That’s right.”

Grey nodded.

Ivan turned to Anastasia with a slightly cold gaze.

“I felt it before, but you are too dependent on Frey. That’s not necessarily a bad thing, but... I don’t really like things like that.”

“...!”

Those words gave Anastasia a shock.

She stared at Ivan blankly for a while before nodding as if she was broken.

“...you might be right.”

She couldn’t deny it.

Looking back, that had always been the case since the time Frey was Lukas.

Was it because of his natural charisma?

Or was it because she’d seen countless heroic aspects as he somehow overcame situations that were thought to be impossible?

Anastasia couldn’t tell.

She knew how heavy the burden on her best friend's shoulders was. But now, she realised that she was part of that weight.

In fact, it was possible that she was the greatest burden.

Anastasia looked at Ivan with a fresh gaze. It was only now that she realised he looked at Frey as a person, not as a hero or the Great Mage. He knew of Lukas' numerous achievements, but he didn't dwell on it.

His attitude didn't change.

Other people might have called Ivan rude, but it was possible that only this kind of person could truly be on par with Lukas.

'...if this guy was around 4,000 years ago.'

Anastasia had that thought for a moment before shaking her head.

The past didn't matter anymore. What mattered was the present.

"...fine. Let's hear your plan."

Ivan had managed to convince Anastasia.

This guy was not ignorant nor savage. It was clear that he could make rational judgments when necessary.

“It’s simple.”

However, when she heard the words Ivan said next with a smile, she regretted that thought.

“We’ll just attack the palace and crush the skull of that guy, Nozdog.”

* * *

Beelzebub never returned. The other Rulers, including Frey, scoured the area, but they were unable to find any traces of him.

“Where the hell did he disappear to?”

“I don’t think he ran away.”

Asura and Barbatos grumbled, but Frey’s expression was even more serious than theirs.

There was no way he’d run away. After all, where would he escape to if the plan failed and Hell was destroyed?

'...surely...'

An ominous thought popped up for a moment, but Frey shook his head.

This was not something that he could judge rashly.

After all, Beelzebub was no pushover. He was one of the Rulers of Hell, a being who had managed to live for thousands of years.

It was impossible for him to be dealt with covertly.

'We have to hurry.'

Time continued to flow even at that moment, so he didn't have any time to waste.

Even though the owner was absent, they eventually held the final meeting in the castle.

Surrounded by a sullen mood, Frey opened his mouth.

"Lord and I are in a superficial alliance. Of course, I have no intention of maintaining that alliance."

Afterwards, he briefly explained his plan.

When Lord and Lucifer began fighting, he would not actively interfere with the fight and would instead control the situation, eventually stepping in and taking care of both of them at the same time when their strengths had reached a suitable level.

According to his plan, the rest of the Rulers would standby at a distance, and they would rush into the battle when Frey gave the signal.

Tilting his head, Asura asked.

“Is that it?”

“Is there a problem?”

“It’s just much simpler than I expected it to be.”

The other Rulers seemed to have similar thoughts. But Frey had no intention of making an overly complicated plan.

“It might not necessarily be a simple plan. In any case, against those two, complex tactics are almost completely useless.”

It was also true that even a ‘simple plan’ might not be realised.

That was why he purposely made it simple. Complex plans became useless if even a small variable was changed.

“Your task is to look for traces of Beelzebub. Expand your range a little further.”

“Understood. What about you?”

“I need to head back to where Lord is.”

He needed to ask exactly when the fight with Lucifer would begin. In addition, his fight with Asura had caused more of a ruckus than he expected.

Considering Lord’s capabilities, it was possible that he’d noticed the fight. Therefore, he needed to confirm this fact and check whether their alliance was still in effect.

If he felt anything strange, he would have to change his entire plan.

Frey quickly headed back to the place where Lord had been staying, and his anxiety became a reality.

“...”

The location where Lord had been staying was empty.

* * *

“You can head back to the continent.”

“What should I do there?”

“You just need to wait in Hitume Ikar. When I give you the signal, you just have to be the bait. It’s simple.”

“Understood.”

Dro nodded gently.

He’d realised his identity. There was no reason for him to not listen to Lucifer.

He could no longer hear Iris’ voice. Now, Lucifer was the person he trusted the most.

Shuk.

Dro’s figure disappeared.

For him, jumping between dimensions was nothing. It would only take him a few minutes to arrive in Hitume Ikar.

