

Great Mage 51

Season 1 Chapter 51: Contact (2)

Frey spent his time reading Grimoires or sparring with Liamson.

On the first day of the next week, Camille returned from her trip to the Phisfounder Armlet hideout and she didn't come back alone.

Instead, she returned with two new companions.

One of them was a stern looking middle aged man wrapped in a pure black robe who exuded a very powerful aura.

However, Frey had no choice to ignore him when he saw the person that came together with him.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

The other man was also staring at Frey.

Uncommon grey hair, hollow eyes and a cold expression.

It wouldn't be a complete exaggeration to say that it was like looking at a mirror.

Frey didn't avoid the man's gaze.

The man opened his mouth first.

"Long time no see."

Frey nodded and replied.

"Long time no see."

One of Camille's companions was none other than the second son of the Blake family, Heinz Blake.

* * *

"Do you know each other?"

"This is my younger brother?"

"Huh."

The middle aged beside him glanced over at Frey with a cold look.

It was a very rude action to do to someone whom he'd just met. In fact, it made Frey feel rather uncomfortable.

It was then that Camille came to his side and whispered in his ear.

"This man is Dugenjar, a Force Honor from the Phisfounder Armlets. He has a nasty temper so be careful."

Then she continued with a slightly surprised expression.

"By the way, I didn't know Heinz was your brother."

"You know him?"

"There's no way I wouldn't know a Force Honor from the Strow Necklaces. He's a big celebrity. Even a circle as isolated as ours has heard of his name."

Frey's gaze met Heinz's once again.

His eyes and facial expression carried no emotion, so it was impossible for them to guess what Frey was thinking.

"Then we can now hear about this nonsense."

Dugenjar spoke to Frey in a sharp tone, his voice filled with arrogance.

“Explain the situation in detail.”

“ ... ”

It was a very high handed attitude.

Frey opened his mouth without showing any expressions on his face.

“Lukes, the 3rd Magic Tower’s Deputy Master betrayed humanity. He became an Apostle and in the process of defeating him, Floor Master Mikel died.”

“I already know that. Fool, didn’t you understand my words? I’m telling you to explain what happened in detail.”

Liamson’s face twitched. Frey was someone who had received his acknowledgement and respect.”

When he’d left the forest, he didn’t expect that one day he would have such a strong friendship with a human, but Frey was different.

With the power and achievements that he’d shown, Frey was someone who truly deserved respect even after climbing over the wall of race.

But when an old bastard popped out from nowhere and began disregarding him, it made him very uncomfortable.

And if he knew anything about Frey, it was that he would never accept such treatment.

“I am not a member of any Circle yet.”

“What are you talking about?”

Dugenjar had an irritated expression on his face as though he didn’t expect Frey to talk back to him.

“I’m telling you to stop speaking down to me. I am not your subordinate.”

“...!”

At Frey’s words, Camille’s eyes widened and Heinz couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow.

Liamson burst into laughter.

But it was Dugenjar who reacted the most violently.

“This, this...someone who doesn’t know their place!”

Dugenjar’s beard trembled and mana began swirling around his body.

Seeing this, Frey’s face was filled with contempt.

He didn’t like arrogance, but as he saw Dugenjar venting his anger because he could not handle the humiliation, he truly felt that it was pathetic.

Since he was a Force Elder, this meant that he was at least at the 7 stars level, but Frey could not help but feel that he was very weak.

‘I can’t believe this trash is a circle executive.’

He felt disappointed in the Circle, no, in the Phisfounder Armlets.

“Honor Dugenjar, let me talk to him. I will explain the situation in detail to you afterward.”

It was Heinz.

He stepped forward with his signature expressionless face, but Dugenjar did not calm his anger at all.

“Are you siding with him because he is your younger brother? Do you really think I will put up with his rudeness?”

“He is still young. I hope you will be understanding.”

“I don’t tolerate humiliation! Stand back!”

“Hoo.”

Heinz sighed and sent an annoyed glance at Dugenjar.

Then Dugenjar shuddered.

“I will get my brother to explain the situation to me. Do you need me to repeat myself again Honor Dugenjar?”

At that moment, Dugenjar was opening and closing his mouth, but no words were coming out.

Frey managed to see a flash of fear in his eyes.

“...no.” (TL: this is the first time he spoke politely)

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Heinz nodded stiffly before turning back to look at Frey.

“The two of us will talk. Is there anywhere we can go?”

“...we can go to my room.”

Frey got up from his seat while wondering what Heinz was thinking.

But he also welcomed the chance to talk with him alone.

The two then headed for Frey’s room.

Closing the door, Frey sat on the bed. Heinz remained by the door and observed Frey for a moment before speaking.

“I heard that Honor Lukes betrayed us. Camille has already given us a report, but explain what happened one more time for me.”

“Understood.”

Frey explained what happened in as much detail as he could.

While hearing the story, Heinz's expression didn't change much.

'I don't think he was like this.'

He felt like a completely different person than the Heinz who used to bully Frey.

Did he change over the years?

There was a possibility of this, but Frey felt like this man in front of him now was the 'real' Heinz Blake.

So why did such a man treat Frey in that way?

"...that's what happened."

Heinz had finally shown a reaction when he heard that Frey had reached 7 stars.

However, he didn't interrupt Frey nor did he react violently to the information.

"What about the Apostle's crystal?"

"I left it to an alchemist I know."

“That’s a very difficult item to deal with.”

“It’s Professor Adelia. She is an authority in alchemy and she should be able to handle it.”

“...looks like she’s also in the 3rd Magic Tower.”

Now that he thought about it, Adelia had once hinted that she knew Heinz.

What exactly is the relationship between them? (TL: jealous?)

Heinz looked at Frey with his hollow eyes.

“The crystal is yours. You are the one who subjugated him so it is your reward. Adelia will be able to make it into an elixir.

Though rumors about you haven’t spread yet...the larger circles are already watching your movements. Including the Big Three.”

“...?”

“I’d like to say ‘don’t take the elixir made from the crystal’ but you wouldn’t listen to me even if I did, so just go ahead. But you’ll have to be prepared for whatever happens after you take it.”

Frey didn't know what he was talking about and instead of answering the question in his eyes, Heinz sighed.

"You've changed a lot. You must have awakened. Right. You also have the blood of the Blake family inside of you. But don't get conceited. Dugenjar, he's a dirty guy, but his position in the circle can't be ignored.

It's good to raise your self esteem, but sometimes, you have to face reality."

This time he gave off a weird feeling. It was like he really wanted to talk and give advice to his younger brother.

If 'Frey' had been the one hearing this, he might have become emotional.

"In time people from the family will come. They will tell you to return to the house for a while."

But his expression and tone did not change.

"Reject them. Going to the Blake family manor is dangerous right now. You heard about your father from Honor Shepard didn't you?"

"What are you doing?"

Heinz was not surprised by the sudden question, in fact, it seemed like he was expecting it.

Their eyes met once again.

“I don’t know why you’re suddenly acting like an older brother. Are you trying to atone for what happened in the past?”

Frey didn’t think he deserved forgiveness.

The third son of the Blake Family was already dead and the man in front of him was partly responsible for that.

That was why he was able to become Frey.

In his eyes, Heinz’s current behaviour was hypocritical. In fact, it made Frey feel nauseous watching him pretend to be nice all of a sudden.

No matter what the reasons for Heinz’s actions were, the fact that he was one of the persons who drove ‘Frey’ to death remains unchanged.

“Atonement. I don’t want that. I don’t even reflect on what I did to you. It’s just.”

The look in Heinz’s eyes changed for the first time.

“Honestly, I never wanted you to learn magic.”

“ ... ”

“Also, you shouldn’t trust the circle too much.”

Only

“Why?”

“You will find out soon.”

With those words, Heinz left the room.

Frey didn’t try to stop him.

‘The Blake family’s blood.’

Frey’s eyes were cold. At that moment he became sure.

He would have to go to the Blake Family.

Season 1 Chapter 52: Contact (3)

Frey never met Dugenjar again.

They left the magic tower after having a short conversation with the Tower Master.

If that was all they wanted to do then Frey could not understand why they had come all the way there.

‘...did they come to see me?’

He had this thought for a moment before discarding it.

Strangely enough, the moment he saw Heinz, his best friend had come to mind.

Schweiser Strow.

It wasn't difficult for Frey to realise why.

Heinz looked like he was carrying many heavy burdens. His expression was that of a man who faced a situation beyond his own capability. And it probably had something to do with the Blake family.

Frey tried to think of what it could be, but the answer never revealed itself.

This was because there were no clues in 'Frey's' memory.

'I guess I'll find out when we meet face to face.'

Especially the family head Isaka Blake. The key was most likely held by him.

He would see for himself.

Frey was extremely sensitive to divine power, however, Heinz's advice prevented him from going to check right away.

If Isaka Blake had truly become an Apostle then it was highly likely that he would be more powerful than Lukes.

'I won't find the answer even if I continue to ponder it.'

Frey decided to stop thinking about it and enjoy this brief moment of peace.

But his peace was immediately broken the next day.

"It's been a long time, young master."

It was a middle aged man with neatly styled grey hair.

Frey knew who this man was immediately.

Alexandro, the steward of the Blake family.

He had come to visit Frey himself.

‘They came much sooner than I expected.’

However, thanks to Heinz’s reminder, Frey was able to figure out a way to handle this situation.

Frey immediately bent his back and cowered.

He also rolled his eyes nervously while deliberately lowering his voice.

‘I don’t know how much they investigated me beforehand.’

First, there was no need for him to show them any signs that he had changed.

Although he had talked informally with Heinz, that didn’t really matter because Frey had decided to not think of him as an ally or as an enemy.

“H-, how did you know I was here?”

“I checked the records for your Warp Stone trips.”

“ ... ”

A background check.

And he said it without displaying any shame.

No matter how important the steward was, in essence, he was still a servant yet he used the smallest amount of respect possible when talking to Frey.

Just as Frey was observing him. Alexandro was also taking a good look at Frey.

‘Not much has changed.’

Except for his slightly bigger physique, he seemed to be the same as before he was sent to the academy.

There were rumors circulating that he had destroyed a band of pirates but it seemed that those were just nonsense.

What kind of luck did he have to become friends with someone like Peran Jun?

Alexandro concealed his thoughts and explained the purpose of his visit.

“The Lord is summoning you back home. He says that there is something he needs to talk to you about.”

Hmm. What should he do?

Frey felt that he had reached a crossroads.

‘Should I accept Heinz’s advice or go meet Isaka?’

Depending on the choice he picked, the actions that he took would also change.

Frey was lost in thought but he could not remain silent for long. Because Alexandro’s expression was slowly changing.

“Now is... there’s something I need to do so it’s impossible.”

Frey decided to put the meeting on hold for now.

It was partly because of Heinz’s advice, but also because he wanted to see what the circle was like first.

This caused Alexandro to have a troubled expression.

“But it’s a request from the Lord...”

“It’s something that can’t be helped. T-, tell my father that I’m very sorry.”

“...”

Alexandro couldn’t help but be surprised because he had never expected Frey to refuse Isaka’s order.

‘Has he changed a little?’

It looked like he was too scared to agree.

However, this was still an unexpected situation for Alexandro.

No matter how the family criticized Frey, he couldn’t actually force him to do anything.

He had no choice but to bow his head.

“I’ll wait.”

With those words, Alexandro took his leave.

If Alexandro had looked back at that moment he would've seen a shockingly cold gaze that didn't leave him until he disappeared from sight.

* * *

The refinement of the crystal seemed to take longer than expected.

Whenever Adelia appeared, she looked quite emaciated.

Yet there seemed to be an aura of excitement that exuded from her otherwise unsightly appearance.

Feeling of curiosity, Frey couldn't help but ask.

"Haven't you been away from the Academy for too long?"

"It's fine. In the first place, I accepted this position as a professor on the condition that my freedom wasn't limited."

