

Great Mage 31

Season 1 Chapter 31: Dungeon, Inheritance, The King of the Mountains (6)

Frey's grey hair had become white and cold air seemed to be billowing from his body.

Torkunta felt his heart sink as he saw this scene.

'He's dangerous.'

It was the first time in hundreds of years that he'd felt scared when looking at a figure that was so small it seemed like he could crush it with just a fingernail.

He attempted to fly straight up into the sky.

Frey quickly closed the distance between them before Torkunta could truly get away.

Clang.

Behind him, numerous ice arrows began to form.

Torkunta couldn't help but steal a nervous glance at them.

'Those arrows of ice are strong enough to pierce my skin.'

He knew he had to stop them somehow. However he had just used his breath so he wouldn't be able to use it for a short while.

As Torkunta hurriedly tried to think of a way to escape this predicament, an ice arrow shot into his body with unstoppable momentum.

[Kuh...!]

The shard of ice seemed to dig into his bones and it was at that moment that Torkunta, who had never been dissatisfied with his large body, couldn't help but feel that he was unnecessarily large.

'Where did he go?'

Frey had moved behind Torkunta, taking advantage of his left eye that had been blinded.

Crack.

In his left hand was a spear that was made of ice which he then stabbed into the Drake King's back.

Kishik.

[Kuk!...you little rat!]

As soon as he felt the pain in his back, Torkunta spun and swung his tail to smash Frey aside.

Frey's body flew at an enormous speed and smashed into the rocky mountain behind him.

Boom!

The impact was so powerful that the mountain collapsed, but Torkunta's expression was not better.

He kept his eyes on the pile of rocks.

Patter.

As expected, Frey walked out looking like nothing happened.

When he had seen Torkunta move, Frey had put ice spikes in front of him like a shield.

Instead, Torkunta felt his tail throbbing.

Torkunta felt shocked when he looked Frey in the eyes.

'Human? This is a human?'

Torkunta had reigned over the mountain range for quite a long time and he had seen numerous humans.

He also knew that the humans who could reach this location were all very strong individuals, but even they were just bugs.

No matter how excellent a human was, to him it was only an ant who could carry a larger amount of bread than the other ants. (TL: he conveniently forgets the way that girl kicked his ass)

But this man was different.

[Human...! What the hell are you!?!]

Frey didn't respond.

Instead, white breath came from his mouth.

Torkunta hadn't seemed to notice, but Frey's body was currently in a state that was infinitely close to collapsing.

'The longer I drag this on, the worse it will get.'

Crack crack.

In Frey's hands, a piece of ice slowly began taking the shape of a spear. The gathering mana which was visible to the naked eye, was shaking.

Torkunta realised that the man in front of him was preparing to unleash a strong attack.

'This is exactly what I wanted...!'

He could not use his breath and in a head to head confrontation, he refused to believe that his breath would lose.

After all, not even a Phoenix had been able to withstand his breath.

No matter what power this human awakened or what spell he used, Torkunta was confident that he would win.

Krrrr.

Torkunta began gathering his breath to the maximum.

He planned to bet his life and death on the one attack.

Then.

Kwang!

Frey's spear and Torkunta's breath soon met, causing an explosion of fire and ice that spread in the surroundings.

Beyond that, a mighty gust of wind and an indescribably loud sound shook the entire Drake Mountain.

At first they were even.

However as more time passed, it was Torkunta's breath that gradually began to overpower the ice magic.

Torkunta realized that he was winning.

'This is my breath...'

Tuk.

At that moment, Torkunta's head fell from his body, his eyes still showing his conviction in his victory.

It was an unexpected and empty end to the King who had ruled over the mountain range for over a thousand years.

Was he lucky to have died while thinking that he'd won?

"Huk...!"

Frey sank to the ground.

Panting from exertion, he fixed his eyes on Torkunta's decapitated body.

This was the Drake King that had lived for 1000 years.

A mutant who was several times more superior to others.

It was unknown just how many elixirs he had consumed to reach his current level. Such miracles, which had overlapped continuously, had strangled him now.

'He didn't have much fighting experience.'

He may have had a lot of experience from the fights that he had had over the years, but he was a guy who had never fought someone on a similar level as him.

He was used to and good at trampling his enemies with his overwhelming power, but he didn't know that winning and losing in a fight among those of similar power levels could be decided in an instant.

Torkunta had failed to put away the confidence in his power that he had gained over a thousand years at the end.

During that last moment, Frey had created a spear of ice using only 80% of his power. However he had deliberately caused a mana reaction to make it seem like he was giving his all in that attack.

Right after he had thrown the spear forward, he immediately moved over to Torkunta.

At that time, the Drake King was completely defenseless because he had put all his focus on resisting the flying spear.

In that moment, Frey was able to decapitate Torkunta using a scythe of ice.

Somehow, he had managed to defeat his enemy, but his appearance now was so disastrous that he did not look like a winner at all.

He had used his body which was in a bad state, to cast spells that were much too powerful, too many times.

He needed to get his raging mana under control, but instead Frey began to approach Torkunta's body with a sword made of ice in his hand.

Then he stuck it into his chest.

Crack.

Although there was no power left in his body, Torkunta's flesh was still incredibly hard for Frey to cut in his weakened state.

If he let his guard down for even a moment, he would lose his mind.

Then he'd die.

Frey managed to endure with his superhuman mental strength and he finally saw the thing that he was searching for.

The heart...

It was the heart of the Drake King, Torkunta.

A strong heat was being exuded by the heart. In fact, the heat was so high that it would burn anyone who touched it, but Frey was too desperate to care at that moment.

He immediately sat with his legs crossed beside Torkunta's heart, his closed eyes trembling slightly.

"Kuh..."

The ice energy flowing from his mana room seemed to carry enough force to crush his entire body.

It was already to the extent that Frey could no longer control how it spread. This was why he needed Torkunta's heart.

Whoosh.

On its own, Torkunta's heart contained an enormous amount of flame energy, and Frey was drawing this energy into his body to counteract the cold from the Frozen River.

“...”

However this was a dangerous act that had a high chance of causing death.

This was because neither of these forces actually belonged to Frey.

In addition to the unrefined Frozen River, the flame energy from a Drake King's heart was extremely dangerous.

'Balance...I need to balance them.'

The method he used was similar to the battle training, but the amount of risk he faced was tens of times more than that.

If he made even a single mistake, his body would either burn or freeze.

So Frey couldn't afford to be careless.

“...”

He didn't know how much time passed.

Frey put all his focus to perfectly controlling the forces in his body.

The crisis this time was greater than before. This was because his mental strength had already been greatly depleted by that point.

But Frey, no.

Lucas Traumen had overcome it.

He slowly opened his eyes.

'...the most pressing moment has passed.'

It was safe to say that the mortal crisis had finally passed.

The chill of the Frozen River had finally subsided and there was a slight flush on Frey's face as his blood once again circulated all over his body.

Of course, it was not perfect.

To completely dissolve the ice energy, he would need an elixir with strong flame energy.

"Hoo..."

When he calmed down, he felt that it was very hot, so the first thing that he did was climb out of Torkunta's body.

When he had first entered, it was day time, but now it was a dark night.

'How many days has it been?'

He wondered how long it had been since he left the dungeon.

No.

Before that, there was another priority.

Frey looked around and soon, he found what he was looking for.

It was the Phoenix.

“...”

The fiery feathers had long become cold, and there was not even the slightest movement from its body.

It was dead.

Its body had been trampled by Torkunta until it was almost flat.

Frey looked down at its body with a face filled with sorrow.

“...you saved my life. Thank you.”

Frey grieved for a while, then he lifted the Phoenix's body and carried it over to Torkunta's body.

When he reached it, he placed the Phoenix's body into the hole that he had made while he whispered.

“...the conditions have been met. There are few places better than this to revive. You should be able to come back to life. You'll have power incomparable to how it was before, so you might look a bit different.”

He paused for a moment before adding.

“Of course, that’s not necessarily a good thing.”

He looked around.

This was the Monster Paradise, the Hell Mountains.

Frey didn’t know how many beings here were on Torkunta’s level or higher.

“Torkunta was the ruler of this region. His death will cause a drastic shift in the ecosystem. All the monsters will fight for that throne.”

Torkunta’s heart slowly began to be absorbed by the Phoenix’s body and a small light began to shine from within it.

“You will reign. Follow Torkunta’s footsteps and become the ruler of these mountains. Protect my friend’s dungeon.”

Of course, he didn’t know how long it would take, and he did not have the time to wait until the Phoenix absorbed all of Torkunta’s power.

Frey drew his hand back as he got up.

Slash.

Torkunta's heart split in half.

Frey then took out the bottle that the Frozen River had been stored in and murmured.

"Completion."

Gugugugu...

Half of the heart was sucked into the bottle.

The bottle made by Schweiser was a well crafted magical tool that had been able to hold the Frozen River.

Only

The reason he was taking half of the heart was not hard to understand.

It would be extremely difficult for the Phoenix to accept all of Torkunta's power.

This was why Frey took it.

Additionally, Frey also needed this power to fully absorb the power of the Frozen River.

As he looked at Torkunta's body which was hiding a scene that many would find unbelievable, Frey muttered quietly to himself.

"I look forward to seeing you again someday."

Season 1 Chapter 32: Friend (1)

Frey's body, which was about to descend the mountain, stopped.

Torkunta's words suddenly appeared in his head.

'Some of them had weapons that even I couldn't break. It was too troublesome to deal with so I put them in my lair.'

He should have been talking about the items that were taken from Schweiser's dungeon.

Torkunta said he put them in his lair.

After thinking for a moment, Frey flew up into the sky. When he reached quite high, he could see all the mountains that were right around Drake Mountain.

There was a reason for him to pay attention to these mountains and he soon found a hole in one of them.

It was a cave, large enough to accommodate Torkunta's body.

Frey dived into it without any hesitation.

Near the cave there were about fifteen drakes and when Frey approached, they all opened their eyes and looked at him.

Frey shook his hand slightly.

Crack crack.

The bodies of the drakes quickly became frozen sculptures.

Frey looked down at his palm.

'As long as it's water or ice spells then it's not inferior to 7 star magic.'

But only those two types would be able to display such power, he couldn't use the rest.

This was because the power of the Frozen River had caused the balance of his mana to become skewed to one side.

This was a situation that Frey, who liked balance, could not tolerate.

'It'll take about a month to digest this energy.'

He needed to use the half of Torkunta's heart to digest and regain the balance of the energy, after that, he'd be reborn as a complete 7 star wizard.

Frey put those matters aside for now.

Inside the cave was very large and a warm energy could be felt immediately.

This was similar to the heat that he felt from Torkunta. Therefore Frey was certain that this place was Torkunta's lair.

Frey looked around again.

On the left wall, there were a dozen or so smaller holes.

He frowned as he glanced over at them because there seemed to be a bad smell coming from within them.

There were monster and human corpses there. Some of them were just bones while others were more fresh.

Frey searched through the holes a bit and found what he was looking for in a hole at the top.

Schweiser's items.

'It's not just a few.'

After all, quite a few people had gone down to the dungeon.

While, unsurprisingly, no one had made it past the fifth room, that didn't mean that they didn't leave with anything valuable.

'Salamander's Robe, Conconyl's Dagger, Four Seasons, Eiz Necklace.'

The Salamander's Robe was particularly resistant to fire magic. It would have been better if he had been wearing it during the fight with Torkunta.

The other three were useless to Frey.

He wore the robe right away and placed the others into his bag.

Now it was time to go down.

He hurried, but he didn't get into the town until the sun was coming up.

He then headed to the bar where the owner looked at him with a dumbfounded expression.

"What are you doing, that everytime you come, you are this messy? And what did you do to your hair?"