Lucifer looked down, seeing the figure of a person. Blood from this person's body soaked the ground of Hell.

"Your blood smells really bad. Is it because you're a fly?"

"..."

"Didn't I tell you before, King of Flies? Accidents happen."

Beelzebub didn't answer.

No. He couldn't answer.

This was natural. After all, the Ruler of the Bloody Hell had already been decapitated.

"I hope Lord likes my gift."

Lucifer grinned.

Season 1 Chapter 219: Decisive Battle (1)

Frey returned to the castle, knowing that there would be someone there.

Lilith was the Ruler left to guard the castle. The others were out looking for Beelzebub.

“Why are you back so soon?”

“Lord is gone.”

“What?”

Frey walked past her. There was no time for him to explain the situation.

He walked to the balcony of the castle, which overlooked the vast Bloody Hell. Then he used Clairvoyance.

He saw all of the Rulers looking for Beelzebub nearby. But in the next instant, Frey’s expression crumpled.

“Shit.”

“What’s wrong?”

“The other Rulers are under attack. They’re taking care of them one by one before we can join forces.”

“Is it Lord Lucifer’s doing?”

“Right.”

Frey grit his teeth before adding.

“Lord is there too.”

* * *

“Gurk!”

Barbatos coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Looking at the being in front of him, he couldn’t help but mutter.

“H-, how are you guys so...”

He was unable to finish his sentence and ended up dying with his eyes wide open.

“It’s a waste of thousands of years of life. No demon would expect a Ruler of Hell to die in such a way.”

[...]

Lord turned to look at Lucifer who was standing beside him. He was holding a bloody head in his hands.

It was Zefar's head.

Noticing Lord's gaze, Lucifer shrugged.

"It doesn't really make sense. I've personally taken care of two of them."

Lucifer threw Zefar's head onto the ground and stepped on it.

Paak.

Zefar's head exploded.

Then, Lucifer rubbed the sticky flesh and blood on the ground with his foot as he said.

"Don't you think this game was easier than you expected?"

[...]

“Rulers of Hell or whatever... You might think they are nothing when compared to beings like us. However, it’s not that they’re weak. We are simply too strong. Nevertheless, if these guys really did decide to work together, they might have given us a bit of trouble.”

Originally, he didn’t have any intention of doing something like this.

Lucifer knew better than anyone just how proud and arrogant the Rulers were. But something that was able to bring them together had appeared.

Frey Blake.

He wasn’t even a demon, but he had the charisma and power to subdue the Rulers.

If these Rulers were to truly join forces under his command, it was possible for him to threaten Lord and Lucifer.

That was why they joined forces.

Of course, it was all a part of Lucifer’s plan.

‘Everything changed greatly after you came to hell.’

Lucifer couldn’t help but chuckle at the thought.

His whole plan had gone awry.

At first, he intended to use the Rulers of Hell to pressure Lord, but he failed because Beelzebub managed to notice the incongruity.

Then he tried to draw Frey over to his side, but he was rejected.

And finally, he'd joined forces with Lord, who he considered to be his final enemy.

Anyone else would have been unable to keep up or might even get confused by this ever-changing situation, but Lucifer quite enjoyed these interesting developments.

“But that Frey is a real bastard too. You and I both offered him an alliance, but he still chose a third path. Even an idiot could tell that it's a thorny path.”

Lucifer grinned.

“Don't you agree with the proverb that says you have to go through hardships to achieve your goals?”

[It would be wiser to deal with Asura first.]

Lord finally opened his mouth.

Of course, he didn't intend to respond to Lucifer's nonsense.

[It is said that he is the strongest of the Rulers after you.]

"Maybe if he was in his peak condition. But he was greatly weakened by his battle with Frey. Now, he's even weaker than Barbatos or Zefar, who we just killed."

As for the remaining one, Lilith of the Black Dream Hell, she was not even worth mentioning. It was a well known fact in the Demon World that Lilith's powers could not even begin to compare to the other Rulers'.

Lucifer then burst into laughter as he looked up at the sky.

"It seems our last guests of the day are about to arrive."

Taht.

The first to arrive was Asura. He looked down at Barbatos' body with a stiff expression on his face.

"...did you do this?"

[Not both. Just one. This Demon. I was...]

“Barbatos!”

Asura said his name roughly.

On the other hand, Lord nodded lazily and corrected himself.

[Right. Barbatos. I killed him.]

“And Beelzebub...?”

“I got rid of him.”

