

## Great Mage 701

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### Season 2 Chapter 401

'Lukas' who had died, 'Lukas' who had become a corpse, and 'Lukas' who had chosen to live the life of a bandit instead of that of a Wizard.

Had he also witnessed the truth about Sophia?

If so, what had he done after that?

He soon received the answer to that question.

...Just like him, he had chosen to follow Sophia and learned the truth.

But that night, instead of confronting Sophia or asking anyone for help, 'Lukas' chose to run away. Terrified, he ran away from that reality without looking back.

In Lukas' opinion, that was one of the worst choices.

How far did he run? By the time Lukas had become exhausted and had no choice but to stop, light was beginning to appear in the dark night sky, and the surroundings were becoming brighter.

The view around him was that of a mountain valley, but he had no idea what mountain it was. But at least he could tell that it was a place he'd never been to before.

'I must have seen wrong.'

'Lukas' thought. His thoughts had calmed down, but he was still in denial. Foolishly, he decided to return to the orphanage. If he simply retraced his steps, he should be able to get there soon enough.

But his feet could move easily. His legs felt like they were made of lead.

"Kuk."

He forced himself to walk forward. He comforted himself thinking that he would be fine as long as he forced his feet to move, but his legs grew heavier and heavier, and to make matters worse, his heart rate also began to accelerate. It wasn't even that hot, but sweat poured down his face.

Clench.

He bit his lip hard. Enough to make it bleed.

Using the pain in his lip, 'Lukas' forced his legs to move, but soon, even that was no longer enough.

"Hey brat, stop right there."

"Give us everything you have on you."

'Lukas' was stopped by bandits waiting at the exit to the mountains. His entire body was already exhausted so he couldn't even use magic. When they saw the penniless 'Lukas', the bandits clicked their tongues.

“Shit. We haven’t seen a beggar like this in a long time.”

“We’ve been too lucky from the beginning... Hey, what are you staring at? You should get out of here while we’re letting you go nicely.”

The bandits didn’t harm or kill ‘Lukas’ for no reason.

Their goal was simply to extort money.

But at that moment, a man appeared behind them.

“Brat, you’re an orphan.”

A thin appearance.

He was a man who was a head shorter than the bandits who had stopped him earlier. However, his face was covered in countless horrific scars. So, despite being relatively small, he had an intimidating aura.

This man was ‘Black Fox’, the notorious bandit leader of this mountain range.

Black Fox stared at ‘Lukas’ for a moment before suddenly lifting him up with one hand and throwing him over his shoulder. This was an incredible feat of strength to perform with a small body, but ‘Lukas’ soon realised that his entire body was made up of well developed muscles.

“Boss?”

“What are you...”

“Taking him.”

Black Wolf responded simply.

“Let me go...!”

‘Lukas’ began to struggle. But, looking back on it later, he probably would be relieved that he hadn’t returned to the orphanage at this time.

When one of his swinging hands struck the back of Black Fox’s head, his expression immediately became cold.

Paak!

Immediately after, ‘Lukas’ felt a sharp pain in the back of his head and lost consciousness.

Black Fox muttered.

“Now you’re a bit more obedient.”

\* \* \*

—The kidnapped ‘Lukas’ was forced by Black Fox to live the life of a bandit. The reason why the word ‘forced’ is used is because ‘Lukas’ naturally didn’t have any intentions of being a bandit, and expressed his defiance with all his might.

It didn’t work.

Black Fox was strong. He was so strong that he couldn't be taken as a simple bandit leader. 'Lukas' couldn't see a way to beat him.

And he also couldn't tell why such a strong man was obsessed with making him a bandit.

...Perhaps it was because Black Fox saw Lukas' tenacious spirit.

He secretly nurtured 'Lukas' to be his second in command, sometimes telling him.

"If you kill me, you can leave this place. None of these bandits will be able to stop you."

...It was by no means a comfortable life. He experienced all kinds of hardships. He was abandoned in a monster infested forest for a month, and realised just how much of a blessing it was to be able to eat once and fall asleep without needing to be wary of his surroundings. There was a time when he'd almost gone blind because couldn't properly treat a rotting wound.

Perhaps it was because of how desperately he struggled.

But 'Lukas' soon forgot about the orphanage. No, he didn't forget. He brushed it off to the side.

When he was first captured by the bandits, he was obsessed with killing Black Fox and escaping. But he didn't have the power to do so, and he didn't have the ability to return to the orphanage...

In that way, he hid behind a cowardly excuse.

But five years later, 'Lukas' was able to unintentionally escape from the bandits. Of course, this wasn't because he'd managed to kill Black Fox.

That man had died on his own terms.

It was a big accident.

They had naturally targeted a noble.

And attempted a simple but effective two stage plan, but it failed.

The other side had a Wizard. It was a 5 star Wizard whose destructive power had been absolutely terrifying. Most of the bandits had burned like dry firewood in the flames summoned by the Wizard.

At that time, Black Fox had made a decision. He revealed himself to be the leader of the bandit group and attracted most of the enemy's attention.

In the end, he didn't even leave a corpse, his black ashes scattering in the wind.

"..."

'Lukas' had been greatly shocked by the death of Black Fox. Even as he tried to run away, he couldn't help but feel sadness and even sympathy.

Why?

That man had given him hell for five years. Was he touched that he'd given his life for him in the end?

He didn't know, but 'Lukas' was certain that Black Fox hadn't sacrificed himself at that time just to save him.

Instead, he'd considered the circumstances and made the most reasonable judgement at that time. With just his one life, he would be able to save the lives of dozens of bandits. That was the kind of man he was.

The remnants of the bandit group took Lukas as their new leader. He was the youngest among them, but over the years, he had established himself as the brilliant right hand of Black Fox.

But Lukas ignored them and went to another place.

The orphanage.

He couldn't avoid it any longer.

When he entered the familiar forest, 'Lukas's heart pounded heavily in his chest. By this time, 'Lukas' had already grown into a strong, 19 year old young man. He knew how to calm himself down and control his fear.

However, when he saw the appearance of the orphanage beyond the stream, he could no longer maintain his composure.

Technically speaking, there was no orphanage in sight. In its place were only charred marks on the ground.

It must have been a huge fire to burn it so perfectly to the ground. It felt like he was in a completely different place.

Heart pounding, 'Lukas' rushed to the nearby city. Then, he grabbed the arm of a passerby like a madman and began to ask questions.

And he found out.

Sophia was the culprit behind the disappearances, and she had burned herself together with the orphanage in a fit of madness.

\* \* \*

The memories of 'Lukas' ended there. That was all he could see for now.

"Aaaaak-!"

With a terrible scream, Lukas regained consciousness.

What the hell kind of pain was this? It felt like his very cells were being torn apart...

No. No! It like that at all.

Lukas was highly resistant to pain.

And he couldn't think of anything that was comparable to what he was currently experiencing.

However, in the future, whenever he felt pain, Lukas would compare it to the pain he was feeling at that moment.

His lower half.

The pain was coming from his lower half. He looked down to the source.

Clitter clatter clitter clatter.

A terrifying sound.

Like stones rubbing together or teeth grinding...

Without a doubt, it was a sound that would naturally cause humans to feel disgusted.

Lukas' lower body was dyed black.

No, it wasn't black.

It was bugs.

An uncountable number of bugs were gnawing on Lukas' legs.

"Kaak, ak, ack..."

He screamed and reeled.

*-There are things called 'three day bugs'. They are smaller than a fingernail, and they usually live in groups that can number in the millions. They are very docile until they find their prey that is... Kuku*

*-What you should really be worrying about are the three day bugs. I know that your pain tolerance is pretty high, but the pain they inflict far exceeds your imagination...*

He recalled 'Lukas' words.

That's right. These were three day bugs.

"Flame... Ball...!"

Fwoosh!

The Flame Ball burned the bugs.

Kiiieeee, the bugs screamed in terror as they were torn apart. There was also the sound of something popping.

The three day bugs were soon eradicated. The bugs burned, smelling even worse than the rotten corpses. Compared to the terrible pain they inflicted, they didn't seem to have any defensive ability.

"Ugh, ack..."

Lukas gasped.

There wasn't much of his lower half left. His appearance was now closer to 'Lukas' when he'd first seen him.

This was dangerous.

At this rate, Lukas might become a corpse as well.

'Eat something...'

Something made from flesh and blood.

As he looked around, something appeared in Lukas' eyes.

A body of flesh and blood, although rotted.

'Lukas's corpse.

...To eat another human.

If one were to ask if his rejection of this had completely disappeared, the answer would be no.

However, even 'another Lukas' didn't consider him to be human.

And he himself agreed with that.

If that was the case then now,

Even if he were to become a monster, it couldn't be helped.

Tuk.

He picked up 'Lukas's corpse.

Juk, he opened his tightly closed mouth.

Crunch.

And bit into the rotten corpse. Immediately, a terrible stench filled his nostrils, and it felt like he would release the contents of his stomach, but he was able to suppress the feeling and keep moving his jaw.

He endured the taste and sensation of chewing flesh as well as the stench that made him want to vomit.

Munch, munch...

'Lukas's flesh did not taste good. This was natural since it was a rotten corpse. There was also the occasional sensation that didn't feel or taste like flesh or blood, in those cases, it was probably maggots. Every time that happened, his disgust grew even more.

Munch, munch...

With every bit of flesh he ate, it felt like his heart was becoming darker and darker. As if his entire body was being painted black. Every time he became aware of his own actions, he felt an overwhelming sense of immorality, making it difficult to maintain his sanity.

It felt like he was gradually sinking into an abyss from whence he would never return.

It was even more disgusting since he was eating the corpse of 'another Lukas' but it could not be helped.

This was the only way.

Lukas was now crossing a line.

In order to live for such an unimaginably long time and still keep a clarity of mind, it was necessary to limit one's scope of action.

For example, one should set 'lines' that could not be crossed. Otherwise, regardless of how strong one became, it would be easy to lose go crazy.

The collapse and corruption of those who had lost control of themselves.

It was something that Lukas had seen countless times before, and something he'd vowed never to do.

But now, he was breaking his vow.

Lukas was now becoming that kind of being because he wanted to.

In other words, he was going crazy.

"Ku, kukuk, ku.."

He burst into laughter, but he realised that he was also crying at the same time.

Nevertheless, even while he shed tears with a distorted expression, Lukas didn't stop eating 'Lukas'.

By the time the hardest meal of his life had ended, Lukas' face was covered with blood.

—He was full.

He had eaten several times in the World of Void, but this was the first time he'd felt full. His missing lower half had also regenerated without him realising.

He wiped his face with his sleeve, but the blood didn't come off so easily.

While looking down at the bones of 'Lukas', which had become bare, he suddenly had a thought.

Eating people wasn't as bad as he thought.

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#### **Season 2 Chapter 402**

He wandered around in search of another 'Lukas'.

Pale had called him lucky when she'd discovered the corpse of the 'Bandit Lukas'. She was right about that. It wasn't easy to find the corpses of 'other Lukases'.

He walked around aimlessly.

On the occasions when he felt hungry, he would casually eat one of the bodies around him. But even at those times, he focused on efficiency. He aimed for the corpses that had the most in common with him.

The passage of time could not be felt in the dump site.

The surroundings were constantly dark, and the surrounding scenery was consistent enough to make him laugh bitterly. This was natural since regardless of where he looked, he would see nothing but corpses.

It was a different feeling from when he was in the Abyss. If what he felt in that place was an emptiness that killed courage and trampled upon hope, the dump site seemed to be filled with an atmosphere that drove a healthy mind to madness.

—He discovered the ‘second Lukas’ body’ completely by accident.

A corpse creaked as he stepped onto it. This had happened many times since he was here so it was nothing new, but something different happened this time. That was because it felt like an electric current shot up his foot.

It was very similar to the feeling he had when he touched the corpse of the ‘Bandit Lukas’.

He looked down at the corpse.

...He didn’t realise what it was at first. This was because the appearance of this corpse was completely out of Lukas’ expectations or imagination.

Nevertheless, the feeling of familiarity remained. The more he looked at the corpse, the more he realised that it wasn’t just a feeling of familiarity.

‘She’ had long hair. She had a decent figure, and there was a slight glow to her face. She didn’t have a right arm. It appeared to have been cut off by a sharp blade.

Lukas...

Realised that this woman was another of his ‘selves’.

Tuk.

He touched her body. And he once again saw a segment of the past.

This woman’s name was Lucia Larson. Larson was his mother’s last name.

It seemed that she’d lived a life that had nothing to do with the Trowman Orphanage.

Why was that? Because she had a different gender?

Grecia Larson didn’t appear to be a commoner. There was fatigue on her face, but her clothes were clearly made from high quality materials, and she carried herself with grace that could not be hidden. She’d also appeared deeply saddened to leave Lukas at the orphanage.

In other words, she hadn’t abandoned the child because she wanted to, but because of some other uncontrollable circumstance.

What was the reason?

Why did she abandon the boy-child and raise the girl-child?

He had no idea.



This was because Lucia's 'phantom' didn't appear. He didn't know why.

However, he was able to understand one fact. The fact that even if he were to eat the entire body without undergoing that kind of complicated process, he would still obtain her full potential.

In that case, there was no reason for him to hesitate.

Crack, crunch...

The predation began.

The second time was easier than the first. He still felt like he was descending, but at least this time he didn't feel he was falling into an abyss. He didn't know why. Perhaps it was because he was already at the bottom.

Lukas finished his meal with an indifferent expression and immediately felt full once more.

But this time, he also had a strange feeling.

"..."

The mana, which filled his mana room, had disappeared.

It felt like the purely natural energy had become turbid.

Was it simply a feeling? Or...

Lukas murmured to himself as he made a judgement.

"Flame Ball."

The spell appeared without any issue. Or so he thought at first.

Fwo-, oosh...

Like his mana, the spell gave the impression that it was somewhat precarious. But apart from that, there were no other abnormalities. It was no less powerful, and while it was a bit unstable, it wouldn't disappear unless Lukas willed it to.

After looking at the Flame Ball for a while, he finally turned his head away. He decided not to care. The changes that occurred didn't matter as long as they didn't reduce the power. If there were any problems, he would deal with them at that time.