Adelia answered coolly.

Naturally, if you wanted to hire a talented person like her, certain provisions needed to be made.

Frey spent his time constantly training his body.

One regret however, was that Liamson and Camille had left.

In the first place, they were sent here to help the Phisfounder Armlets so after the Apostle was defeated they no longer had a reason to stay.

Before they left, Liamson went up to Frey.

"You said that you were going to take the upcoming test right?"

"I'm not completely sure."

"Well. Passing is a given and there will definitely be a scouting war for you. Hopefully, we can also participate. If we're lucky, we'll meet then."

He raised his fist to Frey.

"I'll win more the next time we meet."

"Sounds absurd."

Frey and Liamson bumped fists and laughed.

Before Camille left, she gave Frey a black stone.

“This is a Darkstone that’s only found in the Spirit World. This should help you feel the Dark Spirits better.”

“Thank you for your help.”

“It’s fine.”

Camille had only let out a gentle laugh.

The Blacktooth Warriors had left the magic tower the very next day. Frey didn’t see them off.

Afterwards, Frey simply began training on his own again.

This was because none of the magic warriors in the 3rd Magic Tower caught Frey’s eye.

He simply passed his time by training his magic martial arts or reading books in the library.

Or while holding the Darkstone, he would try to contact Dark Spirits.

When a month had passed, it was Julian, the Tower Master, instead of Adelia, who contacted him first.

“What did you call me for?” (TL: hard to make this sound polite in english...but it was said politely)

“Hmm. I have a proposal for you.”

“...?”

A proposal.

Julian was not a member of the circle.

Or did he want to trade something?

Before long, he continued.

“Would you like to be a Floor Master?”

Floor Master!

It was a position that almost every wizard longed for.

Simply becoming a member of a magic tower was already something that would cause wizards to walk around with their chins raised, not to mention a Floor Master who could be considered an executive.

Regardless of which tower it was, those in that position were admired and respected by all wizards.

It was a hard to come by opportunity.

Julian simply continued calmly.

“Mikel’s seat is currently vacant and I think that you are a very talented person who is fit to take his place.”

“Are there any Floor Masters as young as I am?”

“Mischael of the Blake Family became a Floor Master at the age of 28, you are much younger than him so you might be the youngest in history.”

Frey remained silent.

Julian spoke in a persuasive tone, maybe assuming that he was unsure of what to do.

“If you become a Floor Master you would get many benefits. As soon as the documents are filed, the Empire will award you with your own mansion, lab and a research grant. You can trade or request knowledge and information about magic sciences from other Floor Masters. Depending on your achievements, you could even get some hard to find materials or rare magic tools.”

It was an amazing proposal that most normal wizards would not be able to resist.

But Frey shook his head without hesitation.

“Thank you for the offer, but I’m sorry.”

“...well. Have you considered joining the circle?”

Julian laughed bitterly but Frey remained silent.

It wasn’t just for that reason.

It was mostly because he had no need for any of the benefits offered for becoming a Floor Master.

“I understand. Then please forget what I said.”

“I won’t forget the kindness that the Tower Master has shown me.”

“Huhu. Thank you for saying that.”

Frey went back to his room and just as he opened a book to read, he heard a knock on the door.

He knew who it was.

The people that Frey interacted with in the tower were very few, and with the departure of the Blacktooth group, it became even less.

“It’s open.”

Creak.

As expected, it was Adelia who opened the door.

She looked at Frey with a strange expression on her face.

“Did you really turn down old man Julian’s offer?”

“Yeah.”

“You, you threw away such an amazing opportunity. If it’s because of the circle then you have the wrong idea. Just like uncle Mikel, it’s possible to hold two positions at once. No, instead I should say most circle

members are like that. The Floor Master of a magic tower is the perfect identity to show the outside world.”

What she said wasn’t crazy as it could be proven simply by looking at Tower Masters like Shepard or Deputy Tower Masters and Floor Masters like Lukes and Mikel.

But Frey didn’t have any regrets.

“I just judged that I wasn’t ready to take on the position of Floor Master. I still have a lot of work to do.”

“...”

There was nothing that she could say when he said that.

This was because, as Frey had said, there were still things that a Floor Master needed to do after they took their position.

They had to report their achievements and findings to the empire regularly or teach wizards in the tower.

“If that’s what you think then I have nothing more to say.”

“Did you just come here to say that?”

“No way.”

Tak.

Adelia put two glass bottles onto the table.

“Well?”

Not one but two?

One of them was filled with clear liquid and the other was difficult to see through.

After receiving Frey’s puzzled gaze, Adelia explained.

“I’ve made crystals into elixirs a few times before, but I’m sure that this time was the trickiest. That crystal had lightning energy. Lightning is one of the most intricate powers! Thanks to that, I had to use hundreds of gold coins to do it right.”

“If that’s the case...”

“No, no. I just wanted you to know how hard I worked, so I complained a little.”

Adelia patted her chest slightly and Frey realised that she’d taken care of him once again.

“But why are there two bottles?”

“One is a mana elixir. The other one is, um...a bundle of extracted lightning energy.”

“A bundle of lightning energy?”

“Mhm. I can’t think of a suitable word to describe. Anyway, don’t just open it. I had to force it in there so it’s pretty dangerous.”

Frey had a strange expression on his face.

“Why are you giving me something so dangerous?”

“It’s only a feeling, but I thought that you would be able to use it.”

As she said this, Adelia seemed a bit doubtful of her own judgement.

Still, it was a waste to just throw it away. If it was Frey, she was sure that he would find a use for it.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“Well if you’re uncomfortable with it, you can just throw it away.”

“No, I’ll take it. And...thank you.”

“Hmph. You should be more grateful. Adelia is the only alchemist in the world who could do this.” (TL: yes she used third person.)

Frey let out a quiet laugh.

“I don’t tend to forget my debts. I’ll definitely pay you back.”

“Debt. Hehe. I like that.”

Adelia laughed darkly at whatever it was she was thinking and seeing her playful expression also made Frey smile.

“I’m leaving soon.”

“You mean from the tower?”

“Mhm. I’ve been away for too long I think. If I goof around any longer then that hag, Syris, will nag about it for months.”

It seemed that she also had a special relationship with the dean of the academy.

Frey nodded.

“Have a safe trip.”

“I don’t know what your goal is, but be careful. Ah. Even if you take the elixir right now, there will be no problems.”

With those words, Adelia waved her hand and left.

Later, Frey heard that just after she met him, she packed up her things and left for the academy.

That was when Frey realised that the reason she had stayed away from the academy for so long was to help him, and his appreciation for her deepened.

“Then...”

Frey decided to inspect the lightning elixir later and first picked up the mana elixir.

Outwardly, it appeared no different from water. It didn’t appear to be as extraordinary as Frozen River or Torkunta’s heart.

However, Frey could clearly feel the essence of mana that was contained within this liquid.

'I can feel the tremendous power inside of it. Three more elixirs like this. No. Even two elixirs like this would help me reach 8 stars.'

Frey gave a slight smile as he discovered one more reason to attack Apostles.

Heinz's words appeared in his head once again.

Didn't he say not to drink the elixir?

Frey couldn't guess why.

However, he wouldn't think too much about it.

Heinz was not a reliable source of information and there was nothing wrong with the elixir.

He was certain of this.

Adelia, a genius alchemist had also confirmed this.

So what was Heinz thinking?

'Was he talking about the situation I'd be in by taking the elixir rather than a problem with the elixir itself?'

Frey didn't know and he didn't make it a habit to worry about things that he could not find the answers to."

Without any hesitation, Frey uncorked the glass bottle and raised it to his lips.

Gulp gulp.

He felt a coolness as though he was drinking ice water.

He clearly felt the elixir slide down his throat as he drank it.

Woowoong.

"...!"

The mana was denser than he imagined!

Frey realised that if he managed to make all of this mana his, then he'd be able to increase his mana capacity by at least 1.5 times.

Frey was convinced that there would be no 7 star wizard who could beat him when it came to pure mana capacity.

‘Good.’

Soon his body was dripping with sweat like a waterfall.

It wouldn’t be strange if this caused him to be severely dehydrated, but Frey’s mouth was curved into a smile.

‘With this concentration on mana, I can extend my mana room to my entire body.’

This was because it would allow him to expand his mana storage.

If it was completed perfectly then his mana veins would expand like rivers and allow him to maintain his top condition at all times.

Only

This was a great advantage to wizards whose magical power varied, widely depending on their condition during the day.

Huuk.

Frey quickly calmed his mana.

His body had already succeeded in absorbing great amounts of mana again and again.

The mana in the crystal elixir wasn't negligible, but it wasn't dangerous. It wouldn't take too much time to absorb.

It would take a month at most.

After that he would probably leave the tower.

Season 1 Chapter 53: Contact (4)

A month went by quickly and the mana from the crystal elixir was absorbed completely.

This signified another step toward 8 stars.

Frey was content with that, but it wasn't the only good news.

The night before, he had succeeded in signing a contract with a Dark Spirit.

It was a medium level spirit named 'Darkming.'

It looked like a small cat with black fur and when it signed the contract with Frey it displayed a very haughty attitude.

Camille had said that nine times out of ten the first contracted spirit that a person would gain would be low level, so it was quite good that he had been able to get such a good spirit.

At this point, Frey felt like he no longer had any reason to stay in the magic tower.

There was still some time till the circle's test and he felt that it was much better to travel around the world than stay in the tower.

With that in mind, Frey immediately packed his things and got ready to leave the tower.

Just as he was about to open the door, he felt that someone was standing just outside of it.

For some reason, Frey got a familiar feeling and so he opened the door to see who it was.

"Ah, ah. Hello."

A young woman bowed to him.

She looked to be about three or four years older than Frey, but it was her green hair and eyes that caught his attention since they were quite rare even in the entire continent.

“ ... ”

Frey was speechless.

Then he shot a complicated gaze at her cloak before finally opening his mouth.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Beniang.”

He didn't ask for her name.

Was there something wrong with this woman's head?

Beniang shook her head hurriedly when she saw Frey's strange expression.

“Ah. So-, sorry. Are you Frey Blake?”

“I am.”

“I'm sorry for bothering you. Let me introduce myself properly. I am Beniang Argento.”

As she continued, Frey realised that his expectations were correct.

“I am the Circle Master of the Traumen Rings.”

* * *

Frey climbed the stairs of the tower once again and headed to his room.

This was because there was no other place for him to serve guests. And no matter how much he wanted to, he couldn't take a Circle Master to a restaurant.

Plus the security of the tower was quite good.

Tak.

Frey closed the door and looked towards Beniang who was sitting in the chair, looking quite nervous.

Although he didn't show it, Frey was currently in a very complicated state of mind.

‘That cloak wasn't a magic tool.’

In the first place, when he was Lucas, he didn't like using magic items.

He had only made a few of them to pass the time.

That cloak was just a plain leather cloak of good quality.

That's why he almost didn't recognize it.

Now, 4,000 years later, the cape was quite different from how it used to be.

'Did they add to it one after another as the years went by?'

It seemed as though someone had replaced parts of it with different types of leather.

Thanks to that, the ordinary leather cloak had become a magic item which matched its name as a hero's legacy.

But it wasn't the cloak that confused him.

He voiced the thoughts that he had inside.

"What is Circle Master here for?"

“That...”

Watching her become embarrassed as she searched for words to say gave Frey a new feeling.

This was because he would have never expected that the number one in a circle could be like this.

It was even more pronounced when compared to the arrogance of Dugenjar whom he had met not so long ago.

“By chance...am I the first one to do this?”

“The first one?”

“Well...”

Beniang furrowed her eyebrows slightly as she explained.

“It doesn’t often happen, but when a super rookie like you appears, they will sometimes be approached even before they take the test.”

“Before they even take the test?”

“Yeah. Ah. And you won’t have to take the test. With your subjugation of an Apostle you’ve already been judged to be stronger than an executive from the Big Three.”

