

## The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years - Chapter V1C5 To Change Overnight (1)

### Season 1 Chapter 5: To Change Overnight (1)

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It would be meaningless to show his anger here. Frey was a student while he was a professor. If he stooped to his level, his authority would only plummet. Kevin smiled and clapped his hands.

“Good, good. All right. Some things are more important than class. I’m sure you wouldn’t waste all that time. Certainly, you’ve got plenty to show for it.”

“Thank you.”

“In that case, let’s stop with the idle chatter and begin.”

Kevin opened and skimmed through the textbook. With a smile, he said.

“Frey, here’s a question for you.”

The students held their breath. Kevin’s questions were notorious for being tricky. He never asked questions that could easily be guessed. Moreover, the punishment for not answering correctly was severe. In addition to docking grades, there were times when students had to stand until the end of class. To make matters worse, Kevin’s target was Frey, who had never even attended his lessons before.

“What were the three artifacts used by the Magic Warrior King, Kassajin?”

Frey did not reply. The students thought the question was distasteful. The Magic Warrior King Kassajin was the greatest magic warrior in history, yet most of Westroad’s magic-oriented students knew him only as one of the Great Mage Lucas’ companions. Some even had no clue who Kassajin was. Of course, it was not that he was omitted entirely from “The History of Magecraft.” Rather, his mention only encompassed a mere three lines, as he had walked the path of a warrior.

Of course, the information about which artifacts he used was left out altogether. Kevin leered.

“What’s wrong, Frey? Didn’t you spend all that time accumulating knowledge that you couldn’t find in my class? Or is it that you thought the achievements of a magic warrior were not even worth your time?”

Frey remained silent. Just as he began to answer, a student seated in the back spoke for him.

“I object. As far as I know, the Magic Warrior King Kassajin has no place in the history of magecraft.”

For a moment, Kevin was silent. If it weren’t for her blood ties to the academy, Isabelle Triznine would have been chased out of the classroom in a more terrible way than Frey.

She had always interfered with his classes in every aspect.

Kevin replied smugly.

“Kassajin was the first person to develop a method that used mana to enhance physical abilities. Although his pursuit was different, no one can deny his advancement of magecraft.”

“But Kassajin was a martial artist who used mana solely to train his body. Such a person cannot be considered a magician.”

That was true. Isabelle’s knowledge was far ahead of her peers and was no less than a professor’s. But a sly smile still remained on Kevin’s face.

“Then are you choosing to ignore everyone who walks the path of a magic warrior, Isabelle?”

“... That is an outlandish interpretation.”

“Oh, that may be. However, whether or not magic warriors should be considered magicians is still a major debate in the academic community. It’s a sensitive subject that can sometimes lead to a contest of pride between learned societies. While it’s important to voice your opinion, do pay more attention to your remarks. If you want to succeed as a magician, that is.”

“But...”

“The one I asked was Frey, not you, Isabelle.”

Isabelle bit her lower lip. She disliked Kevin to begin with and thought he was repulsive. He was the worst sort who enjoyed tormenting the weak for his own satisfaction. She was also well aware of his lecherous gaze that would often sweep her body.

Even now, Kevin thought he was being discreet, but Isabelle could tell. She felt horrible as he ogled her, as if a thousand insects were squirming over her entire body.

Kevin’s eyes narrowed as he noticed the look on Isabelle’s face.

‘What a shame. If it weren’t for her relation to the academy...’

Frey, who remained silent throughout the whole exchange, finally replied.

“The Tiger King’s Glove, the Giant’s Belt, and the Gale Necklace.”

“ ... ”

Kevin’s eyes widened while Isabelle gazed at Frey in astonishment.

“Am I wrong?”

His memory was hazy, though Frey left that part out.

“That is... correct.”

“What a relief.”

There was an uproar among the students. Frey answered the questions with ease even though they were meant to be nearly impossible to guess. But it would be even stranger if he did not know. The Great Mage Lucas and his companions were very close. Those four were like family to each other. From their favorite foods to their most trivial habits, he knew them all.

As Frey reminisced, his expression dimmed for a moment. Kevin became solemn at once.

“This was just a warm-up. I’ve still got more questions for you, Frey.”

“Alright.”

Frey was rather pleased with the situation.

\* \* \*

'Unbelievable.'

Kevin openly gaped at Frey. His attention was absorbed in the book as if he was not the least bit interested in what Kevin had to say.

'He answered everything correctly?'

Since the question about Kassajin, Kevin had asked about five more questions. All of them were difficult enough to baffle even the top students. The last two especially, since they could only be answered by professors in a specialized field.

Frey did not immediately respond. Before answering, he would remain silent as if he was reliving old memories. His silence would last anywhere from a few seconds to a solid minute.

But whatever left Frey's mouth ended up being correct. Kevin was at a total loss.

Is this really Frey Blake? He was told that his grades were not bad. However, whenever Frey looked at him, Kevin would shrivel like a mouse in front of a cat.

Frey's eyes were aglow with each answer he gave, while Kevin's voice gradually withered. Eventually, he could not make a single sound and could only stand still.

