

Great Mage 71

Season 1 Chapter 71: Ivan (2)

“You’re a strange guy. What circle are you in?”

“Trowman Rings.”

“Trowman Rings?”

Ivan’s face became a bit strange when he heard that.

“I heard rumors of your imminent collapse, but it seems to be direr than I thought. I didn’t expect you to come again so soon after I beat that Egjay guy or whatever.”

He didn’t even remember Eizek’s name properly. He wasn’t important enough to remember, so he hadn’t paid much attention to his name.

“I heard you guys suffered greatly in a fight against an Apocalypse. There were rumors that the Three Great Circles might’ve played some tricks at that time...”

“What?”

It was the first time he’d heard something like that.

All Frey knew was that they simply persecuted or ignored the fallen Trowman Rings.

But was it possible that they had a hand in the Trowman Rings' downfall from the start?

Ivan shrugged at Frey's reaction.

"I'm not sure. But I heard it from my teacher too."

"Teacher?"

"Stop asking questions. That's enough from me. Now it's my turn to ask. You said you agreed with me. Did you really mean that?"

Frey nodded.

"Of course. The Demigods seem to be working pulling the strings of the current Circle, and all each circle is focused on is empowering themselves and suppressing other circles."

"If you know that..."

"That's why I'm thinking about changing the circle."

"Change?"

“Although it is currently in a pathetic state, the amount of power the Circle has is not negligible. If we could unite this scattered group into one true form, we could become a group that could threaten the Demigods.”

Ivan was dumbfounded.

What this man before him was saying was the truth.

He was sure that the power the Circle had easily surpassed that of a country.

This was to be expected as the Circle was a group of different nations, races, ideologies and religions, all gathered together with the goal of defeating the Demigods.

But it was different now.

It is said that stagnant water is bound to rot, and after so many years, the circles had all become focused on amassing their own power while under the halo of the Circle.

And at the center of this cesspool was none other than the Three Great Circles.

Bringing those people together?

That would be difficult even if the great heroes from 4,000 years ago were to return.

“This is not something I expected the collapsing Trowman Rings would say. Or did you get a resurgence without my knowledge?”

“No. At this stage, we are simply preparing to rebound.”

“...”

Such a strange fellow.

As he looked at his face, Ivan couldn't help but have this thought.

It was a confident remark that seemed easy to dismiss as utter bullshit, but strangely enough, he did not feel like mocking him.

This was because Frey's eyes were filled with calm confidence.

This guy did not doubt himself at all.

Regardless of whether he could actually achieve his goal or not, at least his faith in himself was unshakeable.

Like...like himself.

'I'm sure that he's not just spouting nonsense, but at least he is an interesting guy.'

The little interest he had increased.

Ivan's mouth curled upward.

"It seems that an interesting guy has finally appeared in the Circle. And you seem to be pretty high up. The highest ranking member that ever came to me was that yellow haired chick..."

"Chick?" (TL: this is actually a pretty bad insult similar to bint or broad)

"Sheryl Roland. The Circle Rounder of the Phisfounder Armlets."

"...That brat is the Circle Rounder for one of the Three Great Circles?"

"Brat? Haha. It seems you don't know as much about the Circle as I do."

Ivan laughed and said.

"Sheryl Roland is a monster who has been alive for hundreds of years. She should be what the world calls a Vampire."

“Vamp...”

“Vamp? Ah. Vampire. Right. That chick’s a Vampire.”

“...”

Frey was confused for a second, but he soon shook his head.

He had already heard that there was a Half-Demon in the Circle, so there was nothing surprising about the presence of a Vampire.

The problem was that such a dark race had the position of Circle Rounder.

‘There probably isn’t a single human among the Circle Masters.’

He couldn’t help but worry a little.

Even Beniangu, the Circle Master of Trowman Rings, was a Half-Dragon.

“The fight with her took a really long time. She summoned some pretty strong Demons, but they weren’t that interesting to fight.”

If it was the second in command of the Phisfounder Armlets, then it was highly likely that she had contracts with high ranking Demons.

Ivan was saying that a fight with several high ranking Demons was not that interesting.

“I don’t care about the Circle, but I’m pretty interested in you. Do you have the power to unify the scattered circles? I’d like to see if you’re capable of what you’re talking about.”

Thud!

Ivan slammed his fists together as he stared at Frey.

It wasn’t a particularly unexpected outcome.

Rather, it was intended to some extent. Frey was also curious about Ivan’s skills.

“This introduction is too long. Let’s get started right away.”

“Kuhh. You don’t talk like a Wizard.”

Taht.

Ivan's figure disappeared following that sound.

Even Frey couldn't catch his movement.

This was natural.

It was normal for a Wizard to be unable to follow the movements of a First class Magic Warrior who honed their martial arts to an extremely high level.

However, being unable to see his movements and being unable to react to them were completely different.

Frey used Blink to move back into the dense forest.

Crack.

He could hear Ivan approaching.

He wondered if it was because he trained in the Warrior King's Fist, but he was a very violent person.

He smashed through everything in his path as if to show that he had no intentions of hiding himself even when he could easily avoid the trees in his way.

Naturally, this was so noisy that it seemed like the entire forest was shaking, which allowed Frey to identify Ivan's location.

"Ice Spear, Wind Storm."

Frey cast two spells at the same time.

It was a combination of ice and wind magic that he had used before.

Dozens of Ice Spears appeared in front of him and shot toward Ivan together with the heavy storm winds.

"Hmph!"

Ivan snorted.

His body, which he had trained to the extreme, gained an unimaginable defense when covered in mana.

Most spells couldn't even scratch his skin.

And this fact alone was enough for Ivan's entire body to be considered a deadly weapon.

Ivan clenched his fist and pulled his hand back with a fierce smile.

Crack.

Then he smashed the Ice Spear in front of him.

This Ice Spear, which had even been able to pierce the skin of the Drake King, had been broken like an icicle by a human's fist.

The moment that Ice Spear was destroyed, Ivan fixed his gaze on his next target.

Crack crack crack.

As the destruction continued, his speed began to increase.

Second, third.

The rough looking fist technique had a natural and unstoppable aura.

Dozens of Ice Spears were shattered by Ivan's fists.

The Wind Storm couldn't even scratch his sturdy body.

A smile stretched across Frey's face as he saw this.

It reminded him of the old days.

If he was to fight with Kasajin, ten times out of ten he would be defeated.

In the first place, it was crazy for a Wizard to try to face a Magic Warrior in a head-on confrontation.

But that didn't matter.

Because the man before him was not Kasajin.

"..."

From the time that he'd used those two spells, Frey had already begun chanting his next spell.

The spell he had cast this time was one that Ivan would not be able to handle easily.

He finished his chant.

Frey began to emanate a cold white air. His eyes seemed to exude a bright blue light.

“Frost Breath.”

Saaah.

A Magic Circle appeared in the air, and Ivan’s expression finally changed.

He instinctively knew that this spell would not be so easy to handle.

He didn’t know it, but Frost Breath was actually a 7 star spell.

The Magic Circle began releasing a freezing cold air, and the moment Ivan tried to avoid it, he felt something restricting his ankle.

“What?”

A hand of ice was holding his leg.

Even the usually confident Ivan couldn’t help but feel slightly shocked at that moment.

Magic Warriors were usually much more sensitive to mana than Wizards.

This was because although Wizards had larger amounts and greater control of their mana due to their mana rooms, Magic Warriors directly used their mana through their skin and veins throughout their bodies.

This was one of the reasons why Magic Warriors had an edge in confrontations with Wizards.

At first glance, they could tell whether their opponent's spell was strong enough to pose a threat to them or if they could handle it.

In addition, it was incredibly difficult for a Wizard to successfully launch a sneak attack against them because they would quickly detect the movement of the mana.

'How did he cast this spell so stealthily?'

