

Great Mage 41

Season 1 Chapter 41: The 3rd Magic Tower (3)

“Ah! You are a child of the Blake Family. And you’ve been a student of the Westroad Academy for two years.”

“I dropped out of school.”

“Dropped out? Westroad Academy is a very prestigious institution, famous for its systematic curriculum.”

Usually, only wizards above the age of 30 who could handle themselves would enter towers because of the slightly neglectful manner in which they were treated.

Nik wondered why he had come to the magic tower, but he had no courage to pry further than necessary.

“Hmm...I see. How long do you intend to stay at the tower?”

“I think it will be about half a year.”

Half a year.

It was a time that was neither too long nor too short.

“It will cost 1 gold coin for 6 months. Meals are served twice, in the mornings and evenings and facilities like the library or training centre are free except for special places.”

“That’s very cheap.”

It was already pretty normal for it to cost as much as 1 gold coin to stay in an inn for a month.

Didn’t that mean that staying at the tower only cost around 20 silver coins a month, including the cost of using the library and training centre?

“That’s because this is a place of learning. We are willing to accept anyone as long as they meet the minimum requirement for talent and dedication.”

“This is a great place.”

“Haha. Thank you. And this...is the pass to enter the magic tower.”

Nik handed a ring to Frey.

It was a simple silver ring that had numbers inscribed on the band. (TL: proposal?)

“You don’t need to wear it all the time, but it costs 1 silver coin to get another one in the event that it is lost.”

“I understand.”

Frey put the ring on his finger.

“The number engraved on the ring is also the number for the room you will be staying in.”

“It has 6-13 inscribed on it.”

“That means the 13th room on the 6th floor. You should be able to use it right away. Just put the ring in the groove on the door and it will open. It is the same process to lock it.”

Frey thanked Nik before immediately heading to his room.

It was a small room, but it had everything that he would need.

A single bed, a desk, a chair and a table to eat on.

Frey felt that they had used this narrow space to the max. Above all, he liked the fact that it had windows.

They were at just the right height so that the view outside was really clear, and it was quite the sight.

Frey unpacked before roughly hanging his robe over the chair. Then he sat on the bed and began to contemplate his future plans.

‘The first objective is to completely digest the Frozen River. To do that, I’ll need to make Torkunta’s heart into an elixir.’

Frey took a glass bottle from his bag.

Inside this bottle was the compressed heart of the Drake King Torkunta, which was shining a bright red similar to magma.

‘It would work if I took it just like this but...’

Frey wanted to get the maximum effect.

Torkunta’s heart would certainly be of great help to him if he was able to digest it perfectly as well.

‘When it comes to fire and water magic, I would have power similar to that of transcendents.’

And that would be a great help to him in his fight against the Demigods.

To make the best elixir he could, he would need the best ingredients, the best recipe and the best manufacturer.

Frey was no stranger to making elixirs.

Rather, he had quite a high level of knowledge, but he still didn’t think that it was enough.

“I have to go through the books in the library.”

The 3rd Magic Tower’s library!

This was the most decisive reason that he had come to this place.

Frey immediately left his room in search of the library.

...

As Shepard had told him, the library in the 3rd Magic tower was exceptionally large.

He had been told that there were millions of books stored in this place. (TL:...is he describing heaven?)

In addition, they were well sorted by category, so it wasn't hard to find the books that you wanted.

After looking around the library for a bit, Frey returned to his room and thought about how to spend his days.

In the morning, he focused on digesting the power of Frozen River. Meditation was also one of the most important forms of training for wizards.

Frey realised that the magic tower had been built on a mana vein[1].

That wasn't all.

Every single brick in the tower was engraved by a First-class craftsman so that one's concentration would be noticeably increased just by being in the tower.

The assigned rooms were completely soundproof and the curtains were capable of blocking all light which made them ideal places to concentrate.

In the afternoon, he exercised his body.

After eating lunch, it was easy to get tired due to satiety and so it was the most likely time when one would be unable to focus.

So for those like Frey who valued efficiency, the afternoon was the best time to exercise.

His body that had been damaged by his tussling in the Ispania Mountains would be returned to its original state, no, he would make it much better than it was before.

A healthy mind resides in a healthy body. (TL:...*looks down at belly*...no wonder...)

Frey knew that that widely used phrase was in fact true.

A normal lifestyle, balanced diet and steady exercise.

As long as these three things were combined properly, his physical condition would improve rapidly.

The tower also had a training centre where the magic warriors trained their bodies and practiced martial arts.

He then locked himself in the library during the evenings as it was open 24 hours a day.

Thanks to this, Frey would be able to concentrate on reading until his body cried out for sleep.

Frey realized that he quite liked his life in the magic tower.

His current autonomous behaviour suited his taste much more than his days in the academy where he was suppressed by the schedule.

And like that.

Time passed.

“I, I lost.”

“Hmph...”

Liamson snorted and retracted his fist.

The man in front of him, Nikita, lowered his head with a sad expression on his face. (TL: no not Nik, different person.)

‘He’s a monster.’

Nikita was a Magic Warrior and he had pride in his skills that weren’t too bad.

Although it was not possible for him to enter the 4th Magic Tower which was considered the Holy Land for magic warriors, he still considered himself as one of the top 5 within the 3rd Magic Tower.

Then he heard that Dark Elves were staying in the tower.

Dark Elves had a reputation for being mighty jungle warriors rather than a gentle forest loving species, but Magic Warriors had always had a feeling of superiority towards them.

Then one of the Dark Elves approached him.

“Let’s fight.”

“...!”

He spoke in a very crude tone.

However his words had awakened the superior feeling within Nikita.

Therefore, Nikita accepted the challenge.

But he lost.

Horribly.

‘I couldn’t even touch...’

It couldn’t even be considered a fight.

As soon as it began, he felt a sharp pain in his abdomen. Then, before he was even given a chance to react, his body was sent to the floor.

Nikita didn’t even feel any resentment or disgrace from the loss. Because they were on completely different levels.

He looked at him with a respectful gaze, but Liamson was already looking somewhere else as though he was no longer interested in him.

And his eyes seemed to be filled with curiosity.

Naturally, Nikita also turned to look at what he was looking at.

'That guy...'

Wasn't that the nerd who came to the training centre every now and then but hung around the library most of the time?

He remembered him clearly because of his hair which was like a mixture of grey and white.

'Why is he looking at him?'

Even Nikita didn't pay any attention to him.

At first he had observed him because of his strange behavior that he had never seen before but his actions seemed to have no real purpose.

As Liamson approached the man, Nikita recalled his name.

'Was it...Frey?'

"Are you a magic warrior?"

Frey stopped moving and looked at Liamson.

He was wearing a thin coat that was very different from his clothes a month ago. It showcased his body that was filled with muscles.

Even his cheeks didn't seem to be as skinny as they were before.

"No. I'm a wizard."

"A wizard that walks in such a way..."

Liamson, who was pondering for a moment, soon smiled.

"Human."

"It's Frey."

It was a repeat of their conversation a month ago.

Liamson nodded.

"Right, Frey. Fight with me."

"What?"

"No. It's not fight..."

Liamson seemed a bit frustrated because he could not find the right words.

Then he heard a voice from his left.

"Spar."

"Ah. Right. That."

It was the only woman among the elves' party.

She approached with an expressionless face before looking at Frey.

“Call me Camille.”

“Frey.”

“You can ignore that idiot’s request.”

Her words made Liamson a bit angry.

“I’m not an idiot. Teacher didn’t you see how this man moved? He has to be a warrior.”

It was in the Elf language.

Of course, when they spoke to each other they would use the language that they were all more comfortable with.

Besides this woman was his teacher.

There was nothing more difficult than trying to determine the age of an elf. Both Camille and Liamson appeared to be in their 20s.

Camille’s eyes turned cold.

“You still haven’t fixed your habit of sticking to warriors yet.”

“B-, but...”

“You should properly ask the other person’s opinion first. There are times when warriors are restrained by their own beliefs.”

“...”

Liamson bowed his head at those words.

Then Frey spoke.

Only

“I don’t care. If it’s just a battle.”

The two elves turned to look at him in surprise. They did not think that anyone there would be able to understand their conversation.

Even Camille who had remained expressionless so far, could not hide her surprised expression.

“...you, you know how to speak Elvish?”

Frey nodded.

“A little.”

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“You are a strange human. You use magic, move like a magic warrior and you even know how to speak Elvish.”

“From my perspective, Elves learning to use magic is also quite strange.”

“Mm? That’s exactly what an old person would say.”

After all, it was a very conservative statement.

She couldn’t imagine those words coming out of the mouth of a human who was less than 100 years old.

Frey was silent because there was nothing he could say.

He felt Camille giving him a curious gaze.

“Liamson will become the next leader of our tribe. If it’s fine with you, why don’t you fight him?”

“A good spar.”

Just as Liamson constantly observed Frey, Frey had also watched a few of Liamson’s battles so he knew that his skills were substantial.

There were five main stages for Magic Warriors.

Apprentice, Third-class, Second-class, First-class.

And finally, Warrior King.

Liamson was at least a Second-class Magic Warrior from what Frey had seen.

This kind of fight against a strong warrior was a good way to increase experience.

Also, after doing nothing but training for a month, Frey felt a bit sick of it.

“Let’s get on with it.”

They then stepped to the center of the room and faced each other.

All of the people who had been in the training centre stopped moving and instead turned to watch their fight.

It was Liamson who made the first move.

Swish.

At that moment his figure seemed to become a blur.

The first thing that Frey noticed was his unique gait. It reminded him of fireflies swaying in the dark.

Smack.

He felt a heavy feeling on his wrist.

Frey's right hand had reached behind him and accurately blocked Liamson's attack.

A look of surprise flashed past Liamson's face.

'This easy?'

It had been a month since he had entered the magic tower.

In that time, he had fought many magic warriors but he felt that they were all trash.

To put it bluntly, they couldn't even withstand his first attack.

But Frey had managed to do it.

What was more important was how easy the action seemed to be for him.

Frey gave him the same feeling he felt whenever he fought his teacher.

“How did you know?”

“Because this is a bright and open location. It would have been many times more difficult if we were fighting in the dark.”

“...”

That was true.

Shadow Attack was an incredibly terrifying skill when used in the dark.

Liamson narrowed his eyes and looked down at his hand.

For a moment he recalled the wrist which felt a bit weak.

“Kuku...good. This will be fun.”

Liamson let out a laugh and rushed forward again, only this time, Frey also made his move.

His eyes were fixed to Liamson's feet.

'The key is in his foot movements.'

As long as he did not miss his foot movements then he would be able to roughly guess what kind of move Liamson would make next.

Pahpahpah.

The fight went back and forth.

As they continue, Frey felt that Liamson was not used to fighting barehanded.

It seemed that his main focus wasn't his fists, but some kind of weapon.

Thanks to this, Frey was able to block all of his attacks while landing counterattacks.

Liamson was visibly puzzled.

'This is hard.'

Dark Elves' movements usually didn't leave any sound. Even another Dark Elf would not be able to hear Liamson's footsteps.

That was why the most effective means of reading their movements was to use your eyes.

Liamson had realised something.

The eyes of the man in front of him were sharp enough to transcend common sense.

'Does he have experience fighting against Dark Elves?'

Liamson moved faster, hiding his innermost thoughts.

He could see it after fighting him for real.

This man was not a Magic Warrior.

There was no way that a magic warrior would have such a weak body.

He was certain that he only needed a chance to land one hit to secure his victory.

But it seemed like that one chance was incredibly rare.

'This guy has a lot of fighting experience. But from what I can tell, this human should only be about 20 years old.'

Liamson was 74 years old.

It had been 30 years since he had become a warrior and in that time he had fought tens of thousands of times.

He was confident that his experience was second to no one and never in his life had he met someone like this human who was able to read all of his moves.

He felt restless.

This was turning out to be more fun than he had initially expected.

A smile appeared on Liamson's face.

* * *

"...this doesn't make sense."

"..."

Nikita and the other people who were training in the hall couldn't help but open their mouths as they witnessed the fight unfolding before them.

Even if the levels were different, they were too different.

They realised that this was how a real battle between the strong looked and that they were simply frogs in the well all along.

'How on earth can you react to such movements?'

They were not the only ones surprised.

The Dark Elves were quite shocked as well.

No, their surprise was even more than that of the humans.

"This is impossible."

"He can hold out like that against Liamson, who is being groomed to become the next tribe leader."

"Other than the teacher, we couldn't hold out for a few..."

“Is he really human?”

Among the Dark Elves, Liamson’s skills were particularly prominent.

Except for Camille, the current chief’s sister and the training instructor, no one could last more than a minute against Liamson.

This was why they could not believe it when the human, who had been doing strange movements in the corner of the training centre from time to time, continued to fight equally against him.

Camille narrowed her eyes.

‘His physical ability is poor.’

She was certain.

This man, Frey’s body, did not have the suitable musculature for such a fight.

In the beginning, he had said that he was a wizard and not a magic warrior, and from what she could see, Camille knew that he was telling the truth.

But even when that was true, he was still able to fight on equal footing with Liamson.

'Unbelievably precise mana distribution and experience.'

Even if he could do the former because of natural talent and senses, what about the experience?

The average human lifespan was 100 years and no matter how old he was, he would not have surpassed 30 years.