Compared to his messy appearance which he had seen before, the white hair caught his eyes the most.

Frey's hair seemed to contain a chilling air that even as he was looking at it he felt a shiver go down his spine.

"It's called the Hell Mountains. Anything can happen."

When Frey refused to answer directly, the owner shook his head but he did not continue questioning him.

"Go up to the room. I'll send some hot water."

Soon after, as he'd said, a middle aged woman came up with a bucket of warm water.

She was probably the owner's wife.

After washing himself and fixing his messy appearance, Frey changed back into his school uniform.

The Ispania Bear Armor was basically rags from his recent trip, so he decided to throw it away.

Then he headed straight toward the warp stone in the town.

To return to the academy he first had to go to Kausymphony.

He checked the schedule and found that the nearest warp to the capital was at 7pm, so he still had over 12 hours to spare.

Frey returned to the bar and ate breakfast before deciding to rest his eyes.

He was very tired and quickly fell asleep, but he was still able to get up on time.

'I feel a bit better after that rest.'

He felt that some of his tiredness had been relieved although it was still not enough for him to completely recover to peak condition.

When Frey was ready to leave, he first went downstairs and greeted the owner.

“I’m about to leave.”

“Right. Did you get what you wanted?”

“Yes.”

“That’s good. Have a safe journey.”

The owner saw him off roughly at the end.

Frey left without saying much.

When he arrived at Kausymphony, the sun had already set but the streets of the city were still very much alive.

The street lights were so bright that it might trick someone into believing it was still daytime.

‘The capital is truly the capital.’

When he came back from Ispaniola, which could be considered a rural city, he truly felt the difference.

In fact, Frey had only stayed in Ispaniola for less than a week.

'I was going to look for a ship, but there doesn't seem to be any here now.'

He would have preferred to ride on the Cortez and have a conversation with Mac who he found to be far-sighted and good natured but there were no vessels at the harbor.

Frey looked around and tried to find an inn before suddenly thinking about Peran.

He had requested him before to visit his family.

'I should stop by.'

On thing that stopped though, was that he didn't know how to find Peran's house.

After thinking about it for a moment, he just decided to ask someone who was walking down the road and ask them.

"Where can I find the Jun Family house?"

The man, who was in a hurry to leave the office, wondered why he was suddenly asked about a noble house from a little beggar kid.

His thoughts weren't completely unwarranted.

He had looked a little better because he'd washed up in Ispaniola but his appearance was still messy.

His previously smooth skin was rough and dark and his hair was long and unkempt.

This was only natural after he had been rolling around in the mountains for a month.

Also Frey hadn't realised it, but the insignia for his prestigious school which was on his uniform was covered by the Salamander's Robe.

In other words Frey did not appear to be a noble in any way.

The man looked down at him.

'Is he going to sight see?'

The residence of the Jun Family was large and elegant so it was normal for people to travel the distance just to take a look at it.

"If you go straight down the west road you will be able to find it. It is the largest and most spectacular mansion in the area so you will know it immediately."

“Thank you.”

Frey walked down the west road for about thirty minutes.

By the time the sun was almost completely set, Frey managed to find the mansion.

‘That’s the building.’

It was truly the largest and most spectacular as the man had said.

The mansion was so big that it was hard to see all of it at once. The size of the garden that stretched from the front of the house to the 10m tall fence was enormous.

Frey approached the guards who were standing at the gate.

“What are you doing here?”

Even the guards were superb.

They spoke with a respectful tone despite Frey’s appearance.

This proved that they were well educated and well trained.

“I came to see Peran.”

Frey spoke calmly.

He came here to see his friend.

He didn't have a need to be intimidated or feel nervous.

If he left a bad impression on the Jun Family then it might affect Peran's status.

“...”

The guard's eyebrow twitched.

This was because Peran, the name of the young master of the Jun family was just casually called by a little beggar boy.

“What is your relationship with Peran?”

“He's my friend.”

The guards looked at each other.

Friends?

Did he say friends?

A friend of the young master who was known to like being alone?

“Please tell me your name.”

“Frey Blake.”

“...huk!”

At that moment the guards' eyes widened and they immediately remembered something that Peran had told them as he entered the compound.

[My friend may come here before the vacation is over. His name is Frey. He's one of the three sons of the Blake family. If he visits this mansion be sure to be as polite to him as you would to me.]

'B-, but he appears to be a little different from what he said.'

They had been told that he was grey haired, but the person in front of them has stunningly white hair.

'This child is not trying to cheat us with something he picked up is he?'

However was there anyone who dared to impersonate Peran's friend to enter the Jun family?

The guard could not help but feel conflicting emotions.

Taktak.

The sound of a horse drawn carriage could be heard coming down the road and the guards couldn't help but release sighs of relief.

'This should be enough to send him away.'

'They first politely asked Frey, whose identity was still unclear, to step aside.

"Please wait a moment."

Then they hurriedly opened the iron gates.

But the carriage stopped right in front of the guards instead of continuing through the wide open gate.

Soon after, a woman got out of the carriage.

She was a beautiful girl with golden hair who looked to be about the same age as Frey.

She was wearing a white dress which seemed to compliment her beauty perfectly.

She, the eldest daughter of the Jun family, slowly turned to the guards and opened her mouth.

“What is it?”

“Ah. Th-, that. A friend of the young master came...”

“My brother’s friend? Ah.”

Lylia recalled what Peran had told her.

He said that he had made a close friend on the ship when he was on his way home.

As her brother was someone who had a hard time getting along with people, Lylia was delighted to hear that.

However she still had some doubts.

Because for Peran, the word 'friend' might not have the same meaning.

Her gaze turned to Frey who was standing still.

'Is this the man who defeated the lich?'

On their way to Kausymphony, they had been attacked by pirates and it was said that the pirates were backed by a great lich.

At first, many people didn't believe it, however an investigator sent by the empire soon proved that Peran's words were indeed true.

Still Lylia couldn't fully believe it.

Especially when someone defeated a lich that even Peran couldn't beat.

'He's said to be two years younger than my brother...'

A man who was the same age as her was stronger than Peran who was said to be one of the world's greatest geniuses?

She knew that Peran wouldn't lie for something like that but she couldn't help being skeptical.

Lylia hid her feelings and smiled.

“So you’re Frey. I heard a lot about you from my brother. If it’s okay with you, you can take my carriage with me.”

“Yo-, young lady?”

“That’s dangerous.”

The guards hurriedly tried to stop her, but Lylia let out a laugh instead.

“What is dangerous? Sir Nihad is with me.”

Frey saw a gloomy looking man who came to stand beside Lylia.

He seemed to be a knight, considering the sword that hung at his waist.

The guards took only a single glance at him before swallowing their words.

Only

The young lady's guard, Sir Nihad was one of the strongest knights in the capital, maybe even in the top 5.

"But we are not yet sure."

"You said he was a friend of my brother. All we need to do is take him to my brother first and if he is lying then it wouldn't be too late to punish him then."

After she said that, there was nothing else that the guards could say.

In the first place Lylia had the most capricious and stubborn personality out of all the children of the Jun family.

If they kept pushing like this then it might lead to trouble so the guards reluctantly closed their mouths.

Lylia gave a bright smile and turned to Frey.

"Then would you like to go?"

Season 1 Chapter 33: Friend (2)

Lylia stared at Frey who tilted his head slightly and asked.

"Is there something you'd like to say?"

"...you're a bit different from what my brother said."

Frey touched his hair and mumbled.

“A lot has happened.”

“I see. Ah please speak comfortably. You’re a friend of my brothers and a child of the Blake family.”

“Sure.”

Lylia looked at Frey with a slight expression of bewilderment as he immediately agreed to her polite suggestion.

Nevertheless, Frey kept staring into space with an expressionless face.

‘What is with this man?’

All of the children of noble families that she had met before either tried to flirt with her, or make some kind of connection somehow.

Lylia knew that she was very beautiful and she also knew how men usually acted in front of her.

Her beauty was one of her weapons after her family’s prestige.

But this was the first time that she had been treated like this by a man from outside of the family.

She had some slight misgivings about this, but she hid her innermost thoughts and instead gave a beautiful smile.

“I heard that you are attending Westroad Academy. How is my brother in the academy?”

“I don’t know. Peran is a few years above me, I’ve never run into him at the academy.”

“Ah...I see.”

So it turned out that they had met for the first time on the Cortez.

While the conversation lapsed into silence, the carriage stopped.

They had arrived at the building.

The door slowly opened and revealed a very welcoming face.

“Haha! You came!”

It was Peran who had arrived in front of the carriage.

He spoke to Frey with his voice brimming with joy.

“Man, you were almost late.”

“I had a lot of work to do. I’m glad I somehow managed to get here in time.”

“It was a close call.”

Lylia looked at Peran with a somewhat shocked expression.

It might have been the first time that she’d seen him so happy. He was soft and always smiling, but he still knew how to control his emotions.

That Peran that she knew was now smiling like a little boy.

When she realised that not even the family had ever seen him like that, she felt a little jealous of Frey.

Lylia gracefully descended from the carriage and spoke.

“I’m here too, brother.”

“I can’t miss our princess. How was the party?”

“...you ignored me until just now.”

“Uh. What was that?”

“It was nothing.”

Lylia looked away sharply and walked into the mansion.

Peran turned back and said with an embarrassed face.

“I still don’t know how I made Lylia upset. Do you have an idea?”

“No.”

“Um...well. I’ll have to cheer her up later. Let’s go inside first. There is so much that I want to talk about.”

Peran looked at Frey who nodded quietly.

He was just skin and bones.

He had thin cheeks and his wrists which were revealed from within the robes could have been held together with one hand.

His skin also looked rough.

Above all else, the white hair on his head was the most eye catching.

'He must have worked hard.'

Peran wished to know what he had been through, but first he wanted his friend to get some rest after his long trip.

"We'll take our time to talk. Daphgon please bring Frey to one of the guest rooms. Frey, how about a meal?"

"It's okay. I only need some lukewarm water."

"Sure. Then let's talk tomorrow. You should get some rest for now."

"Thank you."

Frey followed Daphgon to the room.

Shortly after, they arrived at a large room that had enough space to run in.

The furniture was also of very high quality.

Frey gave a wry smile when he realised that the size of the room and bed were much bigger than his dorm room.

Daphgon smiled and put a bottle of water on the center table.

“Here is the water you requested. If you have any other needs, please tell the maids.”

He pointed to the maid behind him, but Frey shook his head.

“I would like to be alone.”

Frey realised that Daphgon was actually a fairly powerful mage that might have been placed to watch over Peran.

He did not wish to be rude even if it was someone younger or if they were just a guard at the front gate.

Daphgon looked perplexed.

“But...”

“I apologize for the rudeness of rejecting your favor. But please understand that I am a mage before I am a guest.”

“Ah...”

Meditation.

Obviously wizards would want to keep their privacy.

In particular when they meditated from time to time they would be particularly sensitive.

Daphgon bowed his head.

“I understand. Then these maids will be waiting in the next room. If you have any requests, please call for them immediately...”

“Thank you for your kindness.”

Daphgon was inwardly impressed.

'I heard that the Blake's third son not only lacked talent as a wizard but also basic etiquette and refinement...'

Because of his job, he was sensitive to rumors about nobles and he had heard some about the three sons of the Blake family.

So when he'd heard the identity of the young master's friend, he had congratulated outwardly, but on the inside he was worried.

Peran was excellent in many ways, but he was too young to fully grasp the thoughts of man.

But his face to face encounter with Frey had given him quite the shock.

Like any good son of a prestigious family, he had a very disciplined attitude, seemed to be a simple person and was firm enough to not be swayed easily by others.

Daphgon thought of a man. The Blake Family.