Lucifer answered happily. Then he pointed towards the puddle of blood that had been created when Zefar’s head exploded.

“I killed this guy too.”

“Zefar...”

A fierce aura erupted from Asura’s body. He glared at Lucifer with bloodshot eyes.

“Haha. Are you angry at the death of your fellow Rulers? I never expected you to be so loyal.”

“It was a fight, and they died because they were weak. That’s all. What I’m angry about is your disgusting behaviour, Lucifer. Even the slight bit of respect I had for you has been uprooted.”

“I never really cared about that.”

“Right. Frey was right.”

“-should I thank you for acknowledging my words so late?”

Frey appeared beside Asura while responding to his words. He then looked at Lord and Lucifer, who were standing side by side, and sneered.

“Right. I didn’t believe it at first, and it’s nothing new, but it still feels really dirty to get hit in the back of the head not even a day after we talked.”

Did this mean that everything was a part of this guy’s plan from the start?

Frey recalled Lord’s words. He told him that it looked like he had things to do so he could leave first.

But it seemed he expected Frey to rally the remaining Rulers under his banner.

'Then he kidnapped Beelzebub and waited for the other Rulers to search for him.'

Considering the personalities of the Rulers, there was no way they would have stuck together while searching for Beelzebub. It was almost certain they would have separated and acted individually.

So they aimed exactly for that moment and killed Zefar and Barbatos. It was highly likely that the missing Beelzebub was already dead.

In the end, all he was left with were Asura and Lilith. But Asura was exhausted and was unable to fight, and he couldn't expect much from Lilith in combat.

The opponents were beings who had taken the first step into the realm of Absolute. Beings to whom even he had a high chance of losing if he were to fight them one-on-one.

Then Lord stretched out his hand.

Paht.

Frey pushed Asura and Lilith away at the same time.

Jijik!

Then he witnessed an unbelievable sight even though he was seeing it with his own eyes.

When Lord drew his finger across, the surrounding space trembled before shattering like a pane of glass.

Crack!

It was as though space itself had been cracked. And the crack was steadily approaching Frey.

Frey protected his body with divine magic power.

Thud!

A heavy shock hit him. If he relaxed for even a moment, his entire body would have been torn apart in an instant.

He grit his teeth.

‘The power to control space. If attacked directly, even a transcendent being wouldn’t be able to survive.’

How was he to reverse this situation where he was already being touched directly by this power?

The strength of his body and durability of his armor already had no meaning in front of Lord. After all, he had the power to tear space apart.

In front of such an ability, even the toughest of metals would become like wet paper.

There were only two ways.

To avoid it. And...

Boom!

[...!]

Frey's divine magic power collided with Lord's power, causing him to pause for a moment.

He hadn't expected that he would compete with his power head-on.

This wasn't a reckless action either.

In fact, his power, which had been steadily tearing the space apart, staggered slightly as though a boxer had been struck in the chin.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, Lord felt intense heat on his back. When he turned around, he saw a ball of flames speeding towards him.

It was like a sun that was twice the size of Beelzebub's castle.

Boom!

This sun, which was hotter than lava, engulfed Lord's body, the explosive firepower burning everything around him.

However, this was only the beginning of Frey's offensive.

Crackle!

Lightning surged along the scorched ground to find Lord. If it was able to reach him, it would be able to temporarily paralyze him.

It was followed by a beam of light from Frey's finger.

Pit, pit, pit!

Dozens of the beams of light that he'd used to slay Norn were fired in an instant. This was an attack that was much more focused than the fireball explosion and the lightning.

No matter how powerful Lord was, he would not be able to escape unscathed if he were to be hit by these beams.

But Frey's expression wasn't good.

'I don't feel like any attack hit him since Another Sun.'

This meant that his attacks had hit nothing but the air.

Frey looked to the side, intending to see how Asura and Lilith were doing.

Shuk.

"Kuk!"

Lord took advantage of that opening. Without any warnings, a blade of wind from behind Frey cut off his left arm.

Frey wasn't certain, but he believed that this was the power of Leyrin, one of the Apocalypses.

Holding his severed arm, he retreated.

Blood didn't flow from the wound. After all, Frey's body was already a soul body.

Specks of light were the only things that flowed from the cross section of his severed arm.

At the same time, the flames on the ground disappeared. No, to be precise, it appeared as though they were sucked away.

It was quite an unbelievable sight. As though an invisible monster had devoured the flames.

Lord, who had reappeared, did not have any burns. He simply looked at Frey and said.

