

## Great Mage 231

### Season 1 Chapter 231: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (4)

She didn't hate Schweiser.

Though she sometimes felt jealous because Lukas would often give Schweiser more attention than he gave her, she knew that he was Lukas' most precious friend, and his talent made up for his shortcomings.

Yet Iris still killed this man. She even laughed at him right before his death, demeaning his achievements and insulting his death.

She did this because Lord might have been watching.

Nevertheless, the moment Schweiser died, Iris felt something in her heart die along with him.

Lord immediately responded to her achievement.

[Good work. But that was too simple. I wanted to imprison this man in the Abyss as well.]

Lord murmured to himself before turning away.

'...this man as well.'

Lord had definitely said those words.

She'd finally gotten a clue about Lukas.

Iris felt hope again.

The Abyss. Lukas was trapped in a place called the Abyss.

Now that she knew where he was, she thought that she would be able to rescue him. But when she found out what the Abyss truly was, that thought disappeared.

It was a world personally created by Lord. A space completely disconnected from the outside world.

In other words, an inescapable prison.

Moreover, Lukas' body was already dead. The only thing that had been trapped in the Abyss was Lukas Trowman's soul.

"Ha-, hahaha."

Iris felt like her mind broke a bit at that moment. She felt like it would have been better to just go crazy.

But she couldn't.

Craziness at that moment would simply have been an escape. It would have been no different from locking the door and ignoring all of her sins and the responsibility for everything she'd done so far and the things she'd do in the future.

Even if she really let herself go crazy, it could only be after she'd saved Lukas.

Not long after that, Lucid and Kasajin had a confrontation. Iris had predicted that this would happen, and as a result, Lord had no choice but to acknowledge her to an extent.

[Excellent. I will grant you a favor that you can use at any time. Unless it adversely affects my people.]

“ ... ”

This was an achievement that had been built on the blood of her teammates.

Iris was so disgusted with herself that she ended up vomiting.

It wasn't just that.

She'd also been granted the ability to borrow Lord's power as she wished.

The power of space. It could have been said to be the power that stood at the peak of all the transcendent powers the demigods had.

This was the power she gained, but she didn't feel proud of it.

Iris' heart had already died by that point.

'It's fine.'

Everything was okay. She recited these words like a mantra.

As long as Lukas could come back.

As long as she felt he could come back, she could keep hanging on.

She knew that he wouldn't forgive her. After all, she knew what kind of man he was. She knew better than anyone else that he was wise, upright, yet surprisingly inflexible.

But she could still bear it. Rather than never meeting again, she felt that it was much better to meet him and be hated.

So, using Lord's power, Iris began to probe the Abyss, the pitch black space where Lukas was imprisoned.

It was literally like an iron fortress.

This wasn't to say that there wasn't any progress. She'd definitely gotten some results.

Nevertheless, Iris couldn't help but feel deep frustration.

She fully understood just how insignificant the power she controlled was when compared to Lord's.

It felt like trying to cut through a castle wall with her fingernails. Something that others would laugh at and call crazy.

But she didn't give up. Instead, Iris calculated just how long it would take her if she kept making these fingernail-sized scratches.

And when she finished calculating, she realised that the result was much worse than she expected.

She knew that it would take a long time to save Lukas. That's why she talked about the future with Lucid.

However... She thought that it would be 100 years at most. She felt that it would not exceed 100 years at worst.

She was too optimistic.

“...4,000 years.”

It was said that a mountain would change greatly in 10 years. And also, in 100 years, it wouldn't be strange for a country to disappear and for a new one to take its place.

And 1,000 years... was a length of time that humans were unable to fathom.

4,000 years meant that she'd have to experience such a length four times.

“...ah.”

Her mind seemed to shatter at that moment.

This wasn't an exaggeration.

At that moment, Iris felt even more despair than when Lukas had disappeared.

For 4,000 years, she would have to carry a task every day without missing a single one. And if she made a mistake or allowed Lord to notice, then it would all have been for naught.

Schweiser's death would become a dog's death, and Lucid and Kasajin's confrontation would become meaningless.

She felt so overwhelmed by the pressure that she felt like she was being crushed.

...If by chance.

If she somehow managed to endure it for so many years. If, in the end, she managed to maintain her sanity, deceive Lord, and successfully create a gap in the Abyss after toiling for 4,000 years.

Would Lukas really be able to grasp that opening?

No.

Would Lukas even be able to stay sane until then?

His situation was much worse than Iris'. He was imprisoned in a place where there was nothing but darkness.

Could he really endure for 4,000 years in such a place without a body to move, only being able to think?

This was a task that was absolutely impossible for an ordinary human.

"-it's possible."

This voice which sounded out with absolute certainty was her own.

“If it’s Lukas, then it’s possible.”

She suddenly let out a laugh.

She didn’t know long had it been since she’d laughed so heartily.

Iris laughed to herself while nodding continuously.

‘Of course it’s possible.’

The only man she’d ever loved.

The unprecedented Great Mage.

The Great Teacher of all.

If it was Lukas Trowman, he would definitely be able to endure it. He wouldn’t give up.

So she wouldn’t give up either.



To save Lukas, be hated by him, and then killed by his hand.

Her shattered mind seemed to regain shape.

Lukas had once told Iris that she was pretty. It was a time when she'd been smiling mysteriously.

Since then, she practiced a lot by looking in the mirror every day. And the mysterious smile from that time remained on Iris' face.

'It's been 20 years since I've known Lukas.'

It felt romantic.

To keep their relationship of 20 years, she was willing to endure 4,000 years.

Some might have even found it touching.

Iris chuckled.

"...it's going to be a very long plan."

So she felt like she should give it a name.

'What should it be?'

After pondering for a moment, a good name popped into her mind.

The name of the plan was intuitive, the simpler, the better.

"-The Great Mage Returns After 4,000 Years."

Right.

She liked it.

Iris smiled.

"1 Day."

\* \* \*

Iris' memories ended.

Lukas once again stood alone in a dark space.

He realised that his body had been fully restored, but he still couldn't say anything.

Because his mouth didn't seem to work.

When he had been trapped in the Abyss, he'd thought that he was having a harder time than anyone else in the world. But he'd stopped thinking like that because he felt it was a petty and self-important thought.

It was obvious that Lukas had a long and painful experience that no one would have been able to imagine.

...But Iris' experience was no lesser than his.

No. In a way, she had a much more painful time than Lukas.

Unlike the Abyss, which was a world of silence, the world Iris had to live in could only have been described as hell.

Lukas could see that.

From the beginning of her plan, there was not a single painless day.

She had long abandoned her body. After all, no matter how much the longevity of a Witch contracted to a demon was, she couldn't survive for 4,000 years.

So Iris transferred her soul to a doll in order to continue living.

Naturally, this method came with side effects. Her soul gradually began wearing away.

It was the soul price that Lucifer had mentioned before. The human soul was not resilient enough to withstand the process of transferring from one body to the other.

So Iris' soul could be said to have been in tatters. Like a candle in front of a breeze, it wouldn't be strange if it went out at any moment.

And when that candle went out... her soul would disappear.

An end no different from that of a transcendent being awaited her.

There was no bright future ahead of Iris. And there was no way that she didn't already know this.

Nevertheless, she refused to give up. She continued her long and lonely fight.

And in the end... she finally achieved her goal.

She pulled Lukas out of the Abyss.

‘There’s no way I could have escaped on my own.’

He felt ashamed for thinking that he’d escaped from the Abyss on his own.

Now that he thought about it, it was natural.

The Abyss was the world that Lord had created using the full extent of his power. It could even be called the essence of his power.

So even if 4,000 years passed, there was no way for a 9 star Wizard like Lukas Trowman to escape.

It was only possible because of Iris’ help. Because she scratched at the walls of the iron fortress for 4,000 years without missing a single day.

“...”

Lukas couldn’t help but feel choked up because of his rising emotions.

After becoming a transcendent being, it became incredibly hard for him to be affected by normal things. It could be said that he’d lost his emotions together with his mortality. And he’d thought he’d never be able to experience his emotions the same way again.

But at that moment, Lukas could clearly feel a whirlwind of grief.

Suddenly.

“This is the shattered Celestial World.”

He heard Iris’ voice.

Lukas called out in shock.

“Iris? Where are-”

“You fought Lord, you lost, and you died.”

“...”

Iris’ voice cut him off.

Lukas felt anxiety fill his heart at that moment.

“I’m probably... already dead.”

“...”

“And I hope you’ll at least feel a little sad.”

“...I’m sad.”

A thick, cracked voice sounded out, and it took him a while to realise it was his.

A tear rolled down his cheek.

“...if Lukas felt sad, I would be really happy.”

Iris was pretending to speak in a bright voice.

Lukas could tell immediately.

“I originally didn’t want to show you my memories. But... I couldn’t. Just one person. I wanted at least one person to know everything that transpired. I wanted them to remember everything. Both the good and the bad. And if that person was Lukas, it would make me extremely happy...”

“Iris.”

After a brief pause, her voice continued.

“The Angels, masters of this world, had the task of guiding souls to the afterlife. And those souls who were dyed bright by their good deeds were even given the right to live here in Heaven. Originally, this place was supposed to be the afterlife the souls would gather at before returning to the world. Because it was this kind of place... I was able to slow down the collapse of Lukas’ soul.”

“...Iris, what’s going on?”

“You did enough already.”

“...”

She wasn’t responding to his questions.

Lukas bit his lips.

A vague sense of anxiety began building in his heart.

He closed his eyes tightly.

Maybe.

Iris had already...



“However, it’s not the same for me. Because I need to be punished.... After meeting Lukas again, I realised that you weren’t going to kill me.”

“...”

“But it mustn’t be that way. If you commit a crime, then you deserve to be punished. Ahaha... I’m ashamed to call it punishment. In truth, I just want to rest.”

Iris’ voice was gradually fading.

“I just want to rest. I’m so tired. Isn’t that okay? But I don’t know if I can sleep... A wicked woman like me... A traitorous witch like me... It feels so hard to just... just... just put my eyelids together...”

### **Season 1 Chapter 232: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (5)**

Iris’ voice faded completely, and Lukas realised.

Iris’ soul had just crumbled completely.

“Ah.”

He called out blankly.

Lukas looked at the darkness in front of him and recalled his conversation with Iris.

He recalled her face, her tears, and her confession.

[...So I was a bit greedy, but I can't do it. I can't change the nature of my beloved Lukas Trowman with my own hands. It would feel like I'm killing you with my own hands.]

The short, few-month journey in the illusionary world.

Those false memories were the greed that Iris was talking about.

4,000 years of devotion for only a few months.

'That's... not greed.'

Lukas grit his teeth.

He couldn't accept it.

He would never be able to accept such an ending.

"Not yet."

Their reunion hadn't happened yet.

Paht!

A bright light rose up from Lukas' chest.

The last piece, which had been filled by Iris, caused unimaginable changes to his body.

"Iris, it's not time for you to rest just yet."

He could no longer hear Iris' voice. The 'diary' that she'd mentioned had already come to an end.

It was her broken soul.

The soul of Iris Phisfounder who'd faced an end even crueler than death.

"So. Just wait a little bit."

...It was slim, but there was still a chance.

Of course, it was impossible with Lukas' current power. But even that crumbling soul could be revived.

To meet him.