Compared to the Jun Family, it was slightly less, but it was still powerful enough to be among the five most powerful families in the empire.

The eldest and second sons were good, but the main power behind the Blake Family was Isaka Blake.

He was one of the five 7 star mages in the empire and at the same time the master of the Sixth Magic Tower.

He was younger when compared to the other Arch Mages, but he still had the ability to afford the name.

Daphgon had also met Isaka Blake once. He left a rather cold and dry impression.

'Is it that a man like this is not enough to be his son?'

Daphgon couldn't help but wonder, but he kept it within him and spoke instead.

"There will be a banquet tomorrow."

"A banquet?"

"Yes. Since you will be going back to school soon, the family decided to host a banquet. The young master seems to want you to join him."

"..."

After thinking for a moment, Frey nodded.

"Alright."

“Thank you.”

Daphgon retreated as hot water was brought to the room.

Frey washed himself with the water and then changed into the pajamas that were placed on the bed before going to sleep immediately.

The next day, Frey awoke at dawn.

Immediately after he woke up, he sat down and began working on suppressing Frozen River’s freezing energy.

‘This will be all I do for the time being.’

When he opened his eyes, there was a maid from the day before in front of him.

She immediately kneeled before him and looked at Frey with a pale face.

“I, I have sinned.”

“What?”

“Pl-, please spare my life. I am sorry.”

Frey had no idea why she was so terrified.

After comforting the maid who seemed like she was about to burst into tears at any moment, he asked her and found that she was under the illusion that he had been meditating.

And he knew that Daphgon must have told them never to disturb a wizard’s meditation.

She had only entered the room to change the water used yesterday and bring him breakfast without having any other intentions.

“It’s okay as long as you don’t touch their body.”

After he sent the maid out, Frey briefly washed himself with the water that he controlled to float.

Then as he finished the simple meal, he heard a knock on the door.

“Can I come in?”

“Yes.”

It was Daphgon who came through the door.

Even though it was early in the morning he seemed undisturbed.

“Did you enjoy the breakfast?”

“It was a little small.”

“Is that so? I will have them double the amount from tomorrow.”

The more food he ate the better, because he needed to gain weight urgently.

And Frey was also very fond of food. Especially after his return.

And as expected, the food served by the Jun Family was incredibly delicious.

“The young master is waiting for you. I will guide you there so please get ready.”

Frey changed back into his uniform. It was a bit shabby, but he had nothing else to wear.

After leaving the room, he followed Daphgon once again.

Peran was looking into a fountain in the garden, but he let out a bright laugh when he saw Frey.

“You look so thin. I guess you haven’t been eating.”

“It was a terrible month, but I gained what I wanted.”

“That’s a cause for celebration.”

Peran smiled softly then he suddenly spoke again as if something had just come to his mind.

“I never would have thought that your destination was the Hell Mountains.”

Did we talk about this?

Frey pondered for a while before remembering the existence of a girl with blue hair.

“You must have heard it from Sonia.”

“That’s right.”

“Where is she?”

“Her room. Or the training grounds. She swings her sword right after she opens her eyes and right before going to sleep. It’s the first time I’ve ever met such a tough girl. Um, and I’m not joking.”

Frey let out a laugh as Peran shuddered.

Without a lot of effort she would not be that skilled. Talent alone was not enough.

“It could even be four people, but for Miss Sonia, you’re the only one who...”

“Huh?”

“...no. Nevermind. I can’t say it.”

Peran smiled bitterly and shook his head for some reason.

Frey felt that he looked quite depressed.

Then Peran opened his mouth and changed the topic.

“I told you right? That I wanted to introduce you to my family.”

“Right.”

“If it’s okay, then how about now? Especially my father, I really want you to meet him.”

If it was Peran’s father then he should be referring to the head of the Jun Family. His name was Shepard Jun.

He was also one of the five 7 star mages in the empire.

This was what Frey gained from his memory.

‘Someone I should meet.’

The more powerful the wizard, the more likely that they knew something about the Demigod.

“Anytime is fine.”

“That’s a relief. Actually, there aren’t many times when my father is at home. He’s got piles of work to do at the tower...”

Shepard Jun was also the head of the Fourth Tower.

Peran looked very excited while Frey simply nodded his head.

Frey then followed Peran back to where Shepard was.

In a large room, there was a long table with a white cloth over it.

On the left and right sides of the table sat those who seemed to be Peran's family.

The younger sister Lylia that he saw yesterday, two men of similar age, and a beautiful woman.

'They should be Peran's brothers and mother.'

Which meant that the strong middle aged man sitting at the end was Shepard Jun.

"I am Frey Blake, one of the three sons of the Blake Family. I would like to express my belated gratitude for the generous treatment of the Jun Family."

"Nice to meet you. And we welcome you as you are Peran's friend."

Frey raised his head and looked at Shepard.

At first glance he seemed to be cold but his expressions and voice were soft so the impression didn't stay.

But Frey was paying attention to something different.

There was a tattoo on Shepard's face.

'That tattoo is...'

"Is Count Blake doing well?"

Frey stopped his pondering for a bit at Shepard's words and gave a formal answer.

"That is correct."

"The Sixth tower is very far away, thanks to that I only get to see him during the tower meetings once a year. Conversations with the count are always very enjoyable and informative so it's a pity."

Only

"...it is a pity."

"Hoohoo. Have a seat. I want to hear about how you became friends with my son."

As he said that, Shepard gave a bright smile.

Frey bowed his head but his thoughts were completely different.

There was a six pointed star with a crescent moon in the center of it under his left eye.

There was nothing else that he paid attention to.

Because that was one of the magic tattoos that Schweiser had made and used.

Season 1 Chapter 34: Friend (3)

Except for Lylia, everyone else seemed to have a very good impression of Frey.

Shepard let out a low laugh.

“Come to think of it, you know Sonia right?”

“I met her in the Ispania mountains.”

“I heard about that. She said you wiped out a band of mercenaries by yourself. From a lich to mercenaries...and I know you are two years younger than Peran which makes this achievement even more unbelievable.”

It was not just a compliment.

Frey narrowed his eyes slightly as Shepard continued speaking as though it was simply a passing statement.

“But what kind of business could you have in the Hell Mountains?”

“...”

The timing of his question was simply exquisite.

Frey, of course, had no intentions of telling the truth, but he had gotten a clue as to what Shepard was trying to do.

Everything the Duke had said up to that point was to ask that question.

Frey responded without expression.

“I had personal business.”

“Hoo. Personal business?”

“It is only a trivial matter, not something that would be of interest to my Lord.”

When Frey smiled and said those words, Shepard didn't continue to dig.

He simply looked at Frey with a slightly interested expression and no longer mentioned the topic.

For a while there were conversations about many different things. Things about the academy, the magic tower and other families.

As their conversation progressed, Shepard once again spoke as if he had just remembered something.

"There is some magic I was working on recently and I'm curious to hear your views."

After an awkward moment of silence, Frey finally responded.

"I don't think I'd be of any help."

"That doesn't matter. What I need now is a new perspective. I just realised it through our conversation. The way you look at the world differs greatly from me. I'm sure you'll meet my expectations."

"..."

"Of course, I wouldn't blame if you didn't get the results I expected. I'm not forcing you and I'm not trying to put any more pressure on you."

He wanted to speak privately.

Frey exchanged eye contact with Shepard for a moment.

There was one thing that was clear to him and that was that Shepard had an interest in him.

And it was the same for Frey.

Therefore he nodded without worrying about it for too long.

“If it’s fine.”

“Thank you. I’ll send Daphgon to guide you later.”

The conversation ended there.

Peran and Frey soon left the room and walked the hall.

“My father seems to be very interested in you. Don’t be too nervous. He is strict but he is not the type of person to play tricks.”

'Well, I don't think you'd be nervous anyway.'

Peran added in his head before letting out a laugh.

"The training grounds are at the back. Ms. Sonia should be there so you can go say hello before coming back."

"What about you?"

"I think I need to appease Lylia."

Frey nodded and went straight to the backyard.

The training grounds were very spacious, but it seemed that only Sonia was there practicing with her sword.

Of course, there was one other person there with her.

It was Luther, who was watching Sonia practice from a distance.

He spotted Frey and he approached and turned to face him.

"Mr. Frey?"

“Long time no see,.”

“Ah, you’re finally here.”

Luther seemed very happy.

Frey had a little reunion with him before turning back to watch Sonia train.

As she swung her sword her face appeared to be as sharp as a sword.

Frey realised that she was more outstanding than he’d thought.

Luther looked a bit proud.

“It is very rare to be conferred a title by His Majesty at such a young age.”

“A title?”

“Yes. It is ‘Rainstorm’.”

Frey listened to Luther’s words and paid more attention to Sonia’s sword.

However the trajectory of the sword was somewhat familiar to Frey.

'Lucid's Swordsmanship [Dreadment] ...no.'

It felt similar but it was a bit different.

Frey frowned.

'Is this really it?'

There were parts that seemed a bit clumsy.

It seemed that the flow unique to Dreadment was not established properly.

He didn't master swordsmanship, but he had good eyes.

Since 4,000 years had passed it was understandable that Lucid's Swordsmanship could not have been passed down fully.

After being spread out into different branches, it was quite possible for each of them to develop in different directions.

Now that he thought about it, the current location of the Luanoble Kingdom was the former location of Lucid's homeland Icollium.

Was the Luanoble Kingdom the successor of Icollium?

Or had it been absorbed after being invaded by another country?

Frey began to ponder.

"Frey!"

Sonia was looking over at him with surprise.

Frey lifted his head and looked at her.

"It was good swordsmanship."

"I-, it was? Thank you."

"..."

He hadn't been trying to compliment Sonia, it was just an honest opinion about Dreadment.

In any case, there was no reason for him to point that out and spoil the mood.

Frey talked to Sonia for a while but the conversation was not very good.

Sonia was unable to truly concentrate on the conversation and was showing signs of restlessness.

Luther could only smile bitterly when he saw that.

Then Daphgon came.

He spoke after a brief look of understanding to Sonia and Luther.

"Mr. Frey, the Lord is requesting you."

"I'll head over now. Sonia, let's talk later."

"U-, uh? R-, right..."

Frey immediately followed Daphgon.

He was led to the top of the mansion.

After walking for a long time, up ordinary stairways and spiral staircases, they finally reached the rooftop.

There was a garden on the roof and it was well made to match with the garden that was on the ground.

Shepard was sitting at an outdoor table there, waiting for him.

Daphgon left after bowing.

Now there were only the two, Frey and Shepard, on the roof.

“Would you like to take a seat?”

Frey complied and sat in front of them.

The two men shared a gaze for a long time then Shepard slowly opened his mouth.

“...What brings the Traumen Rings to my house?”

What was he talking about?

Wasn't the Traumen Rings a club in the academy?

A club that was led by his own son.

Of course Frey had nothing to do with that.

Didn't this guy know that?

'In addition, there is some warning in his voice.'

"I am not in the Traumen Rings."

"You can stop pretending. You must have come here because you had something to say."

Shepard's eyes turned cold.

"Using Peran was a pretty smart strategy. Did you hear it from my son that I was in the mansion at this time?"

"There seems to have been a misunderstanding."

“Ha. Misunderstanding? Right. Let’s say it’s that. Then why did you do something that would be misunderstood?”

“What?”

“Typhoon Earrings. Didn’t you wear it openly to show me?”

He knew about the Typhoon Earrings?

It wasn’t entirely surprising.

Perhaps when Frey had noticed his tattoo, Shepard had noticed the earrings.

The thing that bothered Frey was his attitude.

Shepard was confidently pressing him about something and didn’t realise that he was wrong.

Thanks to that, the conversation could not go anywhere.