He didn't even notice the spell on his leg until he tried to move.

Ivan shook his leg and shattered the hand of ice, but it was already too late to avoid the Frost Breath.

Clicking his tongue, Ivan crossed his arms in front of his face and began concentrating his mana.

Kugugu.

Red energy began flowing from his body.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

'Rock Shield.'

It was a technique that focused the user's mana in front of them like a shield, enhancing their defense for a short period.

The name was Rock Shield, but his body was now at least ten times as hard as a rock or a shield.

"Hm...!"

The Frost Breath struck Ivan head on.

Even the Rock Shield was not able to completely block out the cold. His spine ached and his teeth chattered.

White frost also began to spread over his body. However, the fighting spirit in his eyes did not diminish at all.

Rather, it seemed to become more ferocious as time passed.

In fact, the look in his eyes was so fierce that if a weak willed person were to see the look in his eyes, they would probably faint immediately.

And when the magic circle disappeared.

Creak. (TL: This is the best I could do... π π π)

Ivan opened his eyes.

At the same time, steam began rising from his entire body.

Chiik.

The frost on Ivan's body melted in an instant, causing water to flow down like a waterfall.

Boom!

After gathering strength to his toe, he tapped it against the ground and just like that, the earth exploded.

In the blink of an eye, Ivan's figure approached Frey.

"You're pretty good, but I win."

Crunch.

Ivan clenched his fist. As long as he could get close enough, it would be his win.

Just as his fist was about to touch Frey, Ivan's vision suddenly flipped around.

Thud!

"...?!"

Ivan stared blankly at the sky for a moment.

Before he realised what was happening, he was already laying on the ground.

Although he had not received any injuries, Ivan could not get over his shock and muttered with a dazed expression.

"That technique...Bull Rush...you also learned the Warrior King's Fist?"

Frey reached out a hand to him.

"I see you have some questions. Let's start talking."

* * *

Ivan got up on his own without accepting Frey's hand.

Frey dropped his hand, a bit embarrassed.

"..."

Ivan was not injured, but the current situation was quite confusing for him.

He shook his head after agonizing for a moment.

"No matter how I think about it, I can't come up with an answer. How does a Wizard know to use Bull Rush?"

"Let me ask something first. Do the groups of undead that have appeared here have anything to do with the Demigods?"

"Well..."

He opened his eyes wide and scratched his head.

“That’s right.”

“How are they related?”

Ivan gave a simple answer with his arms folded.

“I don’t know either.”

“...”

Frey shot him a strange look.

“If you’re lying...”

“I’m not lying. I really don’t know anything. In the first place, I’m only getting rid of these undead because of that guy’s request.”

“That guy?”

“Right. Hmm...”

Ivan rubbed his chin and inspected Frey for a moment before nodding his head.

Only

“You’re not like those other circle guys, so I suppose you can meet him. Besides, I’m curious about what your reaction will be.”

“Who?”

“A Demigod.”

“...”

Frey’s expression cracked.

At those words, he could not help the shocked expression that came across his face.

“To be precise, he’s someone who betrayed the Demigods.”

Season 1 Chapter 72: Ivan (3)

What did he just say?

Frey could not hide his astonishment.

He could not remember the last time he'd been so surprised.

No, this was definitely the first time since he had entered Frey's body. That was how shocking Ivan's words were.

"Did I...hear that incorrectly?"

A traitor?

A Demigod traitor?

That was ridiculous.

Those prideful beings were loyal only to themselves.

Frey knew this better than anyone.

Demigod infighting!

How would he not have thought about it before?

No matter how much the mortals struggled, it would take an unprecedented number of casualties just to kill one Demigod.

It would be accompanied by thousands or even tens of thousands of mortal lives...

Then what would happen if they fought amongst themselves? If they turn their swords against each other and destroy themselves.

...just one.

Even if only one of them decided to betray the others...

It was a useless delusion.

The Demigods valued their own kind just as much as they valued themselves.

Frey could still remember Lord's face as he vented his anger with a burning gaze.

'Lukas', who had killed many of his people, was an insignificant being that Lord could tear to pieces in an instant.

However, he didn't even allow him to die.

Instead, he trapped his soul in the Abyss so that he would suffer for all of eternity.

This was why Frey despised the Demigods.

The only thing the Demigods had was power.

The fact that they had such immature personalities and displayed such emotional behavior despite living thousands and even tens of thousands of years, proved that fact.

This was why he could not believe there was a traitor among the Demigods.

“The Demigod himself told you that he betrayed them?”

“Right.”

“You didn’t actually believe his words, did you?”

Ivan looked at Frey for a moment before nodding.

“I know what you’re trying to say. You’re afraid that I was tricked by the Demigod’s lies.”

“...”

“I’m not boasting, but I have a keen eye. Especially with slimy bastards with slippery tongues. If he was that kind of person, I’d never associate with him. No. All of these assumptions are meaningless.”

He looked down at his fist.

“If that guy was trying to trick me, I’d be dead already.”

“...”

“Just meet him. I think meeting him will be helpful for you.”

Frey gave a stiff nod.

This caused Ivan to smile which relaxed his serious expression.

“Great. Follow me.”

Ivan soon began heading deeper into the forest.

It seemed he no longer had any antagonistic thoughts towards Frey.

“By the way, what’s your name?”

Now that he thought about it, he had not even introduced himself.

“Frey.”

“Hmm. I see. I’m Ivan.”

“I know.”

“Huh? How? Did you hear it in the Circle?”

“No. I was there when you were threatening those Mercenaries.”

“Hmm. So you were there.”

Ivan scratched his head, and Frey asked something that he had been curious about since the beginning.

“If the Mercenaries hadn’t backed down, were you really going to kill them all?”

“Of course not. I would have only broken their arms and legs. In the first place, I never even killed those annoying bugs from the Circle.”

It seemed that Eizek hadn't survived because of luck.

Ivan had probably let him go.

This was natural.

Ivan was so powerful that even Frey could not guarantee his own victory.

Additionally, he was one of the most difficult types of enemies.

The funny thing was that Ivan, who was shooting glances at Frey, was thinking the exact same thing.

Ivan recalled the brief fight that they had.

Just as he hadn't used his full power, he was sure that this guy hadn't either.

The two of them continued on their way while hiding their thoughts about the other.

Frey then spoke up.

"Why don't we increase the pace a little?"

“Hmm. It would be hard for a weak Wizard to follow.”

“It’s fine. I’ll just use magic if I start falling behind.”

“If you insist...”

Tadat.

Ivan nodded and started running immediately. Once again surprising Frey with his explosive speed.

Ivan, who had shot forward, turned to see if Frey was still keeping up with him.

“Hmm. You’re keeping up pretty well.”

“...”

Although he was not a Magic Warrior, his pride was still hurt from being looked down on in such a way.

Frey clenched his teeth and continued chasing after Ivan.

The surrounding landscape rapidly changed, and before long, Frey was gasping for breath.

Even though he had been training his body in the magic tower, he hadn't been able to do a lot.

Ivan had a comfortable expression on his face as though he was taking a leisure stroll.

On the other hand, Frey panted while his entire body was drenched in sweat.

After about an hour, Frey began to use flight magic because he felt like he would collapse if he ran any longer.

Ivan shot a glance at Frey before speaking.

"You learned some of the Warrior King's Fist."

Frey, who had not yet recovered his breath, replied while panting.

"Why do you think that?"

"Your excellent Bull Rush was a hint, but it was your gait while we were running that convinced me. You showed the peculiar grace that could only be the Clown Steps(1) of the Warrior King's Fist."

"You really do have keen eyes."

Ivan shot him a curious glance.

“I’m really curious about you, but I’ll save it. Until you meet ‘Riki’.”

* * *

Ivan continued to head northeast, and on the way, he fought against many undead and other monsters.