This way of thinking was very different from Lukas in the past.

It kind of reminded him of Lucia. He'd found her completely by accident. If he hadn't stepped on her, he would have walked past her without realising anything. He was only able to tell that she was him after coming into contact with her corpse.

This fact caused him to realise something.

There were probably 'Lukases' in this dump site whose appearances were completely unimaginable to him. It was possible that he might have even seen other 'Lukases' without noticing.

In that regard, it might not have been a good thing that the first Lukas he encountered was 'Bandit Lukas'.

His appearance had been almost identical to his own, which created the prejudice in Lukas' mind that the others would have similar appearances in the broad sense.

Tap tap-

Lukas began to retrace his footsteps. He walked past the surrounding bodies without even looking at them.

—After an indiscernible amount of time.

He returned to the entrance of the dump site where they'd found the corpse of 'Bandit Lukas'.

'From the beginning.'

From here, he would check each corpse one by one. Without overlooking a single one.

He knew.

How many corpses were in just 'this area'. Going through each of them one by one was a task that would seem impossible to any sane mind.

The corpse of one Lukas had already been found in this area. From a probability standpoint, the chances of him finding another Lukas here were absurdly low.

"..."

But while they might be absurdly low, the chances were not zero.

That fact was more important to Lukas than anything else.

"Then, let's begin."

With a listless mutter.

Lukas dug up the nearest corpse.

\* \* \*

Tap.

...He passed through corpses.

Tap.

...He ate a lot.

Tap.

...He ate a lot of Lukas.

There were countless 'failed Lukases'. It wasn't just bandits.

Swordsmen, Knights, Guards, Martial Artists, Farmers, Fishermen, Doctors, Peddlers, Herbalists, Mercenaries, Priests, Nobles...

Lukas was directly able to experience the infinite possibilities of one being.

He stopped.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that a lot of time might have passed.

He slowly looked around.

He was still surrounded by thousands of corpses piled onto each other, but now, he was familiar with all of them.

This meant that he'd rummaged through all of these corpses at least once.

He passed them.

The corpses around him changed, and the colour of the ground and walls changed. This was proof that he'd entered another area.

Lukas had learned a lot about the dump site's environment.

Firstly, it wasn't just himself and the corpses in this place.

Three Day Bugs. In addition to those insects which inflicted terrible pain, there were other living beings.

Surprisingly, there were many different kinds, and there were even some among them that were threats to him.

Throb-

He had a headache.

It was a pain that had been following him consistently from some point, but now, he could barely feel it.

It first appeared after he'd eaten three corpses.

The pain had come unexpectedly.

It felt like his entire body was being torn apart. It was so painful that he couldn't even scream. It was as if 'Three Day Bugs' had dug into his skin, and were gnawing on his internal organs, muscles, and blood vessels.

That pain had stayed with him for days afterward.

It didn't stop, and he didn't get used to it. Instead, it felt like it was getting worse.

So Lukas had no choice but to continue forward.

It felt like the pain would never end even if he waited forever, so he had no choice but to continue doing what he was doing.

He ate another corpse.

When he ate the fourth and fifth corpses, the pain doubled. At that time, it was hard for him to stay sane.

But he ignored it.

Stumbling, he looked for the next corpse.

He struggled to keep a hold on his blurring vision and raised his concentration as high as he possibly could. Among the pain ripping through his body, the most severe by far was the headache. The thought that it would be better to just smash his skull appeared in his mind tens of thousands of times a day.

But he couldn't. Death was no more than an escape. Lukas had no intention of dying.

He ate a corpse.

He even ate a corpse that wasn't a 'Lukas' by accident. As mentioned before, his vision was blurred and his sanity waning.

Then, at some point, the pain began to fade. It wasn't that he was growing used to it, it was really fading. He didn't know why, and he didn't know when.

That wasn't the only thing that changed.

He no longer felt full even after eating a complete corpse. To be precise, it felt like he could no longer absorb it efficiently. It was like pouring water into a cup that was already full—

...It was at that moment that Lukas' corpse feast came to an end.

Then, he sat down and inspected himself.

He realised that he'd become stronger.

Was it maximum magic power? Absolute quantity of mana? Or, a state beyond 10 stars?

No, it wasn't.

The power he'd gained from abandoning his humanity was nothing like that. At least he didn't think so. A simple increase in the strength of his magic power, which he now had, was not enough to defeat the Twelve Void Lords. It couldn't surpass Yang In-hyun's sword.

He continued to observe within him.

...Mana.

He could now feel the familiar energy that filled his body a bit better.

But as he ate more corpses, the nature of his mana seemed to change, and at some point, it began to feel turbid. As a result, his mana could no longer be called pure energy.

Mana was the most natural and purest energy. It was infinitely close to the source of fire, water, earth and air, which were the matter that made up all creation.

Energy that gained its value from its purity.

If that was the case, then what was the value of this turbid mana?

“...”

Mana was a type of energy that didn't fit in with this world.

Lukas had felt this a long time ago. The way to replenish it was also inefficient, and the power of absolute had failed to have an impact on an Absolute being like Yang In-hyun.

It wasn't just Yang In-hyun.

Lukas knew that in this world, he was not even on the same level as the truly strong beings.

Michael, Pale, and the giant monster whose throat was the entry point for the dump site he was currently in.

They were all stronger than Lukas.

He knew that.

Despite knowing that, he was not able to completely abandon mana. It was Lukas' only weapon. In a way, he could even be called obsessed.

His mind was in tatters as if it had been stitched together countless times, but, paradoxically, it was stable in that regard.

Knowing just how much of a mess he was as a being, he was able to stay rather calm.

Lukas had thought that he'd reached the end of the path of magicology.

But was that really the case? In the first place, could a field of study even have an end?

—He thought for a long time, but his decision was quick.

Lukas...

Decided to abandon mana.

Shaa-

Lukas' entire body felt a state of extreme weakness. He'd metaphorically opened the lid of his mana room, which was always tightly closed. And the mana poured out of every orifice in his body.

He let it go without holding anything back.

No, the mana wanted to stay.

It didn't want to leave the mana room, where it had stayed for a long time.

So this was a one sided release on Lukas' part.

Ohhhh-

A strange sound resonated when the huge amount of mana was gently released all at once. It sounded like a howl or a scream of resentment.

It was a strange feeling.

They were like companions, friends, family, lovers... and maybe even more than that, for a long time. And now it felt like he'd killed the other with his own hands.

But there were no large ripples in his already blackened heart.

At most, there was a small hint of regret.

What Lukas was looking at was 'what was in front of him'.

Abandoning mana was only the beginning. There was still a lot he had to throw away.

Abandoning mana was the same as abandoning his identity as a Wizard. Naturally, the title Great Mage was also being abandoned. He also didn't have the right to teach anyone anymore, so the title Great Teacher was undeserved.

He wasn't throwing away his worldly shackles. This was far from such a noble sacrifice, which was usually practised by religious people.

It was more than that...

A bit more...

" — "

A thought suddenly appeared in his mind.

If he threw everything away one after the other,

What would be left at the end?

...

...

It wasn't long before his mana ceased to exist. Surprisingly, it had taken longer than he'd expected.

Completely draining all of the mana in his entire body had been much harder and more meticulous than he'd initially thought. It wasn't just his mana room, it was difficult to remove the residue left behind by mana in the pathways throughout his body which the mana passed through like veins.

However, he was now completely empty.

At the very least, Lukas now no longer had any mana.

Then what was he to do now?

Should he find another weapon?

Swords, spears, axes, blunt weapons, bows, dozens and hundreds of weapons appeared in his mind. It wasn't just physical weapons. Spirit arts, black magic, and holy power also crossed his mind.

However, would those work?

He'd felt it while eating countless Lukases.

He was stronger than any Lukas in the dump site.

In other words, it could be said that Lukas, who had pursued magicology, had made the best choice when it came to strength. But he had already abandoned mana.

He had no intention of reverting that decision. Mana was not enough to help him fight the Twelve Void Lords. He was sure of this.

“...”

At that moment, Lukas suddenly had an absurd thought.

It was so ridiculous that it was hard for him to put it into words, but he also found that he was unexpectedly drawn to it.

'I wonder if I can use magic without mana.'

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#### **Season 2 Chapter 403**

—He could not completely get rid of his mana.

In order to not die, he would need to eat, and every time he did that, his mana would refill. So that wouldn't work.

Should he destroy his mana room? No. That was pointless. That would also regenerate as soon as he ate something.

That meant that Lukas had no choice but to starve himself.

The pain that followed was not insignificant, but when compared to the terrible pain of being eaten by the three day bugs or eating the corpses, it was not that bad.

He used the time to reflect on his goal again.

Using magic without mana.

Breaking his prejudices, changing his ideas, thinking outside of the box...

It wasn't something that could simply be dismissed as such. This was because it was practically impossible according to the laws. Just as it was impossible to make ashes by burning water, it was physically and realistically impossible to cast spells without mana.

Zero Technique.

Lukas had clearly used a similar technique in the past, but it was different from then. The Zero Technique was never about casting spells without mana. It was about using the mana in the atmosphere instead of the mana in the body.

What about this place?

There was no mana.

There wasn't even the slightest hint of mana in the atmosphere. That's why he said that mana didn't suit this world.

Then firstly, he would need to learn.

About this place, the World of Void.

\* \* \*

The first thing he considered was as follows.

What was the most basic power that existed in the World of Void?

Mana was a symbol of balance and nature. This pure, great energy was darker and more abundant in places that had not been touched by the hands of man. Simply encountering such mana could allow a Wizard to step into the next level or gain the clues that would allow them to reach it.

Then what about this world?

What kind of energy was the most abundant and easiest to obtain in the World of Void, where only the beings who had failed and were forgotten could enter.

Since it was the World of Void, it was empty.

This was a natural thought, but Lukas flatly denied this.

'...disappearance\*', and regeneration.' (\*: A place holder for 'ceasing to exist'. Still open to any better suggestions.)

If you didn't eat something before the colour of the sky changed five times, you would begin to disappear from the tips of your toes. If you ate something, the disappearance would stop. In addition, even unrecoverable fatal injuries could easily be regenerated.

Why was that possible?

Because it was the World of Void? Because those were the laws of this world?

No. He couldn't simply accept that.

He needed to understand it more deeply. He needed to analyse it.

Cause and effect.

Laws and limitations.

Fate and providence.

What exactly caused the disappearance? It wasn't a phenomenon that began in the body. It was interference that came from outside of the body. In other words, there were material and immaterial elements capable of interfering with the body in the atmosphere.

Lukas felt that those elements made up the most basic and abundant power that encompassed the World of Void.



'However...'

He couldn't understand it at all.

It was impossible for him to even sense it.

The only clues he had were from the moment his body had begun to disappear. At that time, he'd felt a sensation of emptiness and dissipation from the tips of his toes... He would need to ponder about that sensation some more.

'If I wasn't in the dump site now.'

He might have refrained from eating for a while. Then he could have waited until he began to disappear and tried to feel the sense of dissipation more clearly.

Then, he would have eaten something only at the moment when he could not take it any longer.

But he couldn't use that method now.

Dissipation would not occur he-

"...!"

Lukas' expression suddenly changed.

Dissipation did not occur in this place.

In other words, unlike outside of the dump site, there was no element that caused the disappearance here, or there was another element that suppressed that element.

In that case, this was an opportunity.

In any case, there was a clear distinction or difference between the inside and the outside of the dump site.

He just needed to specify what that was.

Analyse, experiment, think.

Regardless of how mysterious this world was, regardless of how the laws of this world might defy common sense.

In the end, it meant that there were still 'laws of its own'. It didn't matter if they were too broad or complicated to understand at first.

In any universe, this was something that anyone who discovered the laws for the first time would feel.

\* \* \*

From a young age, once he made a decision, he had a tendency to see it through to the end.

And magicology had been the first major decision he'd made. He wanted to see the end of that field of study. He wanted to be ahead of everyone else.

Certainly, it had been a simple and childish idea at first.

But regardless of the initial reason, Lukas had eventually achieved what he was pursuing.

There were times when he failed and felt frustrated and lost, but in the end, he became the greatest Wizard to carve his name in history.

Although he'd lost the battle to the Demigods, he hadn't lost to anyone in the field of magicology.

Therefore, analysis and contemplation were Lukas' greatest assets.

"..."

His head felt heavy as if a rock was resting upon it.

In that state, Lukas lay among the corpses, still.

His face was haggard, and his eyes were dead. His hunger had already reached the limit, and he was beginning to see changes in his body as well. At some point, he'd started losing weight. This was probably a special phenomenon that could only occur in the dump site.

As he quietly looked up at the ceiling, a thought suddenly occurred to him.

'...was I underestimating this world?'

No.

That wasn't it. He hadn't underestimated it.

By now, he'd spent a long time in the World of Void, but it was only a short chapter when compared to the life Lukas had lived.

Of course, this chapter was more intense than anything else, but he was still confident.

He felt that, if it were him, he would be able to learn everything he wanted as long as he analysed every single detail with all his might.

He wasn't.

He hadn't even managed to grasp the slightest hair of a clue.

He felt like his head was about to split open. This wasn't about a mortal genius.

This was about Lukas, who, although now declined, had once been an Absolute Lord, using his brain to such an extent.

Nevertheless, it wasn't enough.

He hadn't managed to figure anything out.

Was this his limit?

Was this as far as he could go?

For the first time in his life, he felt despair.

Although he'd been forced to yield to the authority and might of beings greater than himself, he had never given up on himself. The process of finding laws and providence could be considered one of his specialties.

In other words, Lukas felt like he'd reached the limit in the field he was most confident in.

'...is this it for me?'

That was enough,

He wanted to give u-

Lukas' thoughts stopped there as he shot up from his place on the ground.

Crack!

Then, he swung his fist like a hammer and crushed one of his fingers. Blood dripped down. At this point, this kind of pain was no different from a bug bite, but his head became much clearer.

"Kuk."

Give up? He wanted to quit now?

Enough.

Why the hell had he abandoned his humanity, mana and even his own identity?

To become strong.