'Who the hell is he?'

Camille's curious gaze never left Frey.

* * *

Liamson attacked endlessly while Frey blocked or avoided them.

It seemed to be a simple, boring battle but both men were soaked in sweat as though they both had just taken a shower.

'This couldn't be decided by a spar.'

In terms of physical ability, he knew that he had an advantage.

Maybe in another 10 minutes or so, Frey would be too exhausted to continue and he would naturally win. But Liamson didn't want such a victory.

Liamson stopped attacking.

Then Frey naturally stopped moving as well.

For a moment, they did not say anything and simply maintained eye contact.

It was Liamson who broke the silence.

"How long will you stay at the tower?"

"About 5 months."

"Will you keep coming to the training centre?"

"Maybe."

"Good."

With those words, Liamson turned and climbed up the stairs.

While the Dark Elves chattered among themselves, Camille approached him.

“You have a tremendous amount of skill. I didn’t know that you were on par with Liamson.”

Camille didn’t look down on humans. It was simply that there were few among them who were capable of fighting toe to toe with Liamson.

Camille was purely expressing her admiration for the man in front of her.

“Can you occasionally spar with him in the future?”

“It doesn’t matter. I was getting tired of my normal exercise anyway.”

“Thank you for taking care of us.”

Frey nodded and turned around.

At that moment, his fluttering earrings caught Camille’s eyes.

“Ah...”

Her mouth opened but then closed just as fast.

Frey returned to his room and sat onto his bed while thinking.

'It was an unexpected harvest to get the chance to fight against Dark Elves.'

Any opportunity to increase his actual combat experience was always welcome, especially because Liamson's fighting prowess was excellent.

If you wanted to claim that you were a warrior then you needed to have at least that level of skill.

This was the level of skill that Frey had hoped to find from the nobles in the Westroad Academy in the past.

Of course, he knew now that his expectations in the academy students were too high.

Other than that, there was some more good news.

Ssss-

Frey closed his eyes and inspected his mana room.

That was when he realised.

The freezing air of the Frozen River had been completely melted.

His hair had started turning gray again about two weeks ago so there had been signs.

Thanks to that, his hair had become a strange mixture of gray and white.

“Then now...”

He had to eat Torkunta’s heart.

Frey took the glass bottle from his pocket before looking at it.

He had read many books in the tower in hopes of finding some way to refine it into an elixir with no luck.

Of course, his desire for knowledge had been satisfied, but it still wasn’t enough.

Frey left his room and headed for the library once again.

When he got there, he went to look for the librarian in charge.

“Are all the books that the 3rd Magic Tower possesses stored in this library?”

“Of course not. The only books that can be found in the library are Rank 3 books.”

“Rank 3?”

“Yes. Books in the magic tower are separated into three levels. Rank 3 can be easily obtained in the market and can be read by the general public without repercussions. Rank 2 can only be read by wizards who have made contributions. And Rank 1 can only be read by those who are approved by the 3rd Magic Tower.”

Then he added.

“Rank 1 books are commonly called Grimoires.”

“What should I do if I want to read a Grimoire?”

“In the tower there is the Tower Master and 10 Floor Masters. To read a Rank 1 Grimoire you must be approved by three Floor Masters or by a Deputy Tower Master or the Tower Master.”

Then he looked at a calendar before he continued talking.

“A test is held every two months. Five Floor Masters are the judges. You just need to get their approval...The next exam is just around the corner. Only three days away.”

He turned to look at Frey’s eyes.

“Would you like to participate?”

Frey nodded.

* * *

Three days passed.

The test was set to be held in the basement of the tower.

This was the first time that Frey learned that the tower had a basement.

Quite a few wizards gathered in the basement. Each of them forming their own small groups of two or three.

In the tower Frey usually stayed by himself without interacting with others.

Nik from the front desk was one of few wizards that he had spoken to, most of them out of necessity.

Of course, the other wizards were of course not that interested in Frey.

But now he knew that they would pay more attention to him.

“Is that him? The guy who fought hand to hand with a Dark Elf?”

“He doesn’t seem like much from first glance...”

“Don’t say anything. He was moving so fast that he did not even seem like a human being.”

“Then why is a magic warrior taking the test?”

It seemed that they had mistaken Frey to be a magic warrior.

But Frey had no reason to clear up the misunderstanding so he simply stood silently in a corner.

Then someone approached him.

He looked up and found that it was Camille and Liamson.

“You guys are here to take the test?”

“There’s a Grimoire that I want to see.”

“What about the guy beside you?”

Camille let out a laugh and poke Liamson in the side.

“I just brought him because I was bored to come alone.”

Then a group of people entered the basement.

Frey glanced over at them.

They were all wearing clean white robes and all seemed to be past their middle ages.

Frey realised that they were the Tower Masters that the librarian had told him about just a few days before.

“There are a lot more here for the test than I expected.”

“It doesn’t matter since the group will be thinned out pretty quickly.”

“Right. There’s no need for me to explain so let’s just start the test right away. First of all we need to set the minimum qualifications. Everyone cast Energy Ball.”

As he said those words, energy balls began appearing here and there.

Frey also created an energy ball.

The eyes of the wizards once again turned to the Floor Masters. One of them spoke in a calm voice.

“Now compress them.”

Someone made a rude noise.

Only

Could it be that these tests were actually so simple?

Maybe it was because it was the first test, so it was quite relaxing. This was the thought that most of the wizards had.

Then one of the Floor Masters took a small bead from his pocket. The bead was smaller than a knuckle.

Those in the group couldn't help but look at the bead with confused expressions. Those who were quick witted looked suspicious instead.

"The minimum requirement is to make it smaller than this bead. All of those who do not succeed, please go back up."

The faces of the wizards hardened collectively.

They shared a thought.

The difficulty of the first test was incredibly high.

Season 1 Chapter 43.1: Adelia (1)

"Ugh..."

Nikita grunted in pain.

His face was red and his eyes were bloodshot.

This proved that his focus was concentrated to the limit. And yet, the energy ball before him was no smaller than a fist.

He turned to look desperately at the Floor Master.

"P-, please wait a little longer!"

“You’ve reached your limit. If you try to make it smaller, you will overexert your concentration. Retrieve your mana.”

“Uh...”

It wasn’t just him.

Most of the wizards who were taking the test also had the same limit as he did.

Those wizards, who were unable to compress their energy balls to the desired size, could only go back upstairs with drooping shoulders.

“Hmm...pass.”

“I, I did it!”

Of course, there were also those who were successful.

Several of these sweaty people cried out in delight while the Floor Masters simply nodded their heads and calmly announced that they passed.

It was understandable that they would be happy.

One of the Floor Masters of the 3rd Magic Tower, Mikel, looked around the room while thinking.

‘This time the level of the test was below average.’

Then Mikel’s gaze landed upon the two Dark Elves.

When he saw the sizes of the energy balls in front of them, a feeling of admiration could not help but appear in his heart.

The energy ball in front of the male elf was excellent, but the energy ball in front of the female elf was the size of a fingernail.

Mikel could not conceal his surprise at her precise control.

“How long have you been learning magic?”

“20 years.”

“Hmm...magnificent. You pass.”

Then he added.

"I don't think she needs to take any more tests. She should be allowed to read a Grimoire. Do you agree?"

"I agree."

"Excellent."

The other Floor Masters nodded in succession.

Camille and Liamson only shrugged and accepted the decision.

After waving at Frey, they headed back upstairs.

"I'm jealous."

"Damn. Those without talent can only live in sorrow."

As the other wizards watched the elves leave with eyes filled with envy, Mikel turned to gaze at the next in line.

It was Frey.

At first glance, there didn't seem to be an energy ball in front of him.

Mikel stopped in front of him without saying anything.

The wizards began whispering among themselves as they saw this.

"What? Did he give up?"

"I think so."

"Then why is he standing there so confidently?"

"Looks like he really is a typical magic warrior."

"There is no way a guy who was strong enough to fight toe to toe with a Dark Elf is a wizard."

It was then.

Mikel approached Frey while saying.

"...I can't believe it."

Mikel wasn't looking at Frey.

What he was looking at, was the empty space in front of him.

No, it wasn't empty.

The curious wizards began narrowing their eyes one by one.

Gradually, looks of shock began to spread across their faces.

"Th-, that..."

"Im-, impossible..."

Only then did the wizards realise.

Floating in front of Frey was an energy ball the size of a speck of dust.

Even Mikel was not confident that he could reduce it that much.

Not only that, regardless of which Floor Master you asked, the answer would be the same.

This was not possible without extremely precise mana control.

“What is your name?”

“Frey.”

“...Frey. I see.”

Mikel pondered for a moment before speaking with clear eyes.

“You don’t need to take any more tests.”

“What do you mean?”

“You passed. And...”

He glanced around for a moment before continuing.

“If it’s okay with you, why don’t we talk for a bit.”

* * *

Frey followed Mikel to the 9th Floor of the dungeon.

He had been staying in the tower for a month, but this was the first time that he had come to this place.

That was because only important officials of the tower were able to enter past the 7th floor.

Mikel stared at Frey for a moment before he finally opened his mouth.

“Where are you from?”

He asked a very ambiguous question.

At the same time, he deliberately looked at the Typhoon earrings dangling from Frey’s ears.

If he didn’t want to continue such a line of questioning, Frey could simply answer that he was from the Blake Family.

However, he didn’t do so.

“Duke Shepard was the one who introduced me to the 3rd Magic Tower.”

“Hmm.”

Mikel frowned when he heard the name Shepard since he knew that he was a member of the circle.

Then he let out a heavy sigh.

“I see. This time Honor Shepard has managed to find an excellent talent.”

It seemed that he had misunderstood something.

“I currently have no intention of joining the Strow Necklaces.”

“Hoh. That means you’re a wanderer. Then...would you like to join us?”

Frey was speechless for a moment as he had not expected him to suddenly throw out such an offer.

“...us?”

“The Phisfounder Armlets.”

Frey shook his head.

“I have no intention of joining any groups right now.”

“That’s unfortunate.”

“I don’t think that’s why you called me here.”

Mikel hesitated for a moment before opening his mouth.

“You seem like a wizard who’s reached at least 5 stars. Am I right?”

“I won’t deny it.”

Even though he could be considered as halfway to 7 stars, it was not wrong to say that he was at least 5 stars.

Frey nodded.

Mikel’s gaze became more intense.

“How much do you know about the Demigods?” (TL: omg...isn’t this supposed to be a secret?)

“A little bit.”

“Then the conversation won’t be too long. Not long ago, traces of the Demigods were found in Uthiano.”

“...!”

Frey’s eyes became cold.

“What trace?”

“To be precise. They were the traces of fanatics who worship them. They are people whose lives and consciousness are controlled by the Demigods. Of course, most of them are small fry so we don’t pay attention to them. But there is a high chance that there was an Apostle among them.”

“...?”

“Ah, you don’t know. They are people who were chosen directly by the Demigods. They call them Apostles. They are able to use the power of Divinity which was originally exclusive to Demigods.”

It was the first time that Frey had heard about them.

At least, they were not around 4,000 years ago.

“Uthiano is the area under the control of Honor Lukes and I.”

“What is an Honor?”

“Hmm. You really know nothing about the circle.”

Mikel shrugged and explained.

“Force Honor. To put it simply, they are executives in the circles. The only positions higher than that are the Circle Master, who could be considered the head and the Circle Rounder, who is second in command.”

He had just heard that Shepard was also a Force Honor.

He was at the 7 stars level, which meant that one had to be at least at the same level to be an executive.

‘Then the Circle Master and Circle Rounder are likely to be stronger than that.’

Frey decided to ask the thing that he had been most curious about after his return.

“What levels are the Circle Masters at?”

“...”

Mikel observed Frey for a moment with a speechless expression on his face.

“...I have nothing to say about that. The level of the Circle Master is not something that I would know.”

In Frey’s eyes, Mikel was not a wizard who would kneel to just anyone.

It was clear that he had reached at least the 6 stars level.

He was curious.

‘...half a year, no. The test is in five months.’

If he went there, then he would have a high chance of meeting the Circle Masters. Those who carried the names of him and his closest friends.

They were the people who probably knew the most about the Demigods in the current era and there was a high probability that they also had the power to confront them.

Therefore they were the people that he had to meet.

Frey did not believe that they used those names purely out of admiration for the heroes of the past.

The heroes from 4,000 years ago were mythical figures to humans. Frey had read about it in many books already.

Schweiser Strow, praised for being wiser than anyone else in the world.

Iris Phisfounder, who completely changed the world's perception of witches.

Kasajin, who was said to have paved the road of magic martial arts.

Lucid, who ascended to the throne of King of Swords.

And Lucas Traumen, the only man in history to be given the title 'Great Mage'.

There was no bait better than those names to attract attention and people.

Of course, he didn't blame them.

To fight the Demigods, they had to use every method that they could think of.

Frey was also in favor of that method. But it should not exceed a certain extent.

This was why Frey intended to see them with his own eyes.

If he met them in person, he would be able to learn the extent of their power as well as their true intentions.

“Why did you tell the news of the Apostle to me who hasn’t even joined the Circle yet?”

“...There is no other Circle member in the magic tower currently. Honor Lukes was called to the hideout for an emergency meeting. Meanwhile, traces of an Apostle have been found.”