Even the greatest A-class Mercenaries would have become cold corpses after fighting so many powerful monsters. However, for Ivan, it was not even a challenge.

Crack.

Crack.

Against Ivan’s Warrior King’s Fist and Frey’s spells, even the strongest high ranking undead could not survive more than a moment.

They were annihilated without a chance to fight back.

This put Frey in a strange mood as it reminded him of fighting alongside Kasajin.

'This guy is truly a genius when it comes to fighting.'

He was the same as Kasajin.

Because of this, he was able to fight in the most efficient way possible.

Frey made use of Ivan's explosive power and easily supported him from the back.

Thanks to Frey's experience, the coordination between the two of them was as perfect as a small stream joining a river.

Recognising this fact, Ivan couldn't help but look at Frey with admiration.

"This is amazing. I can't really put it in words, but this is much more comfortable than fighting alone."

"That's great."

"Hm...you really are a mysterious guy."

He looked at Frey with complicated eyes for a moment before shaking his head.

Ivan was comfortable being alone with nature.

Humans were said to be social animals, but not everyone was the same.

He was the type who enjoyed solitude. He didn't hate spending time with others but he preferred being alone.

This was especially true when it came to fighting.

However, for the first time in his life, Ivan felt that it wasn't so bad to fight with another person supporting him.

And from then on, Ivan's attitude changed a little.

He still spoke in the same casual manner, but Frey felt that he had secretly begun respecting him more.

It was at that moment that Frey felt like he had finally understood this complex human known as Ivan.

At least he was not the type who would do things that he knew he shouldn't do.

Of course, because of how prideful he was, being acknowledged by this man was not a simple endeavour.

After four days, they reached their destination.

“This is it.”

“...”

It was a hut built deep within the forest.

For a moment, Frey completely forgot that this was a forest where monsters and terrifying undead roamed freely.

Ivan took a deep breath before shouting.

“Riiiiiiii!!! I’m here!”

“Ugh.”

Frey covered his ears.

The roar was so loud that it even caused birds in the distance to fly away, startled.

A weaker person’s eardrums would’ve already burst.

Ivan shot an embarrassed smile at Frey, who was staring at him angrily.

“I have to do this to wake him up.”

“He’s sleeping in the middle of the day?”

“Right. He can’t help it.”

Creak.

Then the door opened, and a man walked out.

The man had waist-length silver hair that contrasted nicely with his plain black robe.

What truly stood out was the giant sword that was slanted across his back.

The man spoke with a sleepy look in his eyes.

“Ivan, did you do everything I asked?”

“Hmph, of course.”

“...”

The two of them began speaking, but Frey could not pay attention to their conversation.

Babump.

His heart was pounding.

In fact, Frey did not completely believe Ivan's words.

Maybe he had been tricked by someone pretending to be a Demigod.

Or maybe Ivan was just mistaken.

But now he could see it for himself.

'It really is a Demigod...and he's as strong as the old man who uses poison.'

Frey broke out in cold sweat.

Suddenly, he was full of regrets. Why didn't he consider it more seriously before deciding?

With his current ability, the transcendent being in front of him simply had to shake his hands, and his head would fall to the ground.

Then the man turned his eyes to Frey.

“You brought a guest.”

“Right. He’s from the Circle.”

“The Circle. Hmm.”

He scratched his head and seemed to think about something.

“Come inside first. Ivan, I just happened to have something I needed to ask you. I think I’ll get a pretty good picture if this friend of yours helps.”

Then he went back inside as though expecting them to follow.

Frey, who had been preparing to risk his life, felt drained.

“You don’t need to be so nervous. He’s unpredictable, but he’s a good guy”

Frey looked at Ivan's face for a moment before saying.

"It's not very convincing when you talk with such a stiff expression."

"Kuku...the higher your level, the more you can sense Riki's terrifying power. That guy is a monster."

As Frey had said, Ivan's face was just as stiff as his.

Frey nodded while wiping away his sweat.

"There's no mistaking it. He's a Demigod."

"Don't be openly hostile. While I don't think he'd kill you, from here on out, we're in his territory, and it's not like I can stop him."

"...understood."

Frey nodded, and the two entered the hut.

As soon as he opened the door, Frey was surprised.

This was because the interior was incredibly spacious.

He couldn't even tell how large this space was.

The hallway was long, and the walls were decorated with swords of all shapes and sizes. Suits of armor that seemed like they were guarding the hallway were also displayed.

Together with the subtle candlelight that illuminated the dark space, this place had an atmosphere that could not be found anywhere else in the world.

“Spatial Distortion...”

“What's that?”

“By twisting time and space, a limited space can be expanded dozens of times.

“Hmm. I always thought it was just a Warp or something.”

Frey shook his head.

When he opened the door, he had not sensed any distortions that were characteristic to a Warp.

His expression became solemn.

Space-Time Magic was a field that was difficult to handle even by a 9 star Wizard. However, the Space Distortion that was placed within the cabin was so stable that there wasn't even a single crack.

'This must be his Divine Power because Demigods can't use Magic.'

Was it this Demigod's power?

Frey and Ivan walked through the dark hallway, and at the end, they found Riki sitting in a room.

He was sitting on the floor with his eyes lowered. At his side was the sword that he had been wearing on his back.

"Have a seat. I'm sorry I don't have tea to serve."

Frey looked at him for a moment before speaking.

"You talk like a human."

Riki looked up at Frey.

"You are a strange human. You don't seem like a human who could barely live to 100 years. Ivan, you brought an interesting guy this time."

Frey gathered himself and stepped forward.

“I heard that you betrayed the Demigods. Is that true?”

“That’s right...but would you believe that just because I said so?”

“...”

Frey’s expression became a bit strange.

The being before him was probably not too far off in age from him.

The only difference was that he had been locked in the Abyss for 4,000 years.

He could usually look at a person’s expressions, speech, or trivial gestures and infer what they were thinking, but this time was different.

The one before him was a quasi-immortal who had been living for who knows how many years while Frey had been stuck in the Abyss.

‘I can’t tell what he’s thinking.’

Only

Frey nodded, deciding to speak frankly.

“No, I wouldn’t believe it.”

“You’re not wrong to doubt me. Since you’re a part of the Circle, it makes sense that you find a Demigod’s betrayal so hard to believe. In truth, I have no intention of proving myself to you, but I can, at least, relieve some of your doubts. If you can tell me what information you don’t have about Demigods, I will share it with you.”

“Hmm. Anything we don’t know?”

“Right.”

At Ivan’s question, Riki said something that Frey was not expecting.

Season 1 Chapter 73: Ivan (4)

“If you kill an Apostle, it forces the Demigod who created them into hibernation. And at that time, they are completely defenseless. For instance.”

Shuk.

A small fruit knife appeared in Riki’s hand.

Where did it come from?

Riki continued speaking as though it was nothing special.

“You could even kill them with this practically harmless fruit knife. Just by stabbing them in the nape of their neck.”

“...”

For a moment the room fell into silence.

This was because Frey and Ivan were staring at Riki with shocked expressions on their faces.

Did he really just say that they could kill a Demigod, who could destroy a city with one hand, with just a fruit knife?

Didn't that mean that a hibernating Demigod was as weak and harmless as a child?

It was hard to believe, but if this was true, then it was an extraordinary piece of information that they might not have gotten even with all the effort in the world.

The problem was Riki's attitude.

As he'd spoken in a very nonchalant manner, it was hard for them to ascertain whether he was speaking the truth or not.

Ivan couldn't help but ask.

"That's unbelievable. In that case, why do the Demigods create Apostles in the first place?"

"Is that a problem?"

"That..."

Frey decided to pick up after Ivan who stumbled after the unexpected question.

"Of course it's a problem. The power that the Apostles have at their disposal is only a drop of water in comparison to the ocean of power the Demigods have. Isn't it too risky to create a subordinate who can only wield that bit of power?"