“I have to take down Lord.”

It would not be easy. After all, Lukas had been weakened.

Lord had taken all of his divine power. Thanks to this, his divine magic power’s capacity had fallen below half of its former capacity.

With this much power, he’d only be able to use his Endtongue a few times.

However, Lord had also been weakened. So he had to go.

As he thought this, Lukas left the broken Celestial World.

He had to do this.

No matter what.

\* \* \*

[...]

Nozdog felt his mind become overcome with a heavy sense of drowsiness.

Sleep.

This was a word that had no association to him, who had the body of a skeleton. In the first place, most Demigods did not need sleep.

Therefore, Nozdog couldn't help but feel strange when the urge to sleep overtook him.

One thing was clear at that moment.

If he relaxed for even a moment, he would immediately fall into a deep sleep. Then, he would die immediately after.

At the hands of none other than the man who was currently standing in front of him.

[...so Kaltud really was Lucifer's pawn all along.]

Of course, he had never fully trusted the red-skinned demon. What Nozdog trusted was the fact that he was a 'demon'.

Aside from his natural strength, he didn't think that the members of the Circle would be able to do anything to a being who was mostly active in Hell.

But he never thought they'd end up in an all-out war against Hell. If he'd known this would happen, he never would have taken a demon for his Apostle.

Dro murmured.

"Lucifer is dead."

[...what?]

"Just before he died, Lucifer sent his memories to me. Did you know, Nozdog? The Lord you support so much seems to have consumed the rest of your kind."

[What... the hell are you talking about?]

Nozdog could not conceal his shock at those words.

He couldn't afford to.

He immediately jumped up from the throne of Hitume Ikar and glared at Dro.

[Lord would never do that.]

“Whether you believe it or not, the only Demigods left in this world are you, Lord, and Elliah, who never leaves the Frozen Lands.”

[Kuk...]

Shocked, Nozdog stumbled back slightly. His body flopped back onto the throne.

[Lord... why would Lord consume our people?]

His voice was weak.

Normally, he would have exuded a dark and gloomy aura like a god of death, but now, his aura was scattered and exhausted.

“Isn’t it obvious? To become stronger. Lord started treating your kind like simple chunks of energy. Like nutrient supplements that could make him healthy and strong after he consumed them.”

[...that’s... impossible.]

“Stop the pointless denial. I can already tell from your attitude, Nozdog. You don’t seem to be surprised. You must have expected something like this to happen.”

Nozdog shook.

It was true. From the time Lord had swallowed Leyrin, he'd thought that something like this might happen.

But he pretended not to know.

And in front of Agni, he spoke large words. He boasted that he'd trust Lord no matter what he did.

No. Until now, he'd firmly deluded himself that Lord was only taking shortcuts in order to revitalize the Demigods.

However... he had no choice but to look at the results now.

Lord had devoured all of their people.

"Lord will be here soon. Then you'll know for certain that he swallowed all of the other Demigods. I wonder. Nozdog, is that the end you want?"

[...what are you trying to say?]

"Let's work together. If you don't want to die, then help me take Lord down."

[Stop talking nonsense.]



Nozdog spoke in a harsh voice.

Dro glanced at the door before speaking.

“We have a chance of winning. Our reinforcements have arrived.”

Crash!

The doors to the throne room were smashed open, and people could be seen walking in.

Ivan, who was standing at the front of the group, shook a piece of iron off of his hand as he said.

“We came to the right place. All the guys who were hard to find are just gathered here.”

“...”

“Hey, Dro. Did your business go well?”

After Ivan said this, Dro sighed.

“...there’s no time to listen to your reproach. You guys, get ready.”

“Get ready for what?”

Jak-

Suddenly, space split open, and Lord walked out.

His sudden appearance caused the hearts of everyone in the room to freeze for a moment.

It was as though time itself had stopped.

Only Lord’s head moved in this room which seemed to be frozen in time.

It wasn’t long before his eyes settled on Dro.

[Here you are, Dragon Lord.]

“...”

[Because you seem to have forgotten your promise, I came to retrieve my prize.]

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

When Dro responded with an expressionless face, Lord didn't say anything else.

They all knew that a conversation was useless in the first place.

Then, Anastasia spoke with a stiff expression on her face.

"Where is Frey?"

She was told that Frey went to Hell to stop Lord.

But now, Lord was standing in front of them. And he appeared to be heavily injured as though he'd just been in a fight with someone.

While Anastasia looked at him with anxiety, Lord replied indifferently.

[The Great Mage is dead.]

"..."

"Enough of your bullshit!"

Unlike the shocked Anastasia, Ivan growled in a low voice.

Lord's gaze finally turned to them before he nodded.

[That being... Right. This must be the shell the Great Mage used before he became transcendent.]

He was talking about Frey's physical body. Grey Trowman.

Lord spoke in an annoyed voice.

[Your presence annoys me. Die.]

Pop!

"...huh?"

Grey's body exploded without any warning, his blood covering the Great Medium who stood beside him.  
(TL: bruh...)

No one realised what had just happened.

Dro then shouted in an urgent voice.

“Mana or Qi! Either of them works! Draw upon your energy and protect your body! He’s weak right now!”

[Even if I’m weakened, killing you is no problem.]

Just as Lord was about to reach out to them.

[Lord.]

Nozdog called out to him.

Lord lowered his hand and turned to him.

[Nozdog, your mental power is amazing. You’re still awake.]

[Why did you consume our people?]

[...ah. Now that I think about it, I haven’t explained it to you yet, have I? Hmmm.]

After thinking for a moment, Lord shook his head and said.

[There's no time. Just let me absorb you too. Then you'll find out.]

Juk-

A mouth appeared on Lord's face. It was the same large, hideous mouth that he'd used to devour the other Demigods.

With his mouth opened wide, he approached Nozdog.

Taht!

A wall of bones appeared from the ground, blocking this mouth.

Lord paused for a moment.

[What is this supposed to be, Nozdog?]

[...convince me. And I'll let you.]

Nozdog squeezed out those words.

[...if you convince me, I will become a part of you. Lord, you didn't consume your own kind for no reason, did you? There must be a reason. A reason that we all can understand. Tell me that. Then...]

Lord looked at Nozdog for a moment before speaking.

[Nozdog.]

[...what?]

[You talk a lot, Nozdog.]

His voice was irritated.

[Just shut up and become my food.]

### **Season 1 Chapter 233: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (6)**

Nozdog was speechless.

He was one of the Demigods who fell to the Continent the earliest. This meant that the time he'd spent with Lord was naturally longer than most other Demigods.

They'd known each other for almost an eternity, and he had trusted and followed Lord from the start. Nothing had ever been able to change his mind.

This wasn't because Nozdog's loyalty was impressive. Instead, it was because Lord had always been an amazing leader.

It was possible that all of the Demigods thought the same.

Even if Lord gave up on dominating the continent and instead decided to live in seclusion, their loyalty was enough that they'd follow him without hesitation,

Yet it was the very same Lord who'd just told him. To shut up and become his food.

This was only something that one would say to prey, not to one's own kind.

[...]

Only Nozdog knew the emotions that filled him at that moment.

Just as Lord was prepared to consume him again.

Crack!

[...!]



Lord's waist bent at a right angle, and he was unable to offset the force, causing him to fly backwards and into a wall.

Ivan shook his clenched fist.

'I hit him?'

He didn't attack in a lackluster manner. But it couldn't be said that he'd put his all into that punch.

Nevertheless, he had felt it.

That punch had connected.

While it was clear that his attack hadn't reached Lord's core, it still counted.

Dro's words weren't wrong. The current Lord was in a weakened state. Someone had dealt great damage to him.

When he thought about this, his excited heart stilled.

'Is Frey really dead?'

Lord stood to his feet again while casually brushing pieces of stone off of his body.

[...how foolish.]

Anger was evident in his voice.

Anastasia, who was observing the situation, wasn't used to this.

'Did Lord ever display his emotions like this?'

The answer was no. The only time Lord expressed his emotions was when his people suffered great harm.

But he was different now. Lord's emotions felt primitive.

Like a childish and low-level annoyance that had been caused by a bug bite.

'He's a mess.'

He felt nothing like the flawless Lord who couldn't be reached no matter how much they stretched their hands.

Anastasia saw a chance.

If they took advantage of this, they might be able to reverse the situation.

But that didn't mean that Lord's power had disappeared.

Crack!

"Kuk!"

Jekid's arm was crushed in an instant. If he had reacted any slower, it wouldn't have been his arm; it would have been his head.

'His attacks are hard to detect.'

No. He should have been glad that he was even alive at that moment.

If Lord hadn't been distracted, such a sure-kill attack would have appeared without warning.

Shuk.

Jekid swung his sword and cut off his squashed arm without hesitation.

Ivan, who saw this, couldn't help but murmur with a blank expression.

"Did you really need to cut it off?"

"I'd rather not keep anything that could distract me. Didn't you know? The more immovable your mindset is, the sharper your attacks."

"That's true, but... it's tough."

Jekid swung his sword a few times with his left arm,

"It's not a problem since I trained myself to use my sword with my left hand as well."

"That's not the problem... Well... As long as you don't mind."

Ivan shrugged before pointing towards Lord.

"I don't know why, but he's weak right now. So we just have to push him somehow."

"...push him somehow. Is that a plan?"

"What plan? We have never worked together, so we shouldn't overdo it. It would be best if we didn't get in each other's way."

He wasn't wrong, so Jekid nodded before turning to Lord.

"You have to be careful. His defenses are definitely weak, but his offense is still extremely powerful. Grey was protecting his entire body with mana, yet he still died before being able to do anything. My arm was also crushed like a dried fish."

"So all we have to do is hit him without getting hit by him."

It was easy to say.

Ivan grumbled.

It was at that moment when the Great Medium, who had been watching the situation, finished her chant.

"Seven Flower Binding Technique." (TL: nana ka sokubaku no jutsu \*flips through hand signs\*)

Fwoosh!

Suddenly, seven kinds of flowers appeared around Lord before blooming at the same time.

These flowers didn't just bloom. Their roots stretched out like vines and wrapped around Lord's body tightly.

It took Lord a moment to realise that these weren't illusions but rather sorcery that altered the substance of reality.

Nevertheless, it was only a human technique. Such a crude power would not be able to restrain him completely.

But Lord found that he was unable to break these vines, that he couldn't move. His entire body was frozen as though he'd been paralysed.

Lord's fierce gaze turned to the man who was calmly watching the situation from the corner.

'Dragon Lord.'

His Dragontongue prevented him from moving his body.

It was stronger than the Dragontongue Lucifer had used. This meant that in his current condition, he would not be able to break out of it easily.

'This is our chance.'

They'd never worked together before, but it was clear to everyone that Lord's movements had been restricted.

Jekid, Anastasia, and Ivan rushed to Lord at the same time. They stood in different directions and bombarded Lord's body with their attacks. Each one being strong enough to destroy a castle.

Such powerful attacks hit Lord dozens of times in an instant.

Pa pa pa pa!

Lord's body shook violently. Their attacks were violent, but they weren't enough to reach his core.

Nevertheless, Lord was unable to easily escape their barrage.

'How is this happening?'

He had consumed dozens of Demigods.

How could he be struggling against only a few humans and half of the Dragon Lord after all he'd done?

Considering the power he'd consumed during the fight with Lukas, this shouldn't have been happening.