After he had said so much, Frey understood his intentions.

“So you are asking for my help?”

“To be honest, yes.”

Mikel continued speaking while clasping his hands in front of him.

“Honor Lukes has given me orders to not leave until he returns but this situation is worse than anticipated. If we leave it alone as it is, a few villages could evaporate without a trace.”

“The reason that you’re asking for help from an outsider like me...is because there are no other circle members in the tower?”

“That’s right.”

Swish.

Mikel lifted his sleeves, revealing a black bracelet that was tightly fastened to his wrist.

Frey realised that it was a relic of Iris.

“The Circle has to move more secretly nowadays. Since the death of the Circle Master of the Traumen Rings by the hands of the Demigods, they have been more active. Originally we wouldn’t have had to talk in secret like this.”

“...”

“It’s true. You may have noticed already, but there is a spell on the walls.”

“It can’t completely stop someone from eavesdropping, but you designed it in such a way that you can tell immediately if someone tries to break it.”

“...! That, that’s right.”

Mikel spoke after a moment of shock.

He hadn't even looked at the wall properly but he was still able to easily grasp the true nature of the spell that he had used.

'Um. He doesn't seem like a twenty year old at all.'

It was like talking to an old wizard.

In addition to the size of the energy ball which had been smaller than a speck of dust and the sheer volume of mana that he had sensed within it...

Mikel had never been jealous of another person's talent, but the young man in front of him became an exception.

But now was not the time for that.

Mikel, who had coughed for a moment, finally revealed his intentions.

"Of course, I don't intend for you to play a major role. I'm taking you as insurance."

"Insurance?"

Mikel's expression became serious.

“...actually, I asked for reinforcement from our allies in the Circle. That was a month ago.”

Only

“If it was a month ago...ah.”

Mikel nodded when he saw the realisation in Frey’s eyes.

“The Dark Elves, they are also a part of the Circle. At the same time, they are the reinforcements from [Blacktooth] that I requested.”

Indeed.

He could now understand why he allowed them to read the Grimoire in the tower so easily.

Perhaps that was the price of their support. Attending the test was simply a formal process.

“They say that they are here as reinforcements, but I don’t completely trust them. I’ve heard a lot of bad rumors about the Dark Elves. That’s why I saw you wearing the Typhoon Earrings.”

Frey fiddled with one of his earrings.

Season 1 Chapter 44: Adelia (2)

The Typhoon Earrings were magic items that Frey had created himself.

But they seemed to be more widely known than he had expected.

Yet no one seemed to recognize Schweiser's Bracelet.

Shepard hadn't noticed it and neither had Mikel who was in front of him right now.

Perhaps no one knew that the staff was usually stored in its bracelet form.

In all honesty, the Typhoon Earrings could not be considered high quality magic items. However the Great Sage's Staff was different.

This was Schweiser's symbol and its utility and power were at a level that all other artifacts could not compare to.

If the presence of the staff was revealed, then there would be a great disturbance in the world, especially in the circle.

In particular, the reaction of the Strow Necklaces who proclaimed to be Schweiser's successors could be easily imagined.

"Originally I would not have reached out to you. But to be properly prepared for the situation this time it would be best to have at least two wizards."

Apostles.

Questions arose about their existence.

Human beings who were selected by the Demigods and given the ability to use their divine power.

Could he think of them as agents?

Frey slowly opened his mouth.

"I can help you, but...when do you intend to take action?"

"I'm not sure. But I believe it will not take more than a week. I think I still need to gather more information."

"..."

One week.

That was enough.

But of course there were conditions.

"I would like to start reading the Grimoire from today."

"Is it urgent?"

"Yes."

"Hmm...what book are you looking for?"

There was no reason to hide, so he answered honestly.

"A book about alchemy."

"Alchemy?"

"There is an elixir that I want to refine."

"Hmm...It would be better to ask for her help in refining it than for the book itself. I think she might be staying at the tower for a while."

"She?"

Mikel nodded.

“Adelia. She is an authority in alchemy and you would be hard pressed to find someone on a similar level. I have not encountered anyone better than her, especially when it comes to creating elixirs.”

“...”

...Adelia?

Frey’s eyes narrowed.

It was not familiar, but he had definitely heard the name somewhere before.

And after hearing Mikel’s next words, he understood where he had heard the name.

“She’s staying at the tower for a while, but she’s a teacher at the Westroad Academy, so I don’t know when she will leave. So if you’re going to ask, you’d better hurry.”

Adelia.

It was a name he’d heard several times in the Westroad Academy.

She was an elite who could stand shoulder to shoulder with Professor Dio Perseman, who was regarded as one of the best among the faculty.

But Frey had never met her in person.

This was because Adelia's subjects did not match up with any of the classes that he had been taking at that time.

He knew very little about her since he rarely paid attention to rumors.

Among the professors she was one of the young ones and she was a woman.

That was all he knew.

"Adelia's stage isn't very high, but even the Floor Masters in our tower would often request her help when it came to alchemy. I don't know what it is that you want, but it should save a lot of time instead of having to rummage through books."

"Hmm..."

With Mikel, one of the Floor Masters in the tower boasting so much about her, Frey could not help but be a bit curious about this woman called Adelia.

Frey looked at Mikel for a moment before asking.

“Where is she?”

* * *

Frey was standing in front of Professor Adelia’s room.

It was the 20th room on the 6th Floor.

He hadn’t expected to be staying on the same floor as her, but had he ever encountered a woman other than Camille on the 6th Floor?

Frey tried to jog his memory but found that that was truly the case.

He decided to knock on the door.

Tak Tak.

...

...

There was no response so he decided to knock once again.

Tak Tak.

...

...

There was still no response.

Frey knocked a little harder on the door.

Thump thump.

Only then did he hear some sort of noise from the inside.

There was a rumbling sound followed by what appeared to be a curse in a woman's voice and the sound of something breaking.

Frey took a step back and waited.

Click.

The door opened and from there a woman looked out.

The woman had messy hair and puffy eyes.

And those eyes were staring at Frey filled with irritation.

“What do you want?”

“You’re Professor Adelia right?”

“Yeah.”

“I came after receiving a recommendation from Floor Master Mikel. I heard that you are an authority in alchemy and I’d like to ask...”

“I don’t know about that. I’m busy so go away.”

After saying that she tried to close the door, but Frey put his foot to stop it.

He hated to be such a nuisance, but he wasn’t in any position to let it go.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

For a moment, the two of them made eye contact.

Adelia pulled the door a few times before sighing after realising that it was impossible to do it by force.

“Who are you?”

“Frey Blake.”

“Blake...the Blake Family?”

“Yes.”

“Hm...I don't think you're the first one Mischael. Ah. Come to think of it, Heinz did tell me that he had a younger brother.”

It sounded like she knew Heinz Blake.

She narrowed her eyes for a moment. But soon after she sighed and scratched her messy head.

“Nothing has been going well since yesterday. Can you tell me what you want and then leave? I’m very busy.”

Frey followed her into the room.

Adelia’s room was very large. It seemed to be about ten times larger than the room that Frey was staying in.

This was not a room, but a lab.

However there were mountains of books, magical materials that gave off weird smells and glass bottles storing liquids of suspicious colors scattered everywhere which made the space feel much smaller than it actually was.

Above all, it was dark and carried the smell of dust as if it was not well ventilated.

Frey followed Adelia who cleared away some dust with her hand.

“Sit wherever you like.”

“...”

Where did she want him to sit?

Frey forcibly made a seat and attached his ass to it.

Adelia then spoke with a rather open attitude.

“Though I’m curious as to what you want. I’m busy, tired and irritated, so cut the unnecessary back and forth and get to the point.”

“I heard that you are an authority in alchemy. Especially when it comes to the creation of elixirs.”

“Huh. When it comes to elixirs even the Master of the 3rd Magic Tower Julian could not compare to me.”

She said this without showing any expression of pride. Like she was simply telling the truth instead of showing off.

Only those whose self confidence had turned into conviction could display this kind of attitude.

Frey pondered for a moment before asking her a question.

“The creation of Mana Fluid. Can you do it?” (TL: should I change it to ‘Liquid Mana’ instead?)

“Of course-”

“It’s not just about if you can create it, but if you can extract the true, purified liquid.”

“...”

Adelia’s eyes changed and the gaze she gave Frey was now one of interest.

“Hmm. It seems you know something about alchemy.”

The liquid refining process that Frey had just mentioned was a complicated task that frustrated even the top alchemists.

In addition, if he had no knowledge of alchemy at all then he would not have been able to even mention it.

Adelia shrugged.

“It’s possible. I’ve extracted up to 100ml of pure liquid by myself without any assistants. Did it take about half a day that time?”

“100ml...”

What a woman.

Frey couldn't help but feel some admiration,

For a normal wizard it might be possible for them to extract about 10ml in half a day even with the help of two assistants.

It seemed that her statement about being ahead of the Tower Master when it came to alchemy was not an empty boast. (TL: only there hasn't yet been any proof of her ability...)

At the same time, it was easy to see what kind of person Adelia was.

She was the incarnation of an inquisitive mind with a strong desire for knowledge.

The public would probably treat her like a geek, but Frey was used to people like this the most.

Frey was certain.

Tak.

He took out the bottle which contained Torkunta's heart and placed it on a dirty table.

Adelia looked at the bottle with an uninterested expression.

“What’s that?”

“Why don’t you check for yourself?”

“...”

Adelia narrowed her eyes slightly and slowly examined the bottle.

Then slowly, her eyes began to widen.

“Hmm. H-...Huh? N-, no. Surely...w-, wait a second! Really?”

Perhaps she didn’t realise the things that she was saying.

Adelia looked at the small bottle with an expression filled with disbelief.

“Ca-, can I touch it?”

As soon as Frey nodded, she gently lifted the bottle as if she was holding a great treasure before slowly opening it up.

“H-, hehehe. This beautiful color...such dense mana yet it can still be held in one hand...the warm heat exuding from it. What the hell is this?”

“That’s the heart of a 1,000 year old Drake. The estimated Mana Energy(ME) is about 100,000.”

“100,000-!!!!”

Adelia’s heart seemed to pound in her chest.

If it was 100,000 then that meant that it had 100 times the energy of an average wizard.

How could so much mana fit into such a small bottle?

‘The glass bottle is an amazing magic tool as well. But even more amazing than that is the fact that he was able to transfer such pure and sensitive energy into a glass bottle.’

Although it seemed simple, it was the same as moving a broken glass jar while keeping its original shape.
(TL: I added ‘jar’ to make it easily understandable, but the author meant glass as in ‘cup’ ...but glass cup sounds weird)

Adelia looked at Frey with a little doubt but she was unable to tell anything from his expression.

She carefully placed the bottle back on the table. Her previous lethargic appearance seeming to have been given a burst of energy.

She stared at Frey with a slightly excited expression and said.

“So what do you want?”

“To make that into an elixir that I can take.”

“That’s crazy.”

Frey let out a laugh.

“Your expression says otherwise.”

Adelia touched her cheek and found that without her realising, her mouth had spread into an excited smile.

“This, this is just a habit. All alchemists are like this...and I’m not just saying that.”

“Why is it crazy?”

“The difficulty of the refinement is already high, but the real problem is the ingredients. The other thing...right. I can get everything else. Most of them are here right now. And for the things I don’t have, they are not too hard to get.”

Adelia looked around her room as she said that.

It seemed scattered and messy, but it was actually organized in her own way.

From the moment she'd heard of his intentions to make an elixir, she had begun to recreate the refining process in her head.

"But there is one thing that we wouldn't be able to find."

"Something that can't be found?"

Adelia looked to him with a stern expression.

"The feather of a Phoenix."

"..."

"Seeing that stupid expression on your face, you know how hard it is to get right? It's not something that you can get just by meeting or killing a Phoenix. You can only barely get it when they are in a good mood. But they are called fantasy creatures because no one knows where they are on the continent..."

Frey pulled out the Phoenix feather that he had in his bag.

“Th...tha-...”

Adelia’s pupils shook.

She kept stuttering and it seemed like she was unable to form coherent sentences, as if she had been broken.

Only

“What else do you need?”

Adelia closed her mouth for a moment before speaking in a slightly weak voice.

“...an assistant who is excellent enough to assist me. Apart from their stage they must have a natural talent for mana control. They at least need to be at the level of easily compressing an energy ball to the size of a fingernail...”

An energy ball suddenly appeared in front of Adelia and began compressing until it was just smaller than a fingernail.

“...”

Adelia opened her mouth for a moment before speaking in a voice that sounded like her soul had left her body.

“...when do you want to start?”

Season 1 Chapter 45: Adelia (3)

“You, what are you?”

Adelia looked at Frey with a tired expression on her face. And yet, her hands were still moving busily.

Frey didn't answer her and continued mixing an elixir.

“Where did you learn alchemy? It's kind of old fashioned but definitely on the level of a Professor.”

“It's all from books.”

“Right. It's all in the books. Do you think I don't know? But it's completely different to do it in practice.”

Adelia paused for a moment before continuing.

“You know what. You, would you like to be my assistant?”

If any of her acquaintances had been around, they would have wondered if something was wrong with their ears.

Adelia.

What kind of woman was she?