Frey's question was reasonable.

Although he wasn't sure about the average power of the Apostles, he had still been able to Luke, the former Deputy Tower Master of the 3rd Magic Tower soon after he'd reached 7 stars.

If all the Apostles were at a similar level, then even if he only managed to reach 8 stars, he could easily get rid of all the Apostles in the world.

So was it worth it for the Demigods to risk hibernation for such weak underlings?

That was like digging their own graves.

Frey knew that Demigods would never make high-risk/low-reward decisions like that.

They were arrogant and childish sure, but they were not stupid.

Riki responded in the same casual tone.

“They don’t have a choice. If they don’t do it then they might very well get erased.”

“Erase the Demigods? Is there any being in this world who could actually accomplish something like that?”

Riki looked at Ivan and Frey’s faces for a moment before answering.

“God.”

“...”

“...”

The silence was many times heavier than before.

Frey looked at Riki with a solemn expression as Ivan asked another question with a blank one.

“...I don't think you'd waste your time telling us nonsense. Are you serious?”

“Of course.”

“Oh my God. I'm an atheist. I hope the temperature of hellfire is lukewarm...”

“It doesn't matter. It is another being's job to judge souls after their death. The one I am referring to, rather than being God...it might be more accurate to refer to him as the 'Great Law'.”

“What do you mean?”

“It is an absolute mass of energy that maintains the balance of the world. It is the power that creates transcendental phenomena in both creation and destruction as long as certain conditions are met. Demigods are pieces that fell off from that mass of energy and gained self awareness.”

Frey had never imagined that he would learn the origins of the Demigods in this shabby hut.

There was once a time when he had considered the existence of God. This was natural since the name of the enemy he had been fighting his whole life was Demi 'God'.

However, even the oldest Dragon in the world did not know the answer to that question.

Riki looked at Frey's complicated expression for a while before continuing.

"We Demigods have ended countless lives in the past thousands of years. Lord doesn't think so, but I believe that we are being punished for our actions."

"Punishment? Do you mean that a Demigod has died already?"

"No."

He lamented that fact. It would have been great if the Demigods' numbers had been reduced, even by one.

However, Riki's next words shocked him greatly. (TL: We can only assume 'he' in this instance is Ivan.)

"The last time I checked, the total number of Demigods who were destroyed was twenty."

"...!"

“After that, Lord had no choice but to pay attention. In order to stop any more from disappearing. For us, death means the destruction of our souls and the end of everything, that is why they are desperate.”

Ivan was dumbfounded.

Everything that he'd heard so far was a secret that the Circle would be willing to do anything to obtain.

No, apart from that.

Why was Riki suddenly telling all of this information to Frey who had just appeared as though he had been waiting?

Riki scratched his head.

“Hmm. I told you more than I intended. Well, it doesn't matter.”

“...Riki, may I ask why you betrayed the Demigods?”

“I have no intention of talking about that. You should be satisfied with the information you just obtained.”

“...”

It was a firm rejection.

Frey looked at Riki and was sure that regardless of how much he pressed, he would never receive an answer to that question.

“I need to organize my thoughts...for a moment.”

“Sure. Ivan, come here and give me a detailed report about the undead.”

“Who are you talking to like that?”

Although Ivan said those words in a rather rude tone, he still approached Riki without any hesitation. The social ladder between them had long been established.

Frey took the time to gather his thoughts.

Each of the things that Ricky had spoken so nonchalantly about was incredibly sensitive and valuable information.

Of course, he didn't believe it completely. However, dismissing all of it as lies was also incredibly foolish.

Therefore, he slowly went through everything to see if there was anything strange about what he was told.

First of all, if an Apostle was killed, then their Demigod master would be forced into a hibernative state and become completely defenseless.

This corresponded to what he had learned from Mikel while they were fighting against Lukes.

He'd said that killing the Apostle did affect the Demigod in some way, and now, according to Riki, that way was forced hibernation.

'There should be some credibility in that statement...'

He had no choice but to admit that the two facts corresponded naturally.

The only problem was that he didn't know how long they hibernated/

If he asked, would Riki tell him?

In any case, he believed that the time was much longer than he first expected.

Otherwise, the Circle would have noticed if the Demigod had created another Apostle after their reawakening.

'It should be at least decades. Maybe more.'

Next was the information about God.

Frey was also an atheist, and after learning about the existence of Demigods, he had developed an even more antagonistic view toward God.

However, since he didn't believe in God, Riki's words seemed plausible.

That the God who existed did not have its own consciousness but was instead a simple existence consisting of the rules of the world.

If so, then it was understandable why God remained unresponsive when hundreds and thousands of races suffered at the hands of the Demigods.

They must also have a firm understanding of the laws and balance of the world, making it easy for them to bend them according to their needs.

Perhaps that was the reason they created the Apostles.

The killings they committed did not have any effect on the Demigods. The only thing that was important to them was God's punishment.

'If there really is punishment from God, it would also explain why the Demigods haven't been able to exert complete control over the continent.'

In fact, if they really wanted to, they would easily be able to control the entire continent and even if every race combined, they would not be able to stop them.

Frey didn't call them transcendental for nothing.

Nevertheless, Demigods rarely revealed their power.

It was the same 4,000 years ago and it was the same now.

And punishment from God seemed like a perfectly reasonable excuse.

After he thought this, he came to a conclusion.

Either Riki was a great, amazing liar, or he had been telling the truth.

...and at that moment, Frey felt that the latter was more likely.

"You must be finished thinking."

Frey nodded at Riki's words.

“But why are you telling me all of this?”

“Because I can’t get rid of all of the Demigods by myself.”

Did he really need the power of two humans?

Frey tilted his head slightly as he looked at Riki with confusion.

“I asked the wrong question. Do you expect me to believe you? I could take everything you said as nonsense.”

“My eyes are not that bad. And it doesn’t matter even if that was the case.”

“...”

Riki didn’t give a reason for this and Frey felt that it might be safer not to ask why.

Ivan scratched his head in frustration for a moment.

“That’s enough of that. What should I do now? I already hunted all the undead in this forest.”

“That’s a bit strange. Ivan, my request was to bring me the Apostle’s head, not play with undead.”

“...hmpf.”

Ivan snorted.

Apostle?

Ignoring Frey’s curious look, Ivan kept talking.

“That request didn’t make sense in the first place.”

“Why didn’t it make sense?”

“I couldn’t get in no matter how hard I tried. There is no spell or barrier, instead, it’s as though the forest itself is driving outsiders away.”

Ivan shot a dirty look at Riki.

“I was going to break a few trees to enter but then I remembered you said not to do that.”

“If you want to become the enemy of all the Elves and Spirits in the Great Forest, I won’t stop you.”

“...tch.”

It seemed the Apostle had disappeared into the Great Forest.

Personally, Frey hoped for this outcome the most. He felt that it would be much easier that way.

Frey was known for their hospitable treatment to their allies, and there were many circles among them.

Therefore, if he revealed his identity as a circle member and requested their cooperation, things would probably go smoothly.

However this time, the case wasn't so simple.

Shik.

Riki took a piece of paper from his pocket and spread it out for them to see.

It was someone's portrait.

It was an incredibly handsome man.

Among the men that Frey had encountered since his return, Peran could be considered the most handsome, and the man in this portrait was just as good looking.

He also had the characteristic long ears. This man was an elf.

“This man is Oydin Predickwood. He is a High Elf, and at the same time...an Apostle.”

This caused the situation to become extremely complicated.

High Elves could be considered royalty among the Elven Race. If they attacked him without conclusive evidence, they would become the enemies of the entire Elven Race.

Frey sighed.

“Aren’t there Circle members among the Elves? They would be able to sense Divine Power. How is this man able to hide his?”