This question soon caused him to be filled with irritation and rage.

Lord's face distorted in an ugly manner.

[Don't touch me-!]

Boom!

A huge explosion of energy burst out from Lord's body.

The three, who were close to him, were unable to react in time and were sent flying simultaneously. They were all prepared for a sudden attack like this, but it didn't help.

The explosion that erupted from Lord's body wasn't just a 'strong impact'. An unknown force seemed to push their bodies roughly as well.

"Kuk."

Ivan was only able to stop himself after rolling several times across the ground.

He wiped the blood that was flowing from his forehead before saying.

"What did he just do?"

"He condensed the space around him before causing it to burst. It is a repulsive power that is in a higher dimension than a physical force... using higher density space, he created empty space."



“What the hell are you talking about?”

“...in simpler terms, the different spaces pushed each other away. It wouldn't have helped even if you held on to something. As long as it's an object, it will be pushed away.”

Ivan shook his head at Anastasia's explanation.

“I still have no idea what you're talking about.”

“...you don't need to understand. I don't think it is something he can use often. You just need to be careful.”

Then she continued in a solemn voice.

“I'm sure that Lord is very weak right now. If it's now... we have a chance to defeat Lord.”

Anastasia avoided commenting on why Lord was so injured. Because she didn't want to believe Lord's words.

Lord, on the other hand, grit his teeth.

Anastasia's murmur was quiet, but he could still hear it perfectly.

'Was she talking about the battle with Lukas? Was she saying that the damage he inflicted had weakened him so much?'

No. It wasn't because of that.

It was true that the battle with Lukas had a tremendous impact on his condition, but the reason why he was in this situation was different.

Lord felt a foreign power bubbling inside his body.

This energy was the reason.

The divine power he'd stolen from Lukas.

'This... is not divine power.'

To be precise, it was a mixture of divine power and mana.

While absorbing it, Lord knew that Frey's divine power was mixed with impurities. Nevertheless, he hadn't cared.

Because in the end, the ratio was 9:1. Naturally, his divine power was the 9.

Therefore, he thought that he would easily be able to filter out the mana, which was nothing more than scraps in comparison.

It was the perfect mistake.

This man was extremely persistent and toxic, causing Lord's body to rot just with its presence.

Due to this, Lord's body was currently unstable. To make matters worse, even the divine power that he had yet to digest showed signs of running rampant.

All of this chaos inside of him could have been easily quelled if he were in his peak condition, but Lord had spent a lot of energy in his battle against Lukas.

'Even so...'

It was extremely humiliating for him to be pushed to this extent by this insect-like group of mortals that Lukas Trowman wasn't even part of.

"Warrior King's Fist. Blade Fist."

Jijik!

A sword-like gust of wind shot out from Ivan's fist and violently scratched Lord's body.

Jekid and Anastasia also began using their long range attacks.

The wounds on Lord's body increased.

'If this continues...'

He would actually be defeated by these pieces of trash.

Suddenly, an idea appeared in Lord's mind. He turned his eyes to Nozdog, who was standing far away before calling out desperately.

[Nozdog, help me.]

[...Lord.]

[I'm sorry about earlier. But can't you understand? My mind is really unstable right now. I still haven't completely controlled the others who became one with me. If this continues... I will definitely forget my essence and become a monster. That means every Demigod in me will also have a terrible ending!]

Nozdog flinched at those words.

Then Dro shouted in a rare, harsh tone.

“Nozdog! Don’t be fooled! He’s just saying nonsense to make you go to him! Did you already forget how he just treated you?”

[That wasn’t me. Nozdog, please believe me... Right. You asked me to convince you, didn’t you? I will explain it to you now. Come here and help me stop their attacks for a while...]

[...]

The flames burning in Nozdog’s eyes shook unstably. Then he lifted a bone finger.

Crack!

Suddenly, layers of bones rose up from the ground, blocking the attacks headed towards Lord.

Ivan clicked his tongue when he felt the hardness of the bones.

“They’re much harder than steel!”

“What is he trying to do?”

Meanwhile, Nozdog began walking towards Lord.

[...Lord, the things you said aren't easy to understand. However, I know you-]

Nozdog didn't get a chance to finish his sentence.

This was because Lord rushed towards him like a wild beast. His arms and legs wrapped around Nozdog's body like rope while his face, which had become featureless again, was once again covered by an enormous mouth.

Crunch...

The feast had begun.

Lord chewed on Nozdog's skull, neck, ribs, spine, hip, thighs, knees, and shins... before finally putting his toes in his mouth and chewing them as well. (TL:...what a sentence)

Nozdog.

It took only three seconds for this skeleton-shaped Demigod to disappear from the world.

In other words, by the time Ivan smashed through the bone barrier.

[...]

Lord had already finished his meal.

Dro looked at him with contempt.

“Do you know what you’ve done? With your own hands, you killed all the people who trusted you till the very end. You took advantage of Nozdog’s loyalty and betrayed him!”

[That might be the case. But their wills will not disappear. Right, in human terms, I have inherited their will. What’s the difference between you and me?]

“Disgusting. So you’re crazy to the point of asking such a question. Don’t talk about concepts you don’t understand.”

It was Anastasia who responded in a disdainful voice.

Then Lord shook his head.

[Hmm. I naturally don’t need your understanding.]

There was once again a sense of stability in Lord’s voice.

This was thanks to the divine power he’d absorbed from Nozdog. His divine power was helping get rid of the bits of mana that were corrupting his body.

After all, Nozdog was powerful enough to be called an Apocalypse.

[Right. I understand now. So I was Michael. Ku-, Kuhuhu. How interesting. I was the balance of the Celestial World...]

Paht!

White wings tore out of Lord's back. He looked back at these wings before muttering.

[I don't think I can lose anymore... So first, let's take care of the bugs.]

**Season 1 Chapter 234: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (7)**

[Urk...]

Lord suddenly felt nauseous. He collapsed to the ground while holding his chest.

[Urk! Wek... ]

Tok, tok...

Then he vomited something.



It was a thick, viscous substance with a disgusting smell like it was something that had almost been digested.

Moreover, this liquid was black and wriggled as though it was alive.

'I'm not sure what's happening.'

Lord was currently defenseless.

Seeing this, Ivan charged towards him. He wanted to take advantage of this opening.

He couldn't help but think about the battle with Agni. Nora had lost her arm, and Beni-ang risked her life to give him an opening, which he then used to land a punch.

He remembered the feeling he'd had at that time.

'I can do it.'

After that battle with Agni, Ivan had done his best to perfect 'Ivan's Fist', which had become his trump card.

That fist was the limit of the path that Ivan pursued. But it was still incomplete. This was proven by the fact that it hadn't even been able to finish off the weakened Agni.

That was why he was confident now. This time would be different from back then.

If everything went well, he would be able to reach Lord's core.

Kooo-

Ivan began condensing mana into his fist.

'Not enough.'

He wouldn't be able to do it with this much.

It had to be cleared. Denser. More compressed.

He would bear the burden for it on his own.

Fwoosh.

His hair seemed to have been turning white.

In a pure white world, Ivan recalled the path he'd walked on so far. At the end of his teenage years, which could only be described as trash, he met a benefactor by the name of Nora and was taught the Warrior King Fist.

He was talented, and for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of accomplishment.

It was on one faithful day when he found out about the Demigods.

-The secret of the Warrior King Fist.

It was to kill Demigods. That was what the martial art had been created for.

And the existence in front of him was now an amalgamation of almost every member of this transcendent race to the extent that it wouldn't be strange to call him *The Demigod*.

As long as he killed him, everything would be over.

'So I will steel my resolve.'

He wouldn't swing his fist again.

For Ivan, who had devoted himself to the Warrior King Fist, he had more than enough determination to give up his life.

This determination then created a miracle.

Jurk.

Blood flowed from Ivan's lips. It wasn't just his lips. Red blood flowed from his eyes, nose, and even his ears.

Crunch.

He felt his molars crack, the veins in his eyeballs burst, and his eardrums tear.

If it wasn't for this pain, he might have lost his mind by then.

Kooo-

And finally.

Ivan had gathered his 'everything' into his fist.

'This is it.'

This fist was the limit of Ivan's ability.

He looked at Lord with calm eyes. He could reach him with this. An unknown conviction filled his heart at that moment.

Ivan swung his fist, his hand penetrating Lord's body.

Clang.

“...”

Or, at least, that was what should have happened.

Ivan stared at the scene in front of him with disbelieving eyes.

There was nothing in front of him. But 'Ivan's Fist' had been blocked.

He hadn't even gotten the chance to reach Lord. In fact, Lord wasn't even looking at him. He was still wheezing on the ground with his back bent.

Nevertheless, Ivan's fist had been blocked by an invisible wall.

“Kurk...”

The backlash came before he could even figure out what had just happened.

Ivan couldn't swallow the bubble of blood that shot up from his throat. Blood and pieces of his internal organs shot out from his mouth.

'Impossible.'

He stared at his fist in disbelief. It felt like he had struck something that was unimaginably hard.

It didn't make sense.

In front of Ivan's Fist, even the hardest metal in the world, Adamantium, which was praised for its durability, would be torn apart like paper.

Then Lord, who had finished vomiting, wiped his mouth before saying.

[I already told you. I don't think I can lose anymore.]

"What... the hell... did you do...?"

[I used my power. But it's only natural that insects like you wouldn't understand.]

Ivan couldn't hold it anymore and collapsed to the ground. His stamina and strength were already depleted.

He had literally put everything he had into that punch.

'What the hell... kind of monster did he become?'

Ivan felt fear for the first time.

He cast a fearful gaze towards Lord, but Lord was still not paying any attention to him. Instead, he was looking down at his vomit.

"Hup!"

The Great Medium gasped and stumbled backwards. She realised what Lord's vomit was.

"Th-, the Demigods..."

"What did you say?"

Anastasia was shocked by the Great Medium's murmur. She hurriedly observed the black liquid.

Kuaaah-

This disgusting, viscous liquid, which she'd thought was vomit, was covered in numerous 'face'-like bubbles.

It was like grieving ghosts had become tangled together, forming a liquid and becoming prisoners in a hell-like place where the punishment never ended.

Even Anastasia, who had witnessed numerous horrifying scenes before, could not help but feel cold at the sight.

"What the hell did you do?"

[They no longer have divine power. So I filtered them out... As you saw, having multiple egos coexisting in one body is very dangerous.]

Lord's voice was emotionless.

This caused Anastasia to feel that the being in front of them was not 'Lord' but an entirely new being.

"But they were once your kind. Are you really saying this is okay? Are you really going to throw away the people who trusted you and followed you for so long in such a way? That's a fate more miserable than dying."

[You're wrong.]

Crack!



Lord stomped on the vomit without any changes to his expression. (TL: So disrespectful to still call them vomit, oof)

Power from the soles of his feet spread deep into the vomit.

Kuaah-

The Demigods screamed even more painfully.

Lord spoke without any fluctuations in his voice.

[How can you call beings without divine power Demigods?]

“You... you are even more disgusting than the vomit you just spat out.”

It was Dro who spoke with a disgusted voice.

Lord tilted his head as though he couldn't understand those words.