He didn’t have to take the test.

It seemed like he’d be able to avoid something troublesome, but he couldn’t trust the circle just yet.

What if they tried to force him to do something else?

“Are there already rumors of me defeating the Apostle?”

“Not yet. Only a few circles know about it. I only managed to hear about it with luck...”

That’s when he understood what she meant.

Beniang had come here to invite him to join the Traumen Rings.

Frey was surprised.

He didn’t know how things were done in the circle, but he was certain that the Circle Master didn’t go to recruit members personally.

“Have you already decided on which circle you’re going to join?”

“Huh?”

“I’ve heard that you’re Heinz Blake’s brother. And you also have a relationship with the Strow Necklace’s Honor Shepard...”

Even this information was leaked.

Frey had a feeling that these circles were releasing the information on purpose. From what Beniang had revealed it seemed that they wanted him more desperately than he’d originally thought.

“I haven’t thought about it yet.”

“I, I see.”

Beniang tried to calm the flutter in her stomach. At least she didn’t come here for nothing.

She glanced up at Frey’s eyes before continuing.

“What do you think about the Traumen Rings?”

“I don’t have any particular thoughts.”

It was the truth.

Even if the woman in front of him was the leader of an organization bearing his last name, that fact remained unchanged.

Beniang was disappointed.

It could be said that nine out of ten wizards would have great respect for Lucas Traumen.

But now her plan to build a common ground by talking about Lucas has failed before it could even begin.

“...hey, is it okay if I tell you about our circle?”

“I’d love to hear about it.”

When Frey responded in such an unexpectedly positive way, Beniang’s face brightened up considerably.

He was very curious about it.

This was because many of his associates were either directly or indirectly linked to the Traumen Rings.

Peran said that he really wanted to join and Adelia is a member of the Traumen Rings circle.

“Our circle...”

Beniang began explaining with a nervous face while Frey simply listened to her quietly.

Frey’s expression remained the same throughout the explanation so Beniang had no idea what he was thinking.

“...”

And when she was done, Frey quietly brooded over Beniang’s words.

From the other circle members that he’d spoken to, whenever they spoke about their circle it was always wrapped in a veil.

What surprised Frey was that Beniang unexpectedly revealed just how bad the situation of the Traumen Rings was to him.

If her purpose was to recruit Frey, then it would have been better for her to conceal some things.

To put it mildly then, at least she was honest, otherwise, it could be said that she was inflexible.

“If Frey comes to our circle...I can also give you some magic items.”

“Magic items?”

“Yes.”

Frey didn't realise it, but this was actually an incredibly aggressive move.

Except for the Big Three, the number of artifacts that the circles had in their possessions was not high. At most, there would be two or three and some circles didn't even have any at all.

In the past, there were only five magic items in the Traumen Rings circles, so giving one to a rookie was quite shocking.

Beniang thought that there would be a change of expression on Frey's face when he heard this, but he simply lowered his head as if he was thinking about something.

This reaction was rather discouraging for Beniang.

“I'd like to ask you a question.”

“Ah! Yes, please ask me anything.”

She had no choice but to welcome Frey's words because she just wanted him to show any kind of reaction.

"Is Master Beniang a Dragon?"

For a moment silence descended upon the room.

Clack.

Then Beniang hurriedly stood up from the chair.

She stared at Frey with trembling eyes, unable to hide her agitation.

"Th-, that, that..."

Frey looked at her calmly.

It wasn't because of the cloak. Frey knew that the woman before him was a Dragon or was related to Dragons, which was why he had a complicated feeling.

However, he began to doubt it after seeing Beniang's reaction. It was far too emotional for her to be a Dragon.

“...why do you say that?”

It seemed that this was the only thing that Beniang could ask.

Frey opened his mouth slowly.

“Dragons don’t have Mana Rooms. Dragon Hearts. The transcendental power source which allows you to use mana immediately without having to accept it from nature.”

It was for this very reason that the mana around Dragons had a different ‘quality’. It changed so that it would be able to accept the Dragon heart’s call at any moment.

It was due to this that Dragons were able to bypass having to cast spells.

The stronger the wizard, the better they’d be able to realise this fact.

Frey’s gaze met Beniangs.

“Master Beniang has a distinctive, pure, unrefined mana.”

“...you seem to know a lot about Dragons. Have you ever met one?”

Only

“That...no.”

At that moment, Frey saw a flash of disappointment in Beniang’s eyes.

She sighed before saying.

“Hooo! Well. Since you’ve noticed that much then there’s no reason to deny it... but I can only be called a halfling.”

“Half?”

“Yes.”

Beniang nodded, putting her hand on her chest.

“I am half Dragon.”

Season 1 Chapter 54: Contact (5)

Frey read in a book that the presence of Dragons had slowly faded from the present world.

To be precise, they vanished.

No one knew if the strong mediators who watched over the continent in the past had truly disappeared.

There were no records. In fact, Frey always felt like there was something missing when he read history books.

It was as if someone had intentionally distorted or hid certain parts of history.

“Actually, I don’t even know what my father and mother look like.”

“Are Dragons still on the continent?”

“...I don’t know.”

Beniang smiled bitterly.

She shook her head as if to shake off her sadness before looking at Frey with clear eyes for the first time.

“Frey Blake, what I’m about to tell you is something only a few people in my circle know. Are you confident that you won’t talk about this?”

Frey noticed that she didn’t want this information to get out.

After explaining the situation to him in detail it seemed she had chosen to trust Frey’s character.

'She's soft-hearted.'

He meant it.

If it was Shepard Jun here speaking to him, there was a good chance that he would threaten Frey or even directly try to take his life.

That was the surest way to ensure a secret was kept, Frey had no intention of denying that fact.

However, Beniag had chosen such an uncertain method.

To ask him to keep it a secret after he found out. It was like leaving her fate to another person.

Her gentle appearance reminded him of Schweiser. He was a nice guy who didn't know how to doubt people and could smile even after he was betrayed.

'Again...'

Once again he had felt a semblance of his old friend in these modern humans.

Frey shook his head.

“I won’t tell anyone.”

“Thank you.”

Beniang continued speaking in a calm voice.

“My egg is said to have been found in a Green Dragon’s lair that had already been swept through by Demigods. 200 years ago.”

“...!”

200 years ago.

It was much longer ago than Frey thought.

“According to the records, when it was found, the lair had already been completely devastated and the Dragon’s corpse could not be found. It was recorded that the only thing that was left in the lair was me.”

They couldn’t even find a body.

It was unknown how the only thing that remained safe in the destroyed lair was the egg.

“50 years ago, I hatched from that egg.”

“You incubated for 150 years.”

“Yes.”

Frey also guessed the reason.

In order to hatch a Dragon’s egg, the parent Dragon needed to incubate it by slowly injecting their mana into it.

The mana would be changed to temper the baby’s Dragon Heart.

This process alone greatly reduced the incubation period as well as ensured that the hatchling would be healthy.

But Beniang did not get to receive this process.

No, it was already a miracle that she had even hatched in the first place.

Now she must be so unstable and weak that she couldn’t even be considered a Half-Dragon.

“My form when I hatched was not that of a Dragon, but of a human. That was when the members of the circle realised that I was a Half-Dragon.”

It would have been almost impossible for them to tell that from the outside.

There might have been a slight difference in the size of the egg, but it was highly unlikely that people in that time would have been able to accurately determine the size of a Dragon’s egg.

“Afterwards, it was Osel Argento, the former Circle Master of the Traumen Rings, who raised me. I...considered him, my real father.”

The previous Circle Master who died in battle with a Demigod.

When she said his name, Beniang’s expression drooped slightly.

It seemed that she really took this man Osel, who raised her, to be her father instead of a Green Dragon she never saw.

“After his death, I, his foster daughter, took his place. It was not the custom. It’s just that, since the incident, a lot of people decided to leave the circle. Not only the Force Honors but even the Circle Rounder.”

This meant that she had no choice but to take the position.

Beniang looked depressed.

"I've said everything I can. Now tell me about you. How do you know about dragons?" (TL: Frey: 'I...am Lucas Traumen.'...Beniang: "... " *head explodes*)

"..."

Frey looked at Beniang.

In other words, her parent was a Green Dragon like his teacher.

It didn't seem like a coincidence.

What's more, Beniang looked very much like his teacher.

Her personality was different, but her eyes and aura were the same.

Frey wondered for a moment if one of her parents might have actually been his teacher but he soon realised how ridiculous the probability of that was.

"I saw it in a book."

“A book?”

“A book I found in the Great Sage’s dungeon. There was a detailed description of dragons inside of it.”

“Schweiser Strow’s memoirs!”

Beniang was startled.

“In-, indeed. That’s right. It was recorded that 4,000 years ago, Humans and Dragons joined forces to fight the Demigods.”

There was a moment of silence.

After thinking for a while, Beniang got up from her seat.

“...that’s all I have to say.”

“Thank you for your honesty. I will never speak of the things that you have told me.”

“Thank you.”

Even though it was only a verbal oath, Beniangu did not seem to have any doubts.

She looked at Frey and spoke cautiously.

“...well, so what do we do now? I can’t be away for too long so I’m thinking of heading back right away.”

Frey didn’t need to think too long.

After all, he wanted to know of the inner workings of the circle and also to see it with his own eyes.

Although it was in the midst of a downward spiral, the Traumen Rings were still suitable.

Rather, it was because there would be no useless arrogance or confidence that made this the best corner.

“If you don’t mind, may I take a look at the Traumen Rings?”

“Of, of course!”

Beniangu’s face brightened to the point that she was almost shining.

In all honesty, Frey was completely unfamiliar with her expressions and reactions.

This was because Frey had never met a Dragon who expressed emotion so clearly.

‘No. She’s a Half-Dragon.’

“I’ll just pack my luggage and go down right away.”

“Yeah. Then I’ll wait downstairs.”

Beniang headed downstairs.

He had no luggage to pack. Frey just wanted to take some time to organize his thoughts.

He had always been thinking about creating a strong force.

It was impossible to bring down the Demigod all alone.

That was why he was overjoyed when he learned of the existence of the circle.

There were limits to what one could do on their own. Especially when it came to humans dealing with Demigods.

Therefore Frey needed a force behind his back.

To be precise, what he needed was 'a force he can trust'.

Although he withheld his judgment on the circle, Frey couldn't help but feel extremely disappointed with the things that he had seen recently.

It was enough for him to feel anger at the Big Three who were playing with their power but were still unable to unite together.

'We need to unite our forces.'

The circle should be one.

If the executives of the three largest circles heard that, they would definitely laugh, but Frey had the confidence to do it.

To do that, they needed a central point.

Frey was planning on going to the Traumen Rings and taking a look around.

It didn't matter how powerful they were. The important thing was not their external strength but their inner strength.

He wanted to know what their standpoint was on the fight with the Demigods.

If he felt that the Traumen Rings was the right circle to be the center, then he would revive them.

Frey, no.

The Great Mage, Lucas Traumen was confident in his ability to do that.

* * *

“That’s not...”

“What are you so upset about? Did I say something wrong Master Beniang?”

As Frey came down to the ground floor, he frowned as he heard a voice that he was sure he’d heard somewhere before.

Only

There seemed to be a quiet conflict happening not far away.

When he turned his head to look, he found where Beniang was standing.

She was standing with her head lowered, biting her lips.

And in front of her was a man who did not seem to be pleased to see Frey.

“Oh. You’re finally down. You seem to have more weight than a Circle Master. How impressive.”

A middle aged wizard who was a blatantly arrogant Force Honor of the Phisfounder Armlets and someone who Frey had had a dispute with not long ago.

It was Dugenjar.

Season 1 Chapter 55: Contact (6)

Frey looked around.

Standing beside Dugenjar was a bald man who appeared to be in his thirties who had a sword at his waist and a young man with a gentle expression.