[You are mistaken.]

“What the hell are you talking about?”

Lord didn't answer. Then Lucifer returned.

“You've been fighting for too long, Lord.”

[Are you finished?]

“No. Lilith's abilities are too annoying. It's a power that's really suited to running away. So it will take a little time.”

[I see.]

Frey watched their conversation as he pressed his left arm back to the stump. Light blossomed from the cut, and his arm was healed in an instant.

Lucifer seemed amazed by the sight.

“You’re really good at using your willpower. We definitely have to kill you. Otherwise, we’ll end up with three Absolute beings.”

[Right. There’s no need for three.]

As he nodded, Lord stretched out his hand.

Puk.

“...”

“...”

And the thing he did next made the other two speechless.

“...huh?”

After a brief silence, it was Lucifer who finally opened his mouth. He was looking down at his body with a blank expression on his face.

There was something protruding from his chest.

It was Lord's right hand.

"Gurk!"

Lucifer coughed up blood as he stared at Lord in disbelief.

"What the hell... is this..."

[Don't be surprised, Lucifer. You should have expected this.]

"..."

Lord was right.

He hadn't let his guard down. No. He might have let it down a little. Still, he had maintained an appropriate level of vigilance.

He knew that he would fight Lord, but he hadn't thought that it would be now. No matter how much he wanted to defeat Lord, he knew that neither side could guarantee one's victory.

Even if he was to be betrayed, he thought it would only be after they reduced the obstacles.

"...do you intend... to deal with those guys alone?"

[I'm sorry, Fallen Angel, but this was my plan from the beginning.]

"Crazy... bastard...! You are more arrogant than me...!"

[It's not arrogance. It's a firm belief. From the beginning, I never had any intention of working with someone other than my own kind.]

Lord chuckled before turning to Frey.

[I hope this has cleared your misunderstanding, Frey Blake. I did not break my promise.]

"..."

[Now, let's join forces and kill Lucifer.]

Season 1 Chapter 220: Decisive Battle (2)

Frey didn't get a chance to answer as Lucifer acted before him.

Puhuk!

His back cracked, and there was an explosion.

No. It wasn't an explosion.

It was the sound of black wings being forced out of his back.

The size of the black wings was unusual. They were large enough to cover the sky, and they were as black as the darkest ink.

He could hardly believe it despite seeing those wings come out of Lucifer's body with his own eyes.

A single flap of his wings caused a large gust of wind to sweep through the area. It was so powerful that even the boulders around them were blown away.

Lord smiled slightly and said. (TL: Do you think the author forgot that Lord is usually featureless?)

[Your twelve wings of the past have now become only three wings. How unsightly.]

“How do you know about my wings?”

[Well...]

Lucifer glared at Lord with a cold gaze.

Lord had called him the Fallen Angel. This was very close to his true identity, and it was something no one in the world should have known.

‘No, Frey might know.’

After all, he had managed to have a conversation with God. But he didn’t think that Frey was the one who told him.

His hatred for Lord went beyond imagination.

The same was true for his wings. Only God knew that he originally had twelve wings. (TL: author put ‘12 pairs’ each time, but I’m pretty sure the Seraphim – the highest ranked angels – had 12 wings total)

“...hoo.”

Lucifer sighed.

Then he looked at Lord and suddenly let out a laugh. He roughly wiped the blood from his lips before covering the hole in his chest with his hand.

“How interesting, Lord. Do you believe you gained the upper hand just because you pierced my chest? You should know that this kind of wound means nothing to us.”

Paht.

His wound healed in an instant, disappearing without a trace. But Lord nodded without hesitation.

[Of course. My goal wasn't to do something so simple as to pierce your chest. Instead, Lucifer, it seems that you have no 'core' in your body.]

“...!”

Was that his goal?

‘...there was clearly no murderous intent in Lord's attack.’

He could have dealt a bigger blow to Lucifer if he'd really wanted to.

But he didn't. Instead, his attack had only been a means to carry out his search.

In fact, Lord's judgement was accurate. For Lucifer, he would have preferred to lose some of his fighting power than face the current situation.

'How terrifying.'

It wasn't a good situation. To put it simply, it was a crisis.

Nevertheless, the corners of Lucifer's mouth still rose.

Despite living for a frighteningly long time, this was the first time he'd ever felt pressured to such an extent.

He recalled his battle with Satan. In that bloody battle, if Satan hadn't been weakened slightly, the loser would definitely have been Lucifer. He still felt a chill down his spine whenever he recalled that battle.