“There is someone who can conceal the Apostles’ Divine Power. He is one of the most powerful Demigods, and is considered to be just under Lord, a being that the Circle refers to as an ‘Apocalypse’.”

“...then that guy named Oydin.”

Riki nodded.

“He is the Apostle of Nozdog, the Demigod who controls the power of death.”

It was worse than he'd expected.

Then Riki sighed, revealing his feelings for the first time.

"Our last chance was two months ago. There was a moment when he left the Great Forest without an escort. But we missed it because Ivan was taking a nap."

When Frey glanced over at him, Ivan shamelessly said.

"...the night before, I felt the moonlight was beautiful, perfect for some alcohol. I will tell you now, I don't regret it. In any case, since it's already past, what can we do about it?"

"Can't you kill the Apostles yourself?"

"If that was possible, I would've killed most of the Apostles with my own hands and then handled the Demigods right away. If I were to do it, it would leave a trace since the Apostles are connected to the Demigods. My betrayal would be revealed immediately."

It was true.

If the Apostle managed to get even a slight glimpse of Riki's figure or aura before they died, that information would be sent directly to their Demigod.

“...You don’t mind killing a Demigod right away?”

“That’s right.”

Frey thought for a moment before saying.

“Not so long ago, I killed an Apostle who used lightning. As you said, the Demigod that he followed should be hibernating.”

Riki’s eyes shined at those words.

“...lightning. Hmm. Is it Indra? If your words are true...that would be very useful information.”

After pondering for a while, Riki spoke again.

“Can you prove that you killed Indra’s Apostle?”

“No. I already used the cryst...”

At that moment, Frey recalled the lightning elixir that Adelia had given to him together with the mana elixir.

He immediately took it out of his bag and showed it to Riki.

“Would this suffice? It contains the lightning energy that was stored in the crystal...”

“...that should be Indra’s lightning. That energy can only be obtained from killing his Apostle. It is enough.”

A cold smile blossomed on Riki’s face.

“Give me a moment.”

Chuk.

Riki grabbed the sword beside him before disappearing.

Frey once again wondered whether Riki had the power of space while Ivan grumbled.

“I’ve already experienced it several times, but whenever he appears or disappears like that it also surprises me. And if I actually don’t get surprised, he smacks me at the back of my head.”

“...”

Paat.

At that moment, Ricky's figure reappeared. His appearance causing Ivan and Frey to narrow their eyes.

Ricky was covered in blood but he did not have any visible wounds.

He was holding a bloody sword in his right hand and something else in his left hand, both of which he placed on the table in front of him with his characteristic nonchalance.

Tuk...tuk...

It was someone's head.

The head of a man with blond hair and a beard.

There was only one thing that Ivan and Frey were curious about.

"Who is this?"

Only

Riki gave them a casual answer.

“Demigod Indra.”

Ivan’s jaw dropped.

“...what?”

“Do you understand? We will work like this in the future.”

Riki sheathed his sword with a solemn expression.

Chuk.

“You guys kill the Apostles. Then I will get rid of the hibernating Demigods myself.”

Season 1 Chapter 74: High Elf (1)

Without caring about the reactions of Frey and Ivan, Riki drew a line in the air with his finger.

Indra’s head was then split in half as though it had been cut by a sword.

Riki’s hand moved even faster.

Halves, quarters, eights...and he cut the head continuously. Before long, Indra’s head had been completely destroyed.

Ivan couldn't help but click his tongue. It was a monstrous display of skill.

The skill that Riki had just shown was something that even master knights might be unable to do even if they wielded the sharpest sword.

Frey, who had been silent for a while, finally opened his mouth.

"Was that the Demigod with the power of lightning?"

"That's right. Of course, there's no way for me to prove that..."

"No. There's no need."

It had only been a head, but he could tell.

This was because Frey had probably encountered the most Demigods out of all the beings on the continent.

The head that Riki had brought back exuded a tremendous level of Divine Power.

It was not something that could be mimicked even when using an Apostle.

Riki took a glance at Frey's confident expression.

“You act as though you’ve met Demigods before. You are a much more interesting human than Ivan.”

“...”

“Well. It doesn’t matter right now. Anyway...it’s better to kill Oydin as soon as possible.”

“There seems to be some special reason.”

“That’s right. Apostles appointed by Apocalypses are different from the others. As I said before, not only can they conceal their Divine Power, but the power they have is also many times higher. And most importantly, they get stronger at an explosive rate.”

Ricky pointed at Ivan.

“Two months ago, Ivan alone was enough to deal with Oydin. But he had only been an Apostle for a short time then. Now, you might not be able to defeat him even if you were to join forces.”

“...could he really become so strong in just two months?”

Frey found this hard to believe.

He didn’t know how much Riki estimated their strength to be, but Frey was sure that he could defeat a few Apostles on the same level as Lukes at the same time if he worked together with Ivan.

“The undead that have appeared in the Great Reynolds Forest are the remnants left after Oydin uses his power.”

Remnants.

If one considered the one sided slaughter by Frey and Ivan, the undead might not seem like much, but the groups of undead in the forest would be able to annihilate any B-class Mercenary unlucky enough to encounter them.

In the first place, high ranking undead like Dullahans or Death Knights were similar in strength or could even be stronger than A-class Mercenaries.

If those undead were just the leftovers, how strong would the ones he intended to create be?

‘He’s dangerous.’

Oydin was really strong now, but as Riki said, the part that was truly terrifying was his growth potential.

What if another Apocalypse, or even Lord, already appointed Apostles?

What if years or even decades had passed since then?

How much power would those Apostles, who had grown unhindered for years, have?

“I have one question.”

“Go ahead.”

“Are you an Apocalypse?”

“...”

Riki’s blank eyes stared at Frey for a moment before he nodded.

“I am the Demigod with the power of the sword.”

It was as he expected.

The three Demigods that the Circle had information on were sword, death and poison.

Riki was the Sword Apocalypse.

This made Frey even more confused.

He wasn’t just an ordinary Demigod but a prominent figure even among the transcendental beings.

Why would he, who was considered as one of the strongest below Lord, betray them?

'It wouldn't make sense to ask.'

With his current strength, it was impossible for Frey to force Riki to answer.

But Frey felt that he would not be able to fully trust the man before him without knowing that reason.

Apart from that, Riki's existence was a great help for Frey.

He killed an Apostle, and then this man went to kill the Demigod before his very eyes.

This meant that a means to shorten his goal by a few decades had appeared.

"In a month, Lord, the five Apocalypses and numerous other Demigods will be gathering together. You guys need to kill Oydin before that."

"Why are you gathering?"

"To weed out the traitor. I have killed numerous hibernating Demigods in the past few decades, and the only one who could do such a thing is a Demigod. Of course, it's impossible for them to notice it was me. Perhaps Lord intends to inspect us with his own eyes."

“Why do we need to kill Oydin before then?”

“There’s a high probability that the Demigods will participate in the event together with their Apostles. Oydin is currently staying in the Great Reynolds Forest, and when the time comes, he will go with Nosdog. And after that, it will be hard to tell his whereabouts.”

Riki closed his eyes while saying.

“Oydin has yet to fully grasp his Divine Power. You guys might not be able to sense it, but I can sense the resonance. But if he disappears with Nozdog, I’ll have no way to find him.”

“Well...I think I see what you’re saying.”

It wasn’t that hard to understand, but Ivan still shook his head. It wasn’t his fault; it was just that whenever a conversation got complicated, he just found it hard to continue paying attention.

As though he already knew this, Riki spoke again.

“Then I’ll make it simple. Getting rid of even one Apocalypse would benefit you greatly. That’s all you guys need to keep in mind for now.”

“Hmph. You should’ve said that from the start.”

Ivan snorted at the side while Frey continued calmly analyzing the situation. The Demigods' meeting would be in one month, but before that, he had to kill Oydin.

"To do that, our first priority should be entering the Great Forest."