[That's strange. Why are you baring your teeth at me? You were in the same situation as me. Lucifer and Dragon Lord. I don't think you separated the cores because you wanted to be separate beings. You did it because your two powerful egos were unable to coexist in one body. I also got this idea from your actions.]

“Don’t equate our decision to your disgusting actions.”

[You don’t understand that it’s just a difference of perspective.]

Lord shrugged nonchalantly before looking at Dro and saying.

[And from now on, it would be best if you watched your mouth.]

“Quit your bullshit, you son of a bitch.”

Ivan growled, spitting out a mouthful of blood. This was his step of courage to not be devoured by fear.

Ivan’s courage was certainly something to be admired. It was possible that his body and mind were in a situation much worse than any human had ever encountered. To swear at Lord in this state was something no one would dare do.

However, Ivan’s courage didn’t work in his favor.

Lord looked down at this man who was barely conscious and nodded.

[Then you can disappear.]

Lord's words immediately became a reality.

Paht.

Ivan disappeared.

By the time the people in the room noticed, he was no longer in the throne room.

"Huh?"

Anastasia exclaimed softly.

Ivan's entire existence had disappeared, as if he'd evaporated, as if an invisible force had agreed with Lord's words.

It wasn't just Ivan. Even the blood he'd shed had disappeared.

Flap!

Lord spread his wings.

This sight caused the Great Medium to be momentarily speechless. This was because for a moment, this being, who seemed to shine with a holy light, looked like an Angel, an Apostle of God, or even God itself.

'It's not possible!'

The Great Medium only froze for a moment before she immediately discarded those thoughts.

God's Apostle?

This disgusting creature?

She would never accept it. As the Great Medium who had devoutly served God for hundreds of years, she wholeheartedly denied Lord's existence.

"What the hell is your goal? Do you intend to rule this world alone, with no one by your side? Do you really think such a life is worth living?"

[I do not intend to rule.]

Lord had naturally given up such a foolish goal. He closed his eyes and muttered.

[I will meet God.]

“What...?”

[However, he is very busy. He never shows up unless he absolutely has to.]

After saying this, Lord paused for a moment.

He recalled the extremely unusual case of God’s appearance to meet an individual named Lukas Trowman.

He wondered just what their conversation was about for a moment before shaking his head and continuing.

[...so I will create a ‘special situation’. A special situation that will force him to make an appearance.]

“A special situation...”

[I will destroy every world. And return the world to the state of nothingness just like in the beginning.]

“...!!!”

Everyone there was shocked by his words.

Destroy the world?

Return it to nothingness?

These were normally ridiculous statements. But it was Lord who said them.

He definitely had the power to do what he said.

More importantly, he meant it. Lord was serious about destroying the world.

'This is Lord's real goal.'

Cold sweat dripped down their backs.

She understood what he said, but Anastasia couldn't stop herself from arguing.

"Yo-, you're insane... Then you'll die too! Regardless of how strong you are now, you wouldn't be able to maintain your body if the world didn't exist!"

[Did you forget? I have a world of my own.]

"...no way."

[The Abyss.]

Lord laughed.

[There are currently guests who are using it without permission, but it won't be hard for me to break through the walls they set up. I will wait there. For thousands or even tens of thousands of years... until God comes. Then, after meeting him, I will make a suggestion. To rebuild the world.]

Lord's eyes shined. It was as though he was already looking at the newly created world instead of the beings in front of him. (TL: sometimes I really think the author forgets Lord is 'featureless')

[I'm certain that the newly created world will be a paradise. I'll make sure it is. Right... it would be nice if I could recreate my kind as well.]

"...do you really intend to become God's Apostle?"

[I'd prefer that.]

"...God might not appear in the end."

[Then I'll make it myself. Of course, it might take tens of thousands of years, but... it would be fun. I told your dead friend before: creation is not impossible for me any longer.]

He was serious when he said this as well.

It was only then when those remaining in the room realised just what kind of being they were fighting against.

Maybe Lord was a god.

It was hard for them to call a being whom they had never seen or heard before and who didn't even seem to care about what was happening, God.

Lord, on the other hand, was a god of destruction who could kill hundreds of thousands of people in an instant.

[Of course, you would be long dead by then, Dro.]

In the next instant, Dro's body floated into the air.

This was Lord's power.

Dro didn't struggle uselessly. Instead, he bit his lip and quickly used Dragontongue.

<Stop.>

[Reject.]



“...!!”

The Dragontongue was deflected.

Instead, it was the body of the one who used it that had been bound.

Dro’s jaw dropped in shock.

“How the hell did you cancel out my Dragontongue?”

[I don’t know what power it is. I’m just imitating.]

So this was the power that Lukas was using.

As he had this thought, Lord looked at Dro’s shocked expression.

“What do you...”

[You don’t deserve to know. Shut up and give me your heart.]

Shik!

With those words, a heart was pulled out of Dro's chest, covered in blood and still beating.

"Ku-, uk..."

Dro shook with his eyes wide open before he stopped moving completely.

He was dead.

Dro's artificial body had strong vitality. But the power source at the core of its vitality was the heart.

If he had lost another vital part, he would not have died so easily.

Lord gestured lightly.

[Come, my last piece.]

The heart slowly floated towards Lord.

'If we just leave it.'

'It's over.'

Jekid and Anastasia exchanged glances. Then they threw themselves toward Lord at the same time.

[Get lost.]

Their bodies were sent flying in an instant.

As they'd expected this, they bounced up immediately and charged again.

[Fall.]

Terrible pressure landed on their bodies. Unable to overcome this pressure, they collapsed face-first into the ground.

In an instant, it felt like gravity had increased by hundreds of times.

The pressure was so strong that the ground around them shattered.

[This power is pretty good.]

Although, it was a bit annoying to admit it himself.

Lord turned to look at the Great Medium who was standing in a corner and asked.

[What will you do?]

“ ... ”

[Right. Just stay still. In a way, you might be the smartest bug here.]

The end was finally there.

A smile appeared on Lord's face. He stretched out to the heart that was finally within reach.

The Dragon Lord's heart. This alone could have been called a supreme treasure, but for Lord, it was a simple shell.

The shell which hid the core that Lord was searching for.

The last piece that he wanted so badly was kept in this very heart.

[...]

Or, at least, it should have been.

Lord's expression stiffened.

[...what's going on?]

It wasn't there. There was no core.

Just when he'd thought it was impossible, another accident occurred.

[...]

Naturally, the image of a woman appeared in the mind of Lord who stood there as though he'd been frozen.

Iris Phisfounder.

The person who'd created Dro's artificial body.

[...where did you hide it...]

His voice seemed to rumble with anger, like an active volcano that was about to erupt.

Lord clenched his fist tightly.

Bang!

The Dragon Heart exploded, sending blood flying in every direction.

[Where did you hide the balance's core, Iris?!]

"I have it."

[...]

Lord turned around slowly, his expression still one of extreme rage.

No, it was so distorted that even 'rage' was not enough to describe it.

Lukas Trowman was standing there calmly as if he'd been there from the beginning.

He looked at Lord's distorted expression before pointing to his chest. He pointed to the last arrangement of Iris, who had brought him back from the dead and whose soul was inches away from disappearing.

"I have the balance's core."

## Season 1 Chapter 235: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (8)

“Kuk...”

It felt like her consciousness was slowly fading. Anastasia wanted to get up, but because of the pressure on her back, such a task was impossible.

The force of this pressure was beyond imagination.

If it weren't for the fact that she was a Golem, her body would definitely have been crushed by now.

‘Shit!’

She couldn't help but shed some tears because of her helplessness.

Anastasia forcibly raised her head.

She knew that it was pointless. Nonetheless, she couldn't help but take a look.

Then she saw an illusion. In her blurry vision that seemed as though it would fade at any time, she thought she saw Lukas.

‘Ha-, hahaha.’

Right. It was definitely an illusion.

Anastasia was certain that somewhere in her heart, she was desperately hoping for Lukas' help. She was hoping that he'd suddenly appear and overcome this helpless situation.

But she was simply escaping her responsibility. No. She was doing nothing more than denying the reality.

Anastasia felt so disgusted in herself that she wanted to vomit.

Lukas wasn't a god. In other words, he wasn't someone whom she could just conveniently cry out to whenever she was in trouble.

Besides, looking at this illusion.

It wasn't 'Frey Blake'; it was 'Lukas Trowman'. What was the probability that he, who Lord said was already dead, would suddenly appear with his appearance from 4,000 years ago?

At this critical moment.

'It's so childish that it wouldn't even be written in the story of a great hero.'

That's why she was certain that this was an illusion.



Anastasia's vision faded.

And even if it wasn't.

If what she had just seen was not an illusion.

If that person was really Lukas.

And if he'd come to save them...

'It's a little... late.'

With that thought, Anastasia lost consciousness.

\* \* \*

[...]

Lord felt his Endtongue slowly dissipate.

This wasn't because he stopped it. Instead, it was because Lukas had negated his pressure.

This wasn't surprising. Especially if this man was truly Lukas.

Before long, the pressure that had been pressing Anastasia and Jekid to the floor completely disappeared. Nevertheless, neither of them got to their feet. The two of them had already lost consciousness.

Of course, Lord had completely lost interest in them.

[Right. So that's what happened.]

His attention was only focused on Lukas.

This man, who should have died after he took most of his divine power, was now standing in front of him once again.

This wasn't a condition that could've been cured.

It was different from an injury to his body. The scars that had been dealt to his soul itself should have taken a very long time to heal. Furthermore, the wounds that he'd dealt to Lukas' soul should have been fatal.

Time should have done nothing more than accelerate his death.

But he was still alive. More importantly, he reappeared in front of him in perfect condition.

With the balance's core. The power that he'd given everything to obtain.

Lord's distorted expression slowly softened. He regained his composure.

This situation was actually much better than he expected. If that Witch, Iris, had been determined to hide the core, then even Lord would have spent a very long time looking for it.

However, the core had now appeared in front of him without requiring any effort.

The reason for his rage and impatience had completely disappeared.

But now that he had more time to think, his suspicion increased.

Lord tilted his head to the side and said.

[But why did you appear before me again?]

He was genuinely curious.

He continued as he looked at Lukas who was silently looking back at him.

[I figured where Iris took you... It was the broken Celestial World. It is a world that had already been destroyed and was filled with space debris. Had you not left, you might have been able to enjoy some false happiness for a moment.]

“...”

[Isn't that what Iris wanted?]

“I'm sure it was.”

[Then why? Why did you come here just to die a dog's death?]

“What's the point of living in a fake illusion?”

Lukas paused for a moment before shaking his head.

“...no. I might make sense to you. But I don't want that. Reality is much more important to me, and I can't ignore the suffering of those who are close to me.”

[Hoh...]

“That's why I can't just sit at the side and watch you do as you please.”

After saying this, Lukas seemed to remember something.

“And it will be you, not me, who will die.”

[Ku-, kuhuhu...]

Lord burst into laughter.

Right. He thought this would be the case.

For some reason, he felt that this situation was very familiar. Similar to when the humans here had driven him into a corner.

Lord had been unable to completely hide his irritation at the time. But he'd never thought he was going to die.

This was because something important had been missing. He wasn't sure what it was.

However, Lord believed that there was only one being in the entire world who had the chance to kill him. In the end, he believed that there was only one person who could block the path to his goal.

He thought he'd killed him, but maybe he was still hoping he was alive.

He finally understood why.