It didn’t seem like these three were in the same part as there was a subtle distance between all of them.

“Unfortunately, Honor Heinz isn’t here today.” (TL: good...kill him)

Thinking that Frey was looking around for Heinz, Dugenjar gave a snide remark.

However, Frey ignored him and instead turned to the men beside him.

“You are?”

“I am Jerome Berner from the Lucid Swords.”

“I am Steve Jacks from the Strow Necklaces.”

“Do you have any business with me?”

“Yes. Well...I think we’re a step too late.”

Steve smiled bitterly and looked over at Beniang.

Frey realised that these people were scouts from the big circles. He became speechless for a moment when he realised that all of the big circles were interested in him.

As this was happening.

“ ... ”

Dugenjar who had been completely ignored slowly became redder at the face.

He was the worst possible person to send as a scout.

No. He didn't have any intention to recruit him in the first place.

Dugenjar looked at Frey and said.

"Are you going to join the Traumen Rings?"

"So what if I am?"

"Hmph. Likes attract..."

It was just a murmur, but everyone present was still able to hear it.

Beniang bit her lip.

Frey was sure he saw something flash in her eyes for a moment and couldn't help but feel a bit of relief.

If she had become submissive here then he would have been very disappointed.

Beniang was timid, but that didn't mean that she was without pride.

For those who walked the path of magic, a certain amount of pride was important.

Maybe even more so than their lives.

“Frey Blake, do you intend to join the Traumen Rings?”

Strow Necklaces’ member Steve asked straightforwardly.

He was nervous inside.

Even though he had hurried as much as he could, he still didn’t arrive first.

‘The internal meeting took longer than I expected.’

Besides the Traumen Rings’ hideout was much closer to the 3rd Magic Tower.

Anyway, the circle had come to a conclusion.

And that was to attract Frey Blake even if it meant that they had to bleed a little.

The fact that Frey Blake, who was only 20 years old, had defeated an Apostle was already becoming widespread.

As long as it was a 7 star wizard, every circle, including the Big Three would covet them. Besides, look at his age.

In all honesty, Steve still couldn't completely believe it.

A wizard who became an Archmage at the age of 20?

Wasn't that something that even the legendary heroes hadn't been able to achieve?"

"I'm going to take a look around first."

When Frey said that, both Steve and Jerome's eyes seemed to shine brightly.

"So you haven't decided yet."

"Yes."

"Then why don't you also take a look at our circle after?"

"You mean the Strow Necklaces?"

“Yes.”

Steve nodded vigorously.

Frey nodded without thinking about it for too long.

“If I haven’t joined a circle by then.”

“Haha. That’s good enough.”

As he said this, Steve gave Frey a scroll from his bag.

“This is?”

“It’s a scroll engraved with warp magic. The coordinates lead to the entrance of our hideout. If you tell them my name, they will treat you politely. Mana is required to activate it, but at your level it shouldn’t be a problem.”

“I see.”

“Then I’ll take my leave.”

This seemed to be his only objective for going there.

Before he left, Steve shot a look at Dugenjar.

'I hope this fool doesn't do anything stupid.'

He felt like something would happen.

Not only because of Frey, but also Beniangu, the Circle Master of the Traumen Rings.

Everyone in the Circle knew that the Phisfounder Armlets were especially hostile to the Traumen Rings.
(TL: probably because of her unrequited love...)

Their pressure had not reduced, even now that the Traumen rings were slowly spiralling downward.

No, instead it could be said that their contempt had increased.

Steve shook his head.

He hoped that Dugenjar was able to at least judge the situation properly.

Jerome came forward next.

“...I apologize but I didn’t bring anything like a scroll. If you ever come to Geotanbul or Silkeed in the Luanoble Kingdom, please be sure to visit our circle. If you talk to the nobles or lords in the cities, they will contact us.”

It seemed that this was the area where the Lucid Swords was most active.

Again Frey nodded and Jerome left not long after.

Naturally, Frey’s gaze turned to Dugenjar last.

“What did you come here for? I don’t think you came to do the same thing as the other two.”

“Hmph...there are too many eyes here. Follow me. Master Beniang you don’t have to come with us.”

After saying that, Dugenjar turned around and started walking away.

As Frey watched him walk away, Beniang approached him.

“...I’m sorry. I think that I am the reason you are getting into a conflict with Honor Dugenjar.”

It seemed that she had misunderstood something.

Frey gave her a smile.

“That man was already upset because he couldn’t deal with me before. What’s the difference?”

“Yes?”

“Are you going to follow that man?”

“...he said that I shouldn’t come, so I’ll wait here.”

As she said this, Beniang bit her lip.

It felt pitiful for a Circle Master to listen to the words of a circle executive of another circle.

She felt ashamed to show something like that to Frey, who was an outsider.

Frey, who was following Dugenjar, noticed the contempt that was on Beniang’s face.

They didn’t stop walking until they left the city.

Not far away from the city was a large forest. Only after arriving there did Dugenjar turn around.

His face was filled with ridicule.

“Show me your skills, I will judge you.”

It was completely unexpected.

Frey took a while before answering.

“Judge?”

“That’s right. To see if you really have the ability to take down an Apostle!”

“So you don’t believe what I said?”

If so, it was beyond absurd.

He was probably among the group that had gone to the sight of the fight between Frey and Lukes to clean up.

If he had any doubts then wouldn’t they all be cleared up if he examined the traces that were left behind?

“That’s why I’m telling you to prove your strength. Don’t make me repeat myself.” (TL:...Lava Blast...)

“What about the Blacktooth’s testimony?”

When Frey recalled Camille and asked, Dugenjar simply snorted.

“How could I believe the words of other races? I have to see it with my own eyes. It’s not that difficult. You just have to prove it.”

Thud.

Dugenjar took out a long staff from his bag which knocked against the floor.

Roar.

At that moment, mana was released from his body explosively.

The visible mana fluttered like a haze before gathering to put pressure on Frey.

“ ... ”

This wasn't the pressure that one would use to scare a rookie.

Such a large amount of mana could be practically suffocating. If the person was weak willed, it would be enough to stop their heart.

"I'm going to enlighten you on how big the world really is. You need to be educated, so I'll help you."

As he said this, Dugenjar slowly began increasing the pressure on Frey.

"Don't get proud just because you beat Lukes. Even within the 7 stars level, there are different classes."

That was the truth.

Although both Lukes and Dugenjar were considered 7 stars, Dugenjar was actually stronger than Lukes.

Unlike Lukes, who could be considered to be in the middle stage of 7 stars, Dugenjar could be considered to be close to the peak.

Although the difference between them might not seem that large on paper, in reality, it was actually enormous.

It was almost impossible for Dugenjar to lose a fight against Lukes.

And maybe Frey had entered the 7 star stage by luck.

With his amount of skill he should not have much control over his mana.

‘I can’t kill you because the Circle already has eyes on you. But I’ll make you crawl on the floor here.”

At that moment, when Dugenjar had just started smiling.

Crack Crack.

White, cold air seemed to billow out from Frey’s body.

Dugenjar shivered unconsciously.

‘What is this?’

The mana felt cold.

...cold? The mana was cold?

‘He could imbue attributes? Into his mana?’ (TL: yes these were two separated sentences)

His expression stiffened. This couldn't be true.

It was impossible.

It was impossible for even him to imbue attributes into his mana so naturally.

Frey spoke softly.

"You're right."

"Wh-, what..."

Dugenjar didn't even realise that Frey was speaking to him informally.

"Even if it's the same level, there are still different classes."

Frey's face was as cold as ice.

He was angry.

It wasn't at Dugenjar who was picking a fight with him.

To him, all he felt was mild displeasure and contempt.

No, the reason that Frey was angry was because garbage like this could still confidently call themselves 7 stars.

Crack crack.

The cold air easily pushed Dugenjar's mana aside.

However, it didn't stop there. Instead, it began to slowly apply pressure to Dugenjar.

Dugenjar hurriedly cast a barrier while exclaiming.

"Bu-, bullshit!"

Frey looked down on Dugenjar.

At that moment he realised that all this while he had been overestimating these modern 7 star wizards.

Being able to maintain a calm mind without being frustrated regardless of the situation.

That was the Archmage that Frey knew.

An Archmage should never lose their composure.

This didn't only refer to pain, but anything that could cloud one's judgement.

Including emotions like anger, sadness and joy.

This didn't mean that they had to suppress those emotions. Because humans were not dolls.

It meant being able to feel every emotion clearly, but still being able to maintain one's composure and think of a way to get out of any adverse situations.

But this man before him.

When the opponent who he was trying to trample suddenly began to pressure him instead, he could not accept the reality and his mana began fluctuating.

This was evidence that he was so agitated that he couldn't even get his own mana under control.

Frey couldn't understand how he'd reached his current level.

He couldn't know.

Maybe he had taken many elixirs like Frozen River or he began deteriorating after reaching 7 stars.

Frey's eyes were frozen on Dugenjar.

Dugenjar felt his heart quiver.

He suddenly felt that those eyes were incredibly scary.

More than the Circle Rounder or even the Circle Master.

"I...I am an Archmage! A, a great wizard!"

Dugenjar's face was filled with rage.

Frey simply responded in a cold voice.

"If you subtract your level of mana, you are below the standard in every way. A wizard who just happens to have 7 star mana. There's no better expression to define you than that."

"Uh, uh..."

Dugenjar struggled and tried to cast a spell. Frey shook his hand.

Paat.

“,,,!!”

Dugenjar wasn't even able to make a sound.

'My, my spell...he negated it before I even began casting it...'

It was unbelievable.

Dugenjar once again tried to use a spell.

“F-, Flame Wave!”

Paat.

It was negated once again.

“I, I don't believe it...t-, to negate m-, my spells with such precision...th-, this...”

It shouldn't be possible without reading his mind.

He needed to know exactly what spell he was going to use, know how to cast said spell, speed and instantaneous computational ability to negate a spell.

Above all, he needed to have a lot of self confidence.

It was incredibly difficult to negate another person's spell.

If they failed at even one step, the person who tried to negate the other's spell would have to bear a very heavy burden!

At that moment, for the first time, Dugenjar came to a realisation.

He had believed that it was just a weak Apostle.

Lukes was originally a wizard so he should not have been too adept at using divine power.

That was why he believed that this rookie had been lucky enough to defeat him.

But that wasn't the case.

The man in front of him definitely had the ability to subdue an Apostle.

Crack crack.

Frey's cold mana covered Dugenjar's body and he slowly began to freeze from his toes upwards.

Dugenjar's face was tainted with a trace of fear.

"You, are you going to kill me?"

"It might happen."

"You are out of your mind! I am a Force Honor of the Phisfounder Armlets! Don't do anything that you'll regret!"

If he went missing then the doubt would definitely fall to Frey.

There were also witnesses like Beniang, Steve and Jerome.

However, he wasn't certain of his safety.

Frey was confident that he would be able to completely wipe away any traces, given the need.

However, he had no intention to kill Dugenjar. (TL: although I expected it, it's still very disappointing)

There was a much better way.

“Stop it! What do you intend to do?!”

“Honor Dugenjar, your life might be in my hands but I have no intentions of killing you. I don't think you would've shown such mercy, but...I'll give you one chance.”

He could still change. (TL: the author put this twice...but I figured one time was enough)

Dugenjar would have to make a critical choice.

And if he couldn't change himself in the end then he wouldn't be able to melt the ice.

“What are you talking about...”

“It's a trial. If you can't melt the ice, you will die.”

Dugenjar's gaze turned to the ice that entombed his body.

He immediately realised that it wasn't ordinary ice.

"H-, how..."

"Don't panic. The more you do that, the faster the ice will devour your body. You said it yourself. You're an Archmage. If you can truly act like a 7 star Archmage, then you will be able to melt it."

"I...are you testing me? With what qualifications?"

"I am qualified."

Dugenjar didn't know why, but he was not able to deny Frey's words at that moment. (TL: maybe the part with him being frozen in ice...)