"I have a great idea."

"What is it?"

"You flew when we were coming here, didn't you?"

Frey's eyes became cold as he immediately realised what Ivan was about to say.

"You want us to fly into the sky and enter the forest that way?"

"You catch on quickly. So what do you think? If we're in the sky, then that damn forest can't block us."

Faced with Ivan's triumphant expression, Riki and Frey sighed at the same time.

"I see, so you've been hunting Apostles with this idiot the entire time."

"That is why I sincerely welcome you joining us."

“Bastards.”

Looking at Ivan, who was venting his anger, Frey spoke in an unsympathetic tone.

“And what will you do after we enter that way? If you enter the Great Forest without permission, you will be treated as an intruder.”

“So we just need to not get noticed...”

“The World Tree in the High Elves’ village is the core of the Great Reynolds Forest and is connected to every tree in the forest. The Queen, who shares her consciousness with the World Tree, would notice our intrusion in less than an hour.”

Ivan frowned.

“Shit. Even if I squeeze my brains out, all I can get is nonsense. So what will we do? You smart people, come up with a plan.”

“...well, there’s someone I can talk to.”

“What? Who?”

Frey made a strange expression as he remembered the Elven woman he met in the group of Mercenaries.

* * *

“Hoo! I can finally take a breather!”

“We arrived earlier than I expected.”

“That’s because we didn’t encounter any undead.”

“That muscular man must’ve destroyed all of them.”

The Mercenaries sighed as they almost collapsed onto the ground.

They knew just how they had managed to get to the entrance to the Great Reynolds Forest so quickly.

However, although they had managed to arrive there without encountering any danger, the Mercenaries were still exhausted because they could not relax at all during the trip.

Alkon clapped his hands before saying.

“You’ve done a damn good job, you bastards. The Elves will only appear around this time tomorrow, so get some rest today. Of course, if there’s any son of a bitch who dares take off his armor and put down his weapon, I’ll kill him myself.”

“Damn, Captain, aren’t you tired?”

“Since I became S-class, the worst thing I’ve felt on a trip is a stiff neck.”

The Mercenaries exchanged playful banter with relaxed expressions.

Syax observed them from a distance before approaching Alkon and saying.

“I will look around for a while before returning.”

“Hmm. Around here? We are on the border of Elf territory...”

“Don’t worry. I won’t be careless.”

Alkon looked at Syax for a moment.

She was an old Wizard who appeared to be in her seventies, so she probably had a lot of experience.

And with the calm attitude that Syax had shown so far, Alkon didn’t think that he needed to be worried.

“Don’t go too far.”

“Thank you.”

Syax nodded before leaving the campsite.

The noise of the campsite gradually faded before it disappeared completely, and only Syax’s soft footsteps could be heard.

‘...the forest is too quiet.’

She couldn’t hear the sounds of any beasts, birds, or even insects.

Normally, people wouldn’t notice these sounds, but she, an Elf, was different.

Syax bit her lip nervously.

‘This is not good. If more undead continue to appear...there’s a chance the earth will die.’

The forest and the earth it stood on would die.

For an Elf, watching such a thing was the same as watching their own mother die. So she intended to risk her life to stop it.

Syax was one of the Elves who roamed the world instead of staying within the forest.

It was rare among High Elves, but ever since she was young, she felt uncomfortable being surrounded by the dense forest every moment.

So as soon as she came of age, she left. She then learned magic in her spare time, which she now used as a way to disguise herself.

Thanks to this, she was able to live a relatively stable life as a Mercenary without causing a stir because of her race.

Syax traveled around the continent in order to broaden her knowledge. However, she had been staying near Pillat recently under the guise of an old woman.

That was until she received a message from the Queen.

It seemed that a necromancer had taken up residence near the border of the Great Forest and was releasing their undead into the region.

The Great Forest was the home to all Elves. The wandering Elves never forgot their birthplace.

Syax was given a mission by the Queen because of her excellent skills and bountiful experience after exploring the continent for many years.

Her mission was to investigate exactly what was happening in the Great Forest.

However, she had yet to find any traces of the necromancer.

'Did he leave the area? He couldn't have been able to get into the Great Forest...'

Or they may have hidden themselves near here.

Syax's expression hardened.

Such a powerful necromancer was a threat to the forest just by their very presence, and it must be eliminated. But could she really take on someone like that on her own?

"..."

Syax immediately remembered the muscular man who slaughtered all the undead.

She didn't know who he was, but the power he displayed was amazing. It would be great if she could get the help of this powerful man who treated high level undead like goblins.

'No. This is my task.'

She couldn't be weak.

This was a task given to her by the Queen, who was deeply respected by all Elves, regardless of race.

Even if she could lose her life, she had to complete it.

Bask.

A nearby bush was shaken.

Syax immediately lifted her staff and became vigilant.

She couldn't feel anything before, but she could now pick out the presence of someone nearby.

Only

Someone who was good enough to escape from an Elf's enhanced hearing and sight had chosen to reveal himself.

Is it the necromancer?

Syax held her staff nervously.

A man walked out from the bushes right in front of her.

“You...”

It was a blonde man with a gentle expression.

He was the Wizard, Kain Rixton, who had suddenly disappeared.

Season 1 Chapter 75: High Elf (2)

A light seemed to shine in Syax’s eyes for a moment before she said.

“You only just got back?”

Kain nodded.

Syax felt a bit strange because of his attitude.

“Did you learn anything about that Magic Warrior?”

Kain didn’t answer, and instead continued to look at Syax’s face.

She felt a chill run down her spine at that moment because his gentle eyes seemed as though they were seeing right through her.

After a brief period of silence, the words that came out of the man's mouth made her heart shake.

"We need to go into the Great Forest."

Those words had come suddenly, but he had spoken them in a calm, natural tone.

Syax did her best to hide the shock that she felt at that moment.

"...why would you tell something like that to an old woman like me?"

"This isn't the time for bad acting. We're running out of time."

"What are you talking-"

"Then you're an old woman who doesn't understand anything."

Another man with a fierce voice appeared from behind a tree.

It was the muscular man who had destroyed the undead. She remembered that his name was Ivan or something like that.

Syax was surprised by his appearance for a moment before her eyes became sharp.

“...did you guys know each other?”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? Just shut up and lead us into the forest. Even if you’re an Elf, if you don’t help us, then you may as well kick the bucket.”

“What...”

Ivan’s rude remark brought anger to Syax’s face.

Frey sighed and stopped him.

“You stay out of it. It’s hard enough to talk to her as it is.”

“Hmph.”

“Syax, I know you’re a High Elf.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about...”

Shuk.

At that moment, Kain's body trembled before a silver haired man appeared in his place.

Syax sighed.

She knew at that point that the man before her was a wizard who was far superior to her.

Kain, no.

Frey, who'd changed back to his original appearance, spoke softly.

"I'm a Wizard from the Circle. Do you know about the Circle?"

This was a crucial point.

Syax bit her lip for a moment before sighing.

"...a bit."

Syax finally stopped acting.

If he was able to see through her illusion, then it didn't make sense to keep up the pretense.

Meanwhile, Ivan's expression became strange. This was because he couldn't see through her illusion, and the old woman with age spots before his eyes had suddenly begun speaking in a feminine tone.

"Then you should know about the Demigods. No. From the start, you said you took this mission because you were worried about the undead."

"That's right. Demigod...I heard that they are transcendent beings who have near godlike powers. No way, is the necromancer in the Forest..."

"There is a high probability that they are a Demigod's subordinate."

"Hmm."

Syax frowned at that.

"Can't you sense the Divine Power?"

"I am not a part of the Circle. I felt a strange power, but I didn't know that it was Divine Power."

She wasn't a part of the Circle, but she knew about the Circle.

She was the same as Julian Montolivo, the Tower Master for the 3rd Magic Tower.