Regarding alchemy, she had boasted that she would neither request someone's assistance nor advice and when asked for collaboration, she would usually frown openly, causing that person to feel embarrassed.

Was she really making an offer first when she was the one that usually said that assistants were hindrances?

"Sorry."

"..."

Of course, Frey, who did not know the conflict that was happening inside her simply shook his head.

But even if he did know, he would still have refused.

Adelia froze for a moment.

This might have been the first time that she had willingly lowered her head to someone else.

Since she was always the one who was being asked, she didn't know how to coax the other party or what words to say to leave a good impression.

"Wh-, Why don't you think about it a little more? As my assistant um...you can make a lot of money too! And, and...uh. I'll teach the formulas that only I know. Those old guys in the magic tower couldn't even get me to teach them if they begged. So what do you think?"

"Professor, the one on the left is not Mandrake extract, it's Troll Blossom." (TL: blossom used tentatively since the author wasn't exactly clear)

"O-, oops."

Adelia hurriedly changed the glass bottle that she was holding.

But not before she glowered at Frey for a moment.

'It would be really comfortable if I had him.'

Adelia usually felt that assistants were cumbersome and would get in the way, but Frey was the exception.

He noticed things quickly.

If there was a material that she needed, he would bring it to her before she had even opened her mouth.

This was proof that he did not stop paying attention to Adelia's actions even while completing his own tasks.

This was an impossible task unless someone was able to have multiple thoughts at the same time while also having a large field of view.

She didn't intend to get an assistant primarily because they did not have a high enough understanding of alchemy.

However, Frey knew very well the moments to help, the moments that he should stand back, and the moments he should give advice.

It was as if he had done similar things hundreds or thousands of times.

Thanks to this, Adelia was able to work at a rate of at least three times her usual efficiency.

Moreover, Frey didn't lack the necessary knowledge of alchemy. In fact, there were even some areas where he was better than her.

'How am I supposed to entice this guy?'

Adelia glanced at Frey, revealing her greed for a talent for the first time in her life. (TL: not greed for his 'talent'...but greed for him 'the talent')

"Professor Adelia."

"Huh? No. Wait a minute. Why are you calling me professor?"

"Because I went to Westroad Academy."

"Huh? Really? Then why don't I remember seeing you before?"

"I didn't take professor's class."

"Let me get this straight. Are you saying that there was nothing for you to learn in my class? If I wanted to..."

"That's not important, I have something to ask."

"What is it?"

He had had to open his mouth so many times to finally get to the point.

Frey felt like Adelia was not a suitable conversational partner.

“Are you skilled in creating Golems?”

“To what extent? I should be better than those guys who call themselves puppeteers. It’s one of my areas of expertise.”

Adelia shook a bottle in her hand as she answered.

“...for example.”

Frey carefully told her the story of Anastasia.

“If I gave you a core with 1 million ME, could you make it into a Golem?”

“That’s crazy.”

“...”

Adelia spoke coolly.

This time her expression was much more determined than when she had talked about Torkunta’s heart.

Then she shook the bottle some more and raised it to the light to inspect it, before speaking.

“First of all. You said it was a core with 1 million ME right? How would you make that? No, well. In theory, it’s possible, but it would probably require an Archmage who is crazy about golems to spend decades working on it.”

“...”

He couldn’t refute that.

When he had first measured the ME in Anastasia’s core he himself had doubted what he was seeing.

His doubt had then turned into astonishment.

Frey had realised then that it was something that was beyond a Golem core.

“And even if you could somehow make it, there were still problems. In order to contain that much ME the entire body would need to be made from Orichalcum and the nervous system would need to be Mithril. And what about the plating? Right.

Then let’s say you collected all of the materials somehow. To create the Golem you’d still need dozens of experts in the field to design and form the body, inject the commands into it as well as input the ego.”

The wrapping paper of Schweiser’s last gift to him was much more difficult than Frey had anticipated.

Adelia's ability was obvious.

Frey had certainly realized that fact while helping her manufacture the elixirs.

When it came to alchemy, it certainly wasn't an empty boast to say that she was better than the Tower Master.

That was why the situation was even more helpless.

"But why do you ask? You don't have a 1 million ME Golem core do you?"

It would be too much of a shock if he was to take out the Golem core after already showing her Torkunta's heart.

Frey shook his head.

"...that's ridiculous."

* * *

Time passed.

Nothing really changed.

Instead of meditation in the mornings, physical training in the afternoons and reading in the evening, Frey spent his time with Adelia, making elixirs.

Adelia had a strange personality, but her skills and knowledge were top notch.

In particular, it was safe to say that there was little that she did not know when it came to alchemy.

'If Schweiser was alive, he would've made her his disciple no matter the cost.'

Perhaps the two of them could have had a really good master-student relationship.

As he thought this, Frey paused for a moment and smiled bitterly.

The frequency of which he projected the past onto the present was increasing.

Did that mean he was old now?

'...It's been 4,000 years.'

Had he really been stuck in the abyss for 4,000 years?

Frey had found himself questioning this fact a lot lately.

He knew that a long time had passed.

But he didn't truly know how long it was because he hadn't been counting.

It was a space where only his consciousness had floated without really affecting anything.

It was not unreasonable for him to mistake 400 years as 4,000 years.

'But the reason I think 4,000 years have passed is because that's how much time passed in the outside world.'

However, it couldn't be confirmed whether the time in the abyss and the outside world were the same or not.

Frey clicked his tongue.

'This is a difficult problem.'

It was also not the kind that could easily get an answer.

Frey decided to reconsider this matter at a later date.

Smack.

Thump.

"...Kuh. I lost."

Liamson lowered his head for a moment with a somber expression on his face.

Frey smiled and reached out a hand to him.

"I'm now completely used to your movements."

"Ha. You just caught me off guard."

He spoke roughly but still reached up and accepted Frey's hand.

Their win-loss ratio was 50:50

If it had been a real fight then it might not have even, but this result was possible because it was a simple competition.

Frey glanced at him.

The Blacktooth Tribe.

It was one of the circles among the elves.

Frey was pleased with the fact that different races had knowledge of the Demigod and they all had the will to rebel together.

This was completely different 4,000 years ago.

At that time only the humans and the Dragons dared to bare their fangs at the Demigods.

“...”

Dragon.

Associated with this word was the face of his teacher.

‘On the off chance that teacher is still alive...’

He would be a great help.

In that case, he wouldn't even need any more reinforcement.

But he soon shook his head. The probability of that was too low.

Even in the past, lives were at stake. Moreover, Dragons wouldn't easily cooperate with humans.

This was because they insisted on being mediators.

In a way...

They were quite similar to the Demigods who had many restrictions on their use of their transcendental powers.

"Frey, I have a question today."

"You can ask me anything."

As Frey nodded, the other Dark Elves also gathered around.

He no longer needed to melt the power of Frozen River so he had a lot more spare time.

During that time, Frey helped the Dark Elves learn magic. (TL: the teacher couldn't help but teach)

Of course, it wasn't just a one-sided relationship.

"How was yesterday?" Camille asked, to which Frey responded.

"There was still no response."

"Don't be impatient. It usually takes at least three years to sense the spirits. If you continue to practice after we leave then you might be able to sign a contract someday."

Frey learned Spirit Magic from Camille.

It was also the Darkness Spirit Magic that only Dark Elves should be able to handle.

This couldn't exactly be considered as a deviation from standard magic.

Once one reached the 7 star level, ordinary training would have little effect on them.

Therefore it made more sense to learn something else in that time.

'I'll use whatever I can.'

But there was one problem.

As Camille had said, he'd tried to call the spirits, but there had been no response.

"Isn't it something only you guys can use?"

"I don't think so. I've taught a few open-minded friends of mine before. Although they were only low level spirits, they were still able to successfully sign a contract."

"..."

"Well it won't work if you hurry, so just take it slow."

Frey could only nod at Camille's words.

After parting from the Dark Elves, Frey headed to his room to wait for Adelia. (TL: how can this not be misunderstood?)

Today was an important day. (TL:...)

This was because it was the day that the elixir would finally be completed.

Adelia said that she wanted to do the finishing touches alone.

And she had emphasized that he shouldn't come till sunset. (TL:...)

Frey listened to her words.

He didn't even think about the possibility of her running away.

Even if she did run, he had the confidence to catch her.

Of course, Adelia had no reason to take it in the first place.

If she drank it at her current level, then instead of digesting it, her entire body would melt into a pool of blood.

Most importantly, Frey had gained some degree of understanding of this strange human called Adelia.

She was rational and had little interest in anything other than satisfying her own knowledge and desire to learn more.

The sun set.

Frey was about to get up but he soon felt someone outside his door.

Knowing who it was, he simply walked to the door and opened it.

As he stepped out of the room, he saw Adelia standing there, however, there was a rarely seen serious expression on her face.

“Are you done?”

“...I want to ask. You’re going to take this, aren’t you?”

Frey nodded.

Adelia hesitated for a moment before she spoke again.

“I don’t think you should.”

“Did you fail?”

He assumed the worst but Adelia shook her head.

“It’s the opposite. It is very well made.”

Then she took out a small bottle from her pocket.

“The ME increased to double the previous amount. It would be difficult for even one of the Floor Masters to consume this. I know that you are very powerful compared to your peers but you should take care of yourself first.”

“It’s fine.”

“Huh?”

Frey collected the elixir from Adelia and gave her a rarely seen, genuine smile.

“I was lucky to have met the professor. No one else could have made this elixir so perfectly.”

“Of course. I am a genius...no, that’s not the point. Didn’t you hear me? It’s dangerous.”

“It’s fine. I have the confidence to handle it.”

Adelia seemed like she wanted to say more but in the end, she sighed and gave up.

Just had Frey had gained an understanding of her, she had also done the same for him.

He was not someone who told lies.

“Take care of yourself. I’m going now. If you need anything else, come and see me. I’ll help you if I’m not busy.”

“Thank you very much. I will make sure to repay this favor. And...”

Frey took out an item from his bag and gave it to her.

“I hope that professor will accept this.”

“Huh?”

Eiz’s Necklace.

It was an item that could increase its user’s concentration as well as allow them to precisely measure the ME of a material.

Not only that but it was incredibly helpful to an alchemist like her because it allowed her to manage her mana more efficiently.

Above all, it was made with the finest rubies by a First-rate craftsman so it was beautiful enough to captivate whoever was looking at it.

But Adelia was thinking something else which caused her face to turn red.

“You, what are you thinking...No-, not a chance. You are a student and I am a professor.”

Only

“Yes?” (TL: 4000 years and he’s still as naive as a child...well actually children nowadays...)

“No-, not a chance! No means no!”

Adelia blushed and ran back into her room, but she still made sure to take the necklace with her.

“ ... ”

Frey shrugged then looked down at the elixir in his hand.

It was finally time for him to completely reach 7 stars.

Season 1 Chapter 46: Apostle (1)

7 Star Wizard.

The meaning of those words was by no means simple.

It was in fact the first step into the realm of Archmages and they were guaranteed to be given at least the title of Earl in any country on the continent.

The Kastkau Empire which was also called the Magic Empire listed the names of every 7 star wizard on a stone tablet in the Imperial Palace. An action that was considered by the wizards to be one of the highest honors.

Frey walked into his room.

Then he scattered frozen crystals that he had made whenever he had free time, around the room.

These were made with Adelia's advice and the effect was excellent.

Cold air immediately spread across the room as if it was winter.

Frey waited for a while and then sat when it was cold enough that he could see his own breath.

Then he took the elixir made from Torkunta's heart and drank it in one gulp.

Frey's face immediately turned red.

“...”

It felt like he had swallowed a ball of fire.

The sensation of it going down his throat was as clear as if he was holding it in his hand.

The first thing that had a reaction was the Frozen River that had been stored in his mana room.

Saaah.

Fire and Ice.

Similarly to when he was on the Drake Mountain, the two energies began clashing again and again.

However this time, the Frozen River was gently enveloping Torkunta's power.

“...”

Frey couldn't help but give a small smile. It was different from the last time.

At that time he could not control the power of the Frozen River and he had only been able to use Torkunta's unrefined power.

However the cold energy was now stable and Torkunta's heart had been refined to make it easier to digest.

As Adelia had warned him, the refinement had greatly boosted the ME, but that wasn't much of a problem.

He was rather pleased.

Kooo.

Frey sank into meditation and time passed slowly.

And by the time Mikel came to visit him, he had already made the power of Torkunta's heart his own.

In other words, Frey was now a 7 star wizard.

* * *

Holbridge.

This was the name of a small village that was located not far away from Uthiano.

Mikel seemed to think that there was a high possibility that the Apostle was there. And the moment that Frey set foot in the village, he was sure that Mikel's assumptions were correct.

'Divine power. Just feeling it makes me nauseous.'

He felt so disgusted that he had goosebumps.

More importantly, the village was too quiet. Even though it was still the middle of the day, somehow the village carried a dark feeling.

"It's a really small village. There are fewer than 500 residents here and because they are basically self-sufficient, they rarely interact with other villages."

"The perfect place for the Apostle to play some tricks."

"Exactly."

At Liamson's words, Mikel gave a nod.

Then Camille's ears pricked.

Several young and middle-aged men were approaching them.

A middle-aged man at the front looked at Mikel's robes before bowing his head.