Instead, he just looked at Frey with a slightly dull gaze.

"You..."

"You have one day. In order to melt the ice, you have to let it burrow into your heart. This is my sincere advice."

"..."

"I hope you get through this."

Great. He's too Great.

Dugenjar felt that Frey was incredibly amazing.

There was a ripple deep in his mind.

Great shame and regret filled his heart.

"Kuk."

Dugenjar bit his lip.

Immediately after, he closed his eyes and began activating his mana. At the same time, the rate that the ice covered his body slowed.

He did not pay much attention to the advice.

Right now, it didn't matter.

The important thing right now was the time.

At that moment, a day did not seem that long. And Dugenjar could not afford to waste any time.

Frey hoped that he would overcome the challenge and change himself.

There was a chance, because regardless of how arrogant he was, he had, in the end, managed to reach 7 stars.

The ice would not kill Dugenjar.

After a day, it would cover Dugenjar's entire body, and after two days, it would melt away on its own.

Of course, Dugenjar didn't know that.

Even if he managed to survive this, he would be filled with shame and keep it a secret of his own volition.

He was the type who would risk his life for his pride. Therefore, he would never willingly talk about his shame.

Of course, that didn't matter.

If he revealed it, Frey would be able to determine what kind of circle the Phisfounder Armlets was depending on their response.

Honor Dugenjar.

If he was able to abandon his useless stubbornness and arrogance then he had the potential to be a good wizard.

If he was able to abandon his conceited self, he would be reborn as an even better being.

Only

Frey knew how precious a 7 star wizard was.

That was why he didn't want to kill him unless he was truly determined to be an enemy or betrayed humankind like Lukes.

There are two kinds of humans in the world.

Humans who could change and humans who couldn't.

Frey hoped that Dugenjar belonged to the former.

Season 1 Chapter 56: Traumen Rings (1)

Beniang waited anxiously in front of the tower for Frey.

'Should I have followed them?'

It didn't seem like it would just be a simple conversation.

Beniang, thought of Dugenjar.

Among the executives of the Phisfounder Armlets, that man was the one who could be said to have the most hostility towards the Traumen Rings.

Before, when the Traumen Rings was one of the four largest circles, Dugenjar would stare at them with a fierce gaze at every meeting.

It was the same even when the previous master Osel Argento, was alive.

Whenever Osel looked at him with a soft smile, Dugenjar would turn his head away with killing intent in his eyes.

However, after Osel died and the circle began to deteriorate, the situation changed.

Beniang had difficulty speaking after seeing his gaze. No, it wasn't just Dugenjar.

None of the people there were friendly to a fallen circle.

"Ah...!"

From the distance, she saw Frey approaching.

Beniang ran up to him.

"Is, is everything okay?"

"Yes."

When Frey simply nodded with a calm expression, Beniang felt a bit confused.

Did nothing really happen?

From what she could see, there didn't seem to be anything abnormal.

"And Honor Dugenjar...?"

"He went back."

"Honor Dugenjar...just went back?"

"I explained the situation and he believed me."

“...”

It didn't make sense.

Beniang found it impossible to believe Frey's words, but she had a feeling that she would not get an answer even if she continued to ask.

She could only put on a confused expression.

“...so are you done with your business?”

“Yeah. I think we can leave right away. Where is the headquarters of the Traumen Rings?”

“In the Peinsisko Forest. About three days away from Uthiano by foot.”

“By foot?”

“I'm sorry, but the road isn't developed enough for a wagon to drive on and there are no Warp Stones.”

Beniang smiled awkwardly and Frey nodded.

They bought food, drinking water and camping equipment from a nearby general store and immediately left Uthiano.

And so their short journey began.

As Beniang had said, the road was not very developed.

Even though it was a short walk, because it was on a rough mountain road, it was rather tiring.

It might have been difficult for him before he had trained in the tower, but now it was quite relaxing.

Beniang also didn't seem to be lagging behind either.

No, instead she was even more relaxed than Frey.

Just before they crossed a small mountain, Frey stopped walking and looked back.

With the reddish sunset in the background, Uthiano looked small in the distance.

The beautiful sight warmed his heart.

'Come to think of it, this is the first time I'm traveling by foot since my return.'

To get to Kausymphony, he took a ship and then to get to every other destination, he used Warp Stones.

They were comfortable and efficient trips.

No, it was more like 'moving' than actually travelling.

This wasn't to say that the current journey was bothersome and difficult. Instead, it had a certain beauty to it.

Frey preferred to have leisure trips and he especially liked taking a slow look at the surrounding scenery.

Beniang didn't rush him and instead matched Frey's relaxed pace.

The first day.

When the sun finally set completely, Frey and Beniang set up a campsite.

Surprisingly, it seemed that Beniang was familiar with camping.

Even on the mountain road, she managed to find suitably level ground for camping, made a campfire and skillfully laid their sleeping bags.

She even offered to make dinner herself.

She also had a Subspace Bag.

From it, she removed utensils and ingredients and began to make soup on the spot.

It was better than he expected, so Frey was surprised.

Beniang smiled as she handed a bowl of soup to Frey.

“I hope it suits your tastes.”

He took a sip and found that it was very delicious.

When Frey praised the great flavor, Beniang smiled so brightly it seemed like she would fly away.

“Would you like another bowl?”

“Please.”

“Okay!”

Looking at her act like this, one would never believe that she was a Circle Master or a Half-Dragon.

She felt more like an innocent country girl.

After the meal, Frey spoke.

“The man who was the previous Circle Master. Did you say his name was Osel Argent?”

“That’s right.”

“Which Demigod killed him?”

Beniang froze at that.

Then she smiled bitterly and turned to Frey.

“...you asked a very sensitive question.”

‘Ah.’

He inwardly thought that his question might have been too much.

It occurred to him that he might have to reflect on his straightforward way of talking. Since his return, his computational mindset which focused on efficiency had become more pronounced.

He didn't have a very friendly personality 4,000 years ago, but it wasn't this bad.

"I'm sorry."

Frey bowed his head and reflected.

Embarrassed, Beniang shook her hand at him.

"N-, no. I've already learned to accept my father's death. If I had allowed myself to wallow in it then the Traumen Rings would've been destroyed."

"..."

"How much do you know about Demigods?"

"I know that they are transcendent beings that surpass human understanding."

Since Frey wanted to hear about the Demigods from a Circle Master's perspective, he acted like he didn't know much.

Beniang nodded without having any strange thoughts about his response.

“I can’t tell you everything. Since you’re still an outsider.”

“Would I be able to learn it if I entered the Traumen Rings?”

Beniang gave a bright smile.

“Of course. With your skill, you would be able to become an executive immediately. But for now, I’ll only tell you what I can.”

“Thank you for that.”

Beniang looked into the campfire for a moment before speaking.

“The Demigods also have a superior. An entity that was able to command all Demigods. We call him Lord.”

“...”

Frey’s eyes shook.

Lord.

How could he forget?

He couldn't help but think about what had happened at that time.

It was a being that he had encountered after he reached 9 stars. The being who had utilised its incredible power to seal him in the Abyss.

Frey had been avoiding thinking about it as much as possible.

This was because he still had not figured out a way to defeat this all powerful being who had crushed him even when he was a 9 star Great Mage.

At that moment Frey realised that this information had been hidden from him deliberately.

'The Circle knew about Lord.'

In the past, Shepard had told him that they didn't have much knowledge about Demigods.

Frey now realised that that was a lie.

Of course, he didn't feel betrayed or disappointed in Shepard.

He didn't fully trust Frey at that time, and wouldn't tell him the truth.

In fact, it was rather strange that Beniag was even telling him this secret.

"And even among the Demigods, there are individuals with tremendous power. We call them [Apocalypses] for easy classification..."

"Apocalypse...?"

"While they are not as strong as Lord, they are still strong enough to have a certain influence among the Demigods."

Beniang stretched out three fingers.

"We've figured out the power of three of the Apocalypses. Sword, Poison and Death."

At first, it would seem like these words have no connection, but Frey knew the identity of one of them.

The Demigod who controlled poison.

An ugly old man with many age spots.

‘That old man is definitely strong among the Demigods.’

It seemed that as the years passed, Demigods like that old man, who had more power than the others, were classified separately from the rest.

“My father was killed by a Demigod who has the power of Death. It was not that long ago. Only two years.”

“Was that when the Traumen Rings suffered a devastating blow?”

“Yes.”

Beniang spoke bitterly.

“Our circle utilised our full strength for the battle. As a result, we suffered heavy damages.”

“And what about the Demigod?”

“...”

She smiled bitterly and stayed silent. That was the answer.

If they had succeeded in their subjugation then she wouldn't have stayed silent.

Frey wanted to learn more about the Demigods but, remembering his previous mistake, he couldn't open his mouth easily.

'I'll stay content with this much information for now.'

Afterwards, they had a few small conversations in which Frey deliberately avoided talking about the circle.

She wasn't very outspoken.

She even showed him her earrings which she usually kept hidden.

"These are Typhoon earrings. It's one of the few magic tools created by the Great Mage Lucas Traumen. By simply injecting mana into it, you can create a magic barrier. The strength of the barrier was also directly related to the strength of the user."

"Wow! I saw them in a book before. They're so beautiful."

Frey realised that, for the first time since his return, he was actually leading a conversation.

The reason wasn't hard for him to guess. It was because he felt sympathy for Beniang.

She was currently the head of an organization that was slowly being destroyed. This was a burden that many would not be able to understand.

Frey couldn't help but feel sorry for her when she had to carry such a burden on her little shoulders.

In addition, Beniang had the blood of a Green Dragon like his teacher.

In the past, Frey had always wanted to repay his teacher's kindness but the situation was unfavourable and he had been unable to do so.

Frey felt that if he helped Beniang now, it would also give him a bit of self comfort.

So he was also being selfish.

'This child would have been happier if she'd grown up normally.'

Frey continued the journey while trying to take care of Beniang as much as possible.

Thanks to this, by the time they arrived at the Traumen Rings' headquarters, she was quite close to Frey.

“This Peinsisko Forest.”

Frey looked at the forest in front of him.

It was a normal forest without any special features.

But when he realised that it was in fact a natural barrier spell, Frey was impressed.

‘This took a great amount of skill.’

He didn’t think that he would be able to destroy it at his current level

“Did you set up this barrier yourself?”

“No. If it is damaged then I can repair it, but it was created by my father.”

It was clear that the man called Osel Argento was at least an 8 star Archmage.

Beniang on the other hand should be around 6 stars.

Considering the Dragons’ talent, this was a very disappointing figure.

‘She shouldn’t learn the human way, because she is Half-Dragon.’

It was probably Osel Argento who taught her.

But Frey had no intentions of finding fault with him. Perhaps in the current world, there was no one who could properly teach Beniang.

‘If I teach her...’

Dragons had a ridiculous sensitivity to mana, the presence of their Dragon heart and their talent.

If she made use of these things, she would naturally flourish. If he taught her well, she’d be able to grow incredibly strong in a short time.

Just as Frey was delving deeper into his thoughts about Beniang.

He felt someone approaching them at a fast pace from the forest.

Just as Frey began to summon his mana since he did not know who it was, Beniang shook her head.

“It will be someone from our circle.”

Before long, a middle aged man appeared from the forest.

He seemed to be in his 40s.

He was wearing a brown open collared robe and had a large build. He looked more like a mercenary who had been through many hardships, pretending to be a wizard.

The man seemed to be in a hurry.

He ran up to Beniang and spoke with a sorrowful tone.

“Ma-, Master Beniang!”

“Honor Gisellan, what’s going on?”

The man, Gisellan, hurriedly bowed his head.

“Please forgive my rudeness! The problem is...”

“It’s fine. Just tell me the situation.”

Only

Beniang spoke in a calm tone. Frey turned to look at her.