Since the High Elves' population was said to be very small, they did not need to hide the existence of the Circle, like the humans.

"The necromancer we are hunting has entered the Great Reynolds Forest. It'll be dangerous for us to leave him be."

"That's impossible. The Great Forest would not accept outsiders. Even if they were to use radical methods..."

"The Queen would notice right away, yes. But this guy is different."

"How is he different?"

Frey had no intention of talking about Oydin at that moment.

High Elves were a particularly loyal race. This meant that it would be difficult for her to accept the possibility of a traitor among their ranks, and there was a higher probability that she would doubt his words and drive the two of them away.

This was something he'd also talked to Ivan about before they arrived.

It wasn't just that. They also didn't intend to immediately reveal that the one they were after was an Apostle.

It felt like a lot to hide, but it was important for them to subdue the Apocalypse's Apostle.

"I can't explain it to you as you're not a member of the Circle. So all I can say is that we are the only ones who can find him. You've seen the undead he created, haven't you? What if such a disaster were to happen within the Great Forest?"

"..."

Syax seemed to hesitate.

Frey judged that now was the best time to play his trump card.

He sighed helplessly.

"If that's the case, then it can't be helped. We'll have to find another way."

Syax couldn't help but ask with a confused expression.

"Another way?"

“I have acquaintances among the Dark Elves. If it’s them, they will believe me.”

Then he turned around without hesitation.

It seemed like he truly intended to leave, but in fact, Frey was feeling rather desperate at that moment.

At first glance, the plan that he’d just said was not a bad idea.

Frey had a good relationship with Liamson and Camille; they had even experienced a life and death battle together. So it was highly likely that not only would they trust him completely, but they would even give him their complete support.

‘The problem is that it’s impossible to tell how long it’ll take to get a chance to meet the Dark Elves.’

So the best option would be to enter the forest with Syax’s help.

The most important thing at this moment was how much time they could shave off.

Frey hoped that the rivalry between the High Elves and Dark Elves hadn’t been completely dissolved after 4,000 years.

“W-, wait!”

Syax stopped Frey with an urgent tone.

“Do you really have a relationship with the Dark Elves?”

“That’s right.”

“How could a human interact with them...the Dark Elves haven’t completely let go of their closed nature even after the Great Unification.”

The Dark Elves are still closed off?

At least Frey didn’t think so.

How could a closed-off group go to a magic tower in another country and ask to be taught magic?

Were the Blacktooth Elves the strange ones?

“I don’t care if you believe me or not. What’s important is that we don’t have the time for this.”

Ivan snorted.

He was trying hard not to show it, but he didn’t like the thought of begging the woman in front of him for help.

If he could, he would smash through the trees to enter the forest, grab Oydin from wherever he was, and kill him.

He'd beat any Elves that interfered half to death.

Of course, they couldn't actually go through with such a plan.

If that guy, Oydin, noticed the commotion and decided to hide deeper in the forest, they wouldn't be able to find him before the Demigod meeting.

Even more so in the Great Forest which was the Elves' territory.

"Can you tell me the names of the Dark Elves that you know?"

"Liamson and Camille."

"...!!!"

Syax took a deep breath.

From her reaction, it seemed like she knew them, so Frey tilted his head as he asked.

“Are they famous?”

“...I’ve never heard the name Liamson. But there is probably no one in the Great Forest who hasn’t heard the name of the Leopardess.”

Frey felt pity for Liamson who was being groomed to be the new leader of their village, and he recalled Camille’s powerful momentum.

‘Leopardess. It suits her.’

It was with her help that he’d been able to defeat Lukes, the Deputy Tower Master, turned Apostle.

That was because her ability to recognize and coordinate both Liamson and Mikel’s powers was incredibly accurate.

Besides, the only thing Frey could truly see through was the magic that she had learned superficially.

When it came to the martial arts and Spirits that she was most proficient in, Frey was unable to tell just how strong she truly was.

However, since she was the teacher of Liamson, who was a Second Class Magic Warrior, she should be at least a First Class Magic Warrior.

“I see. An acquaintance of the Dark Elves...so the Spirit contracted to you is a Dark Spirit. Hoo.”

Syax lowered her head with a small sigh.

“I’m sorry I doubted you. I will believe what you said. I’ll show you to our village. Will you follow me?”

“Don’t you have to inform the other Mercenaries?”

He was asking because she had left the Mercenary group not so long ago. However, Syax shook her head.

“As you just said, every second counts.”

At least, now was not the time to care about her human identity.

Ivan snorted at Syax’s firm words. (TL: he snorts so much)

“Hmph. Now you’re making sense.”

Frey looked at him with a dumbfounded expression for a moment. The one who had done nothing was the most satisfied.

Syax took Frey and Ivan in an opposite direction from where the caravan was heading.

“Isn’t the entrance to the Great Forest over there?”

This made him think about the Mercenaries that were waiting there.

Syax nodded.

“That is an entrance for outsiders, but I am a wandering Elf. That entrance has a troublesome entry and exit process as well as a winding road, so it would take at least a few days to get to the nearest village. What I’m taking you to now is a shortcut that every Elf race knows about.”

Shortcut.

They liked the sound of that.

“If we use the shortcut, it won’t be long before we arrive at the High Elf village, Lilund. Should I contact the Circle members in Lilund?”

Only

“We can talk about that when we arrive.”

Frey remembered the incident with Lukes.

There was no telling whether Oydin would be the same.

Therefore, their first priority was figuring out just who this particular Elf was.

Cooperating with the Circle could come after.

'It would be great if he was just a normal guy.'

It was just a personal wish, but he knew that the odds were low.

After all, Oydin was appointed to be an Apocalypse's Apostle.

Season 1 Chapter 76: High Elf (3)

Oydin Predickwood looked down at his palm.

The skin was white and jade-like, which was common for a High Elf; however, his skin appeared to be pale even when compared to other Elves.

Even his veins could be clearly seen through his skin.

Kooo.

Suddenly purple energy seemed to erupt from his pale palm.

Nozdog's Divine Power.

It was a transcendental power that could not only resurrect the dead and make them his servants, but it could literally inflict death upon others.

It was a power that didn't suit Elves, who were symbols of harmony, but the purple energy still brought a smile to Oydin's face.

Shuk.

In a flash, he recalled his energy, causing it to disappear without a trace.

"What are you so worried about?"

At that moment, the space in front of him became blurred, and the illusion of something could be seen within it.

It was a skeleton!

It was an illusion of a giant skeleton made of pure white bones and surrounded by purple energy, with green smoke spewing from its eye holes.

If death was given shape, wouldn't it look like this? (TL: many anime would disagree...)

Even if the boldest man were to encounter this figure, they would collapse from the sheer pressure exuded onto their minds.

This skeleton was the Death Apocalypse, Nozdog, one of the five most powerful Demigods.

[Indra is dead.]

It had a terrible voice, like the screams of demons, but Oydin simply tilted his head as though it was nothing strange.

“Was it the traitor again?”

[That’s right. And just like before, no traces were found.]

“...”

Oydin didn’t understand.

He still couldn’t understand the fact that there was a traitor among the Demigods.

Well. How could a mortal understand the thinking of such great beings?

Oydin didn't think about it too deeply.

[Be careful until the next meeting. If you die, I will also be in danger.]

"As you command."

Ssss.

Nozdog's figure gradually disappeared, and the space once again became stable.

Oydin snorted.

"Be careful."

That was only something he'd need to do outside. After all, no one could hurt him within the Great Reynolds Forest.

Wasn't this a place that was closed off to outsiders?

Of course, that was only one of the reasons.

But in other words, this place was safer for him than anywhere else in the world.

He then heard a knock on his door.

Oydin got up and fixed his clothes.

“Come in.”

A young High Elf politely opened the door.

He bowed before saying.