“I don’t have any idea what Lord Duke is talking about. Isn’t the Traumen Rings a club in the academy that’s headed by Peran?”

Shepard paused for a moment at Frey’s words and it seemed that he was pondering.

If he had said all of this and didn't raise doubts then he would not have had more to say. However Frey did not believe that Shepard was a foolish person.

It was not long before Shepard sighed.

"...I see. You are a wanderer."

Wanderer?

That was not something that could be used to describe one of the three sons of the Blake Family.

Although he was treated like a stranger by the family, he was not kicked out of it.

Shepard glanced up at Frey and continued talking.

"Just like you said. I have misunderstood...right. I see. The Typhoon Earring must have come from the Ispania Mountains right?"

Frey looked at Shepard without answering.

"Are you wary of me?"

“To the same extent that the Duke is wary.”

“Hoo hoo. How bold. It’s not like you don’t know where this is.”

“I’m well aware, of course. It is the home of my friend Peran.”

“…”

“The reason that I came to the Jun Family was not to see Lord Duke. I came here to see Peran.”

At Frey’s firm response, Shepard had no choice but to hesitate once more.

What he’d said was right after all it was he himself who requested to see Frey.

“I don’t trust you completely yet. But I will give you an explanation for my rudeness. I won’t treat you like an outsider since you have those earrings.”

He once again mentioned the Typhoon Earrings.

Frey glanced down at the Staff of the Great Sage that was in the form of a bracelet.

He recognized the earrings but he didn't notice the bracelet.

Did he know about the Salamander's Robe?

He listened to Shepard while hiding his innermost thoughts.

And his following words exceeded his expectations.

In a good way.

"Who do you think is the owner of this continent?"

Others might have considered it as an absurd question, however Frey's eyes became sharper instead.

Shepard continued without realizing it.

"The Kastkau Empire is the greatest among human nations. However it couldn't claim more than a tenth of the land of this continent."

This matter was quite understandable.

The power of the intellectuals living on the continent could be taken as ten fingers.

And the human power could be said to be barely within three fingers.

This was to say, that humans were not the owners of the continent.

But Frey knew this.

He knew of the existence of transcendental beings who controlled the continent from the shadows.

Frey stared at Shepard's mouth, almost forgetting to blink.

Would he say the word that Frey wanted to hear the most?

"Demigod."

"...!"

That one word made Frey shiver all over.

At the same time, numerous questions of his seemed to be answered.

The reason why Shepard wasn't completely wary of him.

The reason he had Schweiser's tattoo on his face.

In the first place, he'd never considered him to be a complete enemy.

Shepard was the one that Frey was looking for. To learn about the Demigod's presence.

He knew their purpose.

The ones who wanted to stop it.

"The transcendental beings control human society. We are trying to break free from that control...why are you smiling?"

Shepard stopped and asked, wearing a confused expression.

This was because Frey had suddenly given him a bright smile as though he had gone mad.

In the old days, there were only five humans fighting against the Demigod.

Only five of them rebelled against that transcendent entity.

And they lost.

It was a crushing defeat.

Only

– And years passed.

4,000 years had passed.

Frey was sure that now there were much more people who shared the same purpose as they did in the past.

They had found out who the Demigod was, and those who were struggling to not give in were holding their breaths, waiting for the right moment.

Why was he smiling?

There was only one reason.

He was truly happy.

Season 1 Chapter 35: Friend (4)

‘What is it?’

Shepard was unsettled.

He had felt that he had misunderstood after hearing Frey's words.

Nevertheless, it did not completely dispel his doubts and he still felt like he was in control of the flow of the conversation.

That fact was very important, but suddenly the flow had changed.

When he had mentioned the Demigod, the wariness on Frey's face had disappeared as if it had been washed off.

There was even a smile on his lips.

Of course, the smile disappeared just as fast as it appeared.

"Please continue."

"...do you know of the Demigod?"

If he didn't know then his reaction could not be explained.

Frey nodded.

“A little.”

“How?”

“When I got my hands on these earrings, there was a note from Schweiser near to them.”

Shepard was shocked.

“Sch-, Schweiser’s notes? Do you still have it?”

“Maybe. First of all, I’d like to keep listening to your story.”

“...”

Shepard was forced to admit that he’d lost the initiative. He could only swallow his questions for now and continue his story.

“...fine. Demigods. Half-God beings that transcended humans. There’s no way for us to know just how many of them exist or how much power they can exert. However, the tip of the iceberg is, they have revealed enough to dominate the entire continent.”

It was certain that there weren't many.

Frey knew that their numbers didn't surpass one hundred.

However, every one of them was so powerful that it wasn't an exaggeration to call them a disaster.

"We don't know how many of them exist, what their purpose is or why they choose to remain hidden. But there are some things that we can be sure of."

Shepard's gaze sank.

"That it is possible for them to destroy every race other than themselves on a whim...And that it has been done a few times before."

They knew the most important thing, so that was enough.

"4,000 years ago, there were five heroes who fought bravely against them."

Shepard listed each of them.

The Great Mage, the Sage, the Magic Warrior King, the Sword King and the Black Witch.

“But after Lucas disappeared, the relationship between the rest became fractured. There was fighting between the King of Magic and the Swordmaster, the Black Witch disappeared and the Sage struggled on his own, but it wasn’t enough. That was the point when the most powerful rebels against the Demigods disappeared from history.”

Shepard said this and pointed at his tattoo and the magic tattoo shined slightly as if in response.

“Our Circle is an organization that inherited their will.”

Frey didn’t expect Shepard to claim to be their successors.

He felt a bit odd.

“Is Circle the name of the organization?”

“That’s how it’s usually called, but it is actually a bit more complicated than that. As the years have passed, the Circle’s will could not be united as one.”

“...so there are multiple circles?”

“In a way. They’re basically...keeping each other in check.”

Frey didn’t know what to say, he was speechless.

What were they doing in this time where the odds of them winning were low even if they gathered together?

Shepard sighed as if he had noticed his thoughts.

“There are many big and small circles, but three largest at the present are the Strow Necklaces, Phisfounder Armlets and Lucid Swords.”

“...”

The names were familiar.

They were like the clubs at the Westroad Academy.

Other than that, there was still a question.

Two of the names were missing.

“...I don't know much about the other circles, but I've heard that the current situation of the Traumen Rings isn't very good. There are rumors that they are on the verge of collapsing. Not long ago, the Circle Master died and half of the executives moved to other circles.”

“What about the King of Magic Kasajin?”

“King Kasajin’s inheritance is said to be passed down to one person at a time but no successors have appeared in a long while. We are looking for the whereabouts, but so far we haven’t found anything.”

“What is the relationship with the clubs in the academy?”

Shepard laughed at that.

“Most of the club members don’t know of our existence, but we know who all of them are. The circles are always in need of talent. If anyone stands out in a club, we approach them first.”

“Was it necessary to pick the same names?”

“It looks pretty simple at first but it’s actually pretty effective. In fact, there are many groups with similar names around the continent and there is a benefit to it. After all, the Demigods’ eyes and ears could be anywhere.”

He spoke calmly but in truth his heart was a bit restless.

If the Demigods had any misunderstandings then their lives would be ended as easily as bugs. (TL: is it a misunderstanding when they actually do wanna stop the demigods?)

While recognizing that fact, Shepard’s expression remained unchanged.

“As I said, the circles keep each other in check. Just a decade ago, there weren’t three large groups, but four. It included the Traument Rings.”

After saying that, he looked at Frey with a complicated gaze.

“That was why I was confused. You have the Typhoon Earrings so I thought that you were a member of the Traumen Rings.”

From what he’d heard, Frey knew that it was a natural misunderstanding.

Nevertheless, Frey clicked his tongue.

It was certainly good news that there was a group called Circle who were against the Demigods, but it was not good news that they were not united as one.

The Demigods weren’t something that they could handle with decentralized power.

“I’ve told you everything I could. Now it’s your turn. Did you obtain those earrings in the Ispania Mountains?”

“Yes.”

“Hm...”

Shepard sank into thought and Frey made a guess from looking at his attitude.

“Do you know about it?”

“I heard rumors that there was a high probability that there were artifacts of the heroes there. But among those who went there, only a handful made it back alive and none of them had anything to show for it.”

This was natural.

Frey knew that there was a dungeon under the volcanic lake on Drake Mountain, but others didn't.

Even an ordinary mountain would take a long time to search even with over a hundred people. But the Ispania Mountains were called the Paradise for Monsters.

And even if they were lucky enough to find the dungeon, there was still Torkunta waiting for them when they left.

Frey spoke after a moment.

“The Typhoon Earrings are the legacy of Lucas. If I had these would that mean I am a member of the Traumen Rings?”

“It's not like that.”

“Then why did you mistake me for one of you.”

“You were wearing them with such pride. Most of us feel a strong sense of belonging to our circles.”

Frey looked at Shepard’s tattoo which caused the man to laugh proudly.

“I admire Sage Schweiser more than anyone else in this world.”

‘Congrats, Schweiser.’

Frey was lost in thought for a moment, offering heartfelt congratulations to his long dead friend.

‘Circle. I don’t need to go back to the academy now that I’ve found them.’

In the first place, the reason he continued at the academy was to gain an understanding of the current world and he had intended to find out the true identity of the academy’s dean Syris Triznine.

Now that he thought of it, wouldn’t Shepard know the answer?

“Syris Triznine. The Dean of Westroad Academy, her abilities are much higher than is revealed to the public. Is she also in Circle?”

“I believe she is an executive of the Phisfounder Armlets. I don’t know more than that.”

He had even learned the identity of the dean, his only real reason for returning to the academy had disappeared.

Frey tried to organize his thoughts.

He could feel that Shepard was still looking at him with a suspicious gaze.

“Is there anything else you want to ask?”

“...I must say that I am curious about your reaction. I’ll tell you in advance, I still don’t trust you fully.”

It was rather sudden.

Frey looked on curiously as Shepard slowly opened his mouth.

“First of all, I want you to show me one thing. Try using the Typhoon Earrings.”

Was he asking him to use the barrier magic?

Frey was curious about Shepard's intentions, but it wasn't difficult so he played alone.

Woowoong.

He activated the barrier spell.

Then he could feel the glimmer of doubt fading from Shepard's eyes.

"Hoo. Okay. It's not the worst case."

"What are you talking about?"

"It wasn't because I mistook you for a member of the Traumen Rings that I was wary of you. There's a bigger reason for that."

Frey didn't rush him and instead simply looked at him.

Shepard opened his mouth slowly and spoke.

"Isaka Blake."

This was Frey's father's name, but why had it appeared now?

After carefully checking the reaction of Frey who simply tilted his head, Shepard continued.

“After the tower meeting a month ago, I heard reports that he had been in contact with the Demigods.”

* * *

That evening, the banquet was held.

Members of the most prestigious families in the capital made sure to attend and the addition of the finest drinks and food made the atmosphere in the banquet hall very warm.

Frey looked around at all those who came dressed in stylish clothes, but his gaze was only drawn to certain items.

There were a lot of people there, but eventually, he found what he was looking for.

Those who were from the circle organizations were the ones that he was looking for.

But the situation wasn't too good.

Other than that, he still had a few scattered problems.

Manufacturing Anastasia.

Fully digesting the Frozen River.

What kind of place was the circle and just how far could he trust Shepard.

There was also the news about Isaka Blake.

“ ... ”

Shepard also didn't fully trust him yet.

No, he was still rather suspicious.

One reason was Isaka Blake's suspicious behavior.

At the same time, he had gained another piece of important information.

It was the fact that the Demigod's informants can't use the heroes' legacies.

This was why after he'd used the Typhoon Earrings, Shepard's doubts had lessened a bit.