It seemed that she performed her role as Circle Master much better than Frey thought.

But at Gisellan's words, her demeanor cracked.

"I'm sorry! We...we lost in the relic battle again!"

His words caused Beniang to take a deep breath.

After biting her lip for a moment, she finally responded.

"...who was your opponent?"

"The Basilisk Tails...! Those jackals have come to our circle again!"

Season 1 Chapter 57: Trowman Rings (2)

Beniang went back to her residence, saying that she had something to think about, and Frey was escorted to a room where he would be staying, which turned out to be a small house on the outskirts of the village.

After he'd washed himself and changed his clothes, he heard a knock on the door.

It was Gisellan, a Force Honor of the Trowman Rings.

“Do you have a minute?”

“Yeah.”

“Thanks.”

Gisellan walked in and sat on a nearby chair.

He appeared a bit disheveled as though he had not been able to clean up before arriving.

Gisellan looked down at himself and smiled bitterly.

“I couldn’t wash up because I was in a hurry.”

“It’s fine.”

“That’s a relief. I’ve embarrassed myself before you.”

He was talking about what had happened before.

Frey did not think too much about it.

"I have a few questions that I'd like to ask."

"Please go ahead."

"What exactly is Relic Battle?"

For a moment, their gazes met.

Gisellan hesitated for a moment before slowly opening his mouth.

"It's exactly that. It is a duel where the winner takes one of the Heroes' relics from the loser. Originally it was organized as a way to promote and foster friendships between the circles...now, the meaning has changed a great deal."

"Can't you refuse?"

"We have a few tricks up our sleeves but...the way things are now..."

At that moment, Frey realised that the circles weren't really getting along with each other.

They called themselves the Circle, but in truth, they were like a group of individual forces who were forced together and were more preoccupied with keeping each other in check than actually helping.

‘...’

His eyes sank faintly but Gisellan just gave a bitter laugh without realising it.

“I understand it roughly. So, a circle called Basilisk Tails is fighting for the Trowman Rings’ artifacts?”

“That...”

Gisellan hesitated for a moment, but Beniang’s advice resounded in his head.

‘She said it was better to tell him everything in an honest way than hide it from him.’

He was a man who still came personally to check out the Trowman Rings despite their desperate situation.

It was better to be honest than to get caught lying and appear deceitful.

Gisellan nodded.

“You’re right. It has happened many times already and it’s not over yet. It’s not as though the Basilisk Tails are the only jackals.”

“What do you mean?”

“Relic Battles between circles can only happen once a month. The small and medium sized circles near to us have already joined forces. They are taking turns every month to fight for artifacts. And they will only do it when Master Beniag and the other executives are away from the circle.”

Gisellan looked at Frey, who was speechless and spoke bitterly.

If they fought 1 on 1 they might win, but when the groups joined forces then it wasn’t so easy.

Since they had no allies to rely on, the Trowman rings were completely isolated.

“You know that the situation of the Trowman Rings is not very good right?”

“Yes.”

“In fact, it’s a lot worse than it seems. Our scale is less than a tenth of when we were at our peak and our talented members are all on long term missions to build results. Otherwise, our circle might break apart and be absorbed by other circles.”

Frey was also surprised.

This was because he had so simply and honestly told him about the extremely precarious situation that they were in.

He was well aware of the fact that the Trowman Rings was desperate for talent.

For them, even if they had to lie, they would want to do everything they needed to attract them.

Gisellan, who guessed what he was thinking from his expression, answered his unspoken question.

“It was Master Beniang who told me to be completely honest with you.”

“...Master Beniang.”

“A young hero who managed to become a 7 star Archmage and defeat an Apostle. All the major forces in the Circle are watching you. I heard that you were scouted by all three of the major circles. Is that true?”

Dugenjar hadn't been there for that purpose, but Frey still nodded because Mikel from the Phisfounder Armlets had made him an offer before.

“That's right.”

“Hoo.”

Gisellan’s attitude experienced a slight change.

He really wanted to attract Frey somehow.

But with the little bit of composure that he still had, he realised how pointless his thoughts were.

Even if he managed to attract him with a lie, it wouldn’t be difficult for Frey to leave the circle if he was really determined.

Gisellan knew this better than anyone.

It was an incredibly painful feeling when the Circle Master Osel Argento left and many of the Force Honors and even the most trusted Circle Rounders, left the Trowman Rings.

It was a lie to say that he wasn’t hopeful at all.

If it was Frey, who was said to have defeated an Apostle, then he would not find an opponent in the Trowman Rings.

If he did enter the circle, that fact alone would be enough to prevent those small and medium circles from appearing whenever they felt like it.

Everyone knew how powerful a 7 star wizard was.

But it would literally take a miracle.

‘It’s impossible for things to go so smoothly.’

There was no merit for Frey to join the crumbling Trowman Rings.

From this little conversation, Gisellan realised that this young man in front of him was truly worthy of the name Wizard.

He was the type of man who did not blink even once when he tried to appeal to his compassionate side.

This wasn’t to say that Frey was wrong.

Instead, he should be considered wise.

After all, there was no person who would decide to climb onto a sinking ship.

“That’s all I have to ask.”

“...right. Then I’ll take my leave. Have a good rest.”

"If it's no problem, I'd like to take a look around the village. Would that be okay?"

Gisellan nodded.

"There's no problem. But don't snoop around Master Beniang's house on the far west end. That might lead to unnecessary suspicion. If there's anything you need, come to my house. It's the one directly opposite."

"I will keep that in mind."

Gisellan left the room, and after a while, Frey followed him.

Although it was supposed to be the headquarters of a circle, Frey couldn't help but be reminded of a normal village.

Frey walked slowly down the street while looking around.

Then he stopped.

"..."

There was a statue.

A very big statue which didn't seem to fit in at all in this little village.

The statue was of a man, who appeared to be in his thirties, wore a blue robe, and seemed to be looking into the distance with a lonely expression.

On his left shoulder sat a small Phoenix and in his right hand was a crooked, old, wooden staff.

His name was written below the statue.

[Lukas Trowman] (TL: this is in English)

"Do you admire Mr. Lukas too?"

When he heard the voice, he turned around to see a young man.

He was a handsome young man with a gentle expression and a smile in his eyes.

He bowed his head politely when Frey turned to look at him.

"I'm sorry if I startled you."

“It’s fine. More importantly. I wonder why you think I like Lukas.”

“Because you look captivated. Well. It seemed to me that you had many thoughts about Lukas.”

Frey turned back to look at the statue of Lukas.

“I don’t like him that much.”

“Ah...I see. I’m sorry.”

He bowed his head again while apologizing.

“My introduction is a bit late. My name is Fianne. It’s not much, but I hold the position of Force Honor in the Trowman Rings.”

Force Honor.

He didn’t expect that this young man would actually be an executive in the Trowman Rings.

Was it because they lacked talented personnel?

No.

Frey could see that Fianne was actually quite outstanding. He seemed to be at a similar level to Gisellan, with whom Frey had just been speaking.

'Is it because they're numbers are too small that they lose to the small and medium sized circles?'

Frey had this thought while introducing himself.

"I'm Frey Blake."

"I've heard a lot about you. It's said that you defeated an Apostle. That's an amazing achievement. I was so thrilled when I learned of it...I would like to express my sincere respect to Mr. Frey for your achievement."

"Thank you."

Frey politely bowed his head as well.

And the conversation ended there.

Fianne gave an embarrassed smile at Frey's reaction which was much calmer than he'd anticipated.

"It seems that I am in the way. I will take my leave."

Then Frey stopped him just as he was about to turn around.

“One minute, can I ask you something?”

“Ah. Of course.”

“I apologize in advance for my rudeness. Honor Fianne, why are you staying in this crumbling circle?”

“Yes?”

Fianne’s face stiffened for a moment.

But Frey’s eyes remained firm.

This was the most important problem to him.

“With your skill, wouldn’t you be able to get into another circle easily? Not just you. Master Beniang, Honor Gisellan and all the other members here. I don’t understand why you all are bailing(2) water out of a sinking ship.”

If it stayed the way it was, then the Trowman Rings would disappear someday.

Their actions were nothing more than delaying when it actually happened.

“...you are a very reasonable person. Truly the model wizard.”

Fianne gave a bitter smile.

Frey knew it wasn't a compliment but did not say anything about it.

“A sinking ship. That is an appropriate analogy. It is true. And we all know the most realistic outcome. To be distributed among the other circles together with our remaining artifacts.”

It was true.

In the end the purpose of the Circle was to overthrow the Demigods.

The collapse of the Trowman Rings didn't mean that someone had to die or live a miserable life.

So he didn't understand.

“But we can't be so cold.”

“Why?”

“Because that would mean that the Trowman Rings disappeared.”

“What does it matter?”

“The Circle is an organization connected through the will of the heroes of old, Mr. Frey. If we break apart, then Lukas’ name will also be cut off.”

“...”

“I know it sounds stupid. I have no intentions of forcing others to understand either. But Frey. In the first place, the Circle began because of our respect for those great legends.”

Fianne gave a soft laugh.

“Do you know why Lukas is the only human in history to be given the name Great Mage?”

Frey didn’t answer.

Fianne continued to speak, perhaps thinking that he didn’t know.

“It’s because he is the pioneer for everyone walking along the path of magic. 4,000 years ago, it’s not enough to say that the relationship between the wizards and the magic warriors was the worst.

Ignoring or despising each other, there would even be fights to the death happening every day. It is the same for witches. They were treated like heretics instead of comrades who followed the same path.”

“ ... ”

“Lukas wasn’t like that. As long as they used mana, then they were the same kin. He said that they were all comrades who also shared the purpose of pursuing the long road known as magic.”

Fianne laughed again.

“It was a small start, but someone had to do it. It was Mr. Lukas who made the first step. At that time, there were many who were unconvinced. Many who were hostile towards Lukas. Even wizards just like him. But...Lukas overcame it.”

“ ... ”

“Mr. Frey, I...no. Our circle is a simple group. We admire Lukas, who was able to embrace even those who wanted to take his life and lead them along the path of magic, more than anyone else in the world.

And if possible, we all wish to be able to imitate that sublime spirit, even a little. We never want his traces to disappear from our world.”

Frey thought of Shepard and Peran again.

He thought of the smiles that came across their faces when they talked about the heroes they admired.

‘Ah.’

Frey realised at that moment how they really thought of the heroes.

It wasn’t simply about respect or paying homage to the great people who lived in the past.

To them, Lukas was like their soul. He was a spiritual pillar that was more important than even their own lives.

At that moment, Frey truly understood their hearts.

“I understand.”

Frey turned his head away from Fianne and scratched his cheek like he was embarrassed.

“Lukas must be happy.”

“Yes?”

“He’d be very pleased to have successors who have inherited his spirit.”

“Haha. I sincerely hope so.”

Frey was grateful for their respect. As much as they respected and admired him, Frey respected and admired them.

He hadn’t thought about joining the Trowman Rings, but Frey wanted to at least give them something in return for their appreciation.

And that was not something difficult to achieve.

Only

Frey’s footsteps lead him toward Beniang’s house.

Season 1 Chapter 58: Trowman Rings (3)

The conversation with Beniang didn’t take very long.

Frey simply asked what he needed and within an hour he left the house once again.

Just in case, Gisellan, who was outside, asked while looking at Frey’s retreating back.

“Master Beniang, what did he want to talk about?”

“He just wanted to ask a few questions.”

“What did he ask?”

“The location of the Basilisk Tails...and some of the rules that existed in the Circle.”

“...”

Gisellan’s expression stiffened a bit.

This was because he was worried that Frey would stand on the other side after learning the location of the Basilisk Tails.

On the other hand, Beniang’s expression was complicated.

Frey’s questions once again resounded in her mind.

One of them was the most impressive.

‘Can I apply for a Relic Battle with a wanderer’s status?’

* * *

“It really is true that there is no bird that doesn’t fall.”