The others weren't good enough. They were still missing something.

And he wasn't just talking about strength.

[In the end, you are my final enemy. Lukas Trowman.]

There was a hint of joy in Lord's voice as he said those words.

On the other hand, Lukas was looking down at the ground. He was looking at the vomit that Lord spat out.

"...did you spit them out yourself?"

[And if I did?]

"To throw away your own duty. You've done something pathetic and foolish. More importantly, you haven't even realised what you've done."

[What are you talking about?]

“Right... I see.”

Lukas muttered indifferently before looking up.

“Let’s go somewhere else.”

Paht.

With just those words, their surroundings changed. It was as though all of the colors in the world had been reversed. Or like the world had been flipped upside down.

Lord felt dizzy for a moment, and by the time the feeling faded, he realised that he was in an entirely new place.

[...]

His expression stiffened.

This was because he couldn’t understand what Lukas had just done.

Was this the power of 10 stars?

Did he just use the power of Endtongue?

'It's similar.'

Right. It was similar. But it was not the same power.

Lord looked at Lukas.

His figure, which was still standing there indifferently, suddenly appeared extremely large. And it felt like he was releasing an unknown pressure.

It was as if darkness was covering Lukas' body. And this darkness was looking at him hungrily with its drooling mouth wide open.

'What's going on? This feeling...'

He wanted to turn his head. He didn't want to face this gaze. If possible, he even wanted to leave this place.

Lord immediately understood his feelings.

'Am I afraid?'



He immediately denied it.

That was impossible.

There was no reason for him to feel an emotion that he'd never felt once since birth. Especially after he'd reached his most perfect form.

[Where is this place?]

"An unnamed island in the western part of the continent."

[Why did you bring me here?]

"There is no life in this area."

[I see. But this place is a bit too lackluster to be the stage for our final fight.]

His lips curled up as he continued. (TL: At this point, just assume that Lord's face is clearly visible)

[This will be my final trial. Lukas Trowman, I will kill you here.]

“...you still haven’t realised.”

Lukas sighed.

Lord furrowed his eyebrows at his attitude.

[What is with your attitude? Are you looking down on me?]

“What would you do if that was the case?”

[...the scars on your soul are definitely still there. Don’t tell me that you already forgot who was the one that drove your existence to the brink of extinction.]

Lukas looked at Lord and said,

“At least it’s not you.”

[Bullshit!]

It was only then when Lord finally realised what the strange sense that he’d been getting since Lukas had reappeared had come from.

Lukas' attitude towards him had changed. It had changed as though he was dealing with an opponent who was clearly beneath him instead of one that he'd have to give his all to defeat.

Lukas' cold, indifferent expression proved that.

Without even caring about Lord's harsh tone, he continued to murmur calmly.

"I thought a lot before I came here. I thought that this would be my final battle with you, that whoever won would be gravely wounded. However... that's not the case. The greatest struggle is already over."

Right.

He thought that it would be just like his fight with Lord in Hell.

"I came here prepared to lose."

[That's natural. At the very least, all of the islands in this area will sink.]

The two fiercest fights that Lord had ever fought were against the Dragon Lord and Lukas. This battle would be no less bloody than those two.

Or at least, that is what he thought, and he believed that Lukas thought so as well.

“But I realised the moment I saw you. As soon as I saw your vomit. The current you cannot defeat me.”

[What?]

“But this doesn’t make me feel good. Rather, I feel empty.”

[...]

Lord couldn’t bear to listen to any more of his nonsense.

He called out in a harsh voice.

[That’s enough of your bullshit. I already know how to use your power... Get lost.] (TL: I like this so much more than ‘go away’ idk why I didn’t think of this sooner... T~T )

The power of Endtongue was clearly activated.

And Lord was convinced that this power would be able to break Lukas’ composure.

...

...

But nothing happened.

[Get lost!]

He said it again.

Nevertheless, Lukas didn't even budge. Rather, he even began walking towards Lord.

[What is...]

“As long as you have those wings on your back, you will never be able to defeat me. Your essence has already changed.”

[What...?]

Lord looked back at his wings with a blank expression.

Lukas sighed again.

“You are no longer a Demigod. You still haven't realised that.”

[Of course I know that! But what does that have to do with anything?]

Lord shouted with bloodshot eyes.

[The fact that I'm no longer a Demigod has nothing to do with killing you! They just became a burden anyway! Why should I carry around that trash that made me go crazy when combined with my broken psyche?]

"..."

Clear disappointment appeared on Lukas' face. This expression enraged Lord even more.

"...is that something that the leader of a species would say? Furthermore, you don't even seem to realise that you've become a different being."

[Of course I have! I have evolved!]

"You haven't. Instead, it can be said that you degenerated. At least here in the Mortal World.... Think about the demons."

[The demons?]

He couldn't understand.

However, when he heard what Lukas said next, Lord's expression hardened considerably.

"Are they able to use their full power here on the Continent? Even Lucifer only managed to circumvent this law after fusing with the Dragon Lord. After he obtained the core of the balance. What about you? You're the balance of the celestial world, who killed Lucifer and absorbed Satan's core. Do you really think you could exert your full strength here in the Mortal World?"

[...]

"It had been possible a while ago. You could have used all the power you wanted. And there's only one reason why it was possible... the Demigods. The presence of those you treated like burdens was what supported you."

[...!!!]

The Demigods.

Even if they thought that they were fragments of the will of the world, no one could deny that they were beings born in the Mortal World.

Because he had consumed dozens of these transcendent beings, he had been able to use unlimited power in the Mortal World. Until then, the laws of this world still considered Lord as a Demigod.

But that was no more.

[U-, uhh...]

Lord stumbled backwards.

He recalled the vomit he'd just spat out.

The race he'd abandoned had been calling his name.

'Lo... rd...'

'Spare us...'

'Ku-, kuuk... juk...'

Lukas got closer to Lord, who had collapsed on the ground, and delivered the final truth.

"And now, you are no longer Lord."

[What do you...]

"'Lord' is there."



While saying this, Lukas pointed to the puddle of black liquid. It was only then when Lord realised that Lukas had also brought his vomit to the island, but he couldn't concentrate on that fact.

Among the faces that appeared like bubbles in the black liquid, he suddenly saw 'that' face. The face of 'Lord'. The round, egg-like face without any features. (TL: well that explains the sudden facial features)

[A-, ahhh-?!]

"...you should have kept carrying your people. Even if the path was painful, you never should have given up on carrying them."

Lukas and Lord had something in common.

They were different in many ways, but both of them had successfully brought their souls to a new level.

But there was also a difference.

Lukas abandoned his humanity, but he didn't forget that he was human. But Lord abandoned the Demigods and forgot that he was Demigod.

He'd forgotten his essence. He'd given up the responsibility that he should have held till death.

Just to be comfortable, Lord had chosen to run away.

And this was the price.

“You gained the powers of an Angel. You must have wanted to showcase your absolute power to the humans. It wouldn’t be impossible for them to wallow in hopelessness and despair after witnessing the power of my Endtongue.”

However.

Lukas looked down at Lord as he continued.

“But such power means nothing to a being who is your equal.”

[Sh-, shut up!]

Lord screamed and rushed wildly towards Lukas.

Looking at him, Lukas simply muttered.

“...we won’t have a fight. You have already thrown away that possibility.”

[Th-, then. What am I?]

Was he saying that wasn’t the trash?

If that was the real Lord...

Then who was he?

Was 'he', the one who was currently controlling the body, the trash?

[A-, ahhh! Aaaak! Lu-, Lukas-!]

Lord screamed madly as he rushed towards Lukas.

And on this small, unnamed island, what happened next, as Lukas said, was not a fight.

### **Season 1 Chapter 236: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (9)**

[U-, uaack-!]

The first instinct of this transcendent being who had been alive for tens of thousands of years was to charge forward. A mad dash with no skill or finesse.

Even so, his figure was not easy to keep up with.

While Lord's mind was extremely unstable, his physical strength was still astonishing. His power was enough to shake the small island violently as he moved.

Boom!

But he still wasn't able to reach Lukas. In fact, Lord realised that he was the one who had been the most affected by his charge.

[Uwaa-!]

Lord roared as he swung his fists recklessly. But it seemed impossible for him to break the invisible walls surrounding Lukas.

It was incredibly humiliating for him as Lukas just kept looking at him with an indifferent gaze.

And at the same time, Lord realised.

He was now experiencing the same thing he'd put Ivan through moments earlier.

[This can't be happening!]

Lord shouted with bloodshot eyes.

Even though he knew he couldn't reach him, he didn't stop swinging his fists. He couldn't even think properly anymore.

Lukas felt bad just looking at him.

[I-, I can't be trash! Do you know how long I've been waiting for this moment? How much I sacrificed?]

“You weren't the one to make the sacrifices; it was the Demigods.”

[I am a Demigod!]

Lord's mind was already on the verge of collapse.

He knew that everything Lukas had said was true. He knew it, but he couldn't accept it.

His pride couldn't tolerate it.

He couldn't tolerate the fact that the real 'Lord' was currently in the vomit he spat out while he was just the trash that remained in the body.

“As I said before, you are no longer...”

[Shut up!]

Lord interrupted Lukas.

Lukas looked at him with a solemn gaze.

Up until that point, Lord had believed everything was in the palm of his hand. He hadn't realised that that was not the case, that he had lost everything instead.

His identity as a Demigod.

The people who trusted him and followed him blindly.

And the name Lord.

It was strange that he hadn't gone crazy considering the obsession he had with the Demigod race in the past. In fact, he would have preferred to go crazy. But the strong mental power that came as a result of his transcendent body was hindering him.

[Kuaah!-!]

Lord's fists shoot violently. Blood was coming out of his fists, but he didn't seem to realise.

To Lukas, it looked like he was struggling with his own body.

“I won’t be sympathetic. You brought this upon yourself. You are no longer the being called Lord.”

[I said shut up-!]

His punches were no different from the tantrum of a child.

So Lukas waited.

It was easy to kill him, but he decided to wait first. Lukas could already see Lord’s end.

A terrible and miserable end, unbecoming of the power he had, awaited him.

[Uwa-, ahh..]

Lord’s movements gradually began to slow down.

It didn’t feel like a lot of time had passed, but it did.

His burning emotions had cooled over time. Especially his anger.

Even when he swung his fists, Lord did not stop thinking. No. It would be more accurate to say that he couldn’t stop.

He constantly agonised over why this was happening to him. And eventually, he had no choice but to accept the conclusion he had been avoiding.

Thump.

Lord collapsed.

He stared into the sky with a blank gaze, as though he'd lost his soul.

[...I didn't want this to happen.]

His cracked voice showed none of the power he'd just displayed.

[...what the hell have I done? Tell me, Great Mage.]

“You betrayed those who believed in you.”

[And?]

“You threw them aside when they were struggling in pain.”



[And?]

“...you cursed the people who died for you.”

[Hu-, huhuhu...]

Lord let out a crazy laugh.

For a while, the sound of his deflated laugh resonated across the island.

Then, Lord turned around in a hurry. It was like he was looking for something.

Then, he finally spotted the vomit that he himself had spat out.

[A-, ahh...]

Lord crawled towards the vomit. He grabbed the black liquid with both hands and pulled it closer to himself.

He looked at his own people who he'd abandoned.

[I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... H-, huk...]