'It's best to not reveal the Staff of the Great Sage if possible.'

It was the symbol of Schweiser.

The reaction would be completely different from the Typhoon Earrings.

He didn't need to reveal it and complicate matters even more.

Frey shook his head.

All of his problems were rather difficult and it was impossible for him to solve all of them at once.

He would take it one step at a time as though untangling a knotted thread.

Frey felt that the most pressing matter was to make the Frozen River's power completely his. At the same time it would restore his currently unbalanced body.

He saw someone walking toward him as he tried to think of how to solve his problems.

After a glance, he realised it was Sonia.

She was wearing a white dress which seemed to go well with her blue hair.

“Frey, you’re here.”

Perhaps she’d walked around the banquet looking for Frey.

When he thought about it, he realised that as a foreigner, Sonia probably didn’t have any other acquaintances at this banquet.

The main character of the banquet, Peran, would show up when the atmosphere in the banquet had reached its peak.

“You’re attending as well?”

“Right.”

“I see.”

Frey tried to continue thinking, but Sonia didn’t leave and it seemed that she still wanted something.

“Sonia.”

“H-, huh?”

When she heard her name she looked into his eyes.

Frey asked a question after seeing her attitude.

“Do you have something to say?”

“...”

“...?”

“...it’s nothing.”

Then she shook her head with a sigh.

Frey handed her a glass of wine, thinking she was thirsty.

‘Come to think of it, what about the engagement?’

He thought for a moment. In truth it was very easy to ask, but he wasn’t actually that interested.

As soon as he was about to think again, Frey saw that a fat man was looking at him.

His clothes looked like they were about to burst and his face was covered in oil.

The moment their eyes met, the man approached him.

“Frey, right?”

“You are?”

“Haha! What. Are you trying to look cool? Huh?”

Frey tried to jog his memory.

Only

His attitude suggested that he was ‘Frey’s’ acquaintance...

‘I think I met him at the academy.’

Just as he was trying to dig deeper into his memories.

The mouth of the man who’d walked towards him twisted into a sneer.

“It’s been a long time loser Frey.”

Frey stopped trying to jog his memory.

It was clear that this guy hadn’t approached with good intentions.

Season 1 Chapter 36: Friend (5)

“Haha. Are you sure?”

“That’s great.”

“It’s no big deal.”

Guspa Peleros laughed cheesily while drinking his wine.

A banquet held for Peran himself.

How hard did he try to get in here?

It wasn’t just about the food and the wine.

Friendship.

It was to build friendships with the prominent nobles in the capital.

Guspa was a provincial nobility.

When he was young he felt that he was among the top of the empire, but when he grew older he realised how far from the truth it was.

In the capital, banquets were held almost every day. They were places for friendship and exchanges, a different battlefield.

The nobles would prove their worth while checking the others and those on the same level would naturally gather together to form a group.

Such relationships might have a profound effect as they might later inherit their respective families.

But Guspa didn't get the chance to participate in the banquets held in the capital because he was from a province.

That was why this banquet was a great opportunity for him.

For this day, he'd had clothes custom made by a top notch store and he had learned the names of many expensive wines and other local specialties.

This was to keep up with the current trends.

Guspa's strenuous efforts soon paid off.

By nature, he spoke well so the nobles in the capital could easily ignore his origins.

Of course, the fact that the Peleros Family was a well known provincial aristocratic family also helped him out.

'It'll be difficult to talk to Peran.'

Peran Jun.

He was a man who stood at the apex of the capital's society. Even the most high nosed and snobby nobles would have to lower their heads to him.

Even if he managed to have one conversation with Peran, it would be difficult for them to have a deep relationship.

Guspa had heard that despite his soft looks, he was surprisingly picky when it came to making friends.

After learning this, he wisely chose to change targets. Patrick Dercidy was the one that he was working on.

He was the eldest son of Marquis Dercidy, and the child of one of the five most prestigious families in the capital.

“I heard rumors that Patrick’s sword skills were not inferior to the regular knights in the Luanoble Kingdom.”

“Hahaha! Well if a man focuses on one path, shouldn’t he be at least at that level?”

“Outstanding.”

Patrick was a very easy man.

He was a man who believed himself to be quite exceptional and carried himself in such a way.

It was quite easy to deal with this type of person.

‘I should get invited to Patrick’s banquets in the future.’

Guspa was convinced that this social debut was a complete success.

Therefore he slowly sipped his wine as he looked around.

‘There are so many nice girls.’

They were definitely different from the girls in the province.

They all had killer bodies, beautiful appearances, and cunning personalities that knew how to control a man's heart.

Guspa inspected them one by one, carrying the wicked thought that maybe one of them would become his wife.

Then a woman caught his eye.

“...”

In that moment, Guspa had been instantly enchanted.

She was still incredibly eye catching even while she was surrounded by other beautiful women.

She had stunning, water colored hair, purple eyes and lips that seemed to draw the eyes of everyone looking.

‘Th-, there is such a beautiful woman...’

Was it Lylia Jun who was said to be the queen of social gatherings in the capital?

No, he'd heard that she was blonde.

It was not just Guspa. Most of the nobles kept stealing glances at this woman while pretending not to.

Nevertheless no one approached her because of her stunning beauty and unfamiliar presence.

It was then.

As if she'd found something she was looking for, her face brightened considerably and she immediately headed in the direction that she was looking.

Guspa hurriedly turned to see who this beautiful woman's acquaintance could be.

It was a very skinny man.

Guspa didn't find it hard to spot him. This was because the man's hair, which had been bleached white, stood out among the crowd.

At the same time, he judged the man to be a nobody.

This was because the man was alone at the banquet.

If he didn't have any acquaintances then he should be walking around and sweating like himself, what was that attitude?

Surely he must be a novice who was lucky enough to have been invited to the banquet.

That was what he thought.

'What's their relationship?'

Guspa watched the conversation between the two of them with a jealous gaze.

It was at that moment.

'Huh?'

When he looked closely at the white haired man's face, he felt that it was very familiar.

Almost like he had seen it somewhere...

'Ah...! Isn't that Frey Blake?'

The Blake Family was one of the five greatest families in the empire, but it has nothing to do with this timid guy.

All of the nobles from Pilat knew that Isaka Blake didn't treat Frey like a son.

'How could a loser like that know such a beauty...'

After thinking for a while, Guspa came up with a guess.

It must have been because of the name of the Blake Family.

Otherwise there was no other explanation.

"Huhuhu!"

Guspa came up with a good idea.

He had the thought of giving a blow to Frey and raising his own status at the same time.

After thinking for a moment, he approached Frey.

"Frey, you're Frey right?"

“You are?”

At that moment, Guspa had a strange feeling.

That was because Frey’s voice was much colder than he remembered.

But he still shook his head.

“Haha! What. Are you trying to look cool? Huh?”

He looked calm on the outside, but he was going crazy on the inside.

When he thought about it, his mouth curled up subconsciously.

“Long time no see, Blake Family’s loser.”

Guspa thought that if he said this, Frey would have some kind of reaction, but it was not so.

Instead, Frey looked away from him as if he was no longer interested.

It was obvious disregard.

Guspa's face turned red for a moment, but he still managed to hold back his anger.

"I heard you got into the academy? The Blake Family is really powerful. I can't believe that you, who is less talented than me, could be admitted."

"Get lost."

"Huh?"

Guspa had no choice but to open his mouth subconsciously at that moment.

What did he just hear?

'Get lost? Did this guy just tell me to get lost?'

Frey, who could not even make eye contact with him before had just told him to get lost?

"Y-, you..."

"Frey, do you know him?"

Just as Guspa was about to explode, Sonia intervened.

He thought that her voice was incredibly beautiful and so he tried really hard to suppress his anger.

He could not show an ugly face in front of a beautiful lady.

He gave Sonia his greasy smile.

“I am sorry, my greetings were late. My name is Guspa Peleros. Would you give me the honor of knowing the lady’s name?”

“ ... ”

Sonia forcefully suppressed the twisting in her stomach.

The moment she saw his face and heard his voice, it made her feel sick.

In the first place, the nobles in the Luanoble Kingdom were very informal. To her the attitudes of the nobles here just felt pretentious.

That was why she looked for Frey who spoke to her with a blank face.

“...Sonia Aquarid.”

Still, she couldn't ignore it so she could only answer reluctantly.

"Ah! Now I see, you are Peran's fiancée."

"...The engagement has not been confirmed...yet."

Guspa smiled.

Right. Now he understood.

'She's from another country so she was fooled by him easily.'

In truth, the fact that Frey was the shame of the Blake Family was an open truth that was known to everyone in the aristocratic world.

However if the other person was a noble from another country it was understandable that they wouldn't know.

"Guspa what's going on?"

That's when Patrick's group came over.

They came seemingly for Guspa but their eyes were obviously on Sonia.

Guspa had an absurd thought as he saw their gazes.

'They're like a pack of Dholes.'

It seemed that he had already forgotten that he had approached for the exact same reason.

It occurred to him that a number of obstacles had appeared but he soon thought of a way to take advantage of the situation.

Once again he gave his greasy smile and said.

"My lady, there is fine wine on that table over there. Would you like to go over for a drink?"

"N-, no. I...no, I'm...talking to Frey."

She didn't add any honorifics.

She was already close enough to call your name?

Guspa's lips twitched.

"My lady, you seem to be mistaken about something."

"Mistaken?"

"My lady, this man here is indeed a member of the Blake Family, but he is a loser who is unable to use magic. He is even called the shame of the Blake Family."

Guspa spoke quietly, but his voice certainly reached Sonia's ears.

When she then looked at him with a very confused gaze, Guspa became even more excited.

"Earl Isaka has already given up hope in him and instead stuck him into the academy."

"Ah. Is that friend Frey Blake?"

"Kuku. I heard he was disgracing himself in the Westroad Academy."

As expected, Patrick and his friends played along with Guspa.

In this way, the plan was almost complete.

Patrick gave a smile as he said.

“Frey Blake...I know your older brothers. Mischael and Heinz. They are both wizards in the magic tower. Mischeal recently even became a floor master in the magic tower.”

“So?”

“They are both incredible people who share your blood. No, I might have made a mistake. I don’t think they have the same bloodline as you!”

“Kikikikikik!” (TL: What a weird laugh)

“...”

Frey was annoyed.

It was only because this was a banquet for Peran that he tried to put up with it.

If he hit these guys here then the atmosphere of the banquet would be messed up which would then cause trouble for Peran. (TL: omg...an mc who doesn’t kill or cripple an enemy who insulted them at their friend’s party???)

However the sarcastic remarks from these few were truly going overboard.

It was then.

“I think that’s a bit harsh.”

Someone approached the group while saying those words and everyone’s eyes turned to see who it was.

There were four people there, each of them a familiar face to Frey.

Looking closely, they were the nobles who had expressed their gratitude to him on the Cortez.

Guspa looked over at the man who spoke in surprise.

‘Isn’t this Enzo Teifals?’

He was a child of the Teifals family who Guspa had also been paying attention to.

He wasn’t as influential as Patrick Dercidy, but his family was still one of the best among all of the participants in the banquet.

Why would such a man side with Frey?

“What do you mean by harsh?”

“Frey’s skills are such that he has no competition in the entire academy. Don’t disregard him.”(TL: everytime Enzo speaks about Frey, he does it in a respectful way...it’s just hard to show in english since ‘Mr’ doesn’t fit the statement)

“Haha. Are you talking about people like us?...or are there so few talented people in the Westroad Academy?”

“...”

Compared to Patrick’s smiling expression, Enzo’s face looked fierce.

That wasn’t all.

The expressions of those standing behind him were similarly hostile.

They knew how amazing Frey’s skills were.