"Are you a wizard from the Magic Tower?"

"That's right. And you are?"

"I am the mayor of Holbridge, Allard."

Allard answered him with a fearful expression on his face.

"...may I ask why Sir Wizard has come to our village?"

"Have any strangers come to this village recently?"

"Strangers you say...?"

Allard tilted his head to one side and seemed as if he was trying to recall to the best of his ability.

Soon he shook his head.

“At least, not to my knowledge.”

“...”

“Are there any dangerous criminals hiding around here?”

“Well. There is a possibility.”

Allard seemed like he wanted to assure them, but it was dangerous to conclude that it couldn't happen.

Allard began to look more frightened.

Then Frey stepped forward.

“I only want to ask you one thing.”

“P-, please ask.”

“Where are all the villagers?”

“Yes?”

Allard had a puzzled expression on his face.

Frey simply turned his indifferent gaze to the village.

“I can’t feel the presence of any villagers. It’s as if the village is deserted with no one in it. It seems like there is no one but the five of you.”

“Ah...today is...they have work to do. In the forest nearby...”

“All of the villagers?”

Allard broke into cold sweat.

“Not all of them. Some...”

“Liamson, check it out.”

“Got it.”

Liamson’s figure disappeared.

Mikel watched this scene in astonishment.

This was because a Dark Elf, who were known for being a warlike and prideful race, had followed Frey's orders as though he was a loyal subordinate.

After a while, Liamson returned.

"There is no one in the village. And..."

He looked at Allard without any expression on his face.

"There were large pools of blood."

"...K, kuoh!" (TL: it should be a roar, but I can't exactly put 'r-, roar' now can I?)

Allard's expression changed instantly.

Then a change began to take place.

His back became hunched, the nails on his curled fingers began elongating and his mouth ripped all the way to his ears.

He became a monster that looked like a wolf. (TL: werewolves everywhere crying out in protest rn)

It wasn't just Allard, but also the men who were beside him that also began to transform.

"Th-, the Demigod's creatures!"

Mikel shouted and used a spell.

"Flame Wall!"

A wall of fire rose up in front of him.

"Kieeek!"

But the monsters easily broke through the wall and pounced at Mikel.

"Oh my God!"

He didn't expect them to break through a 4 star spell so easily.

Mikel's entire body stiffened.

He was a wizard who didn't have much practical experience.

But Frey had already finished casting his spell by then.

“Wind cutter.”

Pah pah pat.

Blades made of invisible wind tore the bodies of the monsters into pieces in an instant.

The easily crossed flame wall was immediately overshadowed.

Most of the monsters’ blood and body parts fell into a puddle. Only Allard was left.

He stared at Frey with an unbelievable expression.

“I-, impossible. A creature who directly received his power...d-, died from just a simple wind cutter...”

Bam.

Thud!

“Ugh...”

Liamson overpowered Allard and Frey walked up to him before speaking in a cold voice.

“Tell me everything you know.”

“I, I don’t know anything.”

“...”

Of course, he didn’t expect him to open his mouth so easily since he was a Demigod Fanatic.

Therefore Frey decided to use the most efficient method of torture.

Fire.

“Uh, uh...wh-, what are you doing?”

Crackle. (TL: sfx...my bane...)

When a small flame appeared in Frey’s hand, Allard began shaking his head with a horrified expression on his face.

“St-, stop!”

“Liamson, hold his left eye open.”

Liamson did as he said and forced Allard’s left eye open and as he did that, Frey’s flame began shrinking until it would be able to fit in his eye.

Allard’s already pale face paled even further.

“Can a wizard from the empire do something like this?!”

“There’s no law that says I can’t. In my eyes, you’ve already become livestock. Don’t expect to be treated like a human being.”

Just as Frey’s flame was about to reach Allard.

“Stop.”

It was Camille’s voice.

Frey simply threw her a glance.

Instead, it was Liamson who got angry.

“You’re not going to talk about morality and ethics here, are you teacher?”

“Of course not. It’s just that there is a simpler and easier way.”

After saying that, she began muttering in a low voice.

Frey recognized the language even though he did not understand her words.

‘Ancient Elvish?’

Shiiik-

Something bizarre then appeared from Camille’s shadow.

It was a creature with a round body and a single eye.

Only then did Liamson realise what she meant.

“Ah...! I see. You’re thinking about stealing the information using the spirits of Darkness.”

“Is that a spirit of Darkness?”

“That’s right. It’s a Dark Gorun, a high class spirit.”

The Dark Gorun rolled its eye around.

Then Camille spoke in a calm voice.

“Take control of that man’s mind.”

“...”

The Dark Gorun spoke in a weird voice before transforming into steam and being sucked into Allard’s head.

“Hu-, huiiik!”

Allard shook, his eyes closed and drool began pouring from his mouth.

He was like a man with a damaged brain.

Mikel couldn’t help but ask anxiously.

“What if he dies?”

“I can control that much. It might look like it’s going wrong but it’s fine.”

“...”

As he saw this, Mikel got the feeling that even if he had to die, he shouldn’t get captured by a Dark Elf.

After a while, Allard, who looked completely muddleheaded, spoke quietly.

“Words...do it...”

Camille glanced at Frey, hinting for him to ask his questions.

“Where are the villagers?”

“All are de...ad.”

Mikel shivered.

Camille and Liamson on the other hand did not show any emotion.

“Why did you kill them?”

“The offering...we needed to.”

“What offering?”

“...create the creatures...to liberate the power of the Apostle...”

“Liberate? What are you liberating?”

“Uh, uhh...”

Allard began to shake and Camilla cried out in haste.

“Get back!”

At that moment, Allard’s body swelled.

His eyeballs popped out like they were about to fall out of his head and a strange sound could be heard from inside his body.

Boom!

Allard's body exploded, his flesh, bones and blood scattering everywhere.

Frey didn't receive any damage as he activated the spell in his Typhoon Earrings.

Camille approached with a stiff face.

"His mind was already being controlled. He was supposed to explode right before revealing any important information."

"That's cruel. He's treating his own men as expendable."

"The situation is not good."

Mikel approached with a stiff face.

He pointed at the monsters on the ground and continued.

"There are also grades among Apostles. Weak ones can't create creatures, and they're not too hard to deal with. If he can make creatures of this level then the power of this Apostle is considerable. This...this problem is out of our league."

"So? Do you intend to withdraw?"

“In the first place, this was only for reconnaissance. First, let’s head back to the tower and wait for Honor Lukes to return.”

“We have to continue.”

For a moment, Mikel and Frey’s gazes clashed in midair, neither of them appearing like they would back down.

Finally it was Mikel who opened his mouth.

“Why?”

“The Apostle is already aware of our approach now. We don’t know when Honor Lukes is returning and there is no guarantee that the Apostle would still be here when he gets back. Which means you might lose him.”

“Is there any other reason?”

“He wouldn’t have time to come up with a contingency plan to deal with us right now. These flimsy creatures and the empty village are proof. When you return the next time you can be assured that he would have prepared effective countermeasures to welcome you.”

“...you don’t know anything.”

Mikel shook his head.

“I’ve heard your reasons. We can say that they are not wrong and that there are benefits to going now, however the disadvantage of not having Honor Lucas still outweighs them.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s a 7 star wizard. You need at least one Archmage to fight an Apostle head on. It’s not a recommendation, it’s a requirement. Just like a knight uses a sword and a wizard uses a staff.”

“I can fill the space for Honor Lukes.”

“Ha.”

A looked of coldness flashed across Mikel’s face.

“I admit that you have great talents and accomplishments for your young age, but arrogance will only lead you to an early grave.”

“I’m not being arrogant.”

“Do you really want me to get angry?”

“...”

Frey simply stared at Mikel and at that moment Mikel felt a shiver for some reason.

‘Wh-, what was that?’

He had an indescribable feeling.

Then Frey held out one palm.

As Mikel looked at it in confusion, flames appeared over his hand.

Crackle.

“What are you doing?”

Frey didn’t answer.

Instead, he held out his other palm, and on this one, cold air began to form.

Crack.

As Mikel's expression became strange, Frey slowly began combining the flames and the cold air together.

"What!?"

Mikel was startled.

The fusion of two opposing elements!

That was crazy.

It was a suicidal act and it wouldn't be strange if it caused an explosion.

It was then that Mikel tried to stop him.

"What are you doing!?... Huh?"

Only

The two elements merged together smoothly.

A small storm of fire and ice had been created above Frey's palm.

Mikel's expression hardened like a stone.

"Perfect fusion of opposing elements...th-, that's only possible after reaching at least 7 stars..."

Shuk.

"...I."

The storm disappeared from Frey's hand and he spoke in his usual indifferent tone.

"I'll fill the space of Honor Lukes."

Season 1 Chapter 47: Apostle (2)

Liamson pointed to the village and said.

"I forgot to tell you, but there's a strange body in the center."

A strange body?

Led by Liamson, they immediately went directly to that place.

As he'd said, there was a charred body in the center of the village.

Camille squatted down and began examining the body, but she didn't touch it, in case it was a trap.

The cause of death was immediately apparent.

"It wasn't burnt. I think they were struck by lightning."

"It seems the Demigod's Apostle might have the power of lightning."

At those words, Frey turned to look at Mikel.

"You said that the Apostles can use the Demigods' powers. To what extent can they borrow their powers?"

"Well. Come to think of it, I was never told in detail."

Mikel inwardly realised that he was treating Frey as a superior.

He managed to keep his composure without being disturbed by the things that were happening, so it was impossible to treat him like a newbie.

“It’s true that the Demigods have transcendental powers, but they can’t fully utilize them on the continent. We don’t know for sure, but if certain conditions aren’t met or they aren’t in specific areas then their power is limited.”

That was all he knew.

The thing to note however, was that they did not know what those conditions were yet.

There were some things that they had noticed but even then they couldn’t be certain.

Frey focused on Mikel’s words without expressing any opinions of his own.

“It’s through the existence of the Apostles that they are able to bypass those limits. Every Demigod is able to create one Apostle to follow their will.”

“Is one the maximum?”

“As far as we know, it is. And the created Apostles can use the powers of the Demigod they serve.”

Frey’s expression became serious.

“Then doesn’t that mean that the Circle’s situation is quite desperate?”

“Not exactly. The Demigods have their own risks.”

Frey’s gaze became sharp.

“What risks?”

“If you kill an Apostle, it will affect the Demigod.”

Mikel continued his words with a serious expression as well.

“The Circle has some information on a few Demigods who are hiding in the Kastkau Empire. It is valuable information that took us as little as a few decades and as much as a few centuries to gather.”

This was great news.

If the Demigods truly wanted to disappear then there was no way that the Circle would be able to find any traces, but they did not do that.

However, Frey had been given a glimpse of the Demigods’ arrogance from this information.

It was almost certain that they knew the humans were keeping tabs on them. Yet they chose not to respond to it.

This was obviously a sign.

They were convinced that regardless of what they did, the humans would be unable to stop them.

“We once defeated a Demigod’s Apostle in the Kastkau Empire. Then something strange happened.”

“Something strange?”

“The Demigod disappeared.”

“...!”

Mikel’s eyes sharpened.

“It was then that we were sure. Killing the Apostles has some effect on the Demigods.”

Frey had never heard such rumors.

Because he had experienced it in the past, he knew how impossible it was to face the Demigods head on.

He had thought that it would be nice if they had found some way to deal damage to them but now he had learned of the existence of Apostles.

'But why did they create such an existence?'

They weren't there 4,000 years ago.

Did they learn how to create Apostles over the years?

Or were they able to do it from the start but there was another reason why they decided to use them now?

'...'

Anyway, there were now even more reasons why they couldn't back down here.

If they could really deal damage to the Demigod, then it was worth it to risk it and try to kill the Apostle.

"That's all I know."

"It's enough."

As Liamson looked around, his eyes were soon drawn to a hill behind the village.

“Now that we’re done talking, we can start looking for the Apostle. My teacher and I will go up that hill. We will be able to see the surrounding area from there.”

“Then Mr. Mikel and I will look around the village one more time.”

“Sure.”

Liamson and Camille then left.

Mikel, who was now alone with Frey, turned to him and asked.

“...how old are you this year?”

“I’m twenty.”

Mikel’s body shook for a moment.

“Twenty...! At that age you managed to reach the 7 star level. Really...I really can’t believe it.”

His astonishment was natural.

There had never been a 7 star wizard in history who was as young as he was.

Could the word 'genius' even describe him?

"Aren't 7 star wizards common in the Circle?"

"Not really. If you are 7 stars, then you would get the position of Force Honor in any circle."

Shepard and the wizard named Lukes were Force Honors.

He had also learned of the higher positions Circle Rounder and Circle Master.

Frey slowly feigned ignorance and said.

"I'm a bit interested in the Phisfounder Armlets."

"Hmm? You're interested in our circle?"

"If you're not interested in Iris Phisfounder's black magic, contracts and summons, you couldn't claim to be a wizard."

"Hoho! That's right."

Mikel smiled proudly at those words.

From his conversations with Shepard, Frey had learned that each circle member had an extreme amount of pride in their respective organizations.

However, Mikel let out a low laugh, unaware of Frey's thoughts.

'If Frey joined our circle then it would be a tremendous boost in strength.'