That was how terrifying Satan had been. And the current Lord was in no way inferior.

No, it would be more correct to say that he was actually better than the other. After all, he was much stronger than Lucifer, who was also stronger than when he'd fought Satan.

'However.'

It was Lucifer who'd stood victorious at the end of that bloody fight.

Paht!

Feathers began falling from Lucifer's wings. Because the wings on his back were large enough to cover the sky, each feather was the size of a person.

The feathers that fell from the wings froze in the air before they could reach the ground. Then, hundreds of feathers shot towards Lord at the same time.

Clang, clang, clang!

The terrain began to change following the terrifying explosions. Even a single feather had the power to completely destroy a castle. Therefore, when a hundred such feathers struck down at the same time, large boulders were sent flying just from the wind.

It was at that time when Frey noticed a lone feather.

Paht!

As though it had a will of its own, this feather turned and fled in the opposite direction from Lord. Then, it suddenly disappeared.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

'It crossed dimensions.'

He was worried about his intentions.

Suddenly.

"Hey, Great Mage."

Lucifer called out to him out of nowhere.

Frey didn't answer, but he turned to look at him.

"I know it might be hard to believe in a situation like this, but how about forming an alliance?"

"It seems you still have the energy to talk nonsense."

"Is that how it looks? To be honest, I'm quite pressed."

Lucifer was still smiling, but there was a bit of cold sweat on his face.

"You better think carefully about how you will deal with Lord after he devours me."

“...”

“In the first place, wasn’t your goal to control our fight and make sure each side took a relatively even amount of damage? If I’m beaten by the two of you, will you be able to handle him on your own?”

This was an undeniable fact.

Nevertheless, he couldn’t nod his head easily.

Even though it had reached this point, he didn’t believe Lucifer would suffer one-sidedly.

He was certain that this man still had some things hidden in his sleeves. The feather that had just disappeared was definitely one of them.

“I’m not alone. I have Lilith and Asura.”

“Hahaha! You don’t mean that, do you? Do you really think they would help you?”

Lucifer’s expression became cold.

“Look carefully, Frey Blake. Judge for yourself whether they would be of any help to you in your fight against Lord.”

Frey turned to see the appearance of Lord within the cloud of dust. He stood still in his spot without moving a finger. Nevertheless, the feathers, each boasting incredible power, were falling apart before they could even reach him.

In the end, Lucifer's loud attack couldn't even scratch Lord.

"I still have a method. Though it's a bit complicated, it's a card that could turn everything around. It could work as long as you cooperate with me."

Frey didn't pay attention to Lucifer's words. This was because Lord had flown out of the dust cloud and into the sky.

It was an unexpected act, but the meaning behind it was clear. He was going to launch an attack.

'It's not me or Lucifer.'

And it was clear that he was aiming at someone else.

Divine power condensed in Lord's hand.

"...!"

Frey realised Lord's intention and responded immediately. Lord tore the space apart almost at the same time that he used space-time movement.

Crack, crack!

“K-, uhh...”

This was the second time he’d faced Lord’s attack. However, he felt that the pressure this time was completely incomparable to the first.

It almost brought him to his knees. It felt like his entire body was cracking.

“Get... back.”

“...!”

Then he felt someone flinch from behind him before the presence vanished once again. It was probably Lilith. He didn’t believe it was Asura.

He wanted to check the situation, but he couldn’t afford to. Instead, Frey could only stare at Lord with bloodshot eyes.

‘What is this...’

Was the power he’d displayed before not his true power?

Frey grit his teeth.

Lord's power far surpassed his expectations. He had never underestimated his power. Nor did he overestimate himself.

It could even be said that Frey had made the most logical assumption.

The strange one was Lord.

The power he was displaying far exceeded Frey's predictions.

Huk.

The pressure suddenly disappeared. This wasn't because he'd successfully defended against the attack but because Lord had recalled his power.

Then, he asked in a seemingly confused voice.

[Why are you protecting her?]

"Why are you trying to kill her? Lucifer is your goal."

Frey gripped his trembling forearm as he asked back.

Then Lord answered as though it was natural.

[She is also a demon.]

“Is that the reason?”

[Of course. The Demons showed their hostility toward my people. Asura even killed Apep. There’s no reason for me to let them live.]

“It was my plan to kill Apep.”

Lord tilted his head.

Then he suddenly nodded as though he understood.