Frey was even stronger than Peran who was recognized as the best genius in the academy.

He had the ability to defeat a Lich who was said to be around 5 stars!

However few nobles knew about it.

It was none other than the imperial frigates that had been escorting the Cortez. No matter how powerful was, the fact that two imperial frigates were sunk before they even had the chance to retaliate could damage the prestige of the empire.

Because of that, the matter was buried.

The majority of the noble students also refused to admit that their lives were saved by Frey who they considered inferior.

Some of them even said that it was Peran who saved them.

However Enzo didn't forget that he owed Frey his life.

When he'd seen him at the banquet, he'd initially wanted to go talk to him, but when he saw that he wanted to stay alone he decided against it.

Enzo and the others were in awe and greatly respected Frey's power.

But then they saw that Frey was being disregarded in the banquet and they could no longer stand still.

But now, not only Frey, but the entire Westroad Academy was being insulted.

“Don’t talk about the Westroad Academy.”

“It was a joke so why don’t you relax? I don’t want Enzo to get flushed.”

“If you apologize to Frey then I’ll accept it.”

“Apologize? To him?”

Patrick put on a look of bewilderment. He didn’t understand why Enzo was suddenly biting him.

Of course he didn’t intend to apologize.

“I’m sorry but the Dercidy family never bows their head. More than that, the friendship in the Westroad Academy is really touching. Were you the one who invited this pathetic man to the banquet?”

“Kukuku.”

“Now the water’s all muddy.”

“It wasn’t me who...invited him...”

Enzo didn't finish his statement, instead he was staring behind Patrick with a blank face.

Only

Then Patrick heard a cold voice in his ear.

"I."

"What?"

Patrick looked back and his heart almost stopped.

He saw a blond haired man walking toward them.

"I...invited him."

It was the first time that Frey had seen Peran's angry face.

Season 1 Chapter 37: Friend (6)

"I guess this wasn't the face you were expecting. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"Pe-, Peran."

Patrick's face had turned white.

Peran Jun.

He was a scion of the Jun Family which was one of the three major noble families in the empire with power just below that of the imperial family as well as a genius of the Westroad Academy.

When he reached the 4 star level below the age of 20, it caused a buzz in the empire for a long while.

Patrick had no memory of ever feeling so intimidated.

The Dercidy family was so powerful that they did not have to bow to anyone. But the Jun family was an exception.

Peran was a noble among nobles and just his followers would easily exceed half of the nobility in the capital.

At least in the social world, making him an enemy was the same as biting your own tongue to commit suicide.

Patrick's face became white.

He had to say something, but his mind was blank and he couldn't think of anything.

Peran continued to speak with his freezing tone.

“But since when did I need to get the permission of the Dercidy family before inviting my friends? Also to a banquet held in my name.”

“Th-, that’s not...”

“The Westroad Academy has no talent? That’s also a weird statement. As far as I know, you didn’t pass the entrance examination to the academy.”

“I, I...”

His mouth was open but no words came out.

The other nobles also chattered to each other while looking at Frey in surprise.

Peran Jun’s friend?

Who?

Frey Blake?

How?

Was there anyone who Peran would call friend?

As Patrick stood there stuttering without saying anything, Peran's cold eyes turned to look at Guspa.

At that moment Guspa unconsciously hiccups before hurriedly closing his mouth again.

"And you?"

"Gu-, Guspa...Peleros."

"Peleros?"

At that moment, Guspa saw the clear confusion in Peran's eyes. It was clear that he had never heard the family name before.

Originally, he would have felt humiliated by that fact, but Peran's eyes were so cold at that moment that he couldn't even think about it.

"What about you?"

"W-, we..."

“Just to the lady here, that...we just wanted to talk...”

The voice faded after. They were just like Dholes after all.

They knew a hundred ways to suppress the weak, but when faced with the strong, they only knew how to bow their heads.

They couldn't say anything in front of Peran who was the owner of the banquet hall.

Peran was going to say something more but instead closed his mouth slowly and looked around.

“...”

He became a bit embarrassed when he noticed the tense and cold atmosphere.

It seemed that he had finally regained some of his composure.

He took a few small breaths before smiling right after.

“...I would like to express my gratitude to everyone for attending the banquet today.”

He raised his chin and leisurely walked to the center of the hall.

As Peran continued to speak, the cold atmosphere in the hall began to soften.

No one dared to make any comment on the angry display just a moment ago.

Patrick and his followers as well as Guspa hurried to a corner of the banquet and hoped that they would be forgotten.

Frey turned around and Enzo, who was near to him, approached.

He shot a cold look at the fleeing Patrick's back.

"Hmph. The Dercidy name is wasted on someone like him. Are you okay?"

"Thank you for your help."

Enzo and the others laughed a bit awkwardly at that.

"I just didn't want to be a coward who didn't know how to repay grace."

"Thanks to you I could take a breather."

As Frey gently bowed his head and Enzo couldn't help but be surprised at the unexpected situation.

Frey looked so cold that he had expected to be rebuked for intervening in a situation that he wasn't needed.

Enzo's expression softened considerably as he saw this.

"We're more grateful. Ah, we still haven't paid off our debts with this. Whenever you visit my family, I will make sure to repay you properly."

"I will remember."

"Right...here comes Peran so we'll get going."

Enzo party stepped away and Peran, who had just finished his speech, walked over.

"I knew you'd get angry."

"Because I'm human."

"Was the atmosphere ruined because of me?"

“What did you do? Hoo...It’s been a while since my head was filled with blood like this.”

Peran sighed.

He was a bit disappointed because he had not been able to control his anger.

Frey took a sip of wine before mumbling.

“Thank you.”

“Huh?”

“If you hadn’t intervened then the banquet would’ve become a mess and I would not have been able to face you.”

“Haha. Would it have evolved into something that would cause a huge commotion?”

Peran let out a laugh, clearly in a better mood.

Sonia was unable to interject while listening to their conversation.

It was as if there was a space only for men so she couldn't even open her mouth, no matter how much they didn't notice her.

"...the incident on the Cortez. If it had been widely known then those guys' attitudes would have been very different."

"What do you mean?"

"There was a movement to cover up the incident. Thanks to that it's not widely known by the public. There were two frigates that were deployed, if news that they were so helpless in the face of a threat was released then it would have an impact on the status of the empire..."

Peran sighed again.

The story had been blocked at its source so only a few nobles truly knew what happened.

In particular nobles from the provinces and people like Patrick who didn't pay much attention to the goings on in the empire would have only heard stories.

"It doesn't matter."

He knew that it wouldn't remain hidden forever, but Frey felt like he did not need to stick out too much at this point.

Peran looked at him with a strange gaze.

“You are really weird. If the truth was revealed, your status would jump up by a few dozen times at least.”

“It’s because I don’t want such a situation.”

“I thought so.”

As he said that, Peran let out a laugh.

“What did you talk about with my father?”

“...he asked if I was a part of the Traumen Rings.”

“...”

Peran’s hand that was about to lift a wine glass to his lips stopped.

He sent a strange glance at Frey but changed it when he saw Sonia beside him.

“...right. Are you finally interested in joining our club?”

“Maybe.”

“I’d like to go into more detail, but it’s too noisy here.”

Frey nodded, then he spoke about his plans for the future.

“I’m not going back to the academy.”

“Huh?”

“There is nothing more for me to learn there.”

It was a bit unexpected but Peran wasn’t surprised.

He stroked his chin for a moment while pondering, before saying.

“Then where are you going?”

“I haven’t decided yet. Right...first I’ll need to recover my condition.”

Frey said while looking at his thin wrists.

“...I think I need to gain some weight.”

“That’s a good idea. You’re too skinny right now.”

Peran pondered for a moment before speaking.

“Then what about a magic tower?”

“A magic tower?”

“Right. Although it’s a bit expensive there are various training centers and also many valuable books that couldn’t be found outside. There are also many great wizards so if you have any questions you would be able to get an answer right away.”

“Hmm.”

Frey thought that Peran’s proposal was quite attractive.

In particular the fact that there were many valuable books there.

Peran’s lips curled up a bit as he continued.

“Of course, you have to take a test.”

“Test?”

“It’s not a big deal. It’s really nothing. Especially for you.”

“It’s a shame that I can’t see the faces of the wizards when they see your results.”

“...?”

Frey was curious but he didn’t ask because he knew that Peran wouldn’t tell him even if he did.

“If you use the name of the Jun Family, you will be treated well.”

“I don’t need to.”

“I thought you’d say that.”

The two of them bumped their wine glasses.

It was at that moment that Peran flinched before looking at Sonia.

“Ah. Such rudeness. We didn’t pay any attention to Ms. Sonia. I’m sorry.”

“...no. It’s...fine”

Sonia, who had been listening to their conversation could only give a bitter smile and feel very envious of the relationship between men.

After that the three of them had a good time together and shared personal stories and the banquet ended without any more problems.

* * *

The next morning, Daphgon came again.

“The master would like to speak with you.”

“Now?”

“He is waiting in the rooftop garden and he said to find him when you are free...”

Those were his words, but it was impolite to make the master of the house wait.

Since he had nothing else to do, he headed to the roof of the mansion right away.

Shepard was sitting on the terrace sipping tea.

“Where are you going to go now?”

“Did you not hear it already from Peran?”

“It’s not polite to ask him about you.”

Frey told him honestly since he didn’t have anything to hide.

“I’m going to enter a magic tower.”

“A magic tower? Hmm. At your level it wouldn’t be hard to get in.”

Shepard made a rough guess about Frey’s current power. He probably guessed him to be at the 5 star level.

“I heard that there were many books there that I couldn’t find outside. I’m also curious about the training centers.”

“Hmm...then I’ll recommend the 3rd Magic Tower. It’s power isn’t as good as the other towers but it is the best out of all the towers when it comes to books.”

“The 3rd Magic Tower.”

There was a big difference in the wizards from each magic tower.

The 3rd Magic Tower was the place which held the most alchemists from what Frey could remember.

This also meant that it had a calmer atmosphere when compared to places like the 1st Magic Tower which had the most battlemages, the 2nd Magic Tower which was devoted to the development of new spells or the 4th Magic Tower which was considered the holy land for wizards.

There was no other tower than he could spend his time quietly.

“I’ll do as you say. Thank you for your advice.”

“I’m glad to help. And now for my business.”

His expression became serious.

“Do you know why I don’t suspect you as one of the Demigod’s subordinates?”

“Isn’t it because I can use the Typhoon Earrings?”

Only

“That is one reason. I still had some doubts... but I was assured yesterday that they were irrelevant.”

“...?”

Someone proved his identity?

Who the hell?

Shepard revealed the name of the person.

“It was Heinz Blake. The second son of the Blake Family.”

He observed Frey’s reaction before adding.

“By the way, he is a member of the Strow Necklaces, like me.”

Season 1 Chapter 38: Friend (7)

Heinz Blake.

At least in ‘Frey’s memory, he was no different from Isaka, Mischael or his mother Eini.

Of course, he couldn't be sure.

Frey could be called a late child. Mischael was twelve years older and Heinz was ten years older so there was a possibility that something happened during his childhood that Frey couldn't remember.

Shepard let out a bitter laugh, perhaps realising that Frey's expression had become a tad more distant.

"I know how your family treated you. I have no intentions of defending Heinz in that matter. But I do want to tell you that he is different from Earl Isaka and Mischael. It may sound like nonsense to you, but there is a story."

"What story?"

"It is not something that I should tell you about. But I trust you because he guaranteed your identity. Just keep that in mind for now."

It was unexpected information.

The fact that Heinz Blake belonged to a circle and that he had guaranteed his identity.

Shepard continued with a serious expression.

“In the future you will probably become entangled with the circles in some way or form. But I don’t think you intend to do that right now. Right?”