“...”

[I didn't mean to do this... I... I just...]

Where did it go wrong?

Lord's head was filled with questions.

Not so long ago, the Demigods were Lord's everything. He would have done anything for them to the point of even sacrificing himself.

However, at some point, his beliefs had changed. He no longer looked at the Demigods equally. He began to distinguish between the superior and inferior Demigods.

It all started from that small crack.

Useful and useless Demigods. Strong and weak Demigods.

He shouldn't have evaluated and separated his people into groups like that. Differentiation resulted in discrimination, and discrimination became contempt.

And at some point, contempt became hatred.

-Because

Lord himself was the best. He was stronger than all of the other Demigods combined.

As he kept separating the Demigods in such a way, he eventually reached the extreme conclusion that every Demigod apart from him was useless. He felt that it was more 'efficient' to just absorb them.

He should have loved every Demigod equally. And should have regarded them as his precious kin.

That was the way Lord had been for tens of thousands of years. He'd carried out his responsibilities with great success.

But at the most important moment, he'd failed to do so.

[...the Demigods faced an unprecedented crisis.]

This era was a crisis for the Demigods.

A Demigod would die every thousand years or so, and the forces who rebelled against them were unexpectedly powerful.

And at the center of this crisis was a single man.

[We couldn't overcome it in the end, and so we eventually fell. Lukas, what do you think was the reason?]

"The Demigods followed the wrong leader."

Lord pursed his lips slightly.

[So you think it's my fault.]

"Your fault is the biggest. But I can't say that the Demigods who died were completely innocent."

[Why? They are only guilty of following an incompetent leader.]

"That's their fault. There can never be a perfect leader. Everyone makes mistakes, and at times, we make the wrong decisions. Can you really call it loyalty if they nod their heads even at those times? Sometimes, it's necessary to point out your leader's faults."

Lukas looked down at Lord and said.

"But someone did do that."

[...!]

Lord shook for a moment before lowering his head.

[...huhu. And I killed him with my own hands.]

Lord's face, which was smiling despondently, suddenly distorted.

[Urk... urk!]

Then, he started retching once again.

Lukas' eyebrows furrowed as he realised what he was going to do.

[Uwek!]

Lord vomited again. But this time, it wasn't black liquid.

Tuk...tuk.

Instead, it was fresh blood that soaked the ground in front of him.

[Uwek... uwek!]

There was nothing wrong with his body because Lukas didn't do anything to him. Instead, Lord was willingly vomiting blood at that moment.

What was it that he was trying to spit out?

The answer to this question was revealed in the next moment.

[Uwek!]

Clink...

Two shiny gems, covered in blood, rolled across the ground to Lukas' feet.

They were Satan's core.

...And Michael's core.

"Do you know what you've done?"

[...I spit out all the cores.]

“That’s no different from ripping out your own heart. Why are you giving up your own life?”

[...]

Lord turned to look at the black liquid once again.

Then he picked it up and started stuffing it in his own mouth. He was trying to put the vomit back into his stomach. (TL: I know this was supposed to be a touching moment... but I literally gagged...)

Seeing this, Lukas spoke in a soft tone.

“Stop. You should know how foolish that is. The moment you spat them out, they already died. The bubbles are nothing more than a simple phenomenon... Nothing will change even if you swallow them again after spitting out the cores. It’s no use crying over spilled milk.”

[...I know that. But I still want to.]

“Are you saying that you want to die as a Demigod?”

Lord paused.

Because this could be considered a classic phrase. He recalled what Lukas Trowman had said at that time.

'If you take away my divine power, I can die as a human.'

He hadn't understood what he meant at that time. He was going to die anyway, so what was the point of dying as a human?

Lord's question was understandable.

After all, he was a transcendent, an absolute. He'd never thought deeply about death.

It was only now while Lord was dying when he understood Lukas' feelings at that time.

'Is this what he meant? It should be.'

How would he die?

This question was so important that it was comparable to his near eternity of a life.

Lord slowly put down the liquid in his hands.

[...I don't deserve to. As you said, I am trash who betrayed the trust of my people.]

"..."



[Would it have been different if we were like the humans? You all have always been the one facing the crises, and you've shown great unity for a long time. At the same time, individuals with extraordinary talent would often appear among you as if they had been guided by fate.... Would we have had a different end if we were the same?]

Lukas never expected to hear Lord praise the humans at the end. There was even a hint of genuine envy in his voice.

That's why Lukas gave him an honest answer.

"Not every human is like that."

[...]

"But maybe you would have had a less miserable end."

[It's not about the species. It's about character. What a great answer.]

Lord could tell that Lukas had discarded his bias. He had also indirectly answered that the Demigods could have been a better race.

[Haha.]

Suddenly, a laugh came from his throat, like wind leaking out of a balloon.

It was hard not to laugh.

The two beings here. The strongest Human and the strongest Demigod could only understand each other after their essences had changed.

[Where did it go wrong...]

Lord lowered his head.

He had already vomited all of the Demigods and the balance cores.

Now, death was the only thing that remained for this being without organs or blood.

“ ... ”

Lukas looked down at Lord, realising he was already dead.

Psss-

The glow, which had been ever-present, gradually faded, and before long, Lord's entire body was bleached gray.

It was similar to Riki's death. Like ashes, his body broke apart before scattering into the wind.

Suddenly.

Everything stopped.

Thud.

Lukas realised that it wasn't just the items he could see that had frozen, but even time and space had.

Originally, not even Lukas would have realised that time had stopped. Regardless of his new state as a transcendent being.

Because the only being who could stop time and space was the only true absolute existence in this world.

[I knew we'd meet again.]

God laughed as he said those words.

**Season 1 Chapter 237: The Great Mage Returns after 4000 Years (10)**

“...Were you sure that we’d meet again because you’re God?”

[No way. Sure, it’s not hard to see the future, but I don’t have the time to observe it. Let’s just say I had a feeling.]

“I wanted to meet you.”

[I know. You want to ask for an absurd favor.]

Lukas’ eyes shook.

[Iris Phisfounder. You want to revive a soul that’s almost completely broken. Do you know how ridiculous that is?]

“Is it impossible even for you?”

[That’s not a question you should ask God. There are very few things that are impossible for me.]

“...”

[But I can’t just do that for you.]

“Tell me what you want. I’ll do anything I can.”

Luke glanced down at the two gems Lord had spat out. These gems then rose up to float in front of Lukas' face.

[Swallow these two cores.]

"...then what will happen?"

[Nothing big will happen. You'll become much stronger, but it's not really that remarkable in my opinion. However, you will gain the qualification.]

"What qualification?"

[The qualification to travel between universes.]

God continued in a sincere voice.

[Lukas Trowman, I'll make you an 'Absolute'. So leave 'this universe' with me.]

\* \* \*

God mentioned absolutes and the universe.

But Lukas had a feeling that the concepts God was talking about were different from what he knew.

Not minding Lukas' silence, God opened his mouth again.

[I'm busy. I told you this the other day. Have you ever wondered, 'just what the hell is God doing that he doesn't care about the world?']

"I have."

He couldn't help but nod.

It always felt like a contradiction for this being to say he had no time to take care of the world because he was busy.

It was already clear that this being in front of him was the creator.

So was there anything more important to such a god than caring for and managing the world he created?

A smile appeared on God's face as he said.

[Think of the largest number you can possibly imagine.]

“...”

[Then multiply that number by 100 million.]

“...what are you trying to say.”

[It must have been an astronomical number. Right?]

That was obvious.

Lukas kept his mouth closed because he couldn't understand his intentions.

[What if there were even more worlds than that number you thought of? What if this world you live and breathe in can only be counted as a grain of sand on a beach?]

“...!!”

Lukas felt like he'd been struck in the head by a bolt of lightning. He finally understood what God was trying to say.

“That's... impossib-”

[It's not. Don't you remember? I called the Demon World and the Celestial World neighbouring worlds... This is because as long as you meet certain conditions, you can travel freely between them. The three worlds, including the Mortal World, are closely related to each other. It's no different from being born together, so they could even be called siblings. But this is just a small group. From a broader perspective, there are countless worlds like them in the universe.]

“...”

[Seeing it once is better than a hundred explanations. Experience it yourself.]

Then.

A new world unfolded before Lukas' eyes.

Fwoosh-

“...!!!”

Lukas stared at the scene in front of him with wide eyes.

Before him was a world that far surpassed anything he could have imagined in his long life.



Large buildings that rose high into the sky, wagons made of metal, and pieces of metal that flew around in the sky. There was also a variety of humans walking around the streets wearing clothes he'd never seen before.

While Lukas was speechlessly observing this incredible world, the scene in front of him changed again.

He was in a completely black world. Large rocks floated here and there, and countless stars shined like jewels.

This was space.

Then he saw ships. Ships as large as cities were fighting, shooting beams of light at each other.

"Ahh..."

Lukas couldn't help but gasp in admiration.

He didn't know what the principles were or how they were made. But he could tell.

These ships were the creation of truly developed scientific civilizations that far surpassed his imagination.

They had discovered the universe. An extremely cold space where air didn't exist. It was so cold that even the Snowfields in the north were only a slight chill when compared to the coldness of the universe.

They had set foot in this unknown world. They had made such a great advancement using nothing but science.

How was there such an amazing civilization?

Suddenly, his vision changed again.

This time, he could see two humans dressed in white and black clothes respectively. Both were old people covered in wrinkles with oriental features.

They were confronting each other in a forest with falling leaves swirling around them. Both with swords in their hands.

When their eyes finally met...

Clang!

“...!”

Lukas was shocked once again.

It was only the first collision, but he realised that their power was beyond imagination.

'Transcendents? No.'

They were humans. Human beings with flesh and blood.

But he still couldn't believe it.

Could something like that really be achieved with the human body?

They were even stronger than Kasajin and Ivan, two of the best Magic Warriors whom Lukas knew.

Their blades seemed to contain the secrets of nature. Perhaps it was even comparable to the 10 stars level he'd stepped into.

He saw dozens of worlds after that.

It wasn't just humans. He even saw worlds where beings who had bizarre features that could hardly be described with words were civilized and intelligent. They all had built their own lives and cultures that could not have been made up.

Soon, the images God showed him ended.

"Huk, huk..."

Lukas couldn't control his breathing for a while.

That was how shocked he was.

This was no longer at the level of broadening his knowledge. He had literally seen alternate worlds. Not one, or dozens, but hundreds of them.

If it was an ordinary human being, their brain might have melted because they could not grasp such a vast amount of information.

[Now, do you believe me?]

“...”

[Huhu.]

God couldn't help but smile when he saw Lukas' speechless face.

[Then I'll continue with my explanation. Most of the worlds you just saw are independent universes. In fact, there aren't many worlds that can be traversed as you please like your world.]

“...that sounds like a very big secret. Can you really tell me that?”

[You have reached the basic qualifications to be an Absolute, so you deserve to know. Of course, you are a special case. This is something that even Lucifer didn't know.]

"..."

Lukas forcibly swallowed his saliva before asking.

"What exactly is an 'Absolute'?"

[The balance of the cosmic scale, the being seeking harmony, the saviour of the weak, and the apostle of God. They are usually mortals who become strong in a world that has lost its balance, and so, they can't help but undertake the role of eradicating evil.]

"Why do you need such a being?"