Maybe he could be a step ahead of the Lucid Swords and Strow Necklaces.

If the talent of this up and coming young man was revealed, it would certainly cause a huge commotion within the circle.

They would all go all out to invite Frey.

This was his chance to put in a few words before the massive recruitment war started. It was a huge advantage.

Mikel opened his mouth the same moment that he came to that conclusion.

"The Phisfounder Armlets, Lucid Swords and Strow Necklaces. These three circles are normally referred to as the Three Heads. This is because they have the most strength, numbers and influence out of all the circles."

“I see.”

“Our Phisfounder Armlets are a bit smaller when compared to the other two circles. However, we have a large number of contractors and summoners. Of course, the number of pure wizards like me is not small either.”

Contractors were those who made contracts with Demons from the Demon World while Summoners were those who summoned Demons to do their bidding. (TL: should I change ‘Demon World’ to ‘Underworld?’)

Mikel explained that becoming a contractor or a summoner relied more heavily on talent than being a pure wizard.

This meant that simply putting in the effort would not be able to help them much.

“Our leader, Master Altan, has signed a contract with Barbatos, one of the Grand Dukes in the Demon World.”

“Demon of Greed Barbatos?”

Frey couldn’t help but be surprised at that bit of information.

The Grand Dukes of the Demon World were very cunning and incredibly dangerous.

It was a well known fact that it was incredibly hard to sign a contract with a Grand Duke rank Demon because they all viewed humans as nothing more than bugs.

Mikel's face was shining with pride.

"I guess you know a bit about the demons of the Demon World. Everything I've said is true."

"That's...pretty amazing."

Iris was the only one that Frey knew who had been able to sign a contract with the Grand Dukes.

Although she had signed contracts with three Grand Dukes, he didn't know if Master Altan had also signed contracts with more Grand Dukes.

"It seems that the Phisfounder Armlets aren't all witches."

"I told you. There are pure wizards like me. It is the same in all the circles. There are Magic Warriors in the Straw Necklaces and Wizards in the Lucid Swords. It's only that the numbers are slightly lower and their strengths are a bit weaker."

As Mikel said this, he turned to look at the hill that Liamson had gone to.

“Actually that’s not that big of a deal. It might seem funny to say this, but the Circle is an open organization. Although only a few people would actually admit.”

Well. He’d never expected to fight side by side with Dark Elves one day.

“I’m telling you this specifically, but among the Force Honors in our circle, there is a Half-Demon.”

“...”

Afterward, Mikel continued to list the advantages of the Thisfounder Armllets.

Frey nodded cooperatively, pretending to be interested, but the thoughts in his head were completely different.

‘He hasn’t told me any key information.’

There was absolutely no words about the identities of the Circle Master or Circle Rounders who Frey was most interested in.

Although he knew the Circle Master’s name was Altan and that he was contracted to a Grand Duke rank Demon, it seemed that he didn’t know any other useful pieces of information.

Perhaps the fact Altan was contracted to a Grand Duke was something that was known by most of the circle members.

With that kind of achievement, they would not embarrass the pride of the Three Head Circles.

‘Or maybe Mikel just doesn’t know much.’

Mikel was powerful enough to become a Floor Master in the 3rd Magic Tower, but in the circle he was not even strong enough to become an executive.

It seemed that if he wanted more information, it would be better to talk to an executive like Shepard.

By the time their conversation had ended, Liamson and Camille had returned.

Camille spoke with her characteristically calm face.

“There is a forest over the hill, it seems to be suspicious.”

“Suspicious?”

“There was a bloody smell, but no traces in the forest. It gave me a bad feeling.”

“Dead forest. It’s a dead forest.”

Liamson had an unpleasant look on his face.

Regardless of their behaviour, Dark Elves were also a race of the forests, so seeing damaged trees made them upset.

First, they headed toward the forest.

Frey felt the strangely unpleasant air and finally understood what Liamson meant by 'Dead Forest'.

There wasn't even the sound of small insects or the fresh smell of grass.

It was as if all 'life' was missing from the forest.

Camille clicked her tongue.

"Only a shell is left. Even the trees are dead."

"It was all absorbed."

"Right."

Camille nodded at Frey's words before kneeling on one knee and putting her palm on the ground.

“...The entire forest is likely a trap. It’s impossible to get a sense of what’s happening inside because of some sort of array.”

Everyone’s eyes simultaneously turned to Frey.

“What should we do?”

“...”

Frey thought for a moment before opening his mouth.

“You said that this forest is already dead. So you wouldn’t mind if I destroyed it right?”

“It doesn’t matter, but how? It won’t be easy to burn the forest with the interference from the array.”

“I don’t intend to burn it.”

It was dangerous to set fire to the forest.

Frey got closer to the forest and looked around.

'This is it. The array.'

Just as Camille had said, he could feel something covering the forest.

Frey stood there blankly for a while.

Liamson looked toward Camille and asked.

"What is Frey doing?"

"...I think he's looking at the array."

"The focal point of the array?"

"That's right."

Camille was looking at Frey with a dubious expression on her face.

Breaking down an array that had already been activated was very complicated and time consuming.

Mikel was also aware of this face.

'It would take at least 2 days to break down this kind of array...'

In order to destroy the array, not only did the wizard's level need to be high, but their brain must be extraordinary.

This was because one had to find the answers for dozens or even hundreds of intertwined equations and expressions using only mental arithmetic.

If one made even a single mistake then there was a chance that they would entangle the array even more, or there could be backlash that they would suffer from directly.

Then Frey seemed to come out of his daze and walked back to the group.

Camille looked at him and said.

"If you intend to destroy the array properly then we will stay here and stand guard."

"There's no need for that."

Frey shot a strange gaze at Camille.

"Then?"

“The array has already been destroyed. Now all I need to do is destroy the forest.”

“Wh-, what?”

“You should step back.”

Camille, Liamson and Mikel all stepped back with confused expressions on their faces.

Frey looked at the forest once again and cast a spell.

“Windstorm.”

Hoooo.

A violent wind suddenly began blowing in the area.

Mikel hurriedly cast a Barrier spell.

This was because the winds were so strong that he felt that his body would be blown away.

Liamson and Camille also hurriedly entered the barrier.

Kooo.

Frey's robe fluttered violently.

The huge storm that was happening in front of him had already reached the level where it could be considered a natural disaster.

Mikel opened his mouth wide as he witnessed this incredible feat of magic.

'Un-, unbelievable!'

The fluctuating mana!

And the storm!

Mikel had thought that Frey was just a wizard who had recently reached the 7 star level, but the magical power that he was currently exhibiting was beyond imagination.

It was not enough to say that he already had great achievements

Kuaah.

The storm literally smashed against the forest.

Trees were uprooted and huge boulders were thrown into the sky as though they were small pebbles.

Even Camille's normally calm expression could not help but change when she saw this seemingly transcendental sight.

And when the storm stopped.

"..."

In the completely decimated forest, a man could be seen walking.

Frey realised that that man was most likely the Apostle.

It was then.

Only

Mikel's face became overcome with grief when he noticed this man.

"I, I don't believe it. This...this is impossible."

“You know who that is?”

“Ah, it’s...Honor Lukes...!”

“What?”

Liamson’s face twisted and Mikel kept speaking with a trembling voice.

“That’s Honor Lukes, the deputy head of the 3rd Magic Tower.”

Season 1 Chapter 48: Apostle (3)

It was a middle-aged man.

He didn’t have any distinct characteristics, but there were no clothes on his upper half, exposing his skinny form.

His body was not trained. (TL: yeah well at least he’s ‘skinny’)

In all honesty, this person did not appear to be the deputy head of a magic tower.

However, Frey and the other three immediately became tense.

‘It’s been a long time. This dirty feeling.’

Divine power.

Seeing that the man in front of him gave off remnants of power similar to that of the Demigods, he was certain that the Apostles were able to use a bit of the Demigods' powers.

"Ah, Honor Lukes. Why are you here?"

Frey sighed deeply.

Mikel did not make a good judgement. Or he was forcefully averting his eyes from the truth. (TL: Ostrich)

The situation was clear to everyone who witnessed it.

Honor Lukes was one of the Demigod's informants.

He might have been a true circle member in the past, but now he was nothing better than a servant for the Demigods.

Mikel was the only one here who could not accept it.

Lukes spoke with an indifferent tone.

“Mikel, my friend. Didn’t I tell you to wait? I thought you were supposed to be good at following orders.”

“Th-, there’s something wrong here. Te-, tell me this isn’t true! I...”

“Hoo. That’s too bad. You could’ve lived if you had killed your curiosity.”

Lukes pat his waist.

“Hmm. I don’t think I need to answer to a wizard. Then, good-bye.”

There were no signs.

After speaking, Lukes simply glanced at Mikel.

But Frey, who had fought the Demigods many times before, was able to react to it.

Clang!

“...!?”

Mikel collapsed.

All he'd felt was a faint lightning energy coming from Lukes fingers.

He looked at Lukes with a horrified expression.

Mikel knew that if he had been hit by that attack then he would have died immediately.

Lukes turned to Frey with a surprised expression.

"Huh? You were able to block that? What are you?"

"..."

"Indeed...it wasn't just the two Blacktooth members who came. Which circle are you from?"

Frey didn't answer and instead glanced at Mikel who climbed up from the ground.

"...nonsense. A circle executive becoming the servant of a Demigod. Th-, then the artifact that you have..." (TL: was tempted to use 'bs' since that also works)

"I can't use it. Of course, I am unable to use mana anymore. But it doesn't matter. I now have a much more powerful form of energy."

There was a glow of madness in his eyes.

Frey looked at him with an unpleasant expression.

Fanaticism.

There might not have been any Apostles 4,000 years ago, but there were still enough people who chose to worship Demigods.

He'd seen them, fought them, killed them.

Frey realised.

The man in front of them wasn't being manipulated or confused.

He had already pledged his allegiance to a Demigod of his own free will.

Frey turned to Mikel and muttered.

"You need to pull yourself together. It is clear that he doesn't intend to spare us."

“K-, kuh...”

Mikel’s shaking eyes became clear and firm.

No matter what, he was a Floor Master who had gone through his own share of hardships as well as a circle member.

The stronger a wizard was, the better they were at controlling their own mind and calming their emotions.

Mikel managed to regain his composure without embarrassing himself further.

Lukes looked on with interest.

“I see. So you are the one who broke the array and destroyed the forest. That isn’t something that Mikel could do. You’ve already reached the 7 stars levels. No matter how I look at you, you’re not over the age of thirty. Impressive.”

“Why did you betray the circle?”

“Kukuku.”

Lukes let out a low laugh.

“I realised that no matter how hard we struggle, we couldn’t defeat them...we are less than worms in their eyes. A fly that can be trampled to death at any time.”

Flames seemed to flutter within Frey’s eyes.

There were people who’d made the same argument.

The unpleasant memories of that time seemed to come back to him.

“We’re not worms.”

“Humans are not worms.”

Frey spoke each word slowly as though he was chewing them, the anger in his eyes clear.

‘Frey?’

Liamson took a quiet breath at the sight.

In the short time that he’d known him, Liamson felt that Frey had a very special countenance.

He seemed to always be in control of his emotions and he didn’t speak easily. His smiles were faint and he was calm even when making jokes.

Liamson could hardly imagine the sight of him expressing intense feelings such as anger or sadness.

That Frey was now showcasing anger so fierce, he felt like he could see it.

“You gave in.”

“I gave in?”

“I know that the Demigods are transcendent beings. Everyone in the circle knows. Still, they don’t hesitate to confront them. Why do you think that is?”

He said circle, but in fact Frey was talking about himself and his friends.

“Do you think they aren’t scared? Do you think it’s because they are ignorant of the Demigods’ true power? Not at all. They know everything but they still have the courage to face it. To overcome it without running away!” (TL: 파이팅!)

“People in the world see them and think they are foolish.”

Frey let out a cold laugh.

“It’s better to be an idiot than a coward. You don’t deserve to speak ill about them, you piece of garbage.”

“Huhuhu. A young man who knows how to make use of his mouth. Then what was I supposed to do?”

Kwajik.

A huge thunderbolt formed in Lukes hand, letting off small sparks of electricity.

There seemed to be excitement in his gaze.

“Look at this. This is power. The power of lightning. Pure lightning that could never be made with magic...you don’t need to learn a mind breaking formula or worry about how to efficiently distribute your mana. Just by accepting his power, it became mine. I have more power than any 7 star wizard.”

Kurrung!

Dark clouds began forming in the sky.

They were no ordinary clouds, but thunder clouds filled with lightning that were able to instantly turn a human into ashes.

Kwang!

Lightning struck the ground, scorching it black.

The sheer power of nature itself caused Liamson's face to stiffen. He realised that if he was hit even once, he would become a corpse like the one in the village.

Frey checked the power of his team.

Liamson was a true warrior. Although his talent in magic was high, he would only be able to showcase 100% of his strength by fighting with his body.

On the other hand, Mikel was an atypical wizard. For example, a warrior like Liamson would only need to take three steps before he slit his throat without giving him a chance to launch his spell.

Camille was an allrounder. She was a better warrior than Liamson, and a better wizard than Mikel.

Maybe she would be the key to this fight.

Frey came up with some of the most efficient tactics with this group and then he picked the most appropriate one for the current situation.