“That’s right.”

Shepard’s words were true.

Frey thought about coming into contact with the circles after reaching the 7 star level in the magic tower.

He had heard that they were a group against the Demigods but he could not be sure until he saw it with his own eyes.

He had to find out how much power they had at their disposal. In truth, he was looking forward to it.

He wondered if there were any great talents among them.

For example a wizard with potential to reach 9 stars, or a knight who could rival Lucid or a magic warrior who could surpass Kasajin.

“How much does Peran know about the circle?”

“He knows a little more than you do.”

Shepard's eyes narrowed slightly. There seemed to be a slight hint of disapproval in his eyes but when Frey looked at him in askance, he simply waved his hand and continued.

"Well. He...it seems that he is trying to get into the Traumen Rings. It is a circle that is falling apart but it doesn't seem like he will change his mind."

"Is there any specific reason?"

"I'm not too sure about that. I know that he idolizes Lucas a lot but..."

"..."

"Anyway that was all I had to say, I apologize for calling you here so early in the morning."

"It's fine."

Frey felt that it was time to leave the Jun Family home.

Instead of returning to his room, he requested Daphgon to call Peran.

After a while, they met each other on the bench in the garden.

“If you are absent without reason for more than a week, you will be automatically expelled from the school. Are you okay with that?”

“Yeah.”

That place no longer held any importance for Frey.

He looked at Peran and brought up the reason that he’d asked to meet.

“I’m leaving the family tomorrow.”

“Are you determined to go to the tower?”

“Right. The Duke said that the 3rd Magic Tower is fine so I’m going to go there.”

“The 3rd Magic Tower. It is a good place.”

Peran hesitated for a moment.

“Did you learn about the Demigods in the mountains?”

Frey had no choice but to go along with this convenient excuse.

“That’s right.”

“My father didn’t ask you to join the Strow Necklaces?”

“He didn’t,”

“Yeah? I was sure he’d want a talented guy like you.”

Maybe it was because he knew that Frey wouldn’t accept the invitation.

Shepard seemed to be a quick witted man.

“I’m glad. I wanted you to join the Traumen Rings. Ah, it’s just a wish, I wouldn’t force you.”

“I heard that it’s not a good place right now.”

The circle had inherited his name, but Frey didn’t feel any attachments to it.

“That’s right. But we can’t let the Great Mage’s legacy crumble.”

As he said this, Peran clenched his fist which caused Frey to look at him strangely while an awkward smile came on his face.

“Because Lucas is my hero. But I don’t like Lucas because he is a Great Mage.”

“Then?”

“A great teacher.”

Peran’s expression became serious.

“Lucas said that he would never reject a disciple one he had accepted them. Even those who would have become wicked and evil became noble heroes under his hands.”

Legends always tended to get misinterpreted because a lot of the information was bluffed or exaggerated.

Frey didn’t do anything so grandiose. He simply comforted, advised and guided.

That was all.

“Do you want to be like that?”

“Huh. I don’t have a good enough memory to be a teacher.”

Peran’s face looked a bit sad as he said this.

When Frey kept looking at him without saying anything, he laughed bitterly.

“I feel at ease whenever I talk to you. Like the weight on my shoulders was lessened.”

Frey gave him a level of comfort that even his family never did.

He never rushed him. He didn’t try to pry further.

Whenever he released the heavy problems that were bothering him within, Frey only looked at him with his deep gaze. (TL: I think Peran is falling in love...)

There were moments when he needed such things.

“I first felt mana when I was five years old.”

“...!”

Even Frey could not help but be surprised at that fact. He looked at Peran in a new way.

'He really is a genius.'

Even Schweiser and him only felt mana for the first time when they were about seven years of age.

Of course, he could not say that Peran could become an archmage with certainty, but to call him a true genius was no exaggeration.

"And when I was seventeen, I became a 4 star wizard. Though it was revealed externally that it was at the age of twenty...at that time, I had a teacher."

"A teacher?"

"Right. He was the wizard in charge of the 5th Tower. He was a 6 star wizard who had a long white beard growing down his chest."

Frey without for him to continue his story without hurrying him.

"He was a very knowledgeable person. He had a smile as if he was able to answer any question that I could ask. Everytime he answered a question, he would pat my shoulder, and I don't know why, but it made me happy to the point where I even asked some unnecessary questions."

It was an ideal master/student relationship. At least from what he had heard.

But Frey was able to discern from Peran's tone that the story came with some kind of twist.

Peran hesitated for a long time before forcing himself to speak.

"I was the one who ruined the relationship. I was too excited. I didn't consider my teacher's position and went too far asking questions...One day, my teacher couldn't answer my question."

"..."

"He yelled at me in anger. Monster! You are a monster!"

Peran laughed bitterly again.

He sighed and forced himself to brighten his expression.

"You are the first person I've told this to. I didn't even tell my father."

"You've been afraid to progress since then?"

"..."

Peran was silent as the answer was obvious.

“Learning magic is still fun. And I know that my aptitude for magic is high. But...I’m not sure.”

Peran looked distressed. His face was twisted in pain.

“The moment that I truly immerse myself in it, my teacher’s face keeps popping up. Am I really a monster?”

“You overestimate yourself.”

“Huh?”

At Frey’s words, Peran looked up with wide eyes, but Frey kept talking in a calm tone.

“And you’re underestimating magic. Listen, Peran. Even when labeled by the word genius, if a person does not work hard enough, even to the point of vomiting blood, then it is impossible for them to unlock the true meaning of magic, even if they have the most luck in the world.”

“...!”

“Your talent is obviously excellent. That man who was your teacher was afraid of it and maybe he was even jealous. He knew that sooner or later you would surpass him.”

Such creatures could not be called teachers. Frey looked at Peran with a calm gaze.

He knew how to deal with this type of personality.

“What are you going to do now?”

“Huh? I...first of all I will return to the Westroad Academy.”

Peran responded while wondering about the sudden change in topic.

Westroad Academy’s education was essential for him to carry on the family that he would inherit one day.

“Then?”

“I was thinking of entering a circle.”

“Then it looks like it would be a very long time before we meet again. I assure you, by then I will be several times stronger than I am now.”

“...”

“Don’t you understand yet? What I want to say.”

Frey kept looking at Peran.

“I want to continue an equal relationship with you.”

“...!”

“Of course, such a relationship is not necessarily determined by your strength. I also don’t make friends for things like that. What I’m truly worried about is your level of thinking. If the gap widens much more than it is now I believe that you yourself would not be convinced.”

Peran was speechless.

He was right.

Peran was unexpectedly a very proud person. He knew that Frey was stronger than him now but he did not think that it was at a level that was completely different than his own.

But what if it kept going on like this?

What if the next time they met, Frey was much stronger than his current self while he had made no progress at all?

He would not be able to accept that and would end up suffering from self-loathing.

Peran hesitated.

“...can I really face it? I.”

“I assure you, the world is very large. There are many other geniuses. If you enter a proper magic tower and pretend to be a genius then you can continue living as you are now. But if you want to face the Demigods and the other transcendent beings then the current you is not good enough.”

“...”

Peran’s eyes shook violently.

Then he closed them and muttered softly.

“...you’re right.”

Only

That was the end.

There was no conversation afterwards.

How Peran took his words, what he was thinking and what conclusions he had made. Frey didn't ask him any of that.

Looking at a flowing stream of water, he didn't know why but he felt like it wouldn't be much longer before he met Peran again.

And the next day.

Frey left for the 3rd Magic Tower.

Season 1 Chapter 39: The 3rd Magic Tower (1)

Shepard had told him that there was a circle hideout nearby and before Frey had left to go to the magic tower, he had offered to him there once.

But Frey refused.

Although he was still curious about the tower, he had decided to make it his priority to restore the state of his body and enter the 7 star stage completely.

'Because I don't want what happened with Torkunta to happen again.'

Pride and carelessness had caused him to encounter a crisis. One such experience was enough for him.

"Good luck on your test."

As he said that, Shepard gave him a square card.

On it, there were many elongated circles overlapping over to form a strange ring.

“In half a year, the circle will be recruiting people. You’ll have to go through some tests, but you will be able to get through them with ease.”

“Is it like an entrance exam?”

“It’s the same concept. As long as you have that card, you will be able to participate in the test.”

It was in half a year so there was plenty of time to spare.

“Of course, it’s fine if you don’t want to participate. I’m not forcing you.”

Then he looked at the card that he’d placed in Frey’s hand before saying.

“There’s also a card with my name on it. There are many benefits to having it but...”

He looked back at Frey and gave a big smile.

“You don’t need it right?”

“Yes. This is enough.”

“Hoohoo. I knew it. So will you be staying in the tower for half a year?”

“Unless something special happens.”

“If you want to take part in the exam look for a man by the name of Lucas or Mikael. They’re not Strow Necklaces, but they are also in the circle so they would be able to help.”

Frey bowed his head.

“Thank you for your concern.”

“No problem.”

Before leaving the mansion, Frey went to visit Sonia last.

It seemed that she would be leaving the mansion soon as well. Although the engagement was not successful, it did not seem to cause any serious problems between the two parties.

Frey finally asked her a question that he had from long ago.

“Sonia, I’m curious about the swordsmanship you were using.”

“You mean Dreadment?”

“Right. Is it a swordsmanship passed down by the Luanoble Kingdom?”

“No. It’s my family’s arcane swordsmanship.”

So it wasn’t from the kingdom but was instead a family technique.

Then was Lucid the ancestor of the Aquarid family?

Frey wanted to ask more, but family secrets was a sensitive topic so he did not dig any further.

‘It could’ve been his student.’

Unlike himself, Schweiser and Iris, Lucid had many disciples.

One of them might have been from the Aquarid family.

‘Maybe Sonia is also connected to the circle.’

One of the three large circles that Shepard had mentioned was called Lucid's Sword.

But he couldn't jump to conclusions.

Frey then said goodbye to the regretful Sonia.

There was nothing left for him to do in the Jun Family.

Frey left the mansion.

The 3rd Magic Tower was located in a city south of Kausymphony called 'Uthiano'.

As a city with a magic tower, Uthiano had its own warp stone which allowed Frey to arrive there the same day.

* * *

Mischael Blake, the eldest son of the Blake family, looked at Patrick with a frown.

"So...Frey is Peran Jun's friend?"

“Right. It turned the banquet hall upside down. They seemed to be pretty close.”

“...”

“...I thought Floor Master needed to know this, so I came to tell you. Then I will take my leave.”

“Hmm. Thank you.”

Patrick bowed and left the room. (TL: snitch)

Mischael who was left alone in the room, frowned.

“Frey...friends with Peran Jun.”

Frey Blake.

There never was and never will be someone with such horrible talent in the Blake Family.

He was the shame of the family with no sensitivity to mana, a timid and docile personality, no stubbornness, no passion and no ambition.

‘That guy could become Peran’s friend?’

Mischael had met Peran before.

Even though they were both great nobles he couldn't help but feel a bit of respect.

No matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't imagine that person hanging out with the timid Frey.

"What do you think, Heinz?"

"..."

Heinz Blake, who had been leaning against the window listening to the conversation, responded as if he had no interest in Mischael's words.

"...They both go to Westroad Academy. There's nothing strange for them to have a relationship if he got lucky."

"Hmm. That loser has done quite well."

It seemed that there was a good result from a guy he would have never expected it from.

Mischael thought for a moment before getting up from his seat.

'I should tell father.' (TL: another snitch)

Maybe there was something they could use from this.

Mischael slowly walked out of the room.

Heinz stared at his back with an indifferent expression.

* * *

Frey arrived in Uthiano and began looking around.

It seemed to be a moderately bustling city, but because he had been staying in the capital for a while, it did not leave that big of an impression.