He had chosen to cast everything aside for that goal.

How dare he have such a weak thought now? He felt his mind reach its limits and now wanted to stop and rest?

"Hahaha."

He laughed loudly at his unsightly self.

No. He couldn't.

That, more than anything, was unacceptable.

Clearly, Lukas had abandoned many things.

It wasn't just his identity and humanity as was mentioned before. So many things had been thrown away that he hardly felt like himself at this point.

Nevertheless, it seemed there was still something he hadn't yet thrown away.

Lukas hadn't yet abandoned his pride.

\* \* \*

In order to not die, he needed to eat.

But eating meant replenishing his mana.

By nature.

His crushed finger regenerated. Lukas did not take his eyes off of this sight which could only be described as grotesque. However, what he was looking at was not the outside, but the inside.

What happened within his body when he regenerated?

Lukas wasn't able to find the right answer in his own body. It was the same now.

It was for this reason that his gaze had shifted from the inside to the outside.

However, was that really the case? Perhaps he'd missed something.

"..."

From that day forth, Lukas began to practice self-harm.

He injured himself then ate food while closely observing the effects on his own body. Even if the correct answer didn't exist inside his body, it was clearly being influenced by some factor.

What he needed to pay attention to was the change.

Crack.

He cut off his finger.

Crack.

He dug out his eyeball.

Crack.

He bit off his tongue.

Crack.

He pierced a hole into his stomach.

[At any time.]

Suddenly.

[The narrow gate leading to the truth can be found within you.]

He seemed to hear a voice.

"..."

When he heard those words, Lukas stopped harming himself.

—A lesson he'd forgotten. In the past, that lesson could be considered a maxim that carried him through life.

He closed his eyes and thought.

Inside him.

Was it referring to his body or his mind?

Or both.

Lukas once again looked at his mana.

To be precise, he looked at the impurities that were mixed into his mana.

And he realised.

Whenever he hurt himself and regenerated, the impurities in his mana experienced a slight change.

'They're moving.'

The impurities moved towards the site of the injury.

And then... they disappeared? No, the total amount of impurities didn't decrease. Lukas would have immediately noticed it if there was such an obvious change.

'The beginning.'

Could this energy really be dismissed as impurities?

He didn't know.

Something that Lukas couldn't identify had mixed with his mana. It was only then that he realised he'd been wasting his time. He should have been searching for the source of this turbid power from the start.

...In order to analyse it more accurately, he would need to separate the impurities from his mana.

He immediately put it to the test.

It was usually difficult to separate powers that were already mixed, but this was especially difficult. The impurities did not separate easily and instead acted as though they had bonded with the mana for a long time.

An old memory popped into his mind.

It was from sometime in the past, when he was called 'Frey Blake'.

There had been a time when he tried to combine two opposing forces in his mind world.

While it was reckless, he refused to give in and was eventually met with success, obtaining what he wanted.

The difference this time was, instead of combining two powers, he was now trying to separate them.

Separation was inherently more difficult than combination. It was going to take a long time, and unlike that time, when he had some knowledge of both powers, he did not know exactly what kind of energy the impurities were.

—So what was the reason for the thought?

It had been a long time since he'd forgotten the time and effort needed to accomplish such a difficult goal.

The most important thing was to progress forward one step at a time.

It didn't matter how slow or short those steps were.

\* \* \*

A long time passed.

"..."

Lukas had finally succeeded in obtaining the impurities. To be precise, he'd gotten ahold of the 'original form of the impurities' that he so badly wanted.

When he drained all of his mana, the original form miraculously moved near his heart.

...It was a miniscule amount of energy.

Using mana as a reference, it was about enough to cast a 1 star spell. He wasn't certain, but that's what he felt.

"Huu."

He took a deep breath.

What came next was the important part.

Lukas thought of a formula.

For the most basic spell.

Even though it was only one line, he meticulously checked the formula before opening his mouth.

"Magic Missile."

Bang!

He felt a great shock in his heart.

Lukas couldn't help but cough up the blood rushing up his throat.

A large amount of pressure had been applied to his internal organs, damaging them. He knew what this phenomenon was. It was the reaction that occurred when a spell was forcibly cast with the wrong formula.

In other words, Lukas had simply failed to cast the spell.

"..."

The 'original form of the impurities' that he'd spent a long time collecting, dispersed.

He had failed to cast 'Magic Missile', a spell that had been perfected even when he first encountered magic.

Moreover, although it could be regenerated, he had suffered damage to his heart and other internal organs as a result.

“Kuh.”

Nevertheless.

“Puhaha...”

Lukas burst into laughter as tears rolled down his face.

He’d failed.

Finally, he’d failed. He could fail.

That fact filled him with immense joy.

—Ahhh. Until now, he couldn’t even fail. In other words, he didn’t even qualify for the challenge.

He’d experienced how difficult and painful that was.

But it was okay now. He didn’t need to despair anymore.

Now it was just a matter of time.

How much effort it took, how long it took, how many times he failed, none of that mattered anymore.

Either way, Lukas would eventually be able to see the end of this mysterious power.

Because he never ran away from failure.

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### **Season 2 Chapter 404**

After that, he didn’t try to use any other spells. Of course, this wasn’t because he was afraid of pain or injury. The corpses around him were piled up into mountains. In other words, he didn’t have to fear dying from any injury while here.

First off, he wanted to understand this power he’d discovered more clearly.

He felt like if he rolled it around in his head a bit more, he would be able to discover an important clue.

But before that, there was one misconception that he needed to correct.

‘I didn’t become stronger.’

Of course, it was true that he was now stronger than before he’d started eating corpses.

But, technically, it was impossible to gain a radical rise in power just by consuming corpses and taking their possibilities.

He didn’t know about anyone else, but at least that was the case for Lukas.

Consuming corpses.

This inhumane act had only served to raise Lukas' potential to the max.

In other words, it only equipped him with the 'conditions to become strong'.

It was like his body was filled with the raw materials for power that hadn't been smelted yet. The 'possibilities of Lukas' that he had obtained.

In that case, what were the possibilities?

The turbid power that reduced the purity of his mana, that is to say, the impurities. The more corpses he consumed, the better his ability to sense those impurities became.

It was only at that moment that he realised that.

In the beginning, Lukas didn't have the ability to sense the impurities.

'It's because it mixed with my mana.'

Because the impurities mixed with mana, which could even be called the purity of nature itself.

That was why he was able to sense it.

Lukas couldn't help but smile wryly at that thought.

He'd accepted it into his body, used it as he pleased, and now, threw it away when he felt like it was no longer useful. He'd committed an action so horrid that he wouldn't complain even if he were labelled as trash for it.

And yet, it was the same mana that gave him what he needed as a parting gift.

'I have to live up to it.'

He didn't want to waste mana's last gift to him.

The impurities. Did these impurities truly deserve to be Lukas' new power?

He wasn't sure.

It was a different kind of energy.

He had no idea where to start studying it, and he didn't know how to interpret it.

So, he had no choice but to once again compare it to the power he knew best, mana.

—Simple materials.

This referred to air, fire, earth, and water.

Everything that made up the universe could be deconstructed into these four materials without exception, and they could be changed constantly through the movement of other matter.

Fire could be air, water could be earth.

And mana,



Was the power that made the creation of those simple materials possible.

In other words, it could be called the most basic energy in a more absolute sense than the four elements.

The interpretation 'the purest and most basic form of energy' that had been construed by the Wizards was not incorrect.

Mana was also nature, as it could be created in turbid or polluted lands.

In that case, the impurities could be considered the opposite of mana.

The reason Lukas had this thought was simple. Mana did not exist in the World of Void. No matter where he went, he could not sense even the slightest hint of mana. It was as if to prove the claim that such energy simply did not exist in this world.

'Mana can only be replenished by eating something.'

This was another thing that Lukas didn't quite understand.

Naturally, corpses did not have any mana in them. This was true even for the corpse of a 10-star Wizard. As soon as they died, the mana slumbering in their body would disappear without a trace. While he wasn't sure if this was the same for dragon hearts, it was at least the truth for human bodies.

And yet, when he ate something in this world, his mana was replenished.

So firstly, he needed to figure out why.

\* \* \*

...What if it wasn't replenished?

A thought suddenly occurred to him.

After that, thoughts began to erupt one after the other like waves from a dam that had collapsed.

At first, he'd thought that mana could only be supplied by consuming something. However, now that he thought about it, it felt a little different from that. It could not be regarded as 'supply' or 'replenishment'.

To put it in a different perspective.

For Lukas, there were three things that could be solved by eating.

One, he wouldn't disappear.

Two, his injuries would be healed.

Three, his mana would be refilled.

Lukas thought about these three things separately. In other words, these three things could be called the effects of eating.

...But what if they weren't?

He looked around. Surprisingly, the dump site also seemed to serve as a junkyard, so he was easily able to find what he was looking for.

Chuk-

It was a sword buried in a corpse. He observed the sword for a moment. The blade was a bit damaged, but he didn't think it would be a problem.

Just like that, he cut off his left arm from the forearm.

Shuk-

It wasn't a proper swing, but he was still able to easily cut through his flesh and bone. Blood dripped from the cross section of the wound. But by this time, Lukas had already picked up the calf of a nearby corpse and bitten into it.

Crunch.

His wound began to regenerate and his mana refilled. He couldn't tell if his disappearance had been prevented. That was still a mystery in this place.

But it was fine. At least he didn't have to worry about it.

He looked closely at the wound. Wriggle. His flesh squirmed out of the cross section of his forearm. The sight of regeneration was never pleasant to look at. Nevertheless, Lukas did not take his eyes off of it.

And when the wound was completely regenerated.

"—ah."

He realised.

This phenomenon wasn't regeneration.

"...it regressed."

His body had basically returned to his best state, the state he was in when he first entered the World of Void.

The prevention of disappearance, recovery of wounds, and replenishment of mana.

Lukas' conjecture was right. It was not right to call these three things the effects of eating.

This was because there was only one phenomenon that happened.

His body regressed.

\* \* \*

Lukas' speculation continued.

The World of Void.

A world that only the forgotten, or failed, could enter.

A world filled with countless possibilities that had been abandoned by the Three Thousand Worlds.

0

What was the most important thing in this world?

“...to not be forgotten.”

Right. That was it.

If they were forgotten even here, then they would really cease to exist.

The environment of the World of Void was incredibly harsh. It was as if this world was constantly trying to annihilate all living beings.

If they didn't eat anything before the sky changed colour five times, beings would disappear.

This was the most basic and ironclad rule of this world.

“To replenish the power of existence by eating.”

The term ‘Power of Existence’ had occurred to him before. However, its weight as it touched his heart was different now than then.

It was a terrible world.

Lukas felt that fact even more now.

Of course, the providence of the law of the jungle applied everywhere.

However, even with that, this place was severely twisted.

It was like a gigantic, giggling mass of malice.

Great malice.

And the power that Lukas was currently trying to decipher was probably the source of this malice.

The impurities.

Although faint, he'd finally grasped a clue.

Lukas murmured.

“Magic Missile.”

Bang.

He once again felt the pain as if someone had struck his heart, and his entire body shook violently.

Lukas forcibly swallowed the blood that rushed up his throat, but he was unable to stop a small dribble from rolling down the corner of his lips.

His injuries were serious. This was natural since he'd hurt his heart. Nevertheless, it was not enough to kill him. So he decided to put off eating a corpse for now.

The reaction that had just happened in his body. Why the explosion occurred, and why it was in close proximity to his heart.

There were a lot of things he needed to learn.

'...if I don't understand, then I'll do it till I do.'

With that thought, Lukas wiped the blood away from the corner of his mouth.

\* \* \*

Every material and immaterial element had its own inherent laws and properties.

And as far as Lukas knew, there was no energy as esoteric and boundless as mana.

Whether it's bond structure or volume, pressure of the exerted force, or ambient temperature.

Mana could be influenced by a wide variety of things, causing it to sometimes become fire, sometimes ice, sometimes rocks, or sometimes wind.

The deep consideration and examination of these interactions of mana, and the concept of actually using its power to express magic, was known as magicology.

In order to call yourself a Wizard, it was necessary to first understand what effects mana had when combined into different structures.

Of course, this was a difficult task for Wizards now entering the field of magicology, but they wouldn't get far if they only focused on memorising and copying. That approach met its limits very quickly.

He knew that.

That was the reason why Lukas was trying to fully understand the 'impurities'.

And at that moment, his tenacious obsession and effort finally paid off.

"...it's different from mana."

The properties of the impurities.

Those were the first words he uttered after grasping that clue.

They were completely different from the properties of mana.

He'd tried to control this energy with magic formulas.

It was only at that moment did he realise how ignorant his actions had been. It was similar to pouring oil onto a fire to put it out. If it wasn't for the fact that he was in the World of Void, he would have already died thousands of times over.

"It's like mana."

Lukas then spoke words that directly contradicted what he'd said previously.

The impurities also had their own properties, attributes and laws.

However, the outcomes of those were completely different. But only different to an extent.

For example, if he applied the formula for casting Magic Missile to the impurities, he would feel a shock in his chest like someone slapped his heart. If he used Fire Ball, half of his internal organs would be blown away, and if he used Ice Spear, all of the blood vessels in his left arm would erupt simultaneously. Stone Teeth caused his knees to explode.

‘...’

The fact that different phenomena were appearing depending on the formula used meant that this power had different laws. Although he didn’t understand it yet.

...How long would it take for him to use this power in practice?

Magic.

He knew how each and every magic formula that created spells were made.

Magic Missile, the most basic spell.

The spell involved changing the form of mana to give it physical power and launching it at a target.

In terms of formulas, it wasn’t more than two lines, five lines if you unravelled it. It was that simple. A talented person would be able to use it just by looking at it.

However, was the process of making the magic missile that simple? It was just a two lined magic formula so it could have easily been made with a few days of thought. Right?

No. Definitely not.

There had to have been Wizards who were the first to discover mana, analyse its laws, and realise the principles of interaction.

They would have put their heads together and pondered it deeply.

Perhaps all the geniuses of that time had gathered together.

Then, after countless trial and error, they were able to create the first spell.