[...ahh. Right. You did. But that’s okay. I forgive you, Frey. I hope you can forgive me too.]

Those words scared Frey greatly.

He hoped that he could forgive him? Lord himself?

He felt like a bolt of lightning had struck his head.

Frey felt a chill down his spine.

He finally understood.

The strange feeling he got from Lord while talking in Hell. His attitude while dealing with him. All of these things pointed to one fact.

Lord was now...

"...you see me as a Demigod."

[Hmm.]

Lord made a sound similar to a sigh. Eyes appeared on his featureless face like floating on a still lake.

These eyes, which were spinning in a bizarre manner, looked at Frey intently.

[Is it wrong? You are already capable of using divine power, and you have the qualifications.]

“Absolutely. You’re crazy. Lord, what the hell happened to you?”

He had continued his tough relationship with Lord for thousands of years. He hated him from the bottom of his heart, but he also knew him better than most.

If it was the Lord he knew, he wouldn’t accept a human as his kin simply because they could use divine power. Rather, he would have wanted to kill them even sooner as their very existence brought him deep displeasure.

The current Lord had become twisted. But he was unsure of the reason.

That was why Frey felt even more afraid of Lord.

[I think that’s a good word to use... I mean the expression ‘crazy’. When you don’t understand something or when you refuse to understand it, you can use that word as an escape. Look at me. Do I really look crazy?]

“If you know you’re crazy, then you’re not really crazy.”

When Lucifer said those words, Lord turned to look at him.

[Your presence is starting to get on my nerves, Lucifer. I have no interest in you since you do not have a ‘core’.]

“If my mouth is getting on your nerves, then shouldn’t you just shut me up? Of course, if you’re able to.”

[Hahaha...]

Lord suddenly burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?”

[Do you think you can defeat me in that state? You wouldn’t be able to even if you were in your optimal state, so what can you do when you’re so drained?]

“What the hell are you talking about?”

[If you want to fight properly, then call your precious other half. I am willing to wait until then. Isn’t that why you sent your feather to the Continent?]

“...”

Lucifer fell silent at that moment. The ever-present smile disappeared from his lips.

“...you... no way.”

[You really didn't think I'd notice. You're far too arrogant. If you really wanted to hide it, you should have at least hidden the fact that you only have half of your wings.]

"Wings?"

Hearing Frey's questioning tone, Lord chuckled.

[It's a simple story. It's not even surprising. It's quite the obvious twist. The one who was defeated by me long ago and the one who isn't confident in defeating me now have combined.]

The one who'd been 'defeated' by Lord. To be defeated meant they had to have fought.

And there was only one being who came to mind when the words 'fight with Lord' came up.

Frey's expression became stiff.

"...the Dragon Lord. Are you saying that Lucifer and the Dragon Lord joined forces?"

[Joined forces? It's much more intimate than that. Lucifer absorbed the Dragon Lord's soul and heart.]

"He absorbed them. Like that time with Satan?"

[That's a method that's already failed. Lucifer isn't a fool. Instead, he made up his mind. He decided to merge with the Dragon Lord's very existence. There's the risk that his ego would collapse or that he'd lose his mind, but... he wanted to digest an existence like the Dragon Lord, so he was willing to take the risk.]

Lord spoke with a humorous voice as he continued.

[However, the actions he took after were even more surprising. Lucifer wanted to combine the two sides before splitting them again.]

'Split?'

Frey didn't understand what he was saying.

[Frey Blake, have you ever heard of a Black Dragon?]

"I haven't.

[And you still didn't notice?... No, you don't know much about Dragons, so it should be expected. In that case, let me give you a brief lesson. In the first place, there is no such thing as a Dragon with black scales.]

'There is no Dragon with black scales.'

“...!”

It was only then that Frey understood what Lord was saying.

It was Dro's image that appeared in his head at that moment. His appearance. A man with black hair and black eyes with a similar appearance to Lucifer's.

A man who also had a Dragon Heart.

'...Dro felt the presence of his Dragon Heart. But the heartbeat was not very strong.'

It was much stronger compared to Beniang's, who was only a Half-Dragon, but it was not enough to be called the Dragon Lord's.

Frey could tell even when he first met him. If the reason for this was because he had been split in half.

[The Dragon Lord became half of Lucifer, and Lucifer became half of the Dragon Lord. With a perfect understanding of each other, they could be one or two.]

Lord then smiled and looked at Lucifer.

[Then what should I call you now?]