"Liamson, you'll take the lead. You have to pay attention to that guy's movements. Imagine that the lives of the other two are in your hands."

"Understood."

“Mr. Mikel please block that man’s divine power from the back. Of course, you shouldn’t face it head on. You have to stop before reaching your limits.”

Magic and Divine power were two opposing forces.

If they went head to head, then the side with the most power would overwhelm the other side, but depending on the wizard’s ability, they could make it annoying for the opponent to utilize their power.

“U-, understood.”

Mikel wondered how Frey, who was meeting an Apostle for the first time, was about to make such accurate judgements, but now was not the time to ask.

Finally, Frey turned to Camille.

“Camille, you have the most important role. I need you to help fill in the gaps left by Liamson and Mikel. You’ll need to have a wide view of the entire battlefield and understanding the situation at all times will be your top priority, can you do it?”

“I can.”

“Good.”

Liamson looked at Frey and asked.

“What about you?”

“I’ll move separately.”

It was more efficient to use two units than to come together for an all out attack. One unit had just been completed.

There were only three of them, but they would be fine as long as they worked together.

The other unit would be made up of Frey alone.

Camille anxiously asked.

“...will you be okay?”

“This will be the last time you can afford to worry about someone else. I assure you.”

As he finished his words, Frey began running straight to Lukes.

Liamson, Camille and Mikel began running in the opposite direction.

“Huh...”

Lukes let out a short laugh.

At that moment, indiscriminate lightning began falling from the sky.

Kungkungkung!

The lightning either scorched the ground black or sent bits and pieces flying.

This destructive power kept Frey from feeling relaxed in any way.

‘The barrier from the Typhoon Earrings could only take three hits...no I should assume that it can only take two.’

Frey decided that it wasn’t the time to hide any cards.

Woowoong.

The Staff of the Great Sage, which had been in the shape of a bracelet, revealed its true form.

With this, his magic power increased by several times.

He didn't know the defense of the Apostle, but he was sure that he could at least do some damage.

First, he would check the enemy's reactions.

"Burning Ground."

7 star magic!

10% of his total mana disappeared in an instant.

Frey's mana pool was incredibly high, but the 7 star spell Burning Ground required much more mana than other spells of its rank.

Massive flames covered the area as dozens of fires sprung up at the same time. The heat of these flames converging upon Lukes.

Because of the reinforcement by the staff, the magic power of the spell was now comparable to Torkunta's breath.

However, Lukes wasn't troubled at all and instead scoffed softly.

“Hng!”

Paat.

“...!”

The attack didn't reach him. Frey realised it even though his vision was blurred by the flames.

He didn't feel the sensation that would've occurred.

Pijik.

The flames slowly disappeared and the figure of Lukes was once again revealed. His body was wrapped in a sphere of lightning.

‘What tremendous defense.’

He didn't even scratch it.

“Hahaha! You are fairly skilled for a 7 star wizard but you could never crack my Lightning Barrier with just that level of skill.”

Frey ignored his words and swung the Staff of the Great Sage.

Kugugu.

There were 5 skill storage slots. In them, he had stored three attack spells, one Blink and one Warp.

Frey used two of them simultaneously.

Dozens of 5 star Flaming Balls appeared. Followed by a 6 star spell Frost Scream

“It’s no use!”

Boom boom boom!

The sound was loud, but there was still no significant damage.

However, Frey had gotten an understanding of the Lightning Barrier.

‘It’s not that it takes no damage, but that it recovers faster than the damage is being done.’

And the thing that provided the necessary energy for it to recover was none other than the thunderclouds in the sky.

The vacant location where the dead forest had once stood had become a devastating battlefield that would never regain its former appearance.

The lightning that Lukes utilized himself and the lightning that constantly fell from the sky with bright flashes of light and loud sounds could easily distract the mind.

Even a wizard who had encountered many hardships would not be able to cast their spells in all of this noise.

As he tried to come up with a plan, Frey avoided Lukes indiscriminate attacks with a combination of Haste and Blink.

Even so, he did not forget to counterattack occasionally.

Frey specialised mostly in spells of the Fire and Water attributes.

Even when he didn't cast the spell that took longer, he was still able to present a formidable and destructive power.

However, the two attributes weren't enough.

Even if they managed to reach the barrier, their power would be reduced by half.

Wind attribute magic.

Wind magic, which showed its strength in destroying spells, terrain and barriers was his best option to eliminate the thunderstorm.

And of course, the range was also fairly high.

However, it was difficult for Frey to do it directly. Not only because it would lack power when compared to his fire and water attributes, but because he could not make the time to do so.

'It's not possible to significantly shorten the casting time like with fire or water magic.'

To be able to accumulate enough power to blow away the thunderclouds, he'd need to charge the spell for at least 1 minute.

'Lukes wouldn't miss that opening.'

Even now, Lukes was giving almost all of his attention to Frey.

Casting for one minute in this situation was tantamount to suicide.

But it didn't need to be 7 star magic.

He pretended not to notice the weakness of the lightning barrier and intended to give a mission to the other group.

Only

Frey telepathically contacted Camille when he had a bit of breathing space.

[Camille, we need to get rid of the thunderclouds. Can you do it?]

One of the most important things when casting spells was how calm and stable the caster was.

Rather than a 7 star spell that had been cast unstably, the 6 star spells cast by the three of them together would be much stronger.

[I can do it if Mikel helps me. But...]

[We'll get Lukes attention.]

Frey subconsciously gave a small smile.

[I'll take care of that.]

Season 1 Chapter 49: Apostle (4)

'What the hell is he?'

Lukes looked at Frey with a surprised gaze.

Even though he was a 7 star wizard, he couldn't be older than thirty.

It was surprising, but it was not exactly impossible. He had seen a few people in the circle who had ridiculous talents.

The reason why Lukes was shocked was not because of Frey's talent. Instead, it was the composure that he was displaying.

Hm...'

Lukes had seen a few geniuses before and felt that he knew more about them than other people.

Basically, they were arrogant.

They might not think so, but to Lukes who had a lot of experience, there was always a flaw that he could find.

Whether it was carelessness stemming from their hubris or from their lack of hands on experience, there were always flaws.

But Lukes couldn't find any of that now.

Frey did not show any carelessness.

There wasn't even space for him to insert a needle. It was ridiculous.

Furthermore, Frey was a child who didn't even have wrinkles on his face. He was at an age where he couldn't have much real life experience.

'This...it's like I'm dealing with an old Archmage!'

As long as he had the divine power, the fact that his opponent was a 7 star Archmage made no difference.

In fact, with the power of his lightning, even if three Archmages tried to face him, they would still not be enough. After all, he was once an Archmage before becoming the Demigod's Apostle. (TL: *cough* slave *cough*)

Therefore he knew the strengths and weaknesses of wizards.

He knew dozens of ways that he could use that information to improve the war situation or to even pressure the opponent.

But Frey seemed to always be one step ahead of him.

'Am I really losing this fight?'

Lukes had no choice but to admit it.

Otherwise, there was no reason to explain why he couldn't take down a single Archmage, two Dark Elves and Floor Master.

Boom Boom Boom!

The Flame Balls crashed down once again.

The spell couldn't break through the Lightning Barrier but Lukes couldn't help but have a bad feeling inside.

He could tell just by listening to these sounds that the power of this magic had already surpassed that of a 7 star wizard.

Without the lightning barrier, he would have already been covered in blood.

Lukes kept an eye on Frey's behavior and paid attention to his seemingly unending attacks.

'He is deliberately using loud spells. Is he trying to hold my attention?'

So what was his real purpose?

Lukes turned his focus to Mikel's team, who were moving in their formation.

They tried to hide it, but he was able to feel that the mana around them was shaking. It felt like wind attributed mana.

Lukes' eyes flashed.

"These guys! They're thinking of getting rid of the thunderclouds with wind spells!"

Bang!

At that moment the strength of the thunderstorm seemed to have doubled in strength.

Frey clicked his tongue.

'He figured it out faster than I expected.'

Perhaps because he had been a former wizard, but it was difficult for them to completely conceal their intentions for long.

Frey didn't think that he was in any position to conserve his mana anymore.

The most powerful spells he could use at the moment were from the fire and water attributes.

However, water attribute spells would have a disadvantage against the power of lightning.

Therefore there was only one option left.

Kooo.

Mana began soaring rapidly around Frey. Thousands of red threads seemed to be flying around him.

Lukes, who had been focusing on Mikel's group, let out an involuntary shiver.

"Th-, that much mana! Newbie! Who the hell are you?"

Frey didn't answer him.

The spell that he was preparing to use boasted the highest destructive power among all 7 star spells.

Frey wanted to maximize the damage caused by this spell as much as possible.

Lukes swung his hand.

Boom!

A thunderbolt struck down from the sky and spears made of lightning formed within the thunderstorm before flying toward him.

But just before the attacks hit, Frey opened his mouth.

“Lava Blast.”

Boom Boom Boom!

There was a huge explosion, followed by Lukes’ screams as he felt the horrific pain of his right hand getting burned.

“Kuaack!”

Pain?

Was he feeling pain right now?

This was the first time since he had become an Apostle. Lukes couldn’t even believe that his lightning barrier had been breached.

Lukes bit his lower lip so hard that it bled in an effort to forcibly keep control of his mind which felt like it would fly away because of the intense pain.

'Lava Blast! This spell is dangerous!'

His right arm was already almost completely gone, but he could feel the heat spreading from that area.

At this rate, his body would soon be covered in horrific burns and he would lose his ability to control the lightning.

With a fierce look on his face, Lukes cut off the rest of his right hand with a thunderbolt.

"K-, kuh...you...through the lightning barrier."

It was something that was so powerful, that it could never be breached with 7 star magic.

However, there was something that Lukes couldn't know.

Frey's fire magic had been boosted by several times by the consumption of the elixir, and his power had then been amplified by the Staff of the Great Sage.

Frey wasn't in a good condition either. Instead, he felt incredibly dizzy at that moment.

Not only that.

'My nervous system is overheating.'

He couldn't use magic at the moment in his current condition.

It felt good to smash the lightning barrier and actually hit him, but now he wouldn't be able to use magic for a few minutes.

However, that didn't mean that his ability to continue fighting had completely disappeared.

Frey assumed the posture that he'd learned from the Magic Warrior King.

"You...!"

Lukes shook the one hand that he had left and lightning began arcing over his fingertips.

'It'll be too late even if he sees this attack coming and tries to avoid it.'

However, he didn't know that Frey was paying attention to his fingers.

Papapat.

“...!”

As Frey avoided a series of successive lightning strikes, Lukes’ eyes widened.

The moves that he’d just displayed were so fast that he could not believe they were done by a wizard.

Lukes could not even begin to imagine the identity of the man in front of him.

A 7 star Archmage, with skills and composure that didn’t match his age and was skilled at magic martial arts?

“What the hell are you...!”

“I’m human.”

“You, are you really human like me?”

“Don’t misunderstand.”

“What?”

“You’re not human.”

Frey quickly narrowed the distance to Lukes.

The lightning barrier was still recovering, and as long as he was close enough, then it would be easy to attack through the gap.

Paak!

“Urk!”

Frey’s fist hit Lukes’ chin.

Crack.

The sensation of his jawbone becoming like powder was vividly felt.

If it was an ordinary person, then they would have long since lost consciousness from that one blow.

And they’d live the rest of their lives only able to eat porridge.

It was a truly sad life, but Frey would not feel any pity for the man in front of him.

Paak!

Paak!

Paak!

Frey's attacks slowly hit Lukes. These were not light hits at all.

There was a lot of weight behind each blow.

Frey didn't know how long this man had been an Apostle, but he knew that he would have lived most of his life as a wizard. So he wouldn't have much experience when it came to close combat fighting.

As Frey expected, Lukes was unable to make any proper situational judgement because his brain had been shaken.

Of course, this positive situation didn't last for long.

Crackle.

At that time, the lightning barrier recovered fully and a lightning bolt repelled Frey harshly.

Frey's body flew dozens of meters away because of the tremendous shock before landing on the ground.

"Ugh..."

He hit his head hard on the ground.

He felt blood on his head and it seemed that he had been cut on his forehead.

Did he bite his tongue?

He could also taste both soil and blood in his mouth.

Frey looked at Lukes while spitting out the bloody mess.

His appearance was terrible enough that calling him a wreck didn't seem to be enough, he was incredibly hideous to look at.

"I won't...forgive..."

It was great that he could even say so much with his smashed jaw.

Although the pronunciation was a bit off and it was more raspy, it was not hard to understand what he said.

Frey inwardly praised Lukes for his mental power.

Every time his chin moved, he would definitely feel a horrific pain.

“It’s already too late.”

“What...?”

“We’ve won.”

Fwoosh.

At that moment a heavy torrent of air flew into the sky.

Frey’s eyes shined at the sight.

‘Howling Tempest.’

It held great power.

This was natural. Three people had been casting the spell together for a few minutes, it would instead be strange if it didn't have at least this level of power.

The thunderclouds were swept away by the powerful winds and at the same time, the lightning barrier that had been protecting Lukes faded before disappearing completely.

Lukes fell to his knees with a blank look on his face.

"Th-, this. Th-, this doesn't make any sense."

The thunderstorm faded away and the sun's rays once again reached the ground.