It was because of the existence of these forefathers that the Wizards of the future were able to gradually increase their level and eventually catch a glimpse of the 9-star level.

How much blood, sweat and tears had they shed? How many years had it taken?

Magic was a field of study.

And the process of creating a field of study was by no means short. It couldn’t be short.

“I’ll have to do that process on my own, from now on.”

It was a fact that didn’t really excite him now.

Lukas simply nodded acceptingly.

He would do it.

He would analyse the impurities, understand their interactions, figure out formulas through trial and error, and eventually, use magic once again with this power.

But. To do that, he couldn't call it impurities anymore.

It was the most basic power that made up the World of Void.

The power that made the disappearance and regeneration possible.

A power that was still unknown to Lukas.

After a moment of silence, he thought of an appropriate name for this power.

"Void."

Lukas named this power, Void.

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### **Season 2 Chapter 405**

Void could not be called a field of study.

Even after studying this power deeply and building up systematic knowledge, it would be a futile effort to try to leave any records of it.

Fields of study should be shared by many people.

They should allow those who have accumulated enough knowledge to discuss amongst themselves, and anyone who has the will to learn should be eligible to enter. Although they might seem difficult and unfriendly to the layman, their complexity should never exceed a certain level.

In other words, they should be accessible. That was the only way for them to keep going. They needed masters, disciples, forefathers, and descendants.

And it needed alumni.

Those who could find different solutions to the same problem, and who could sometimes take different approaches to the same topic and discuss them.

Since ancient times, the most developed fields of study were the ones where experts with different thoughts often clashed.

Constantly thinking to point out or respond to logical arguments resulted in the most beautiful development of a field of study.

And it was for this reason that Void could not be considered as such.

'Because the layman wouldn't understand.'

It wasn't just the laymen.

Objectively speaking, even those talented enough to be called geniuses would hardly be able to understand the magical powers that void possessed.

To state it specifically, its structure was tens of thousands of times more complex than mana.

From his understanding, the power of void was closely linked to disappearance and regeneration. There was no power in the entire multiverse that was as dangerous.

This level of difficulty, this level of risk.

It was not something that could be studied with trial and error. Naturally, this made it impossible to discuss with anyone else.

So Lukas simply accepted this power as a kind of authority.

It was similar to the power Absolutes used. A kind of power that couldn't and shouldn't be used by just anyone.

...The reason he said it was similar was because unlike that, Lukas had to learn the power of void from the bottom up.

Absolutes were different. Most of them were given a complete understanding of the power given to them from birth. This made it possible for them to use it as easily as breathing. In a nutshell, it was inborn.

That wasn't the case for Lukas.

"Sss..."

He immersed himself.

Continuously immersing himself.

The flow of consciousness did not stop.

Lukas had only stopped once, and that was when he was no longer able to feel the power of void.

As indicated before, he had already crossed the most difficult ridge. Now, there was nothing to block Lukas.

However, it was slow. His pace was as slow as a snail. This couldn't be helped. This was how difficult it was to carve out a field from nothing. Nevertheless, if he was neglectful now, there would surely be a time when he would have to pay for it.

It was fine.

Lukas didn't feel any frustration or irritation because of this. In the first place, his perseverance and patience had long surpassed the level of an Absolute.

In the World of Void, the dump site was the perfect place to research the mysterious power of void.

Even if he was injured to the point of death, eating a corpse would allow him to be fully healed in the blink of an eye. To be precise, it should be called bodily regression or retrogression, but there was no need to go into the details.

He got injured.

Over and over again.

He'd thought that the risk would be removed as he gained more knowledge, maintained control of his temper, and got used to it, but that wasn't the case. Instead, the risk seemed to only grow larger and larger.

Crunch.

Lukas forcefully bit into a corpse. This time, his teeth were also shattered, so he almost couldn't chew or swallow.

It was at that moment that he realised something.

If something went wrong, there was a chance that he might not be able to chew or swallow a corpse. The solution to this was simple. He would simply need to cut the corpse into a more edible form.

To put it simply, he would have to cook a human corpse. This was a solution that Lukas would never have thought of in the past, but his blackened, rotten mind had long since lost its aversion to this.

There were no tools or technology.

So he could only make the corpses into something like dried jerky. Due to the nature of the dump site, the jerky wouldn't harden as time passed.

Munch.

Lukas chewed on a piece of jerky and swallowed it.

The arm that had been severed in the explosion quickly regenerated.

Although he didn't want it, mana also re-emerged.

'...'

He didn't want to replenish mana.

What Lukas wanted was to just restore his body.

'If I can fully understand and control void, it should be possible to isolate the concept of regeneration.'

To allow the restoration of mana.

Or to just restore the body.

...Of course, currently, it was impossible for him to even guess how such a thing could be done.

Shaking his head, he decided to halt those stray thoughts.

In this case, since he was still far away from his destination, it would be better to just lower his head and stare at the tips of his feet as he took one step at a time. That would remind him that although he's moving slowly, he's moving steadily.

\* \* \*

To create spells with void, he first needed to understand the interactions.



And to learn the interactions, he needed to fully understand the properties of void.

As a result of his analysis, he learned that void had the property of being easily swept away by surrounding movements whether they were material or immaterial. This was the reason it had unknowingly been mixed in with his mana and became an impurity.

That was tricky.

This meant that if his concentration wavered in even the slightest way, the void could be swept away by his own pulse.

Gathering it back together was a tedious process, but Lukas suddenly realised.

‘There is no need to gather it back together.’

This was a preconceived notion he had due to mana.

With void, there was no need to gather it in one place like a mana room.

Lukas allowed the void to spread out as it pleased.

“\_”

Void scattered throughout his body.

Lukas could literally feel the power of emptiness flowing within him.

‘Now.’

Now that you’ve pranced around to your heart’s content, it’s time to listen to me.

Lukas cautiously assumed control over the void.

Bang!

“...”

A large shockwave rippled through his body, and with a cough, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

\* \* \*

His experiment to observe the reaction of applying magical formulas to void was ignorant and dangerous. It was something that he would never have considered if he couldn’t regenerate his body an almost infinite number of times.

Originally, he was already quite insensitive to pain.

But now, it had grown to the extent that he even felt numb to what was essentially his acts of self harm. Whenever he used a spell, at least one of his limbs would be turned to rags, but he barely felt anything. The only thing he paid attention to was the movement of void.

There certainly was progress.

Gradually, he was beginning to understand the properties of void.

A bit more.

Just a bit more, and this power would belong to Lukas.

...Or so he thought.

“...”

One day, Lukas suddenly looked around.

There were no corpses in the area.

The reason for their absence was obvious.

“...”

Get injured.

Eat a corpse.

Get injured.

Eat another corpse.

‘For what reason...?’

For what reason am I living like this?

No. Could this even be called living?

Does being able to think and act mean one is alive?

Those sudden questions made him reflect on himself.

Then came the most difficult moment.

The feeling of detachment that he felt when he changed was hard to bear. He couldn't accept the fact that the disgusting smell of a strange monster was coming from none other than himself.

At that time, he'd buried himself in the mountain of corpses and cried for days.

There were times when he screamed like a deranged person.

...As time went by, his broken mind gradually stitched itself back together.

After that, he became a bit more numb. He knew that this phenomenon was not a good thing. Everything that made up Lukas had either been dyed black or disappeared.

He forced himself to ignore it.

And once again.

Dived into void.

\* \* \*

One day, he suddenly realised that he could move void according to his will.

That he'd completely comprehended the properties of void.

At that moment, he didn't feel any sense of accomplishment or satisfaction.

He touched his face. He touched the face of a man who was incredibly expressionless.

How much time had passed.

And how much more time would pass.

He didn't know. He couldn't know.

Lukas shook his head.

Completely understanding the properties of void was a clear achievement.

Nevertheless, it meant another start.

There was no point in simply being able to manipulate this power. He wouldn't achieve anything like that.

Void needed to be sublimated into a means of attack, defence, and perhaps even more than that.

Only then would he be able to defeat the Twelve Void Lords.

\* \* \*

—A long time passed.

No.

Perhaps it didn't pass at all.

\* \* \*

If there was an accurate way to measure the movement of time in the dump site, it would be the existence of the three day bugs.

If he remained motionless for three days, they would always appear right on time.

This time was no exception.

Clitter clatter-

Hundreds of millions of them.

The number of three day bugs there was perhaps even more than that.

It was definitely an unusual sight to see such a number of these guys who usually only moved in groups numbering in the millions. Anyone who learned the reason for this would have no choice but to nod their heads.

Because there was a man who hadn't moved a muscle for more than three days.

Not a corpse, a human.

He was definitely alive.

Even though he had a skinny body, long, dishevelled hair, an unkempt beard and fingernails, the man was clearly alive.

...A long time had passed since the man had been in this state. To an extent, it was strange that not a single three day bug had tried to devour him during this time.

Even after such a long time, the three days bugs were not able to approach him.

They themselves didn't know the reason for this. As if they were being blocked by an invisible wall, they could not get closer than a certain distance from the man.

Twitch.

Suddenly, the man's finger twitched.

Startled by this movement, the three day bugs, who had completely covered the surroundings, immediately began to scatter. If they were eating, they wouldn't care if their prey moved or not, but sadly, they'd never been able to get close to the man's flesh.

"..."

The man,

Lukas opened his eyes.

"—ah."

The voice that flowed out was very broken.

"So it's like that."

In a completely emotionless voice, he muttered as if he'd finally realised something.

Then, he slowly lowered his stiff neck and looked down at his body.

His long hair and overgrown nails caught his eye.

"..."

Lukas stretched a finger towards his carotid artery.

Ssss-

Suddenly, his hair began to shrink. It was the same for his beard and fingernails. No, rather than shrinking, it was more like time was being reversed.

Before long, Lukas' appearance had completely changed.

His long hair was now at an appropriate length, his beard had disappeared, and his fingernails, which were as long as a beast's claws, had become short as if they were freshly cut.

“ ... ”

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

—He'd lost many things.

Mana, identity, humanity, emotions.

...No. Did he lose them?

Maybe he'd thrown them away, or maybe he'd broken them himself.

He wasn't sure. In truth, he didn't really care. He didn't feel like it was worth taking time to think about.

In any case, Lukas had lost a lot in this place.

Perhaps that was the reason.

His body felt incredibly light as though he could float away at any moment.

He'd become empty.

In other words, void.

That was the only thing Lukas still had in the dump site without throwing it away.

Lukas' eyes were no longer blue. They were now a deep shade of black.

He looked around with those eyes.

The dump site.

He knew this place was large enough to be called a world.

But that didn't matter. He already knew how to leave.

At some point, he'd become able to feel the existence of the exit.

Nevertheless, he'd never paid any attention to it until now. He hadn't gone near it and he'd purposefully ignored it.

That was because he still had more to gain from the dump site, and above all, he'd felt that he wasn't ready.

Tap-

As he walked towards the exit, a thought appeared in his mind.

Not anymore.

## [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

### Season 2 Chapter 406

Flower Mountain.

It was one of the three major forces that represented the Western Area of the World of Void, and it was also the main culprit that disturbed the situation in the area. Of course, such a radical move had only begun recently.

To be precise, it was after the Everlasting Plum Sword Yang In-hyun became the Sect Leader.

For some reason, Yang In-hyun declared an indiscriminate war against the surrounding territories, starting a War of Existence. It was a seemingly barbaric action, but some of the local Lords felt that Yang In-hyun's actions weren't sincere.

The reason for this was simple.

Since the beginning of the battle, Yang In-hyun, the man in question, had not made a single appearance. The pressure of the title 'Twelve Void Lords' far exceeded imagination. If even the hem of his robes were to appear on the battlefield, most of the surrounding territories would surrender unconditionally.

That wasn't all.

Yang In-hyun wasn't the only powerhouse in Flower Mountain. It wouldn't be counted as one of the three major forces in the Western Area if that were the case.

The Lords knew.

Those who were called the elders of Flower Mountain were, in fact, not the core forces. There were others who people needed to really be wary of.

Not a single one of those beings stayed in Flower Mountain. Unless it was an emergency, they usually wandered around the World of Void, fully focused on increasing their own strength.

The Seven Flowers. Or the Seven Sleeping Dragons of Flower Mountain.

That was what those beings were called.

\* \* \*

'...it's been about 5 years.'

The Second Flower ranked second among the Seven Flowers, Sama Ryeong, roughly calculated the amount of time that had passed.

Her internal clock was fairly accurate.

At most, the degree of error wouldn't be more than a month or two.

About 5 years.

It was short enough to be called a short time, but what Sama Ryeong had obtained in this time was by no means small.

'...I wish I could stay for a few decades.'

Such a thing was impossible for her. Sama Ryeong knew the limits of her mental power. This wasn't a whine, it was simply the truth.

Within the dump site, there was an aura that gradually drove intelligent beings to madness.

This energy was incredibly tenacious and persistent, and it grew worse as time passed, so much so that even the self discipline of Sama Ryeong had almost broken several times.

‘It’s a place you don’t want to return to.’

She’d stepped in because she didn’t have much of a choice, but she didn’t have any good memories of the place.

After all, there was no place more efficient than this to increase one’s power of existence. This was something that most intelligent beings in this world knew.

And yet, not many people actually came here. This was because, aside from the absolutely crazy access method, the risks were more than enough to offset the advantages.

One of those risks was the aforementioned madness.

If Sama Ryeong hadn’t mastered one of the Flower Mountain Faction’s secret methods, the Purple Cloud Divine Technique, then, let alone five years, she probably wouldn’t have been able to last one year.

She’d achieved some results.

Sama Ryeong was at least two steps stronger than before she’d entered the dump site.

Nevertheless, there was no feeling of satisfaction. Instead, her chest felt heavy as if there was a chunk of lead resting on it.

‘...Yang In-hyun.’

The current Sect Leader of the Flower Mountain Faction was a monster whose strength surpassed all of the former Sect Leaders.

But Sama Ryeong did not acknowledge him.

She wasn’t the only one.

More than half of the Seven Flowers did not like Yang In-hyun.

This was inevitable. Yang In-hyun wasn’t the one who’d created the Seven Flowers, instead, it was the former Sect Leader Dang Mu-gi.