Antoine laughed at the words of Alan, a young executive of the Basilisk Tails.

“That describes the Trowman Rings perfectly.”

“It’s just like you said. Hahaha.”

Antoine’s group, who had just returned to their headquarters burst into pleasant laughter.

They looked down happily at the gains from their trip.

The Trowman Rings which was once one of the four largest circles! But look at them now.

Their headquarters was smaller than a mouse hole and their power was not even a tenth of when they were at their peak.

‘Well. Thanks to that we can drink sweet water.’

They had already taken three artifacts.

If the amount taken by the other medium and small circles were added up then it should be around ten.

At first, they were worried, because they did not know how weak they were, but after fighting a few times they had gained confidence.

They only needed to be wary of two people in the Trowman Rings. The Circle Master Beniang and a Force Honor called Azeg.

The best time to strike was when these two were away and it paid off.

“Rounder Antoine, a guest is here.”

A circle member came to report to him.

Antoine frowned because he had yet to unpack and take a rest.

“A guest so late at night? Who is it?”

“It’s a wanderer.”

“A wanderer?”

This wasn't literal.

Wanderer was a term used by the Circle to describe persons who knew about the Demigods and had relics of the heroes but were not connected to any circle.

"What does he want?"

"That...he wants to have a Relic Battle with us..."

"What?"

Antoine's expression became filled with disdain.

In fact, this was something that had happened numerous times before.

This was because the Basilisk Tails were the most powerful circle within the region. Because of this, numerous wanderers and runaways who escaped from their own circles, would come here seeking fortune.

In any case, the artifacts they had were low level items that were barely qualified to be called relics so there wouldn't be much damage even if they lost.

"Throw him out. Make sure he never wants to come back."

The rules said that a Relic Battle couldn't be refused, but there was no problem if you threw them out.

Only those with poor skills usually chose to wander so they didn't have a strong backer to stand up for them.

Except if it was one of the rare few with enough strength to be an executive.

"W-, well we tried to do that. He's stronger than we expected, so it's not possible."

"The guards weren't enough?"

"Yes. Additionally, it seems that he has some reasonably good artifacts."

As the circle member said this, he recalled the cloak that the gray haired wanderer was wearing.

He wasn't exactly sure, but the cloak looked expensive.

That made Antoine's expression change a little.

If he had decent artifacts then the story would be different.

Besides, didn't he already say that they couldn't kick him out even with the elite guards they had specially selected?

"I'll take a look personally."

"Rounder Antoine will go personally?"

"Right."

Usually, he would send one of the Force Honors to handle a situation like this, but he was in a good mood today.

He'd realised that the Trowman Rings' collapse was just around the corner and he'd managed to obtain an artifact.

Therefore Antoine decided to grant this wanderer the opportunity to meet him personally.

He followed his subordinate.

The headquarters of the Basilisk Tails was located in a cave not far from the Peinsisko Forest.

Because of their expansion work, the interior of the cave was spacious and able to fit up to 200 people. They had also created a hold in the ceiling to allow sunlight to enter the cave.

Hallucinatory Spells and barriers had been placed at the entrance of the cave so that they did not have to fear any wild animal or lost travellers wandering into their base.

As he arrived at the entrance of the cave, he saw a young man standing there.

He was a handsome, gray haired man who wore a calm expression that did not seem to match his age.

Antoine didn't recognize Frey.

He had immediately lost his nerve when he learned of Beniang's arrival and hurriedly left the Trowman Rings.

"You are the wanderer? What is your name?"

"Frey."

It was the first time he'd heard the name.

Frey's name was naturally something that only the executives of large circles like the Big Three were aware of.

In the first place, most small sized and medium sized circles like the Basilisk Tails had never even seen an Apostle, let alone a Demigod.

Their jobs were usually to clean up, defeat monsters and collect information.

It was impossible for him to have heard the news.

“Right. What business do you have here?”

The man, Frey, responded, recalling Beniang’s words.

“Your subordinate must have informed you already. Or do I have to say it again?”

It didn’t matter.

Frey muttered under his breath for a moment before clearing his throat and announcing in a loud voice.

“Wanderer Frey formally declares a Relic Battle against the Basilisk Tails. I don’t know if this is enough.”

“Kuhh.”

Antoine scoffed.

He wasn’t alone.

The faces of all the members around him were filled with ridicule.

“I don’t know where this kid came from. So? What artifact do you intend to wager?”

“This.”

Frey took a dagger out of his bag before throwing it forward.

The dagger spun a few times in the air before sticking into the ground with a soft ‘puk’.

It was a dagger encrusted with many bright jewels.

“Kungunil’s Dagger. It’s a premium item that is perfect to use as a weapon, it is engraved with a return rune so it will return when thrown and a blink rune which would allow the user to teleport to it.”

“...if you’re lyin-”

“Check for yourself.”

Antoine observed Frey with his sunken eyes before shooting a glance at Alan who was behind him.

Alan pulled out the dagger which had been stuck in the floor and inspected it carefully.

Gulp!

‘Th-, this...!’

It was an amazing item.

One could tell that just by looking at it. The blade was silver and was engraved with many runes.

“I-, I’m sure this is from the Age of Light! This dagger is made of Mithril and there are multiple magic runes engraved on it!”

Antoine’s eyes shined with amazement.

If it was from the Age of Light, didn’t that mean that it was an item from the Great Mage’s era when Lukas and the other four heroes were active?

The relics from that time were all engraved with powerful magic runes.

Antoine’s eyes became filled with greed instantly.

“It’s not insufficient to call it a relic. What do you think?”

“Kuku. Good.”

From the looks of it, he must have found it in a dungeon somewhere, but Antoine had dealt with many little wizards like this before.

Young men who were filled with youthful vigor. He must have come here to pick a fight because he was confident in his skills.

He should be a 5 star, maybe even a 6 star wizard. But Antoine was not worried.

Only

Relic Battles could be fought up to three times a day.

He didn't think that it was possible for him to win all three battles, but it did not matter even if he did.

Because this was their headquarters. No one would know the truth if he killed him here.

That's why he felt that the wizard in front of him was still a child.

Otherwise, why would he go alone to another's headquarters and request a Relic Battle?

It was madness unless he had the power to destroy the circle on his own.

Antoine smiled.

“Come in.”

Season 1 Chapter 59: Trowman Rings (4)

“Do you know the rules of the Relic Battle?”

“Rejection is impossible, and there can be as many as three battles in a day. There is no penalty for killing your opponent, and it is possible to increase the number of wagered artifacts after mutual agreement. Did I get it right?”

“Hoh...”

It seems he’d heard the rules somewhere before.

He didn’t seem to like speaking formally but that could all just be a part of his cute little act.

Antoine smiled and said,

“You know them well. Good. We will wager this against your dagger.”

When Antoine opened his hand, there was a red ring sitting on his palm.

Frey looked at the ring for a moment before nodding and walking toward the center of a large open space.

“Alan Piax, you’ll be first.”

“As you wish.”

Alan walked out with a confident look and Frey was able to realise at a glance that he was a Magic Warrior.

“Hey you, what class are you?”

“Wizard.”

At that, the members of the Basilisk Tails circle burst into laughter.

“Puhahaha!”

“There are indeed many ways to commit suicide.”

“He has the nerves of a Circle Master!”

Even a runny nosed child knew that Wizards were weaker in head-on confrontations.

He wore a robe, so they had an inkling, but they never truly believed that he was actually a Wizard.

Alan laughed and increased the distance between them.

“Is that so? Then I’ll start from ten steps away.”

“Are you one of this circle’s executives?”

“That’s right.”

Since he was selected to be the starter, he should be quite skilled among the executives.

Frey didn’t know it, but it was this very same Alan before him who had defeated Fianne, the Force Honor of the Trowman Rings.

Alan could be considered almost as strong as a First Class Magic Warrior.

In fact, he was one of the three strongest fighters among the Force Honors of the Basilisk Tails circle.

'It would be great if it ended in an instant.'

Alan prepared himself.

His martial art, like a two headed snake, aimed at persistently penetrating the enemy's defenses by utilizing his anomalous movements.

A wizard without enough fighting experience would never be able to avoid his swift and graceful movements.

A single blow.

Alan intended on finishing the fight with a single blow.

'It would be better to kill him.'

Then there would be no need for them to have any more fights.

It was not against the rules and most of all, since he was only a wanderer, there would be no backlash.

It was possible that he had more artifacts hidden away, so it would be better to kill him and search his corpse.

Alan narrowed his eyes.

“Begin!”

Paak!

“Kuk...”

Thud.

“...”

“...”

Alan.

Collapsed.

“Huh?”

Someone finally reacted after a moment of silence.

In the silence, his voice was especially loud and it managed to awaken those around him, who then had similar reactions.

“Wh-, what just...”

“Something just flashed past...”

“D-, did Alan lose?”

Frey lowered his hand.

Antoine watched with a frozen face.

“That’s one.”

Frey’s low voice sounded exceptionally loud in the quiet cave.

Antoine, who had finally come to his senses, blinked his eyes rapidly.

‘Wh-, what did...he just do?’

Even he, a 6 star Battlemage, could not understand exactly what had happened.

No, it was more accurate to say that he refused to accept what happened.

‘I-, if I didn’t see incorrectly...then that should have been an Ice Arrow.’

He couldn’t believe it.

It was impossible.

Antoine vehemently denied the thoughts in his head.

Alan Piax, one of the strongest Magic Warriors in the area and a Force Honor of the Basilisk Tails had been defeated with just a two star Ice Arrow spell?

Impossible.

Even he himself, no.

Even Felix, the Circle Master of the Basilisk Tails, would be unable to accomplish such a task!

‘Arcane Magic! Right, it must have been Arcane Magic. He is only pretending to be calm, he must have almost no mana at this moment!’

Otherwise, there was no way to explain the destructive power, casting speed and projectile speed of the spell.

Antoine hid his thoughts and let out a forced laugh.

“Y-, you are quite skilled. Where did you learn such magic?”

“There is no reason for me to answer. Bring the artifact. Or do you not intend to accept defeat.”

Damn it.

Antoine’s expression became filled with rage.

This little bastard, who was still filled with youthful exuberance, truly dared to speak in such a way, even in such a situation.

Before, when he didn’t see him as a threat, Antoine felt that this attitude was amusing and cute, but now it was different.

Antoine gritted his teeth angrily.

Ever since the Basilisk Tails grew, no.

Even before the circle had reached the level they were at now, there was never anyone who dared speak to him in this way.

As he looked at his subordinates with a fierce gaze, one of them brought out the red ring and handed it over.

Frey put the ring on his thumb finger without really thinking about it.

Back when he was still Lukas, it was always his habit to put a ring on his thumb.

'Is he provoking us?'

A spark seemed to light up in Antoine's eyes.

Frey briefly observed the red ring on his finger before putting Kungunli's Dagger back into his bag.

"Then I'll take my leave."

"W-, wait!"

Antoine hurriedly stopped him, his eyes shining.

‘As I expected. He is only pretending to be calm but instead, he wants to go back and get some rest.’

Looking at him closely, he could see that Frey was panting a bit. This was proof that he was actually tired.

“I propose we have another duel.”

“That’s good.”

“Huh?”

Frey’s attitude seemed to change in a flash as he immediately continued.

“I’ll bet two artifacts this time. The red ring and the dagger. What do you think?”

What?

Why was he suddenly acting confident?

Antoine began to feel a bit anxious, but he still nodded his head in the end, expressing his assent.

“G-, good. We’ll wager the [Kelvin Stone] and [Winged Boots].”

He agreed because if he took a step back here it would appear as though he was afraid of this young man.

However, Frey’s current attitude worried him.

‘He’s just pretending to be confident. That must be it.’

Since a Relic Battle cannot be refused, he must be trying to hide his weakness.

Antoine shook his head.

‘The maximum number of Relic Battles in a day is three. It doesn’t matter if we don’t follow the rules, but...’