[To save suffering universes.]

God looked around the island, but he wasn't looking at the island; he was looking at something larger. He was looking at the entire continent.

[You may not believe it, but such stability is rare. In terms of percentage, they make up only 0.001% of the total.]

“This world? Stable?”

[That’s right. Most of the universes are like hell for the weak. Demigods? Huht. They are nothing compared to real monsters.]

God flicked his finger.

Then, a new image appeared before Lukas’ eyes.

“...this.”

It was a terrible sight.

He was looking at a dark, small room. In this room was a small, filthy cage.

And there were humans inside the cage.

No. Could they even be called human?

They were so fat that it was impossible for them to even stand. It was fine to just call them balls of flesh.

More importantly, they had lifeless eyes.

Then, another being appeared. It was a small, insect-like being who observed the humans in the cage before slitting the throat of one of them with its hand.

“...!”

It didn't seem to care about the blood that spurted out. It simply grabbed the human whom it had slaughtered and dragged it away.

Even up to that point, the other humans did not move. They just ate the food in the bowls in front of them like pigs.

[They are born on a farm and die on the farm. In a confined space where it is difficult to even twist their bodies, they eat the food that comes out at a fixed time. And when they've fattened up enough, they are slaughtered and eaten.]

“...”

[They also had egos at first. But they lost the war of fate, and this was the result. They have been living like livestock for years, and their intelligence has degenerated. As you can see, they are no different from animals.]

Lukas bit his lip.

Intense rage towards this insect-like race soared in his heart as he saw them treating humans like livestock.

If he could have interfered, he would have torn this being apart in an instant.

Only then did he vaguely understand that the Demigods were truly nothing. The Demigods' goal had always been domination.

Of course, he would never have forgiven them for treating humans like bugs, but they were still better than these bastards.

Their goal was breeding and slaughtering. Something absolutely blasphemous to an intellectual race.

God laughed when he saw the look in Lukas' eyes.

[Your views are still biased.]

"Are they?"

[Right. Your obsession with humans is still beyond imagination. This is not a virtue an Absolute should have.]

"...you are certain that I'll become an Absolute."

[That's right. It's not just about Iris Phisfounder. I'm certain you know. That leaving is a positive thing for you... and for this universe.]



“...”

God’s words penetrated Lukas’ heart like a cold blade.

They were correct.

Change was about to begin. Perhaps it had already started.

That inner voice that he’d heard that day. The thought that manifested when he first became a transcendent being.

It was a problem that Lukas had been agonising over ever since, but he still had not thought of a countermeasure.

For now, it was still fine.

As God said, he still had a biased view towards the humans. This was proof that Lukas did not forget that he was also human.

But that wouldn’t last long.

‘The second Lord. Perhaps I would be even worse.’

That was why Lukas wanted to revive Iris as soon as possible. If too much time passed, perhaps the sympathy and sadness he had for her would also disappear. (TL: no love?)

Lukas, who had been silent, finally spoke heavily.

“...after becoming an Absolute, will I be able to return to this world someday?”

[No.]

God’s answer came immediately.

Then he looked at Lukas’ face and elaborated.

[This isn’t to say that it’s absolutely impossible. Something dangerous might happen here that might require the intervention of an Absolute. However, everything has a ‘flow’. There were three beings in this world who were close to being Absolute. From the universe’s perspective, something like that might not happen again in the next hundreds of thousands of years.]

“...”

[Even if they appear, the chances of you being assigned as the saviour would be even lower.]

This was natural.

After all, Lukas wouldn't be the only one.

Even if there really was a crisis of some sort in this world, it was more likely that another Absolute would be tasked with saving it.

Lukas' heart became heavy.

His chances of returning were slim. And even if he did return, it would probably be hundreds of thousands of years later.

By that time, everything Lukas remembered would be changed, and the world would be completely different.

[You can refuse.]

“ ... ”

[But what else can you do to save Iris Phisfounder?]

It was a shocking remark, but Lukas shook his head.

God was right.

For him and his world, it would be best if he left.

“...the balance’s core has already become one with me. The Mortal World won’t collapse if I leave, will it?”

[Of course. Unless you become immortal. This world can survive until its appointed destruction.]

Then there was no other reason to hesitate.

Lukas made up his mind.

“Then can I ask for a favor before I leave?”

[Say it.]

Lukas spoke in a soft voice.

“...just give me one day.”

**Season 1 Chapter 238: Epilogue (1)**

Elliah looked out as the cold winds buffeted her. She liked snow. Unlike rain, snow piled up and covered everything.

That was why she'd chosen the Frozen Lands as her territory. By adding her power to the weather of this cold territory, she had managed to create a never-ending snowstorm regardless of the season.

Just by looking outside, she'd be able to see her beloved snow flying around.

But today was different. She couldn't help but feel uneasy while looking at the snow.

"You are the last Demigod."

"..."

Elliah turned around to find Lukas standing there.

She lowered her head slightly before murmuring in a soft voice.

"I see. And you... are no longer human."

"..."

"Did you come to kill me?"

“No.”

Lukas was silent for a moment.

“Do you want to die?”

“No way. I still have a lot of unfulfilled wishes in life.”

“That’s a lie. I can’t feel any motivation from you. Nothing is more futile than a life without purpose. It’s as if there’s a huge hole in your chest.”

“ ... ”

Elliah’s heart felt heavy.

Lukas was right. Nothing he’d said had been incorrect.

She turned to look at the snowstorm once again.

“Originally, I wanted to live with Riki, here in the Frozen Lands.”

“ ... ”

“Maybe it’s because I tried too hard to convince him. But he didn’t like it. As you know, our race can be very stubborn. Ha. Shit. Now, I feel like I should’ve kept trying till the end.”

Elliah let out a laugh which sounded like air leaking from a balloon.

“Son of a bitch. I knew this would happen. In the end, everyone else died and I was left alone.”

“What do you think is the reason?”

“What?”

“The reason you alone survived.”

“What difference does it make? I’m no different from a deserter. A coward who ran away without hesitation just because she didn’t want to get involved in a terrible and fierce war.”

Her voice was strained as she continued.

“And it’s always the coward who survives in the end.”

“I disagree. I think there are still things for you to do.”

Her cynical attitude didn't change even after hearing Lukas' serious words.

"Don't be ridiculous. What am I supposed to do in a world without Demigods?"

"Those who followed the Demigods."

"...!"

Elliah froze for a moment at those words.

"There are still many people like that on the Continent. They have already closed their eyes and ears. Even the words of their families wouldn't reach them. Elliah, you, a Demigod, are the only one who can save them. You can lead them to the right path."

"The right path? Me? Haha. That's easy to say."

"You want to find a way to atone. If you just stay still, you will only wallow in your guilt."

"..."

Those words made her heart shake.



It was true.

Lord and Riki.

When the situation became such that she could only follow one of them, Elliah chose to run away. She cut off all her relationships, froze the door to her heart, and ran to the Frozen Lands in the North.

No. It was even worse than that.

In truth, she couldn't stop paying attention to everything that was happening. She was a coward who could only look at the situation from the outside.

"...I'm not saying that my words are the perfect answer. But you'll definitely feel even more lonely if you stay here in the Frozen Lands on your own."

"..."

"I can't do anything if you refuse, but... I will leave this with you."

After saying that, Lukas took a bottle from his pocket. Black liquid could be seen moving on its own within the bottle.

"That's...?"

“It’s your people. I believe you are the one who should bury them.”

“...”

Seeing Elliah’s devastated expression, Lukas placed the bottle on the table.

“I’m leaving now. I don’t have much time left... I hope that you can make the decision you find the most satisfying, last Demigod.”

With those words, Lukas disappeared like an illusion.

Elliah kept staring for a while before getting up.

Then she picked up the bottle with a hard expression.

\* \* \*

Nix woke up in the middle of the night.

She didn’t even know why. But when she sat up on her bed, she realised that there was someone else standing in the room.

“Ah...”

She'd never seen this man before. But Nix was able to realise who he was at once.

Pure joy appeared on Nix's face.

Lukas looked at her before speaking in a soft voice.

“You did a great job with Agni's crystal.”

“Yeah.”

“Well done.”

It was definitely a compliment filled with warmth. Nevertheless, hearing it made Nix feel so cold that she shivered.

She sat on the bed and looked at Lukas. Her mind was clear, but she was uneasy.

“Are you leaving?”

Nix asked.

Lukas laughed for a moment before nodding.

“...please take me with you.”

“The best place for you is not next to me.”

“But.”

“Nix.”

Lukas called her name.

“Is there anything that you want to do?”

Something she wanted to do...

Nix hesitated for a moment before speaking in a soft voice.

“...I... want to find my people.”

“The Phoenixes are a race that isn’t easy to find, but it shouldn’t be too difficult in your current state.”

“Will they accept me?”

“That’s not something I can answer. But you shouldn’t be afraid of them rejecting you. Since you are a powerful being now, you don’t have to be in their shadows. Keep that in mind.”

“Is Torkunta still there?”

“...yeah.”

“Sharing a body with someone is not something that many can experience. Moreover, he’s a monster who lived for almost 1,000 years. His character is poor, but your relationship isn’t that bad.”

“Right.”

Nix smiled softly and nodded.

As he said, Torkunta had become like Nix’s other half.

“Treat him well.”

“...when are you coming back?”

Lukas paused for a moment when Nix asked this question in a sad voice.

He hesitated before sighing deeply.

“...I’m sorry.”

“ ... ”

Nix lowered her head.

Lukas whispered in a faint voice.

“Torkunta, please take care of Nix.”

At that moment, the tears, which Nix had been holding back, burst out. She couldn’t raise her head.

Lukas had probably left already.

Not wanting to accept this fact, Nix didn’t lift her head for a long time.

\* \* \*

'I didn't think it would turn out like this.'

Ivan grumbled inwardly.

He never thought much about death, but at least he never thought it would visit him so soon. He also thought that he'd have a dramatic death.

For example, after saving someone, he would cough up blood and leave a note...

No. He didn't even care that much about a heroic death.

But this was still too much.

Lord killed him instantly with nothing but a hand gesture.

'So is this death?'

If so, then it couldn't have been more boring. His consciousness just floated in a place filled with nothing but darkness.

He wouldn't have to live like this forever, would he?

'This is bad.'

Just as Ivan realised the gravity of his situation, something changed.

He felt like he'd been at the bottom of a pond and was now slowly rising to the surface.

"..."

Ivan blinked.

He could see light.

After blinking a few more times, his blurred vision returned to normal.

"Huh?"

He was confused.

He could feel the ground, he could smell, and he could see.

"This is..."



Isn't this the castle in Hitume Ikar where he'd died?

"H-, he's really alive."

The Great Medium was staring at him in shock.

"What happened?"

"...that..."

The Great Medium's eyes turn to look somewhere else.

A man was standing there. The man had blonde hair and wore an auburn robe. (TL: I thought Frey had brown hair...)

He'd never seen this person before. Nor had he met him before...

But he felt that he was extremely familiar.

Especially his expression.

Before he could even think too deeply about it, a name popped out of Ivan's lips.

"Frey?"

"Right."

"Huh... is that what you really look like?"

"You could say that."

"What about Lord?"

"He's dead."

"...I see."

Ivan sighed while making a frustrated expression.

"So it's all over. Damn. I was a bridesmaid again."