All of them had received favour, great and small, from Dang Mu-gi, and among them, Sama Ryeong’s feelings were particularly special.

She regarded Dang Mu-gi as her father.

“...huh.”

The reason for her heavy sigh was obvious.

It was still not enough.

Even though she'd become stronger, she didn't think she would be able to defeat Yang In-hyun. Sama Ryeong shook her head. Rather than the distance between Yang In-hyun and herself, she decided it would be better to focus only on the fact that she'd become stronger.

Besides, it was still too early for her to think about that. The dangers of the dump site hadn't yet ended.

Instead, it could be said that they were only just beginning.

There were no corpses in the area that Sama Ryeong was currently standing in. There was also no stench that clung to her nose, and instead, it simply had the appearance of a normal cave.

On the wall of this cave was a door.

The appearance of this wooden door embedded in the wall filled her with deep unease, but Sama Ryeong, who was already lost in her thoughts, didn't pay much attention to it.

One thing was clear.

This door was the exit.

Grabbing the doorknob a bit roughly, she opened it.

Creak-

Her vision immediately went black and she had a feeling as if she was floating in time and space.

It was something she hadn't felt upon entering.

Perhaps it was reverting her incorrect time. The moment one stepped into the dump site of their home universe, their very existence stepped into the flow of an independent time. That was completely separate from the 'time and space on the outside'. Naturally, the passage of time was not the same.

Sama Ryeong didn't resist, and quietly accepted the feeling of floating.

A few moments later, as she blinked her eyes, she heard a voice.

[- originating from Universe Number 5518588, Sama Ryeong.]

A dark room.

It wasn't that wide.

The voice... it had come from her left.

When she turned her head slightly, she saw a skeleton standing there. The ghostly glimmer in its eyes let her know that it wasn't a simple corpse. More than that, she was certain that it was this skeleton that had just spoken.

[5 years, 2 months, 7 days, 2 hours, 11 minutes, 31 seconds.]

"...what does that mean?"

It was closer to something she muttered to herself, but it seemed the skeleton heard it anyway and responded.



[It is the time you spent in the dump site.]

It was an uncharacteristically fluid manner of speaking.

It felt completely different from the inarticulate skeleton at the entrance of the dump site. Perhaps this one was a higher level.

‘I was right, about five years.’

Sama Ryeong looked around the room.

It was an empty black room.

“Where is this place?”

[The waiting room.]

“Waiting room?”

[There are no restrictions to entry, but exiting is a different matter. If you don’t meet the Master’s standards, you will not be able to leave this place.]

“I know that.”

She also knew who the ‘Master’ the skeleton had mentioned was.

Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lords.

...If one didn’t meet the Corpse Ghost’s standards, they would not be able to leave the dump site. She knew that as well.

That was another of the risks that Sama Ryeong had been thinking about. No one knew what the Corpse Ghost’s criteria would be.

She’d heard that it varied greatly depending on the person, where they originated from, or the Corpse Ghost’s mood at that time.

“My question is, what does this waiting room have to do with meeting the standard?”

[It is a matter of efficiency. Master is of the opinion that things like this should be dealt with all at once.]

“All at once?”

[When a certain number of people gather, the door will open.]

Suddenly.

The door that Sama Ryeong had just entered from swung open and someone appeared.

“...”

It was a man with grey skin.

He had horns on his temples and thin wings on his back. His hairy lower body was reminiscent of a goat.

Looking at this man, who perfectly matched the image of a devil, the skeleton opened its mouth.

[Originating from Universe Number 2, Haspin.]

“...”

[12 years, 8 months, 35 minutes, 3 seconds.]

The man named Haspin walked past the skeleton with an expressionless face and sat in a corner of the dark room.

‘Haspin...’

Sama Ryeong’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Just from looking at his appearance, it was easy to tell that he was from [The Pit]. In addition, she’d heard of the name Haspin before.

She didn’t talk to him. He was a dangerous man.

Instead, Sama Ryeong’s gaze turned to the skeleton once more.

“What exactly is the ‘certain number of people?’”

[Six people.]

...That meant there were still four to go.

Tch. She clicked her tongue before also going to a corner and placed her butt on the ground.

She wondered how long they’d have to wait, but, fortunately, it didn’t take too long for the next figure to appear.

Burk-

The appearance of the figure who appeared this time was much more shocking than that of Haspin.

It was an enormous mantis.

Large mandibles, emotionless compound eyes, and above all, the pair of front legs that seemed to emit a bloodthirsty aura.

[Originating from Universe Number 59953, Duk Mantis.]

“Yes yes. That’s me.”

To her amazement, the mantis responded with a nod. It shouldn’t have been possible with the structure of its mouthpart, but its pronunciation was accurate as if it had a tongue.

[3 years, 11 months, 29 days, 23 hours, 35 minutes, 1 second.]

“Hmm. Hmm?”

The mantis tilted its head to the side for a moment before approaching Sama Ryeong.

Sama Ryeong got ready to draw her sword at any time.

“Pretty Miss over there, can you tell me what that skeleton friend said?”

She had a rough idea of where the mantis was from, so she replied simply.

“Go away.”

“Ou.”

Without seeming particularly offended by her attitude, the mantis turned around, this time approaching Haspin.

“Handsome gentleman, I would like to ask a-”

“He was stating the time you spent in the dump site.”

Haspin answered before the mantis could finish talking.

The mantis nodded.

“Ah. So that was it.”

“...”

“Uh, by the way, aren’t you the famous Apocalypse Apostle from [The Pit]...?”

Haspin did not answer anymore and simply closed his eyes.

Taking her eyes off of them, Sama Ryeong turned her attention to the door once more.

A short while after, the door opened again.

The next person to appear was an old man who was half bald. He was wearing a pure white robe and held strange mechanical devices in each hand, the inverted eyes behind his glasses were by no means normal.

[Originating from Universe Number 92158, Daihad Roksilo.]

[1 year, 7 months, 19 days, 10 hours, 51 minutes, 9 seconds.]

“Kiki. A year. Good.”

Daihad giggled strangely before looking around.

The moment Sama Ryeong’s eyes met his, she felt a sensation as if her entire body was being licked, so she turned away and didn’t look at him again.

“Kikiki...”

Daihad continued to look at her with half-lidded eyes before finally turning away with a smile.

‘There really aren’t any sane people in this place.’

Perhaps the others in the room had similar impressions of her, too.

After a slight interval, the next person appeared.

[Originating from Universe Number 39339, Jacob Big Crash.]

[103 years, 11 months, 19 hours, 12 seconds.]

“...!”

Sama Ryeong’s body shook. It was the same for the others.

100 years in the dump site was not a time that one could reach simply with high mental power. This figure was without a doubt an extraordinary being.

The figures in the black room all turned to look at the door with sharp gazes.

There, they saw a man in blue robes.

The man had a handsome appearance and a calm aura.

Upon seeing his appearance and aura, Sama Ryeong was all but certain.

‘Wizard.’

In addition, the pattern of a planet had been embroidered into the robe, signifying that he was a Wizard from the Magic Planet.

It wasn’t strange that he was able to pass 100 years.

It was well known that mental training of Wizards was very comprehensive, and Jacob was also a member of the Magic Planet.

He had probably reached the level of understanding the nature of the mind.

“...”

The Wizard, Jacob, looked around with a smile that was more of a smirk. In an instant, the humble aura around him disappeared, and he gave a dirty feeling instead. Only he knew what his smile meant.

‘...100 years.’

Nevertheless, what Sama Ryeong paid more attention to was Jacob’s time.

In this place, she’d obtained a ‘dense number of possibilities’ that couldn’t be easily obtained outside. She’d prepared the conditions to become stronger, and in fact, she had increased the size of her container by several times.

It had only taken 5 years to accomplish that.

And yet, Jacob had spent 20 times as long as she had in this place. He’d probably seen and obtained more possibilities than anyone else in the room.

Sama Ryeong carefully observed everyone in the room, not just Jacob. Perhaps there would be a situation where she had to fight them. Naturally, none of them were easy characters to look at.

—As she was making observations and developing countermeasures for them, she suddenly realised something.

There were still five people in the room.

The last one still hadn't appeared yet. Nevertheless, it felt like after Jacob-

[-from Universe Number 2731361.]

The voice of the skeleton broke Sama Ryeong's train of thought.

[Lukas Trowman.]

“...”

At that moment, Jacob, who had been meditating with his head down, suddenly opened his eyes. Then, he showed a complicated expression that was difficult to describe.

Before Sama Ryeong could even think to ask the reason, the skeleton's voice continued.

[4,000 years, 17 days, 1 hour, 11 minutes, 3 seconds.]

...

...

As a cold silence descended upon the room, the door opened.

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### **Season 2 Chapter 407**

He didn't give a very striking impression. His hazy blond hair resembled dusty gold. This didn't mean it shined. It more had the appearance of a treasure that had been neglected for a long time. But the thing that made the greatest impression on her was the colour and depth of the man's eyes.

“...”

Sama Ryeong couldn't keep looking at the eyes of this man which seemed to lack even the slightest glimmer of light. Because her chest began to feel stuffy and her head throbbed.

She was beginning to hear the voices of her 'other selves', the possibilities that she'd obtained in this place. It was as if the madness, which had faded since she'd left the dump site, had reappeared.

“...did you say 4,000 years?”

The man who spoke in a heavy voice was Haspin, the man who had the appearance of a devil. He stared at the skeleton with a hollow gaze.

“I would like to ask you something, skeleton.”

[What is it?]

“I would like to know if you know what 4,000 years means.”

Haspin's doubts resonated with the hearts of all the people in the dark room.

But the skeleton responded in a low voice.

[I know. It is a long time, 1,460,000 days.]

“Kikiki... No. You, a walking corpse, could not know. 4,000 years in the dump site is much harsher.”

The man in the white coat, Daihad, smiled twistedly.

“The atmosphere paralyses the mind and penetrates deep into the brain. After analysing it myself, I concluded that it is impossible to fully adapt to this energy.”

[...]

“This was probably intentional by the Corpse Ghost. If it weren’t for such restrictions, many people would stay in the dump site forever.”

Daihad’s words weren’t entirely wrong.

If it weren’t for the pressure of madness, Sama Ryeong would have stayed for at least a few more years.

The skeleton didn’t respond. She couldn’t tell if it was because he’d hit the nail on the head, or if it was for some other reason.

Daihad didn’t seem particularly interested in obtaining certainty in his conjecture. His eyes were shining for a different reason.

“Personally, I’m more curious about how you’re able to accurately measure the independent flows of time so accurately while being out here... But of course, you wouldn’t tell me that, right, skeleton?”

[That’s right.]

The skeleton responded bluntly before continuing.

[There are no abnormalities in my measurement. Lukas Trowman, from Universe Number 273136, has spent around 4,000 years in the dump site.]

The reason he said it again could also be taken as a firm expression of his intention to not speak about this further.

The mantis bobbed its head and exclaimed.

“Wo-, wow. Then doesn’t that mean that is an amazing feat?”

Its forelegs, which were like scythes, waved wildly.

“4,000 years, 4,000 years! That’s long enough to be called history! I’m really impressed! A guy like me almost died after just 3 years... uh, honestly, I can’t even imagine how he survived.”

“Well. Just because he survived for a long time doesn’t mean he’s that great.”

The mantis tilted its head at Daihad’s words.

“What do you mean?”

“Look at that guy’s eyes. There is hardly any emotion in them, let alone thought. The AI robot I developed is probably more human than he is.”

“Like a robot with artificial intelligence?”

“Yeah, something like that.”

Daihad laughed.

“If you sacrificed your ego and emotions, the passage of 4,000 years would probably feel like a moment. After all, the passage of time doesn’t matter to an inanimate object like a rock.”

“Huh? However, he’s not a rock, is he?”

“...you have a brain worthy of your outward appearance, don’t you?”

It was at this moment that Haspin, who had been silent all this while, spoke.

“So you’re saying that man killed his ego and passed the time by becoming like an inanimate object.”

“That is the most convincing hypothesis.”

Sama Ryeong quietly listened to their conversation.

The man named Daihad spoke without much regard, but it would be even more surprising if what he said was true.

Because that would make it seem as though that man, Lukas, had crossed a natural boundary.

‘I can’t tell what he’s thinking.’

The man named Lukas didn’t seem the slightest bit interested in the debate going on around him. He simply stood there with an expressionless face as if he was wearing a mask.

‘...is he strong?’

She couldn’t tell.

She didn’t feel anything from him.

Not that she couldn’t feel anything, she didn’t.

In other words, Lukas had no hidden power. Anyone in the room would be able to tell that.

Nevertheless, she wasn’t convinced that he was weak. Was it because she’d heard that he’d spent 4,000 years in the dump site? That certainly had something to do with it.

But there was one thing that was even stranger. That was Jacob’s attitude.

He was staring directly at Lukas, almost as if he wanted to pierce his face with his gaze.

This was very strange. She’d always heard that Wizards were very closed-minded and rarely showed interest in others.

[If that is all you have to ask, follow me.]

After saying that, the skeleton turned and began to walk in a certain direction. It was the entrance to the dark room. Sama Ryeong's expression became strange. She couldn't help but wonder if they were going back to the dump site.

Her doubts were resolved quickly as the skeleton grabbed the doorknob and opened it.

The landscape beyond the door was not the scene of the dump that Sama Ryeong remembered. Now that she thought about it, all of the people who had come through that door had come from different dump sites.

This door probably had some kind of power that allowed it to interfere with space and time.

Outside the door stretched a straight corridor. It wasn't dark because something that appeared to be amethyst glowed lightly on the walls.

They walked down this corridor that had no windows.

"Wow. The floor is soft."

"That amethyst... Ho. Interesting."

Except for the mantis' meaningless admiration and Daihad's mumbling, only the sounds of footsteps could be heard. Aside from those two, the other members of the group seemed more reticent. The same was true for Sama Ryeong. However, she wanted to say that that only made her more cautious.

[We're here.]

When the skeleton stopped and said those words, all but one turned to look at it questioningly. They seemed to have reached what appeared to be the end of the hallway, but they couldn't see the entrance of another room. It was just a dead end.