Firstly he had to be vigilant as the situation progressed.

‘I will observe this guy’s magic once more. If we fail again, then I’ll just go up and kill him myself.’

After making his decision, Antoine spoke to the man beside him.

“Killa, you’re up.”

“Yes.”

“...you saw the Arcane Magic he used, right? Its characteristics should be its short casting time, high speed and destructive power. At first glance, it might appear that it has no weaknesses but look at his complexion. It seems that the mana consumption is actually quite high.

It should be impossible for him to use it continuously. Do you understand what I’m saying? If you block the first attack, then victory will be yours.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

Killa nodded once with a stiff face.

Antoine had faith in him.

Killa was a Wizard, not a Magic Warrior, which meant that his mana sensitivity was relatively high.

More importantly, he had seen what had happened in the previous fight.

It would not be the same situation where he failed to defend against an unexpected blow and was thus defeated.

‘This guy’s Arcane Magic! If I can withstand it, then I will win!’

Killa analyzed all the information he had so far.

With a nervous expression on his face, he gripped the handle of his staff tightly.

It was not an artifact but a staff that was able to store one spell. The spell he'd chosen to store was a barrier spell.

He intended to activate it the moment the fight began, defend against the attack and then defeat his opponent.

'Bring it on!'

"Begin!"

Crack!

"Urk..."

As soon as the voice cried out, something broke.

Antoine realised that it was the barrier spell Killa had stored.

Ice Arrow.

The spell didn't stop after destroying the barrier, instead continuing till it met Killa's stomach.

Killa then fell to the ground with his eyes closed.

“ ... ”

Only

“ ... ”

There was no fuss.

Instead, a heavy silence seemed to fill the area once again.

The Basilisk Tails members could no longer laugh.

The only things they felt at that moment were fear, awe and doubt.

Or they just stared at Frey blankly without knowing what to think.

Frey's voice rang out in the cave once again.

"That's two."

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Antoine's face trembled as he shouted.

"Th-, this...! What kind of trick did you use?"

"Trick?"

Frey laughed at the ridiculous statement.

"You aren't serious."

"I-, if that's not the case, then there's no way that one of the best Wizards in our circle would just collapse without being able to do anything."

"You can check for yourself. Isn't it possible to have a Relic Battle three times in one day? You guys still have one chance left."

"...kuh!"

Antoine realised that he had no choice but to step out himself.

He raised his staff and glared at Frey.

“I don’t know what tricks you’re using, but you won’t be able to fool this staff!”

Antoine aimed his staff, which had an eye-shaped gem at the top, at Frey.

The [Eyes of Truth] was a staff that could perfectly pierce through the veil of all kinds of illusory magic. So of course the usefulness of this staff went without saying.

Antonie glanced at the referee.

This glance made the referee swallow some saliva to help his dry throat, before shouting.

“B-, begin!”

Antoine felt something shooting towards him the moment he heard the referee’s voice.

‘I can’t block it!’

He couldn’t stop it.

Antoine realised that even with his skills, he could not block Frey's attack, so he immediately cast the Blink spell.

Chantless Magic! (TL: this one kicked my butt)

This was a skill that only wizards at 5 stars and higher could do.

Antoine remained vigilant.

The strength that Frey had shown was far above his expectations.

"Fire Arro-...w?"

Antoine's mouth widened involuntarily.

In front of his now slightly teary eyes, he saw a large number of Ice Arrows. The number of which easily surpassed a hundred.

"Th-, this doesn't make sense. Was it not...Arcane Magic?"

"Arcane Magic? This?"

Frey smiled and touched one of the Ice Arrows beside him with his index finger.

“As you can see, they’re Ice Arrows.”

“That’s impossible! I-, Ice Arrows can’t do that much dama-”

“It can do enough.”

“Besides, the Ch-, Chantless Magic...to make all of this without preparation...”

Antoine realised just how ridiculous the sight before him was.

His blank face quickly became red.

“K-, kill...! Kill him!”

When the circle members all looked at him with blank expressions, Antoine furiously shouted at them.

“What are you doing!? Are you going to let him take all of our artifacts?!”

“B-, but...”

“Follow my orders! No matter how strong he is, he can’t overcome our numbers!”

“Ye-, yes!”

“Fi-, Fireball!”

“Magma Wall!”

“Wind Cutter!”

The circle members hurriedly chanted their spells and began to attack Frey.

Dozens of spells flew towards Frey, creating a very magnificent sight.

Boom!

Boom!

For a moment, continuous deafening explosions sounded in the cave.

If it weren’t for the defensive arrays, the entire cave would have collapsed from the commotion.

It was incredibly devastating, yet Antoine did not feel relaxed.

Anxiety began to creep in.

Common sense dictated that it would have been impossible for anyone to survive the sheer destructive force of that magical bombardment.

And because there was a wide range of spells, it could not have been avoided or negated because several different elements had exploded at the same time.

So why was he still feeling uneasy?

Crackle.

The flames subsided, and standing there, without even a scratch, was Frey.

The only thing that had changed was the cold smile that now graced his lips.

Antoine's heart shook.

"Can it be considered self defense from now on?"

“Th-, this doesn’t make sense. How could you survive...”

“I have no intentions of killing all of you. Go call your Circle Master. Your judgement will be decided after my conversation with him.”

That was impossible.

Antoine bit his lip.

If Circle Master Pelik found out about this, then his position would be in jeopardy.

Now was the time when he had started flying after crawling on the floor all his life. Even if he were to die, he would not let it be taken away.

“That’s ridiculous! Do you think you’ve already defeated us? Nonsense!”

Frey pointed at Antoine.

“You’re good at inciting a group. In an emergency, you push your men forward to act as shields and only think about yourself.”

He could only be described as scum worse than Dugenjar.

In truth, Frey didn't think too badly of Dugenjar.

His only problems were his arrogance and not understanding just how high the sky was.

But this man was different.

He was such an ugly human that Frey hated the fact that he was considered a Wizard just like him.

"I want to kill you right now."

Frey shook his head.

He had to think twice before he took another Wizard's life.

This was a request that Schweiser had made to him.

"...but I'll reconsider it after remembering the words of my old friend. But if you open your mouth again..."

"S-, shut up! You're the-"

Pit.

“...!?”

A thin red line appeared on Antoine’s neck.

He reached up to his neck as the focus in his eyes disappeared.

And like a fruit that had been cleanly cut from a tree, his head fell to the ground.

“Ro-, Rounder Antoine!”

“This doesn’t make sense!”

A Wind Cutter had appeared from Frey’s hand and cut Antoine’s neck before anyone could realise.

Even Antoine, whose neck had been cut, did not realise how he died.

“The Circle Master...”

Call them.

Frey didn't finish the rest of his sentence.

This was because he saw someone walking over from the far end of the cave.

It was a middle aged woman.

She was wearing a witch's hat and her face was heavily covered in makeup.

Frey looked at her and said.

"Are you the Circle Master of the Basilisk Tails?"

The woman nodded with a stiff face.

"...that's right. Who are you?"

Frey ignored her question and continued.

"I just had a Relic Battle with your circle."

Pelik, the Circle Master of the Basilisk Tails, bit her lip as she realised that she could not have a full conversation with him.

Frey turned his gaze back to the decapitated body of Antoine.

The blood from his neck had already formed a puddle.

‘Rounder Antoine so easily...’

She didn’t know who this young wizard was, but she was sure of one thing.

He was at least 7 stars.

An Archmage!

An Archmage, which was rare even in the Three Great Circles, had come to this place.

“...continue.”

“I fought a total of three times and won every time.”

The final battle could be considered his win since Antoine had incited his men to attack before the fight had ended.

“But that man. Rounder Antoine was it? He incited his men and tried to kill me.”

“So he...”

“I killed him. I gave him one chance. Antoine didn’t heed my advice, and there are no second chances. I hope you aren’t the same.”

Pelik involuntarily swallowed a mouthful of saliva at those words.

She heard sincerity in Frey’s calm voice.

“What is your name?”

“Pelik Oviet.”

“Master Pelik, tell me, what is the purpose of the Circle?”

“Yes?”

Frey looked at Pelik silently.

Stricken with fear, Pelik quickly recalled his words.

“T-, to break free of the Demigods’ clutches.”

“Do you know what they are?”

“O-, of course. They are transcendent beings who surpass human understanding and are capable of destroying an entire city with a single finger.”

“You know it well. Right...you know it well.”

Frey took a step forward.

“But it seems that you lost control of yourself after becoming powerful.”

Crack crack!

The earth beneath his feet began to freeze.

The circle members tried to move their feet to evade the ice, but it spread and froze their feet in an instant.

“Ugh!”

"I can't move!"

Even the Circle Master Pelik was unable to escape its range.

'Th-, this...it's not something that we can handle.'

After judging the situation, Pelik urgently informed her members.

"Everyone, don't try to forcefully escape! If you make a wrong move, you might lose your flesh!"

"I don't think you have the time to worry about other people."

The anger Frey held toward the Circle seemed to be exploding all at once.

When faced with a powerful enemy like the Demigods, pathetic guys like these were not only not united, but they even kept each other in check!

Their purpose wasn't to overthrow the Demigods.

They were focused on snatching artifacts and keeping the Trowman Rings in check to boost their own power.

Their goal was obvious.

To gain power and wealth.

Boom.

Frey's eyes were filled with anger.

His anger turned into momentum, and this momentum became pressure aimed at Pelik.

"Ugh..."

Pelik felt pressured as if someone was squeezing her heart.

Breathing became difficult, and sweat began pouring down her body.

With clattering teeth, she stared at Frey, realizing that she was the only one who hadn't been frozen.

Making a quick judgement, she fell to her knees.

"P-, please spare us."

“...”

“T-, tell me what you want. I will follow your orders. So please...please don't destroy our circle.”

“Even if I asked you to take your own life?”

“...!”

Frey's heartless eyes stared at Pelik.

She was shocked for a moment before she nodded with determination.

“If you can promise that you will not destroy our circle after that. Gladly.”

“M-, Master Pelik!”

“Don't!”

The circle members all began venting their anger loudly.

Frey slowly lifted his hand.

There, red mana began to flow and an incredibly hot flame soon appeared on his palm.

“...”

Pelik closed her eyes and waited for her end.

Instead, she heard Frey’s voice, filled with admiration.

“Excellent.”

Pat.

At the same time, the ice that had frozen the bodies of the members quickly disappeared.

Pelik looked around, confused.

“Bring all the artifacts you took from the Trowman Rings.”

“U-, understood.”

After that, Pelik hurried to her home from which she brought back the artifacts and handed them to Frey.

Frey looked at them with a complex gaze.

One of them was a purple ring.

A ring that he had made.

The other was a pair of blue gloves, but this was the first time that Frey had seen them.

It was likely a relic of a hero who came after him.

“Tell me the locations of all the small and medium circles around here. Without exception.”

“Th-, that...”

“Can’t you say it?”

“...”

It was basically stabbing the members of their alliance in the back, but Pelik shook her head.

This was not the time to hold back.

“No.”

It couldn't be helped.

Pelik couldn't resist the man in front of her.

And the alliance had only been formed in pursuit of practicality.

They didn't have much of a bond between them.

So Pelik clamped down on her weak guilt and started talking.

“Apart from us, there are a total of five medium and small circles nearby. The closest one to us is...”

Frey only asked for their locations, but Pelik told him everything she knew, their features, numbers, and points to take note of in detail.

Only

It was a clear betrayal, but the more she explained, the more she realised.

There was no circle in this area that could resist this man.

In general, that was the status of a 7 star Wizard.

Pelik sighed.

Antoine's death had been a major loss, but it could not be compared to what was going to happen that night.

'I hope our circle doesn't get any collateral damage.'

Pelik sincerely hoped.

And as she expected, before dawn had come, the six small and medium circles, including the Basilisk Tails, had been defeated by one man.