"..."

“In any case, thanks for saving my life.”

“I didn’t save your life. I just took you out of a gap in space in which you were trapped.”

“Same thing.”

Ivan tried to scratch his head while saying that, but he spazzed as he felt intense pain from his right hand.

Lukas looked at his hand.

“Your right hand has been completely crippled. It’s a wound so severe that there’s no hope of curing it.”

“I know.”

“Even if you successfully learn to use it again, you will never be able to put any force behind your punches.”

“I know that too.”

He said this with a calm voice.

Lukas looked at Ivan with a strange expression before speaking once again.

“Would you like me to fix it?”

“What?”

Ivan looked at Lukas for a moment before shaking his head with a smile.

“Thanks, but I’ll have to decline.”

“Why?”

“When I swung it, I already had the determination to never use this fist again. While it wasn’t able to do anything in the end, I already made the decision.”

Ivan frowned.

It seemed he could not think of the words to express his feelings.

“...so this injury... I’ll call it my medal, my battle scar. I don’t think I’d feel good to have it healed for nothing.”

Such words could be called a luxury from Ivan.

Lukas smiled.

“Right. You don’t want to erase your determination from that time.”

“Well. It’s nothing so fancy. I’m just saying I don’t feel like it.”

“...Ivan. You truly are an amazing person.”

Lukas was showcasing genuine respect for this man.

Ivan frowned at his words. He felt like he was being teased.

In the end, he didn’t solve anything nor did he help in any way.

It was the same the last time with Agni.

No. He was even more pathetic than back then.

In the end, Lukas was the one who solved everything.

Lukas understood Ivan’s feelings, but he decided not to say anything about it.

## Season 1 Chapter 239: Epilogue (2)

“From now on, you will be the center of the Circle.”

“What are you talking about? Why me?”

Lukas glanced at Anastasia, who was still unconscious.

“I’m asking for Anastasia. Technically... She isn’t Schweiser. The situation might seem fine now, but as time passes, more things will come to change.”

It was only now Lukas was able to understand Anastasia’s true nature.

He could still call her Schweiser. But as time went on, she was gradually becoming her own individual.

After all, she wasn’t actually Schweiser Strow but a War Golem who had inherited his memories and personality.

While she hadn’t truly formed an individual identity yet, it was impossible to say that it would never happen.

The more she saw and experienced for herself, the more Anastasia would change.

This would cause her to think deeply about her true identity.

“When that time comes, your naivety will help her.”

“...is that supposed to be a compliment?”

“Right.”

Although he still spoke bluntly, Ivan’s attitude had changed because he saw the way Lukas looked at Anastasia and heard the seriousness in his voice.

He also agreed because he’d long noticed that her behaviour was becoming increasingly close to a girl of similar age to her appearance.

“What do you mean by center of the Circle?”

“The entire continent is suffering because of the damage caused by the Demigods. There were huge scars everywhere. The founding goal of the Circle has already been fulfilled. There are no longer any Demigods to threaten humanity. Now, all that has to be done is to repair the damage dealt. Leading the world to a peaceful era. That should be the Circle’s new goal.”

“...that’s not my cup of tea.”

“With your fist the way it is, you will be unable to train for a while anyway. And I’m sure. If it’s you, the Circle Masters will follow without a single word.”

“You’re overestimating me.”

Ivan grumbled.

“I don’t like where this is going. It feels like I’ll be forced to do that job for the rest of my life.”

“That would be fine.”

“You bastard... you should pick someone else.”

Lukas chuckled.

“The Circle needs someone who is unbiased. In front of you, whether they are royalty or slaves, they are all the same human beings.”

“...you are the same. In fact, I think you’re better than me.”

“I have to leave.”

“Where?”



“To a far place. It will be very hard to come back.”

Ivan narrowed his eyes at those words.

“No.”

“What do you mean?”

“It doesn’t matter if you have to leave, but promise to come back.”

“...it’s not that easy to say.”

He couldn’t explain in detail. There had to be a reason why God hid the information about ‘other universes’.

Lukas understood that.

Even if an unqualified person found out about it, they would only be confused.

“Frey. No, it should be Lukas now.”

Ivan’s tone became serious.

“You said earlier that I am amazing. But aren’t you the same? To me, you are a much better man.”

He hadn’t spent a very long time with Lukas. Nevertheless, Lukas had a very large impact on Ivan’s inner self.

He’d long been accustomed to being alone. Apart from his teacher, Nora, he found it annoying to fight together with anyone.

But Lukas was different. His existence allowed Ivan to reflect on himself and think about his shortcomings.

He was able to develop because of him. Even when he fought together with other people, he was still able to move freely. He felt like an additional force was added to his outstretched fist.

He still didn’t mind being alone, but he also didn’t mind leaving his back to a reliable person.

Lukas had taught him the importance of teammates.

“I’ll wait for you, so come back. When you were locked in the Abyss and everyone thought you were dead, you still broke their expectations and came back.”

“It would have been impossible on my own. I only came back because my friend helped me.”

“Then I will help you too.”

“Ivan, this time, it’s completely different.”

Despite Lukas’ serious tone, Ivan still shook his head.

“I don’t know the difference. To me, it’s no different from 4,000 years ago. Even then, you made the impossible possible. Who’s to say that you won’t do the same again?”

“...!”

At first glance, it sounded like it was forced. However, Lukas couldn’t help but widen his eyes at Ivan’s simple words.

He felt like he’d been hit in the head with a hammer.

Lukas stared at Ivan for a while, completely speechless.

“What?”

“...no. You’re right. Haha. Right... I can make the impossible possible.”

Right.

Why hadn't he thought of that?

Lukas felt like the dark clouds, which had settled on his head, had suddenly been lifted. It was only then when he realised he was taking 'God's words' like they were absolute.

After knowing how omnipotent God was, he'd subconsciously believed that his words were always right.

But he didn't have to do that at all.

Ivan was right.

It had been the same 4,000 years ago. What was important was Lukas' own will.

"Ivan."

"What?"

"Live to a ripe old age."

"Hmph... Of course I will."

Ivan replied with a snort.

Lukas smiled at him.

His heart felt much lighter.

He felt he could say goodbye with a smile.

\* \* \*

Iris suddenly realised that she could think.

'Ah? How? I should've been dead already.'

"I hope my memory was accurate."

Then she heard a voice she really wanted to hear.

Iris turned around.

"He said that your body was reconstructed based on my memory."

“...Lukas.”

“Can you scold me for saving your life later? It’s been a long and tiring day.”

Iris almost burst into tears as she heard Lukas’ laugh.

“How did you save me? Can I ask that?”

“I negotiated with God, and it went well. I’m a pretty good talker.”

“God? Haha...”

When Iris burst out laughing, Lukas pouted slightly and spoke grumpily.

“I’m not joking.”

“I know. I just... couldn’t help laughing. Did it make you feel bad?”

“No.”

There was no need for them to talk much. Both already knew what the other was thinking.

While they were in the Celestial World, in Iris' illusion, they had already heard each other's inner thoughts.

Thanks to that, they knew exactly what the other person was thinking.

Iris opened her mouth cautiously.

"...is it all over?"

"Right."

"It was long."

"...it was long. For both of us."

Lukas' expression was serious.

"I'm leaving. It will be a long journey, but I will definitely return... Iris, can you wait for me?"

Iris didn't respond to Lukas' words immediately.

Lukas looked her in the eyes and continued.

“I promise. I’ll be back sooner than last time.”

“Sooner than 4,000 years? That’s comforting.”

Iris spoke in a playful voice.

“You’re a really bad guy. Lukas, you are the only man on the entire Continent who dares to make a woman wait so long.”

Iris fell silent for a moment before adding.

“...and I’m probably the only woman who would willingly wait for such a long time... twice.”

She looked up at Lukas with a firm expression.

“Go and hurry back, Lukas. I will be paying for my crimes. With this life that you saved, I will make this world a better place than it is now. I swear. Even if you hate humans, even if you lose all faith in humanity, I will make a world so beautiful that you’ll have no choice but to love them again. So...”

Iris smiled brightly.

It was the most beautiful smile that Lukas had ever seen.



“Go ahead without any fear.”

“Thank you.”

Lukas nodded.

That was it. They didn’t have anything else to say to each other.

They knew that the shorter the farewell was, the better... and that they would meet again in the future.

The moment he turned around, Lukas could no longer feel Iris’ presence. His body had appeared in space, and God was standing in front of him.

[Are you finished with your farewells?]

“Yeah.”

[You promised them that you’d return. Do you understand how difficult that is?]

“Of course I do. However... you never said that it was impossible. You said that it was ‘near’ impossible. Those were your words.”

Right.

It was just that he thought it would be impossible for Lukas.

But there was a chance, no matter how small. So Lukas still had hope.

God chuckled and spoke.

[Well, I suppose that's your answer. Good. I'll give you a piece of information as a gift.]

"What is it?"

[-There is a class above Absolute.]

Lukas' expression changed at those words.

[You'll be starting at the very bottom, but depending on your achievements, you might be able to increase your level. The 'Lords' at the very top are even more powerful than I am.] (TL: 'Lord' or 'Ruler' guys? Instead of using Konglish like with Lord and Dragon Lord, the author nominalised the word mean 'to rule' or 'to lord over')

He couldn't help but feel strange at those words. Beings created by God were even more powerful than God?

It felt like a contradiction.

God chuckled as though he could sense Lukas' thoughts.

[It's not that strange if you think about it. Isn't it natural for a blacksmith's sword to be sharper than his fingernails?]

"..."

[However, out of the countless Absolutes in existence, there are only four Lords. They are cosmic beings who were destined to become Absolutes from birth. Even right after they were born, they had the power to treat the Demigods like bugs.]

God looked at Lukas.

[Lukas Trowman. Can you become a Lord? Will you be able to overcome all kinds of hardships that you've never experienced before and travel the near infinite worlds without losing your mind?]

"They're not hardships."

Right. It wasn't a hardship.

Lukas looked at God and spoke in a serious voice.

“For me, it’s a journey.”

[Hoh. What for?]

“To not forget my humanity.”

And even when he came back, he would still be on the journey of loving humans.

Lukas had shown his intentions to God.

[Hahaha!]

God burst into laughter.

He stared at Lukas with genuinely delighted eyes.

[I see! Lukas Trowman! So you intend to become the ‘God’ of all the humans that exist in the universe!]

That was Lukas’ answer.

Lukas had revealed to God's face that even if he became an Absolute, he would not stop favouring the humans. This was the only way he could continue to love humans without forgetting his humanity after becoming an Absolute.

[It will be interesting to have at least one being like you! Hahaha! I'll give my blessing to this new Absolute who loves humans!]

Paht!

God's blessing came in the form of a bright light that seemed to shine in every direction. Then each particle of this light became the entrance to another world.

Hundreds and thousands of worlds spread out like lanterns.

There, he could see countless humans suffering. Some were slaves, livestock, or even worse.

And all of them were waiting for Lukas' help.

He finally understood his role. He was the saviour of all the humans in each of these three thousand worlds.

When they were in despair, when they were frustrated by walls that they couldn't seem to overcome, when they wanted to give up everything. Lukas would appear beside them to give them the hope they needed.

“Let’s get going.”

A smile blossomed on Lukas’ lips.

The Great Mage took his first step on the long journey he promised to return from.