"Here?"

[Get ready. You will be moving soon.]

"..."

Sama Ryeong sensed the change in the skeleton's tone.

When the skeleton turned around, a strong presence that was different from before could be felt in its dark eye sockets.

[You have obtained many possibilities in this dump site.]

As soon as they heard that deep voice, the words Corpse Ghost appeared in everyone's minds.

Sama Ryeong clenched her teeth slightly as she felt pressure as if someone was holding her heart.

Right. This was it. This was the momentum of a monster who stood on a completely different level even in the World of Void, one of the Twelve Void Lords.



Corpse Ghost was clearly a formidable monster. This could be seen from the fact that they were feeling such immense pressure from a skeleton, a mere foot soldier, whose body he was temporarily borrowing by some means.

[It is not something that can be easily obtained outside. I don't think you have fully absorbed all of them yet, but there is no doubt that you have become better existences.]

"So what?"

Jacob grunted in a sharp voice.

"We used the power of your territory to become strong, so we have to give you something in return?"

[That is not what I want, Truth Seeker of the Magic Planet.]

"..."

[I do not need anything grandiose. If you can prove three things to me, you will be able to leave this place.]

"Three things?"

[The first, growth.]

As soon as Corpse Ghost said that, the surrounding landscape began to change.

'Again.'

Sama Ryeong felt time and space being mixed together, just like when she'd first stepped through the door to the waiting room. Suddenly, she had a strong desire to challenge herself and resist. If she could resist this power, she felt like she would be able to gain a clue about how to resist the Everlasting Plum Sword, Yang In-hyun.

...She decided not to.

The dump site was Corpse Ghost's territory. In other words, it could be said that Sama Ryeong's right to live or die was in the hands of Corpse Ghost. If she were to act recklessly, she might end up losing her life like a bug. Of course, she'd never heard of such a thing happening.

"What do you mean by growth?"

Daihad stood calmly in the warped space and time and smiled twistedly.

Like Jacob, he also had a lack of hesitation towards one of the Twelve Void Lords.

This couldn't be helped. By chance, everyone there followed one of the Twelve Void Lords.

They belonged to the most powerful groups in the world. And according to Sama Ryeong's observation, they all held fairly high positions in their respective groups.

Even Sama Ryeong was the same, she was a member of the Seven Flowers, the most elite unit in Flower Mountain.

'Except for one.'

Her eyes turned to Lukas again.

Only this man had no affiliation... Of course, she couldn't jump to a conclusion so quickly, but that was the result of Sama Ryeong's observations.

[It's not difficult. You simply have to prove that the time you spent here was not wasted.]

"Hmm. So we have to show you how strong we've become."

Daihad nodded his head in understanding.

The warping of time and space was a sign that they were changing location. They were probably going to a place where they could 'show their growth more comfortably'.

She didn't know what method it would be, but she could understand it as a test prepared by Corpse Ghost.

Her vision went dark. Now, she even found it hard to stand properly.

In the midst of this, Sama Ryeong turned to Corpse Ghost and spoke.

"There is something I'd like to ask."

[Say it.]

"What if we don't pass your benchmark?"

[That's very simple.]

Corpse Ghost muttered in a low voice.

[There will be one more corpse added to the dump site.]

Eventually, the surrounding landscape changed completely.

\* \* \*

A dense forest.

"..."

Sama Ryeong remained where she was, got down on one knee, and swept her hand across the ground. She grabbed a handful of coarse sand and rolled it in her palm to feel the texture before even smelling it.

This immediately made it clear that this wasn't a void image.

She brushed the sand off of her hand.

A single crescent moon hung in the cloudless sky.

Although it was midnight, this forest was surprisingly still. She couldn't even hear the wind, let alone the sounds of nocturnal animals.

As for the others... she couldn't see them.

Had they been taken to another place? Or were they scattered around this forest?

She couldn't tell in the present situation.

She recalled Corpse Ghost's words. He said they'd have to prove that their time spent was not wasted. That meant they'd have to show that they'd become stronger than they were before. This meant that Corpse Ghost was probably observing Sama Ryeong from somewhere. Just that thought made her a little uncomfortable.

Shaking her head, she searched for the tallest among the surrounding trees. Then, with a single leap, she soared tens of metres off of the ground without making a sound.

Eventually, Sama Ryeong was able to look around while standing on a branch that was thinner than her little finger.

'It's big.'

The forest was much bigger than she expected.

And... she could feel a lot of presences.

There were more than just one or two people. There were a lot more people than that wandering the forest. Easy opponents... she didn't think there were any.

Five people.

Sama Ryeong remembered those who were with her in the dark room.

Except for one, she had a rough understanding of the others.

The devil from [The Pit], the scientist from [Futurix], the mantis from [The Colony], and the Wizard from [Magic Planet].

There was none among them that she could guarantee victory against. In other words, they probably also saw her as an enemy.

'Am I supposed to fight them in this forest to prove myself? How much I've grown?'

That was certainly the most intuitive reasoning, but... something felt strange. For some reason, Sama Ryeong had a feeling of incongruity.

At that moment.

She felt someone's gaze from a short distance away. Sama Ryeong soon found the source of this gaze.

'That...'

About 30 paces away.

Blue eyes could be seen through the leaves.

'Lukas Trowman?'

Just as Sama Ryeong recalled the man's name, the dark night sky lit up. This wasn't because of moonlight. The crescent moon had been showing itself from the beginning. This was natural since there weren't any clouds in the sky.

-Magic.

Hundreds of spells appeared at the same time, illuminating the surroundings.

There were many different kinds. A sharp awl made of ice, a blazing ball of flames, a spear of condensed lightning, a boulder the size of a house...

The spells were aimed toward Sama Ryeong with clear hostility. She didn't know why, but it was clear that Lukas viewed her as an enemy.

"..."

There was no reason for her to avoid a one on one fight.

Sama Ryeong quietly drew her sword with a deep gaze.

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### **Season 2 Chapter 408**

Twenty Four Hand Plum Blossom Sword Technique

Bones Soaked in Plum Fragrance.

Crack, Sama Ryeong's blade pierced Lukas' chest.

She could clearly feel the beating of his heart from her blade.

"..."

Lukas' body shook heavily, but he didn't scream. In fact, he didn't even groan. He simply stared at Sama Ryeong for a while with his expressionless face and blue eyes.

Gurgle.

Then, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. There were pieces of his internal organs mixed in with the blood that flowed down his chin.

Sama Ryeong withdrew her sword.

Plop.

And Lukas' body collapsed like a puppet that had its strings cut.

Huu, it was only then that she let out the breath she'd been holding.

It had not been an easy battle. The fight had taken the form of a hectic dogfight. That was due to the chaotic nature of the fighting method known as magic. Nevertheless, neither had suffered any significant injuries until the match had been decided.

In truth, the hundreds of spells that Lukas had used hadn't been that threatening.

The only thing she had to take note of was the dark red light that occasionally pierced through the space.

Sama Ryeong knew exactly what that power was called.

'Absolute'

It was the absolute power of Wizards which had the ability to interfere with space.

That power was dangerous.

Sama Ryeong was not confident in her ability to block it or cut it, so she had no choice but to avoid it.

Focusing on dodging, she gradually narrowed the distance bit by bit.

This made the fight last longer, but it was the safest and most certain way to win. After finding a brief opening, she used one sword.

The fragrance of plum blossoms pierced Lukas' vital point.

Sama Ryeong looked down at her body.

She was covered in dirt, but she didn't have any noticeable wounds. At most, there were a few scratches here and there.

...Seven Severing Swords七絶劍.

She used the trump card she'd obtained in the dump site.

It hadn't been necessary. She'd fought with about 3 percent of her strength hidden in case of any unexpected events, or interference by a third party, but she was able to win the fight without difficulty.

That was why she felt so discomforted at that moment.

Was this man really such an easy opponent?

She didn't think so. Lukas had an unknown background, strange aura, and he'd spent 4,000 years in the dump site.

But above all, his intense eyes-

...Eyes?

Sama Ryeong trembled as if an electric current had suddenly flowed through her body. Her gaze quickly returned to Lukas' corpse.

He'd died with his eyes open, so it was easy for her to look at his eyes.

"...blue."

Blue eyes.

But the color of Lukas' eyes when she'd seen him in the room was black. They were so black that they subconsciously reminded her of hell.

...Sama Ryeong stopped thinking about that for now.

Instead, she drew her sword and pointed it toward the nearby bushes.

“Who’s there?”

“...”

“If you don’t show yourself, I will take you as an enemy.”

There was a mixture of killing intent in her low voice. This was natural since she’d just ended a battle.

Despite her blatant threat, there was no response from the bushes.

She’d already warned them. So she had no obligation to wait any longer.

Just as Sama Ryeong was about to launch an attack.

“Quite sharp.”

Someone appeared from the grass.

A person with a handsome physique covered by a robe, a pleasant aura, and cynical expression which seemed out of place.

Jacob Big Crash.

‘This man...’

His ability to hide from her senses was quite considerable.

She’d heard that this man was a Wizard from the Magic Planet, so he shouldn’t be too skilled at handling his body. But now that she was looking at him closely, she noticed that Jacob’s body was well trained. Even though he was wearing a robe, the parts of his body that were exposed proved this.

“You fought very well.”

Jacob spoke with a smirk.

So he’d seen everything.

“If there weren’t rats watching, I would have displayed an even more dazzling sword dance.”

“Hmph...”

“Are you here for revenge?”

“Revenge?”

“This man, isn’t he from Magic Planet?”

With the intent to provoke him, she pushed Lukas’ corpse with her foot.

Magic Planet.

It referred to a micro planet that floated in the distant sky of the World of Void’s Southern Area.

It was said that very few Wizards were qualified to enter that place, and all the members maintained strict secrecy. For this reason, it was one of the least known places among the territories.

The only thing that Sama Ryeong knew was that a being known as the Beginning Wizard, the First Seat of the Twelve Void Lords, ruled over the Magic Planet.

“You’re a Wizard. This man too.”

Lukas was a Wizard, Jacob was a Wizard.

So they could both know each other because they were Wizards.

In such a far fetched conjecture, there was still the slim chance that it was true.

In fact, according to Sama Ryeong’s judgement, Lukas and Jacob didn’t seem to know each other. Nevertheless, she couldn’t jump to any conclusions. They might have just pretended to not know each other with some other goal in mind.

“Ha, hahaha...”

But Jacob suddenly burst into laughter.

“Colleagues, are you saying we are colleagues? That man and I?”

“...”

“Even if it’s just a mistake, it is very unpleasant. Flower Mountain’s Seven Flowers... Your reputation is great, but it seems your eyes are not very good. How disappointing.”

“Was my guess wrong?”

“Right. Completely wrong.”

Jacob chuckled and continued.

“It seems you have fought beings who claim to be Wizards many times before.”

She nodded in affirmation.

Sama Ryeong certainly had fought beings who claimed to be Wizards before.

There were the members of the ‘Underground City’ near Flower Mountain. But they weren’t the only ones. During her wanderings around the World of Void, she’d encountered quite a few Wizards.

That was why she knew about the magic they used and the destructive power of that dark red light. Thanks to that, she was able to calmly fight Lukas without panicking.

She looked at Jacob.

One of the words that this man said bothered her.

“Claim to be?”

“They are all stupid. At the very least, in this world, they do not deserve to be called Wizards. Of course, the same goes for that trash on the ground next to you.”

[Can you call it a replica instead of trash?]

The voice that was suddenly heard didn't belong to Sama Ryeong.

Naturally, it didn't come from Jacob either.

At that moment, the empty space in the clearing distorted slightly... Was space and time warping once again? No. It wasn't. It didn't give her that unique feeling.

When she looked closely, she realised that it wasn't space and time warping, but light being distorted.

Soon, a being that seemed to be entirely covered in steel appeared.

Jacob frowned.

"One of Futurix's robots. An interesting toy."

Then, the face part of the steel armour opened up, revealing Daihad's grinning face.

"If possible I'd like it if you called it advanced science. Optical camouflage, which has a cool name, is a pretty useful technique. Since it was capable of deceiving the senses of master classes like you two, I'd say it is worth it... Ah, of course, if I had revealed the slightest intent to attack, you probably would have noticed immediately."

"What do you mean by replica?"

"Exactly that. That body is just a copy."

"A copy?"

"Right. It's like a very precise doll that was given the will to fight."

"Why do you think that?"

"Simple. I saw something similar on the way here."

Daihad revealed his white teeth after saying this. It was only then that they noticed he was carrying something in his right hand.

It was a corpse. But if it was just that, it wouldn't have been so surprising.

But when he threw the corpse over, Sama Ryeong's expression couldn't help but harden.

"Hoh."

Meanwhile, Jacob made a soft exclamation of interest.

It was the corpse of 'Sama Ryeong'. Then, he turned to look at the 'living Sama Ryeong'.

"Do you have a twin?"

Sama Ryeong didn't have such a fun personality as to accept jokes.

Of course, this wasn't the time for them either.



Jacob shrugged graciously when she ignored him.

“This isn’t the only one.”

Daihad continued on without dragging it along.

“I saw a few more similar to this one.”

“...you mean more ‘Sama Ryeong’s?’”

“Not just her, I also saw you, Magician Jacob.”

“...”

“You must have felt quite a few presences in the forest. Now that you’ve seen this, can you guess what kind of beings those presences are?”

“They’re copies of us.”

Daihad smiled, once again displaying his white teeth.

“But there is something interesting about them.”

Jacob didn’t seem able to relate to the interest Daihad was showing, but he still asked.

“What is that?”

“Those replicas aren’t copies of ‘the current us’.”

“What?”

“They are our past forms. Probably our forms right before we entered the dump site...”

“...”

“Of course, that is just my speculation, so can you check it out, pretty Miss? I took a look earlier, but unfortunately, I couldn’t be certain since that’s not me.”

Even if it was just a copy, it didn’t feel nice to hear that a corpse that looked exactly like her had been touched like that.

Resisting the urge to stick her sword in Daihad’s smiling face, Sama Ryeong inspected the corpse of Sama Ryeong.