'Even though he should be the shame of Westroad Academy!'

The past Frey would have turned beet-red by now. But what about the current Frey? He was not cowering in the least. He was neither reddening nor stuttering. Instead, his eyes were lucid and his voice was full of vitality. Kevin was very familiar with these types of people. Only those who had strong self-confidence carried themselves that way.

Like Professor Dio and Professor Adelia!

'Impossible!'

How could Frey be in the same league as the two most distinguished faculty members of Westroad Academy? Kevin immediately withdrew his line of thought.

'That was good.'

Meanwhile, Kevin's barrage of questions was a great stimulus for Frey. Memories that he thought were long forgotten re-emerged and set off a chain reaction.

Kevin would have never dreamed of such a thing, but the harder his questions became, the more helpful they were to Frey.

Frey truly did not care if he was wrong. Rather, that was what he hoped for to some extent. He wanted confirmation that magecraft hadn't regressed for 4,000 years. But it never came.

Not one field of magecraft had made even an ounce of progress. How absurd. It was especially laughable to call the era when magecraft shone the brightest 4,000 years ago the "Light Ages."

"Was there anything else you wanted to ask?"

Kevin was rendered speechless by Frey's question. For a while, he could only gnaw at his lips until his eyes lowered to the textbook.

"...Page 131."

Kevin could not hide his humiliation. He had just admitted defeat during his own class.

Before long, it was time for the lesson to end. Kevin glowered at Frey then took his leave.

'I should go eat lunch at the cafeteria.'

As Frey recalled the especially delicious meal he had there, his mouth began to water. Ever since his escape from the abyss, eating became very enjoyable.

Frey rose from his seat and realized that the students around him had been watching him for some time. Many appeared hesitant to speak. Frey had

already been targeted by David. Very few of them were in a position to be able to ignore David's warnings.

"Are you going to the cafeteria?"

One of them was Isabelle. The power of the academy was much greater than that of David. She looked directly at Frey with an irresistible curiosity burning in her seemingly tranquil gaze.

'He seems like a completely different person.'

Isabelle knew Frey. The Blake House was an esteemed family of magicians. When she first heard that a magician from the Blake House was admitted, she had expected a tremendous talent.

But then Isabelle's expectations were soon shattered. It was safe to say that Frey had no talent at all. If it weren't for the Blake family, he would not have even been allowed to attend the academy.

That kind of Frey had changed overnight. The cowardice that plagued his every step vanished. He was no longer subservient to David and his crowd when they tried to toy with him.

He was not even intimidated by Kevin's deluge of questions, and instead answered them with ease.

Frey swept past her and kept walking. For a moment, Isabelle was dazed.

'Am I being ignored?'

At least, it was her first time being ignored since entering the academy. Panicking for a moment, she hurriedly chased after Frey. This time, she stood right next to him and spoke more clearly.

"Frey Blake."

Only then did Frey spare Isabelle a glance, rolling his eyes.

"Are you talking to me?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know. I'm heading to the cafeteria."

Frey did not slow down even when answering her. Naturally, Isabelle turned to pursue him.

“About the last question that Professor Kevin asked.”

The last question. What was it again? Frey, thought it over and soon came up with the answer.

“Schweizer’s three training methods?”

“Yes, that one.”

While talking, they arrived at the cafeteria. Frey took his lunch after exchanging his meal ticket and sat down. Isabelle set her tray across from him.

The surrounding people stirred up at once.

Isabelle was one of the most popular students. It was not just due to her relation with the academy. Her grades were outstanding enough to place her among the top three, and her appearance was beautiful. Even David had expressed his favor to Isabelle on several occasions.

But there she was, sitting across from the worst student, Frey, eating her lunch.

Isabelle, sitting with him? Except for those who were just in the same class as Frey, a majority of the students glared fiercely in his direction.

“I thought Schweizer had developed only two training methods. Assimilation and amplification. You mentioned ‘battling’ earlier. It’s the first I’ve heard of it.”

“Is that so.”

However, battling was also the most dangerous of the three methods. Frey cut a large piece of sausage and scoffed it down. It was extremely delicious.

“At first, I thought you were just saying whatever came to mind. But from the professor’s reaction, the answer seemed to be correct.”

“What are you trying to say?”

Isabelle hesitated for a moment, then continued.

“What kind of training method is battling?”

It was what Isabelle was most curious about. Frey replied lightly.

“What stage are you at right now?”

“I have reached three stars.”

Isabelle spoke humbly, but Frey was shocked and fell into deep thought. He then said with a nod.

Only

“That’s pretty good for your age.”

At that moment, Isabelle felt as if she was speaking to a wise old magician instead of Frey. But then she remembered his situation and looked remorseful.

“It seems as if you don’t have any grievances.”

“That’s right.”

Frey finished his meal in a flash, while Isabelle had taken a mere two bites of her salad.

“I’ll be going first then.”

“W-wait a minute. What kind of method is battling?”

“Refer to the book – what I know may not be certain.”

His knowledge might be outdated, so he was not sure if any odd side effects would occur. Frey left the cafeteria, the conviction behind his gaze bewildering Isabelle.