But there was something that Kausymphony didn't have.

He looked up at the big tower that was in the center of the city which could probably be seen from any direction within the city.

It was very tall and wide.

Frey immediately headed toward the tower. Up close, he felt that it was even grander than he had thought.

Frey was absorbed by emotion.

“Was it when I was 20?”

The first place that he had become seriously immersed in magic was in a magic tower.

There, he had met Schweiser, and Iris too.

The tower at that time was shabby compared to this one, but it was still fun.

It was good to have friends to learn magic together with. He had been so absorbed that he didn't even want to waste his time sleeping.

The three of them gave each other positive stimulus. Competition had been an excellent facilitator, allowing them to become the best wizards.

A smile stretched across Frey's lips.

In a way, the days he'd spent in the magic tower were some of the best days of his life.

A time when he could happily wait for tomorrow without having any worries or burdens.

As he looked up at the tower and became filled with nostalgia, he noticed a group of people passing by him.

They were all wearing brown robes, but their robust physiques made it seem like they weren't wizards.

They weren't even human.

They had eye catching dark skin, contrasting silver hair and pointed ears.

'Elves?'

Only

They were also Dark Elves which were said to be incredibly rare.

A group of Dark Elves were in a human city?

This was a sight that was unthinkable 4,000 years ago.

'Looks like the walls between racial groups have been torn down.'

When he was in the academy he had read something about it in a book. In particular, he learned that the relationship between the Elves and the Dwarves was so good that they continuously traveled between each other's land.

'And it seems like the Elves have been able to accomplish unity and harmony.'

It seemed like the destination of the elves was also the magic tower.

So Frey naturally followed after them.

Season 1 Chapter 40: The 3rd Magic Tower (2)

Nik, one of the receptionist wizards at the 3rd Magic Tower, stood at the front desk with a nervous expression.

Unable to contain his anxiety, he shifted his feet and let out a few coughs for no reason.

He had no choice but to be nervous because a group of guests were going to visit the tower today.

Reynolds Great Forest!

Guests that hailed from the lands of the Elves. Those who came from the Great Forest were of course Elves.

And the Dark Elves were known to have the smallest population.

A long time ago, the Elves and the Kastkau Empire signed a mutual non-aggression agreement which later became an alliance.

Of course, there were some people who criticized this alliance. After all, it was not easy to tear down the racial wall.

Nevertheless, over time these stereotypes and prejudices began to fade away.

At least the humans living in the empire no longer considered elves to be strange or hostile. Nevertheless, there was still a sense of awe.

Their life spans, physical capabilities, breathtaking beauty and natural talent with spirits completely overwhelmed humans.

And recently, the Elves had grown interested in human magic. That was why they would sometimes send their people to human countries like this.

The group of elves would stay at their 3rd Magic Tower.

By order of the Imperial Family, they were to ensure that the Elves lacked nothing during their stay as they were here to learn magic.

“Ah!”

At that time he spotted a group of people wearing maroon robes in the distance.

Nik was able to realise right away that they were elves.

Firstly their average height was much taller than that of humans.

The men easily passed 2 meters and the women were only a head or so shorter than them.

“Are you the group from Reynolds Great Forest?”

“...”

The Dark Elf at the front stared at Nik with cold eyes, causing him to sweat slightly.

His eyes were ferocious. Hidden by his robes were muscles that were lithe and firm.

He appeared to be nothing like a man from a race of gentle forest lovers but instead seemed to be a warrior who had seen many bloody battlefields.

‘I-, Is it true that Dark Elves are an arrogant and aggressive race?’

The gaze seemed to give his brain the same flight response that he would get when he encountered a monster.

At that time, a male elf, who appeared to be shorter than the others, stepped forward.

“That’s right.”

His tone was a bit awkward and rough, which proved that he was not used to using the human language.

“We-, welcome to the 3rd Magic Tower. May I see your identification?”

The man took out a ruby from his breast pocket. After he received the ruby, Nik also took one from his breast pocket.

It was almost identical to the one that he’d received from the elves.

When the two gems faced each other, a small resonance occurred.

Woowoong.

Nik observed the lights coming from the gems for a moment before returning it to the elf.

“It has been confirmed. How many people are in your group?”

“11 people.”

Nik counted the elves one by one before nodding.

“It has been confirmed. I will now show you to the rooms that you will be staying in in the tower.”

Then the small elf at the front spoke once again.

“I heard that you have to do some tests before you can enter the Magic Tower.”

He didn't know where he had heard it, but Nik still nodded because it was true.

“In principle yes, but our Dark Elf guests do not need to do it.”

“I would like to try.”

“Yes?”

“I said I would like to try. Can I do it?”

“Uh...”

Nik rolled his eyes, not knowing what he should do in this type of situation.

At the same time he felt a little resentful to the short elf.

Why couldn't he just stay still?

Of course, the ferocious eyes and aura around the Dark Elves made it so that he did not say these words out loud.

"Okay. Then I will carry out a simple and concise test."

"Liamson, why are you creating more trouble?"

A cold faced elf woman shot him a glance as she asked.

The short elf, Liamson, only responded with a smile.

"Aren't you curious? How accurate the human tests are and what our current stages are."

"Our state is about 5 stars. That's what the wizard from the empire told us last time."

“...!”

Nik was inwardly surprised by the conversation between the elves.

Were all of these elves 5 stars?

Even in the tower there were not many 5 star wizards.

‘Then there’s only one test.’

He thought that he would just do something simple because they wanted it but now he realised that there wasn’t much that he could test them on.

With his innermost thoughts hidden, Nik guided the elves to the training ground on the first floor.

It was the sturdiest and most spacious room in the tower.

“The test is simple. Make an energy ball.”

“...1 star spell energy ball? Is that a test? It’s too lame.”

Liamson looked disappointed, but Nik shook his head slowly.

“If you were only making energy balls yes. This test is not just about the spell....I’ll give an example. Energy Ball.”

Woowoong.

An energy ball appeared about Nik’s right hand. It was about the size of a human head which was the normal size.

Nik narrowed his eyes.

Tsutsu. (TL: I did the best I could *bows*)

The energy ball began to get smaller and smaller.

A drop of sweat rolled down Nik’s face.

By then the energy ball had been compressed to the size of an adult male’s fist.

“...Whoo! You have to compress the energy ball to at least this size before you would get accepted into the tower.”

Nik raised his chin proudly, but Liamson let out a laugh.

“So it’s compressing the Energy Ball. The size decreases, but the power increases. It is not that difficult.”

“T-, this is the historical test of the Magic Tower, it not only tests one’s understanding of mana, but also their sense of distribution and their ability to make adjustments.”

Liamson ignored Nik’s words and instead made an energy ball.

His mouth didn’t even move which caused Nik to be surprised at the wordless casting which he did easily.

Tsutsu.

And he was even more surprised when he saw what happened to the energy ball.

“Huk...!”

The energy ball that Liamson had made had been compressed down to the size of a human’s eyeball!

Nik knew that there were probably no more than 10 people on this floor who could compress the energy ball so much.

‘Th-, there were rumors that Elves had a terrifying understanding of mana, it seems that they were true...’

The other elves also tried the test.

A feeling of emptiness seemed to flash within Nik as he witnessed this scene.

It was not only Liamson, but all the elves who were able to perfectly pass what he considered a challenging test.

“The human wizard’s test doesn’t seem to be much.”

The tall elf spoke indifferent. There was no ridicule or amusement in his voice.

His voice was calm as though he was only stating a simple truth.

Still, his gaze was locked onto Nik.

Nik bit his lower lip but he couldn’t say anything.

‘I can’t believe that they came the day that I had to work.’

He could tell just from looking at those eyes. The elves now looking down on him, no.

They were looking down on all humans.

He really wanted to tell them no. That he was the only one who was inferior and that they should not look down on humans.

However he couldn't open his mouth.

Nik had never been so upset and helpless because of his timidity.

It was then.

“Is that the test?”

The pronunciation was fluid so it wasn't an elf.

Nik raised his head and at the same time the elves turned to see who was talking.

Standing there was a man with white hair.

“You are?”

Frey spoke calmly.

“I would like to join the tower.”

* * *

“P-, please wait a moment. After I’m finished guiding them...”

“We are fine. We’ll wait.”

“Yes?”

“Did you not understand? We’ll wait here. Until that man is tested.”

Liamson said it one more time, slowly and carefully as though he thought his words were not clear enough.

Of course, it wasn’t that Nik didn’t understand what he was saying. It was that the statement was so unexpected that he had asked before he himself had realised.

“V-, very well.”

They said that they would wait so there was nothing more that he could say.

Nik turned to look at the white haired man in front of him more carefully.

'He's young.'

He was 20 years old at best.

His appearance was a bit strange for his age but for some reason it seemed to suit him.

"If you reduce your energy ball to the size of my fist, then you'll pass."

Frey knew what the test was because he had been following the elves since the beginning.

'It's a simple and efficient test.'

If a person with a good eye did the screening then they would be able to have a rough idea about the examinee's capabilities.

Frey looked at the elves with an interested gaze.

Elves learning magic, that was quite unusual.

At least 4,000 years ago that was not something that he would have even been able to imagine.

Magic was exclusive to humans and the ancient, proud and noble elves had intentions of learning human skills.

And now even Dark Elves who preferred to fight with their bodies had decided to learn magic.

Frey shook his head slightly then muttered.

“Energy Ball.”

Woowoong.

An energy ball appeared in front of him.

Frey immediately compressed it down to the size of a fist.

“It is stable. You’ve passed.”

The energy ball disappeared faster than it appeared.

Nik was disappointed.

This was because he'd inwardly hoped that Frey was an excellent wizard.

'If so it wouldn't squashed those elves' egos.'

It was only his delusion.

He remembered from their previous conversation. All of the elves were around the 5 star level.

The young man in front of him wasn't their match.

If he was truly talented then he would've gone to the 1st or 2nd Magic Towers instead of coming here.

"You will need to fill out the paperwork. Please wait at the front desk. I need to guide these..."

"Hey."

It was Liamson's voice.

Nik shuddered subconsciously because the voice was very sharp.

"Ye-, yes?"

“Not you, you.”

He was pointing at Frey.

Only then did Frey turn to look at Liamson.

“Don’t you have the ability to compress it even more?”

Frey raised an eyebrow.

“Why do you think that?”

“Just a feeling.”

The idiotic answer actually made him smile. It was actually the first time that he’d encountered a Dark Elf.

4,000 years ago, the ones that he dealt with were usually High Elves. These guys were more like warriors than people of the forest.

“Compressing an energy ball to the size of a fist is the condition to pass.”

“Show me more. I want to see just how far you can compress the energy ball.”

“Don’t bother me. I have to go do my paperwork, so get out of the way.”

Frey frowned as he looked at Liamson sharply.

Liamson observed him for a moment before stepping aside.

Nik could only look at their conversation without being able to do anything about it.

Frey’s words seemed to have awakened his nerves although it seemed that he hadn’t realised that all his hairs were standing up.

“I-, I’ll guide them to their rooms before returning. Please wait at the front desk.”

Frey nodded and Nik began leading the Dark Elves up the stairs.

“Hey, human.”

Liamson called out again.

Frey responded without even turning his head.

“It’s Frey.”

“Frey, are you staying in this tower too?”

“That’s right.”

“...”

Only

Liamson threw another weird glance at him before heading upstairs, leaving Frey alone in the training ground.

He made another energy ball.

“...smaller.”

Shuk.

The size of the energy ball gradually reduced. The size of a head, the size of a fist, the size of an eye.

The energy ball continued to shrink until it was almost invisible to the human eye.

“It is pretty efficient.”

Frey’s voice rang out in the quiet hall.