She’d only been in the dump site for 5 years, but her gains in that time were by no means small.

Self Rising Sword(養吾劍), Jady Lady Sword(玉女劍), Profound Heaven Sword(玄天劍), Boundless Taiyi Sword(無極太乙劍), Heavenly Flow Sword(天流劍), Clarity Sword(少清劍)...

But swordsmanship was not so visible. It might be possible to tell something by taking a closer look at the muscles, but there would still be a lot of uncertainty, and most importantly, it will take a long time.

It was a corpse, but it would be possible to make an accurate judgement using the danjeon\*. (\*:dantian)

“...”

After a while, Sama Ryeong straightened up and spoke.

“I think your guess is correct. This should be me before I entered the dump site.”

In the dump site, Sama Ryeong had also learned some mental techniques from different factions, and by successfully combining them with the Flower Mountain Faction’s Purple Cloud Divine Technique, she was able to develop a divine technique that suited her body.

The main contributors were the mental techniques, Heaven and Earth Divine Technique(乾坤神功), and Jade Lady Divine Technique(玉女神功), but the ‘Sama Ryeong corpse’ did not show any traces of learning or using those two mental techniques.

“Huhu. As expected.”

Daihad seemed satisfied to learn that his conjecture was correct.

“Then this guy is the same.”

Jacob’s eyes turned to Lukas.

“You said there were several. If that’s the case then things might get annoying. I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m pretty annoyed to learn that multiple me’s exist. Even if it’s me from the past.”

Jacob’s conceit was abnormal.

Sama Ryeong looked at the two of them coldly before sighing.

It wasn’t a role that suited her, but it seemed that she was the only one who would bring it up here.

“Growth. The outline of the test the Corpse Ghost mentioned is slowly being established.”

“Fighting our past selves and overcoming them... Kuku. That certainly is an objective comparison. I’m quite interested in the Corpse Ghost’s way of thinking.”

“Would you like to work together?”

She didn’t say it in a roundabout way.

She felt their eyes turn to her.

But she continued without hesitation.

“By themselves, none of them is much of a threat, but it would be a different story if they attacked together.”

“That’s true. There haven’t been any signs of that yet, but there is no way to guarantee it won’t happen at some point during the test.”

Surprisingly, Daihad responded in a voice that said it wasn’t a bad idea.

“Besides, if the other person shares information about the ‘past me’, then don’t you think we’d be able to take care of them more easily?”

Sama Ryeong’s suggestion was well founded. That was to say, it was correct.

Nevertheless, she wouldn't expect these two oddballs to easily accept it.

"Fine. I accept."

That thought was pleasantly misguided.

Sama Ryeong looked at Daihad with slightly shaking eyes. Noticing her gaze, he tilted his head slightly.

"Why are you looking at me like that? You are the one that made the suggestion."

"I didn't expect you to accept it so easily."

"It is an advantageous proposition for me. As you can see, my fighting skills are not particularly great. I have to wear this power armour to play my part."

"..."

"Then, what will you do, Magician Jacob?"

"I'll have to refuse. Grouping up with others is not my cup of tea."

"..."

"Nevertheless, I will not attack you while we are in this test. Of course, it can't be helped if you somehow get caught in my spells."

Then, let's do our best.

With that mutter, Jacob turned around and soon disappeared into the forest.

Looking at his back, Daihad muttered.

"I don't usually say things like this, but that guy is a bastard."

Sama Ryeong fully agreed with that.

\* \* \*

Haspin was running through a dark forest.

His legs, which looked similar to a goat's, moved without a sound. That wasn't all. Haspin's body seemed to drift through the forest like a black fog. His presence was so stealthy that the replicas walking through the forest did not even notice his presence as he passed them.

'...this way.'

A rocky hill.

It was probably the highest place in the forest.

Haspin climbed to the top in a few leaps.

In this place, where the entire forest could be seen at a glance, there was already a visitor.

"Lukas Trowman, was it?"

“ ... ”

At those words, Lukas, who was sitting quietly, slowly opened his eyes.

“Well.”

“I have something to tell you.”

“I don’t. So leave.”

After a brief response, Lukas closed his eyes again.

Despite his cold attitude, Haspin continued without hesitation.

“Listen. It is something you need to hear.”

“ ... ”

“I am from the [Pit].”

“I don’t know where that is.”

He was still cold, but Haspin focused on the fact that he’d answered in the first place.

“You don’t know it despite it being a relatively famous place in the World of Void... It seems you only recently entered the World of Void.”

“ ... ”

“You weren’t originally born in the World of Void. Nevertheless, you don’t seem like an ‘abandoned possibility’. Your essence was ‘forgotten’. You came here because you were forgotten. Am I wrong?”

“Is that what you needed to tell me?”

“I follow one of the Twelve Void Lords, the [0th Demon].”

“ ... ”

“After you leave this place, follow me to the [Pit]. They want to meet you.”

He was probably referring to the 0th Demon.

Lukas retorted coldly.

“I don’t have the time for that. I have things to do.”

“Even if it’s a being you know?”

“ ... ”

“The position of the [0th Demon], the ruler of the Pit, has recently been passed on to someone else. In other words, there has been a change in the Twelve Void Lords. The name of the new [0th Demon] is...”

Lukas’ eyes were still closed.

But Haspin was certain that he’d react to what he said next.

“Sedi Trowman.”

As he expected, Lukas’ eyes opened again.

Those deep, black eyes looked at Haspin’s face for the first time.

“Are you interested now? I’m sure you-”

“So?”

A voice like a chunk of ice was heard.

Haspin trembled slightly.

“...what?”

“So, is that what you wanted to tell me?”

“...what do you mean, I’ve heard about your relationship. Sedi Trowman is your-”

“That doesn’t matter.”

Lukas interrupted.

“I don’t care who the 0th Demon is. The same goes for anyone else I know. You seem to have forgotten what I said the first time, so I’ll repeat it for you.”

Lukas continued to speak in a deep, cold voice.

“I have nothing to say to you, so get out of my sight.”

## [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

### **Season 2 Chapter 409**

Kiiing-

Daihad’s right hand turned into a spiral shaped awl and began spinning at a tremendous speed.

‘Mantis’ quietly looked at this scene. The spiral awl, which was spinning without any signs of stopping, was reflected in its compound eyes.

After a while, it raised its forelimbs.

Sharp. The edge of his scythe-like forelimbs glinted ominously in the moonlight.

‘I’m filled with anticipation.’

It wasn’t innate. Just like the fists, muscles and bones of humans, those forelimbs, which looked like weapons, had to be trained.

Daihad laughed cheerfully.

The collision of an artificial weapon made with cutting edge science and a body that had been polished to the extreme. Just imagining it filled him with excitement.

The two of them leaped at each other at the same time.

Mantis' speed was faster, but this was something that Daihad expected. He stepped heavily with his right foot which was wrapped in metal.

Boom!

The thrusters on the soles of his feet dug into the ground as if they were trying to break it apart. A small earthquake occurred as a result, causing Mantis' body to reel for a moment.

He knew its lower body was comparatively weaker, but he hadn't expected it to be that effective.

Despite losing its balance, Mantis still swung its forelimbs desperately. Such efforts were admirable.

Crack crack!

The spiral awl destroyed Mantis' forelimbs, sending clear blood splattering in every direction. With a scream, Mantis staggered backward. The original shape of its forelimbs, which exuded a baleful aura, could no longer be seen.

Daihad stretched out his left hand. Suddenly, the tip of a muzzle poked out of the palm of his hand. Woowoong, minute energy gathered at the tip of the muzzle before shooting forward. The blue beam of energy that shot forth completely annihilated Mantis' upper body.

"..."

Sama Ryeong was watching this scene from a short distance away.

This was because Daihad had asked her to not interfere in the battle. She accepted it because she wouldn't lose anything anyway. In fact, she also wanted to see how Daihad fought.

'...what a strange way of fighting.'

And strong.

The cutting power of the spiral awl, the destructive power of the beam from the muzzle, and the unpredictable amount of power produced by the armour.

'Considering the combat abilities that weren't revealed yet...'

In a way, Daihad could be the most troublesome enemy here.

Did he call it a 'power suit'? He'd said he had to wear that ridiculous armour in order to play his part. Now, she felt that might just be a bluff.

"This might end up being a bit boring."

Daihad muttered in a disappointed tone before turning towards Sama Ryeong. When she saw his expression which looked like he wanted her to ask a question, she had no choice but to open her mouth.

"Boring?"

“This is the first replica we’ve seen even after walking through the forest for a while.”

This man’s uniquely discomfoting smile appeared on his face.

“What do you think is the reason for this?”

...Daihad was a better man than her first impression led her to think.

Contrary to his appearance, he was well spoken, had many talents, and possessed a deep level of knowledge.

Nevertheless, he had fatal flaws that completely overturned all of the above advantages, one of which was that unique smile.

Just looking at it left a bad taste in her mouth. It was enough for her to feel that the myth that one couldn’t spit on a smiling face was utter bullshit.

“Because someone reduced the number.”

Suppressing her discomfort, she voiced her reasoning. Daihad nodded.

“Considering the route, it should be Jacob’s doing.”

“...”

“That man said he wanted to go alone. That means he doesn’t think there is anyone who is a match for him in this forest. But that wasn’t necessarily arrogance. From the looks of it, the odds of Jacob’s judgement being true are very high.”

“...”

“That man probably intends to destroy all of the replicas in this forest on his own. Kuku. This leaves us at a crossroads of choice. Do we sit back and watch, or compete with Jacob and focus on getting rid of all the replicas... What do you think, Miss?”

Another flaw was that he was a terrible chatterbox. Personally, she disliked the latter more. She disliked people who talked a lot.

“Before that, there is something that should be mentioned.”

“Mm?”

“How are we supposed to complete this test?”

At those words, Daihad smiled faintly.

“I have a couple of guesses, would you like to hear them?”

“...please.”

“The first is simple, by killing all of the replicas in this forest. Personally, I believe that will cause some changes, even if it isn’t necessarily the right answer.”

That was a possibility that even Sama Ryeong had thought about.

However, if that were true, it led to the thought that this test was far easier than expected.

All six of the people currently in the forest had made exponential progress in the dump site. Or at least, that was the case with Sama Ryeong. Even if her enemy was her past self, she was confident in her ability to deal with at least five of them on her own.

Of course, there were still two tests that they still had to take, so it was possible for the first one to be a warm up.

“What’s the second?”

“The goal of this test might not be to destroy the replicas.”

“What?”

“Didn’t you say it earlier, Miss? It would be a good idea for us to work together. That way we can also share information about our ‘past selves’.”

“...but.”

“That might not necessarily be the wisest idea.”

She didn’t understand what he meant.

Even as he looked at her expression which clearly displayed her doubt, Daihad didn’t appear frustrated or annoyed. He just slowly explained it in the same tone without complaint.

“What if the replicas are simply obstacles that were placed in the field? And the real test was a survival contest between us?”

“...!”

“Jacob probably already thought of this. That’s why he refused to join us. He probably didn’t want to give information to those who might be his enemies, even if it was about his past self. Well, even before that, his actions might just be natural given the secretive tendencies of the people from Magic Planet.”

That was right.

Sama Ryeong finally understood Daihad’s words.

“Then, if nothing happens even after killing all of the copies...”

“Jacob will probably try to kill us. To elicit some kind of response.”

When Daihad said this as if he had nothing to do with it, Sama Ryeong asked.

“What about you?”

“Huh?”

“What will you do? Will you try to kill the others like Jacob?”

“If there is no other way then I will, but I’ll consider it a bit more first. As to whether there truly is no other way. The possibilities I just mentioned are so obvious that it wouldn’t be interesting.”



“ ... ”

“I feel like it’s going to be a long night. Because it doesn’t seem like the sun will rise in this place.”

Sama Ryeong looked up at the sky.

Now that she thought about it, the moon had not moved at all since they arrived.

\* \* \*

Sensing something in the silence, Lukas opened his eyes.

Haspin had long since left. Upon realising why he wanted his attention, Lukas stopped listening to him. He only remembered him emphasising that his words were very important.

He looked up at the sky.

With the crescent moon as his backdrop, a man was standing there.

He believed his name was Jacob. It was the man who had been staring at him since they were in the ‘dark room’. In Haspin’s case, he had tried his best to hide it, but this man didn’t. His confidence could be felt in the way he didn’t even try to hide his gaze.

He didn’t particularly care about it.

There had only been one thing that Lukas had thought about this entire time.

When the aura and voice of the skeleton that had been waiting in the dark room had changed, becoming ominous. In other words, it was the moment when it had become the Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lords.

...Corpse Ghost was a being on par with Yang In-hyun, who had driven him to death.

Lukas got up from his seat.

He understood what form this world was made in.

So there was no need for him to be bound by the shackles of this test.

\* \* \*

A round table sat in the middle of a dark place. It was a room without any sources of light, but it didn’t hamper the vision of those there.

On one of the chairs in the room sat a very bizarre and disturbing creature.

In truth, it might be more accurate to say it was resting on it, instead of sitting.

This was because the creature didn’t have a butt. It didn’t have arms or legs. In fact, it didn’t even have a body.

The part that could be called its body was just a spine. And attached to this yellow spine was a head. Even the face on the head was of an ugly old man\*. Countless flowers of death bloomed on the old man’s wrinkled face. (\*: Not confirmed to be a ‘man’)

“Would you like something to eat?”

Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lords, spoke.

His voice was filled with an aura so horrific that his disgusting appearance wasn't even that much of a bother. It was like worms that burrowed into the ears of the listeners, driving them crazy before ultimately driving them to death.

But the woman sitting across from him simply smiled.

“What do you have?”

“You already know.”

“That's true.”

Pale chortled.

After a while, a skeleton walked in with a plate of food. The plate contained a surprisingly tasty stew.

“Thanks for the meal.”

Pale scooped the stew up with a spoon. She ate very messily without even an ounce of decency. Pieces of meat covered the white table.

Corpse Ghost silently watched this scene.

“I ate well.”

Pale roughly wiped her fingers and mouth with a napkin.

“I thought you wouldn't like it, but I hoped the food would suit your taste”.