Frey did not take his eyes off of Lukes who had his head bowed in exhaustion.

"We won!"

Liamson shouted in delight. Camille simply let out a sigh of relief. And Mikel had mixed feelings.

"Honor Lukes...it didn't have to be like this."

Frey walked slowly to Honor Lukes, who was drooling with dazed eyes.

"I...an Apostle like me lost..."

"...Lukes, why did you betray us?"

Lukes glanced at Mikel before letting out a crazed laugh.

"H-, huhuhu. You don't want to know. Anyone who sees them with their own eyes is bound to be discouraged. Circle? Inherited the wills of the heroes? So what? In the end, humans are only mortals."

"So you chose to wag your tail? You chose to give up your pride as a wizard and your duty as a member of the Circle to become a dog?"

As Liamson looked at him in contempt, Lukes simply shook his head.

"You...you all don't know anything!"

His mad eyes turned to Frey.

"Compared to them the powerful humans are nothing but bugs! But they don't treat us like bugs! He promised me salvation! He said that he would evolve humans into a higher existence! D-, do you see?! You are the ones that are truly hindering the progress of mankind!"

"Maybe there's a Demigod like that."

Frey said these words coldly which caused Lukes to shiver involuntarily. Even the light of madness within his eyes seemed to be stalled by the anger he could feel.

“There might be a Demigod who thinks as you said, wants to develop and wants to protect humans. But do you really think it’s because of their love for humans? Do you think they reached out because they truly want to understand humans?”

“Th-, that’s right...!”

“You are the one who knows nothing.”

Crik.

Frey ground his teeth together.

“For the Demigods, this is all just a game. They just enjoy raising and developing humans as a form of entertainment. So what do you think will happen when the game has ended? What do you think will happen to that advanced civilization when they finally lose interest?”

“H-, hik...”

As Frey stepped forward, Lukes backed away. Nevertheless, Frey didn’t stop.

“They will overturn the game. It’s more accurate to say that they would reset it. The transcendental beings are the fences with promises of progress and the future. That sounds great.

But you have to think about what will happen once the Demigods grow tired of being the ‘Guardians’ of humanity or they become bored. What would happen to the race that obeys them?”

Frey had once tried to understand the Demigods before.

There was a time when he really believed that there might be good ones among them who were really looking out for the human race.

But there wasn’t.

For them, everything was entertainment.

How many civilizations and races had disappeared in their hands?

Even if you were bored enough to count, you would not be able to do so before you became dust.

The Demigod’s whispers were lies.

They probably don’t even know that they completely cheated the humans.

Crackle.

A flame appeared above Frey's hand.

Mikel was startled and stopped him.

"Wh-, what are you doing?"

"We cannot leave him. We have to end it here."

Capture was only possible when you could afford to do it.

Frey had no confidence in his ability to capture Lukes while dealing with his unknown divine power.

Of course, it would be more efficient to capture, torture and extract information from him, but the risk was too high.

Frey had no intention of gambling.

"You don't have to do that, do you? He's already lost his will to fight. You're not making good judgements because you are angry."

“Come now Floor Master Mikel. Who do you think is the one not properly judging the situation right now?”

“Wh-, what?”

Frey’s cold eyes turned to Mikel.

“You’re still looking at him as Lukes, the Deputy Tower Master. How many humans do you think he killed to become an Apostle? I’m sure you’ve forgotten the scene in Holbridge.”

“But...” (TL:...really dislike Mikel right now...he’s useless and stupid...)

It was then.

Lukes, who had been silent until now, grabbed a hold of Mikel’s wrist in an instant. (TL:...see...I called it...)

Mikel and Lukes had been so close, that Frey, who was paying attention to his movements, wasn’t able to react in time.

Only

“Mr. Lukes?! This, what...”

“I will take you and you and you down with me!”

“Uh!”

“Damn. Get away!”

Frey grabbed the napes of both Liamson and Camille before activating his Typhoon Earrings.

Boooooom!

A huge explosion sounded immediately after.

Season 1 Chapter 50: Contact (1)

Crackle...

In the spot where Lukes and Mikel once were, there were only flames.

The smell of burning flesh in the air was strong enough to make one’s stomach twist.

Frey sighed as he looked at the black residue that was once flesh and blood. There was nothing more to see.

The two of them had died instantly, without even leaving complete corpses.

Mikel had been in a bad position. Had he been any closer, Frey might have been able to save him.

“H-, he blew himself up?”

“Such horrific power.”

There wasn’t even much of the body that they could retrieve.

Frey sighed again.

“He couldn’t accept Lukes betrayal till the end.”

“So it seems.”

After a moment, Frey shook his head and turned around.

“Wait. There should be a crystal.”

“Right. It’s said that if you kill an Apostle...”

Liamson walked to the spot that Lukes had self-destructed. Then he began rummaging through the charred pieces with his hand.

It would've been normal for him to receive burns on his bare hand, but seeing that his facial expression was fine, he must have protected his hand with mana.

Soon he found something and took it out.

"This is it."

"Hm..."

Frey's eyes narrowed as he looked at the crystal in Liamson's hand.

At first glance, it appeared to be a simple white jewel. It was more transparent than a diamond and there seemed to be a mysterious light shining within it.

It was more beautiful than the finest jewelry, but what Frey paid attention to wasn't the shell.

'Is that a power source? That must be why Lukes was able to use divine power.'

Frey looked at Liamson.

"What is this crystal used for?"

“I don’t know either. But the chief said that it was very valuable and important.”

Then he turned to look at Camille.

Would she know something about this?

“Liamson’s right. It’s something helpful, it’s not dangerous. Frey, you are the one who defeated the Apostle, so you should take it.”

Frey decided to accept her words and put the crystal into his bag.

Then he looked around.

“It was an intense fight.”

There was no place around them that was untouched.

The entire area had been destroyed by Frey’s spells and Lukes’ thunderbolts.

“That’s what I said. But what the hell are you?”

“What do you mean?”

Liamson was looking at him as though he was looking at a monster.

“Your magic. I’ve seen 7 star wizards a few times before but none of them displayed such tremendous power. Are you an 8 star wizard?”

Frey shook his head.

“Of course not. I’m just better at fire and water magic than others.”

He couldn’t call himself an 8 star wizard with just that.

Liamson nodded in realisation.

“Hm...that’s true. If you could use powerful wind spells then you wouldn’t have needed to ask for our help.”

“Frey, you haven’t joined a circle yet right?”

Camille suddenly spoke out in a friendly tone, which caused Frey to let out a short laugh at how strange it was.

“You’d like me to join Blacktooth?”

“We are small in number, but we treat each other like family.”

“I’ll have to politely decline.”

Camille shrugged as if it had only been a half-hearted invitation. It seemed like she had done it to soften the ice cold atmosphere.

“But what do we do about this? It feels weird to just leave everything like this.”

“The circle will clean up the mess. First, let’s get back to the tower and report this incident. It’s a huge achievement to take down an Apostle.”

Camille had a curious expression on her face.

“One of the Phisfounder Armlet’s hideouts should be...nearby. We’d better go and report it to them directly.”

“Are you going to go, teacher?”

“I can’t let you go.”

“I don’t mind.”

“No way. If I sent an inexperienced guy like you, our entire tribe would become a laughing stock.”

“You are so harsh...”

Camille let out a laugh.

“I’m just kidding. It’ll be faster if I go and maybe I’ll see someone I know.”

Frey nodded as the plan was finalised.

“Then let’s head back to the 3rd Magic Tower first.

* * *

When they returned to the magic tower, the sky had already become dark.

Camille seemed to be planning to leave early tomorrow morning after taking a short break in the tower for the night.

Frey suddenly tilted his head.

“I’m sure the Tower Master here must be incredibly powerful. Does he not have anything to do with the Circle?”

“I’m not sure. I don’t have much information concerning the human situation.”

“But since the Deputy Tower Master and a Floor Master were members of the Circle then he should know of its existence. There are actually quite a few people like that. They are powerful enough to be executives within the circles, but they choose to not get involved.”

“...”

Frey washed away his fatigue and fell asleep soon after.

The next day, just after he woke up, he heard a knock on his door.

As he opened the door and stepped out, he saw Adelia standing there.

She stood there, absentmindedly twisting her hair.

“Old man Julian is requesting to meet you.”

“Who is Julian?”

“The 3rd Magic Tower’s Master.”

He was initiating contact?

Frey had also been feeling the need to speak with him at least once.

Adelia gave Frey a once over before saying.

“I guess you just woke up. Wash up and eat first, then come to the 10th floor.”

Suddenly, he realised that she had not looked him in the eyes even once.

Frey found it odd, but as she’d suggested, he washed his face and headed to the 10th floor of the tower after having breakfast.

It was his first time going to the 10th floor.

Two wizards were guarding the entrance, they did not say anything and simply let him enter, probably because they had been given instructions already.

When he opened the door, he saw an old man.

Frey immediately realised that this man was a wizard who wasn't inferior to Shepard.

"Are you Frey?"

"Nice to meet you. I am Frey Blake."

Adelia was standing beside this man.

She still had a lazy expression, but she was acting much more politely than usual.

"This is my first time seeing you in person. I am Julian Montolivo, the Master of the 3rd Magic Tower."

"I've heard of your great name before."

Adelia let out a low laugh as she knew that he definitely had not heard of his name before that moment.

"I don't want to take a lot of your time, so I'll get straight to the point. Four days ago. Mikel left to complete a job for the circle. Accompanied by you and two Dark Elves."

"That's right."

“What happened to Mikel?”

“He died.”

Adelia shuddered.

Julian closed his eyes for a moment before speaking.

“...I see.”

Frey wondered if he should tell him about Lukes, but he decided to wait in silence for the moment.

“And his body?”

“I’m sorry. There wasn’t anything to bring back.”

“It must have been a terrible fight.”

Julian sighed.

“That was all I wanted to know. Sorry for taking your time. You may leave.”

The fact that Lukes had betrayed them would probably be better for Camille to reveal when she came back from the circle hideout.

Frey got up and left the room.

Adelia followed him.

“Is Mikel really dead?”

“Yes.”

“Who did it?”

“An Apostle.”

“Apostle...”

Adelia bit her lip.

“He should’ve waited for Tower Master Lukes.”

“...”

Frey once again wondered if he should reveal that they had been betrayed, but there was something that he wanted to know first.

“Is professor also a member of the circle?”

“That’s right.”

“What’s your affiliation?”

Adelia scratched her cheek before saying in a low voice.

“Traumen Rings.”

“...isn’t that almost destroyed? If it’s the professor then you must have received invitations from better places.”

Adelia’s talent was fearsome.

Aside from her level, she was so smart that it would not be strange for the other circles to scramble to get her to join them.

“There’s nothing that I need. So shouldn’t I go to a place I like instead?... Well, I’m only a member in name in the first place, I rarely interact with the other circle members.”

At that moment, Peran came to Frey's mind.

Frey wondered why these incredibly talented people were so interested in the collapsing Traumen Rings.

At the same time, he grew concerned about the situation that the Traumen Rings was in.

How many members did they have, who was their leader, and what was the current situation that they faced?

But Frey knew that circle members were usually very reserved when revealing information about their own groups.

Mikel was like that and so was Shepard.

Maybe Adelia was like that too.

Frey decided not to speak about it anymore.

As he looked back at Adelia, Frey suddenly remembered the Apostle's crystal that he had in his bag.

"Professor, do you know how this is used?"

“Huh?”

Adelia’s eyes narrowed as she observed the crystal.

Then.

Shock spread across her face.

“H-, huk...”

Frey felt that she was even more surprised than when he’d shown her Torkunta’s heart.

“Th-, is this an Apostle’s crystal? D-, did you defeat the Apostle?”

“Didn’t I say that?”

“You didn’t say anything! I thought that when Uncle Mikel died, you all managed to escape!”

...now that he thought about it, it was easy to understand her reasoning.

As far as she knew, several 7 star Archmages were required to defeat a single Apostle.

Adelia knew that Frey must be astonishingly powerful, but not even in her wildest dreams would she have thought that he'd reached 7 stars.

She took a few breaths to calm herself then invited him to her room so that they could talk about it.

Adelia's room was much cleaner than before.

"This is a pure crystal that holds Divine power. It's useless in this state, but if you process it then it would transform into an incredible elixir!"

"Elixir?"

"Maybe one even better than the Drake's heart that you gave me. H-, hehehe."

Adelia laughed in a similar way to that day.

"Then can I ask the professor to make it?"

"This crystal is yours?"

"Yes."

“Hmm...”

Adelia looked at Frey as though she was looking at a monster before shrugging.

“It doesn’t matter but...I felt it last time, but don’t you trust people too easily?”

“I do?”

“That’s right! The Drake heart before and this crystal now, what if I took them and ran away?”

Adelia inspected the crystal with one eye closed.

“An average wizard would even sell their soul for stuff like this.”

“It’s not that I’m not worried.”

“Then-”

“But I have my own way of looking at people.”

“Huh?”

Only

“I trust you, professor.”

Then Adelia trembled.

“...you, you. If you say that one more time then I won't accept your request!”

“Yes?”

“Shut up!”

Adelia quickly disappeared into her room.

“It'll only take a month! I've done it a few times before!”

Frey burst into laughter.