“You do know that's a stupid thing to say, right?”

“Huhuhu...”

Corpse Ghost chuckled.

The smile on Pale's lips disappeared. The skeleton collected the plate and cutlery as well as the scattered pieces of meat.

It was at this time that she spoke.

“I don't know what your intentions for making a test like this are.”

“...”

“I know that you always inspect the people that leave the dump site, but it is originally much simpler than this, isn't it? Why did you put in so much effort as to create a world?”

“Aren't each and every one of them interesting? It's very rare for people with such presences to be gathered together like this.”

At that moment, Corpse Ghost's eyes glanced to the right.

There, a screen made of turquoise light floated in the air.

On it, the people taking the test were displayed.

“Of course, this isn’t exactly a coincidence. The Deceiver is dead, so those guys are bound to react... The Void Lords must also prepare to react.”

Pale knew who Corpse Ghost was referring to when he said ‘those guys’.

Beings who were more powerful than God.

Those who stood at the very top of the countless beings in the Three Thousand Worlds.

The Rulers.

“There’s no need to exaggerate. Haven’t you already killed one of them?”

“That case was a bit... That Dragon’s specific inclination, as well as the matter of that ‘beast’s ignorance of this world... It is the result of the overlapping of numerous complex factors. Moreover, I’m not even sure if it was completely killed.”

“Hmph.”

Pale looked at the screen with a bored expression.

“So what do you intend to do now? No matter how many copies you pour in there, I don’t think anything will change. As you said, they are all interesting and strong.”

“I can now start the next phase.”

“Next phase?”

Corpse Ghost smiled grimly.

“Not so long ago, a very interesting person came to my territory. He said he wanted to join my territory.”

“Hmm?”

At that moment, a figure appeared behind Corpse Ghost.

Pale couldn’t help but blink when she saw their appearance.

“...wow.”

She made a sound of bewilderment.

“One of the King Candidates.”

“Right.”

“Amazing... Don’t tell me you accepted him, did you? I’m sure you can guess why he came under you.”

“He’s aiming for the name Corpse Ghost, to be precise, the position of one of the Twelve Void Lords.”

Pale let out a laugh.

“And you let him in despite knowing his ambitions?”

“The dump site accepts everyone. It has been so in the past, and it will continue to be so in the future.”

“That’s a really boring principle.”

Her gaze turned back to the being.

“But he certainly matches the atmosphere in this place well. Uh, what was his name again?”

“Originating from Universe Number 2731361-”

Interrupting Corpse Ghost, the being answered on his own.

[Diablo Kairak.]

### [The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)

#### **Season 2 Chapter 410**

Jacob looked down at the dark forest. He could feel a lot of presences... It was unpleasant. Like a disgusting fog was wrapping around and touching his entire body.

He hated the fact that the Corpse Ghost was testing him, and that there were copies of his past self in this place.

But the thing that bothered him the most-

“...”

Jacob stopped thinking about it.

Firstly, his priority was to finish this test or whatever it was.

He’d already understood what needed to be done. He thought of the copies he’d killed until now. Among them, the most annoying was Haspin. He was the only person in this test that could be considered even a slight threat to him.

However, Haspin couldn’t be considered an opponent either.

This was something he was certain of after dealing with all the copies one after the other.

Jacob had thoroughly analysed, understood and destroyed all of them.

So it was time to end this.

Looking down at the forest, he spread out his palms.

Crunch...

The tendons on the back of his hands clenched, and just as Jacob’s gaze deepened...

The copies in the forest began rising up one after the other.

Without warning, a powerful suction force erupted.

Two people were able to react quickly. Sama Ryeong immediately made herself heavier with One Thousand Falling Catties(千斤墜), while numerous mechanical parts shot out of Daihad's foot and stuck into the ground.

Then, they looked up at the sky.

There, they saw dozens of struggling copies.

"It's Jacob."

Daihad muttered and although she didn't answer, Sama Ryeong agreed.

"I don't understand the principle behind this suction."

"Isn't that what magic is like?"

"That is the case from a layman's point of view, but..."

After saying those words, Daihad began to mutter to himself, softly mumbling the rest of his words. It seemed like he'd started analysing at a time like this. As expected, he had an exhausting personality.

Instead of thinking about it any further, Sama Ryeong returned her gaze to the sky. Fortunately, several of the surrounding trees had been pulled up as well, so she was able to easily see what was happening above them.

Standing in the middle of the sky with his palms outstretched in front of him was Jacob. And the copies were gathering right in front of him.

Crack, squelch... The copies were smushed to each other to create balls of meat.

In order to create such a shape, bones and muscles were not unharmed. Before long, blood could be seen dripping from the construct.

Finally, Sama Ryeong saw Jacob spread his fingers apart.

Shuk.

The ball split in half.

He moved his fingers again. This time, it was a series of movements. To match those movements, the sound of flesh being torn was heard continuously. Before long, the ball of meat had become small pieces of meat that fell like rain.

"..."

At that point, the suction force disappeared.

Sama Ryeong stopped using One Thousand Falling Catties, and Daihad withdrew the mechanical parts.

There were no longer any presences in the forest.

"I cannot sense any biological reactions from replicas in the forest."

It seemed that Daihad was also checking the surroundings in his own way.

Perhaps it was just her imagination, but Sama Ryeong felt that his method might be more accurate than her own senses.

“That man might be more dangerous than I expected. I will have to think of a solu-”

Before he could finish saying -tion.

A black lightning bolt appeared in the sky. It was strange. As mentioned before, there were no clouds in the sky.

The moment she thought she might have been mistaken, she heard it.

Boom!

—Her eardrums almost ruptured.

For a moment, her vision became black and white. The ground shook heavily. Unlike the suction force from before, she had a hard time maintaining her balance.

It was a sound so loud that it could be heard from the other side of the forest.

It was then that she realised what had happened.

The black lightning had struck.

Ssng.

Sama Ryeong drew her sword, cold sweat forming on her pale face.

Daihad was also silent. There was a rare lack of expression on his face, and if one looked closely, they would realise that his facial muscles had stiffened.

Both of them had realised something at the same time.

A presence had appeared in the forest together with that black lightning.

And that being was currently exuding a terrifying aura.

“...indeed.”

Daihad spoke in a voice that had lost all of the previous humor.

“This is the next stage.”

\* \* \*

The place where the lightning struck was no different from a scene of chaos.

The ground had been hollowed out to form a huge crater, and the surrounding area had become a sea of fire. Krrr, huge trees became ashes and fell, and smoke rose into the air endlessly.

The one closest to this place was Mantis.

“Hmm.”

Mantis’ compound eyes calmly observed the scene of the disaster. Occasionally, flames would lick at its carapace, but they didn’t even leave scorch marks.

Just as it was thinking of slowly going closer.

Swoosh!

Together with the sound of something cutting through the air, he felt the presence of someone approaching with great momentum. It was coming from the sky, so who it was it went without saying.

Taht.

With the sound of a soft landing came the sight of a flapping robe.

And the figure covered by this robe was none other than Jacob with his characteristic arrogant smirk.

“How surprising. I didn’t expect you to survive, mantis.”

“Haha. My life string is quite tough.”

“You must have gotten lucky. However... it is amazing. I thought you were mixed in with the copies earlier and died.”

“Ah. So that was your doing after all.”

“...”

Mantis smiled kindly. Almost at the same time, the smile disappeared from Jacob’s face.

Instead, there was a chill in his eyes.

“Considering your luck, I will show you some mercy. Get out of here, and I will spare your life.”

“...”

“That is my prey.”

Then, without waiting for Mantis’ reply, he began walking toward the crater.

“Do you hate me?”

Of course, Mantis had no intention of backing down so easily.

“You got rid of most of the copies, so I wasn’t able to do anything. At this rate, I might not be able to pass the test.”

“That so? Then die.”

Mantis’ figure leaned to the side.

Bang.

At almost the same instant that it moved, something invisible crushed the ground where he'd been standing. It left a dent in the ground.

"Haha. You are quite skilled at attacking without warning. Why is that?"

"You want to know why? Because nothing will change if I warn you beforehand. You will still die here."

Shuk.

Jacob stretched out his finger. Then, with a strange whooshing sound, Mantis stopped moving.

"...mm."

It found it hard to move as if its entire body had been restrained. No. It was a bit different from that. Instead of restraint, it felt like it had lost control of its own body.

"Hey. Can't you just take a step back?"

"You must be joking. You don't know what kind of being is in that crater."

"Then do you know?"

"At least I know it's not the type of being to mess around with."

"Hah."

Mantis sighed.

He talked as if he knew everything, but there were things that Jacob didn't know.

One of them was his potential. Of course, he could understand why he spoke as if he knew everything. Jacob had killed dozens of Mantis' copies.

After considering the maximum amount of growth he could achieve in the dump site, he'd probably concluded that it couldn't be a threat to him.

That was a mistake.

Mantis was certain of it.

Although he might have been the weakest among them when he first entered the dump site. He was certain that he might be the one who had experienced the most rapid growth in this place.

"As I thought, it doesn't seem like you get any extra points from killing!"

"Is that so?"

"I'm not sure, but I don't think it's impossible."

"...I'll admit one thing. Your ability to talk is superb."

"Thanks for that."

Mantis chuckled.



“I’ve heard a bit about the Magic Planet’s Truth Seekers. I heard that in order to kill someone, you first have to go through a process called analysis.”

“...who told you that?”

Mantis shook his head with a smile.

“Your abilities are intimidating. I admit that. But in order to completely defeat your opponent, you need time to analyse... In the current situation, that is a considerable disadvantage.”

His decision was quick.

With a crack, Mantis’ back split open, revealing a pair of insect wings. The moment they started flapping, a small vortex was created. The vortex wasn’t very strong, but it was enough to make Jacob pause for a moment.

He was surprised.

Mantis didn’t have wings like this when he’d first entered the dump site.

Paht.

In an instant, he entered the crater.

The vortices created by his wings pushed the dust cloud away. It wasn’t perfect, but at least he didn’t have any trouble seeing in front of him anymore.

Shortly after seeing the figure of someone not so far away, Mantis’ figure disappeared in a flash.

If Sama Ryeong of Daihad saw this sight, they would not have been able to hide their surprise. The instantaneous speed that Mantis was displaying far surpassed that of the copies they had faced.

The same was true for Jacob, who was standing still. He stretched out his fingers to stop him once more, but for some reason, closed his hand again. Then, he crossed his arms and looked at the crater.

‘Based on the Corpse Ghost’s personality, the real test should be starting now.’

Mantis knew that, so he had thrown himself into the crater without hesitation.

Even those in this place, Jacob included, didn’t know. What exactly would happen to beings who were unable to meet the Corpse Ghost’s criteria.

Maybe that’s why they weren’t that desperate.

‘Not me.’

He was more desperate than anyone else in this place because he had a great sense of duty.

After taking only a few steps, the area which had been cleared away was once again filled with dust. But Mantis’ compound eyes were able to pick out the blurred silhouette within it.

Perhaps this would be the highlight of the test.

It stretched out his forelimbs.

Clang!

He clashed for the first time with the unseen opponent.

'Hard.'

Mantis admitted that fact first...Was it armour? It was surprising. Mantis hadn't put its all in that attack. Nevertheless, when it looked at the silhouette, they were in a half squat position. In other words, they were defenceless.

Even though its view was partially obscured by the dust, it thought that its attack would at least be able to surprise them even if it didn't outright defeat them. But those expectations had failed to the point of being funny.

By this time, the opponent had already gotten to their feet and drawn their sword. Its body shook. Cowering in fear, Mantis almost pulled back its forelimbs.

But it couldn't do that. Mantis had already entered the opponent's range. Since it had already reached this stage, the only thing it could do was continue attacking.

It swung its forelimbs without mercy. Dozens of strikes were sent out in the blink of an eye, but they were all blocked. The only thing it could hear was the collision of metal. At this point, Mantis had already lost all hope.

It understood its strengths well. It was a combination of rapid attacks and instantaneous speed.

Although the damage of each attack might be low, it was confident that it wouldn't lose to anyone when it came to speed.

But this opponent was standing still with a single sword, easily blocking every attack.

Nevertheless, there were some slight results. Their violent clash had caused the surrounding dust to begin to clear up.

As a result, the figure of the opponent was vaguely revealed.

What Mantis saw was black armour that seemed to be made from condensed darkness.

And that was the last thing it saw. Because a blade that shot forward like black lightning pierced its eye not a moment later.

Mantis' figure stopped moving, only its forelimbs continuing to shake slightly. But even that shaking soon came to an end as the last hints of vitality disappeared from its other eye.

Thump-

With that, the first death among the test participants had occurred.

But it didn't seem to have any effect on the test participant who was looking on.

"I wasn't wrong."

After watching the brief skirmish, Jacob muttered. He didn't even look at Mantis' corpse. Instead, his gaze remained on the Black Knight wrapped in black armour.

He'd never seen him before.

But Jacob knew of him. This was his first time seeing this Knight, but he'd heard of Knights who looked similar to him. He'd been told what they were.

Over and over again by the Beginning Wizard, one of the Twelve Void Lords.

"Black Knight of Death."

One of the Four Knights of the Emptiness King\*, who hadn't been seen for the first time. (\*: I thought it would just be 'Void' King(虚王), but author made it 'Emptiness' King(空虚王) instead. I guess this implies that he's not exactly 'king of the void'? I suppose we'll find out.)

The last of the group had, somehow, appeared in the Corpse Ghost's test.

"Interesting."

Jacob grinned, showing off his teeth.

"If I defeat you, will that make me a King Candidate? Huh? Black Knight?"

Suddenly, the figure of the Black Knight disappeared. Jacob didn't react. From the time the Black Knight reappeared right in front of his eyes to the time he swung his sword.

Clang!

With a heavy sound, Jacob's figure was sent flying across the forest, sprinkling blood. A huge scar was carved in the forest. It looked like a huge claw had scratched the ground.

Of course, in reality, Jacob's body, which had been sent flying, was only a trace left from smashing the ground, trees, and rocks.

Afterward, the Black Knight responded in a quiet voice.

[That's right.]