“Oydin, the Queen has summoned you.”

“Tell her I’ll be right there.”

Oydin smiled.

“After all, I can’t make my sister wait too long.”

* * *

As the forest began to get thicker, Syax said.

“This is where the Great Forest begins. Don’t fall behind.”

“Hey. Take off that Illusion Spell.”

“Huh?”

“It’s weird for an old woman with age spots to talk the way you do.”

Syax’s expression hardened.

“...you’re rude.”

“I’ll take it as a compliment for my honesty. He hasn’t said anything, but I bet he thinks the same thing.”

“No.” (TL: in case you might not have realised, this is Frey)

“Huh. Sorry.”

As Ivan shrugged unapologetically, Syax sighed before removing the illusion.

As her real face was revealed, Ivan whistled appreciatively.

“I knew you were an Elf, but you look way hotter than I expected.”

“I just thought it was unnecessary to continue using the Illusion Spell at this point. Not to be your dirty eye candy.”

“Now you’re grumbling.”

Ivan said before turning to Frey.

“Are you not gonna say anything?”

“I don’t care either way. The mana consumption isn’t that high.”

That remark surprised Syax a little.

Illusion magic wasn’t a very high level skill, but it took a considerable amount of skill to maintain it naturally.

Even the mana consumption was slightly annoying.

That was why Syax distanced herself from the humans when she was disguised as an old woman.

It was because it was quite exhausting to pay attention to a conversation while maintaining the illusion.

If he was able to do that process casually.

'Is he a 6 star Wizard?'

But his real face, which he had revealed not long ago, looked quite young.

'He might not be human.'

She'd heard that there were all kinds of races within the circle.

While Syax was thinking that she should not underestimate these two men with her, Frey looked around at the trees before asking.

"Do foreigners frequently enter the forest?"

This was completely unthinkable 4,000 years ago.

"I can't really say. It became better after the Grand Unification. But, of course, I wouldn't say it's exactly open either."

Syax looked around.

Her ears perked up, and then she changed direction.

This was the reason that Elves were the only ones who could find their villages in the forest without getting lost.

They could hear the forest whispering the way to go in a voice that only Elves could hear.

Frey followed her while saying.

“I’d like you to introduce us as partners you found while hunting the necromancer, instead of members of the Circle.”

“Hm...why?”

“Because we don’t know who or where they are. Just because they entered the forest doesn’t mean they wouldn’t go to the High Elves’ village. If the necromancer isn’t there, then we have to search for him.”

That was a lie.

There was a very high chance that Oydin would be in the High Elf village.

However, he was just making a plausible excuse for hiding their identities as Circle members.

Ivan wasn't really from the Circle anyway.

After hesitating for a moment, Syax nodded.

"I understand, but I will tell the Queen the truth."

She was more flexible than he expected.

Was it because she was a wandering Elf who had explored the continent?

If she had lived in the forest all her life, then she probably would find it beneath her to tell such a trivial lie.

Frey felt that this was a good thing.

"Of course you should."

It was then.

A voice sounded in Frey's mind.

[What are we going to do after we enter the village?]

It was Ivan's voice.

It wasn't the Telepathy spell, but instead, it was a skill called Conductive Sound that was used by Magic Warriors.

No matter how low he whispered, he would not be able to evade an Elf's hearing, so he chose this method instead.

Frey responded to him using Telepathy.

[We have to find out what Oydin's doing.]

[Why? Why don't we just reveal his identity to the Queen or a princess or something.]

He was much 'simpler' than Frey expected. He just hoped that Ivan wouldn't run his mouth in the village.

...Well.

He decided that it was smarter to tell him as much as possible before he did something stupid.

[If he completely hides his Divine Power, then we'll have no evidence to prove that he's an Apostle. We are practically outsiders, so they would be slightly cautious toward us, and if we do something wrong, they might kick us out of the village altogether.]

[Since Oydin is a High Elf, there's a high probability that he's in the village.]

Frey turned to look at Syax's back.

[I was just testing the waters, but there seems to still be some tension between the two races. It would be almost impossible for us to get into the High Elves' village with the Dark Elves' help. And even if we do, it would take a lot of time.]

[Hmm...]

Only then did Ivan realise why Frey had said so many interwoven lies.

At least, it wasn't something that he would have been able to do.

Were all Wizards like this?

He had only heard small bits and pieces, but it felt like Frey had a very systematic plan, so he lost the vague sense of anxiety that he had and was instead filled with reassurance.

It was at that moment that he understood the look Riki had given him.

Only

[We have to find conclusive evidence. That means we have to find evidence that would give them no choice but to accept that he is an Apostle.]

[That must have taken a lot of thinking. It's nice to meet you, friend.]

“...”

At that moment, Frey stared at Ivan for a long while with a blank expression on his face.

Ivan's playful voice and expressions seemed to overlap with someone else's.

Ivan tilted his head, as if to ask Frey what he was looking at.

Frey shook his head and erased the impression of Kasajin that came to his mind at that moment.

Because the person in front of him was not Kasajin.

Season 1 Chapter 77: High Elf (4)

It took half a day for them to reach the High Elf village Lilund.

Frey and Ivan looked at the huge tree that loomed in the distance.

“There was nothing there just a moment ago.”

“It must’ve been hidden by barriers.”

“That’s right.”

Syax nodded, and Ivan stuck out his chin.

“So that’s the World Tree. It truly is big enough for that name.”

“We call it Hruhiral.”

“Hru...what?” (TL: my reaction exactly...sounded it out maybe five times)

“Hruhiral.”

Ivan, who tried to pronounce this word a few times, soon gave up.

“So dirty. Pronouncing it a few times makes it feel like your tongue is being twisted.”

“Because it is in Elvish. We have no problems saying it.”

Syax stood before the entrance to the village.

There was a small fence around it, but it didn't seem like they were put there to stop anything from entering.

However, there were two Elves standing there who appeared to be guards, both of whom were women.
(TL: girl power?)

The one on the left approached.

“Syax? You came back sooner than I thought you would.”

She spoke in Elvish.

Ivan clearly didn't understand what she was saying, and Frey also pretended to not understand and stayed silent.

“It just happened, Pippin. Is everything okay here?”

“No problems. How's the hunt for the necromancer?”

“...still progressing.”

The Elf named Pippin glanced at Frey and Ivan.

“Those guys behind you...look like humans.”

“I got some help while hunting the necromancer. They’re my partners.”

Fortunately, she introduced them like Frey asked.

Her expression was a little stiff because of the lie, but Pippin did not doubt her words at all.

“Even so, is there a reason why you’re bringing the two of them into the town?”

“I was assigned a mission by the Queen. I have enough authority to bring these two outsiders into the village, Pippin.”

“Of course I know that.”

She shrugged.

“I’m not trying to pick a fight. I know you’re smart and experienced.”

“Thanks. I’m sorry for being so aggressive.” (TL: awww how wholesome)

“That’s fine. But you can’t keep these outsiders in the village for too long. You know that, don’t you?”

“Of course.”

The two quickly finished their conversation, and Syax turned to Frey.

“It’s standard procedure for outsiders to greet the Queen. Kain...no Frey. Shall we go to Hruhiral first?”

“If that is the procedure, then of course we should follow it.”

“I’m sleepy.”

“It won’t take long. After this, you can rest your eyes on a soft bed.”

“A soft bed. You know exactly what to say to convince me.”

He then followed Syax together with Ivan.

This was the first time he'd entered the Great Forest.

That was because 4,000 years ago, he did not interact with the Elves very much; moreover, they completely closed the Great Forest off to outsiders.

That was why this was his first time seeing Hruhiral in person. The giant tree exuded a dignified aura that befits its name.

Also, the atmosphere of the village was peaceful and comfortable. It was very different from what he imagined a Dark Elf village would be like.

It was the same for humans who had different tendencies and dispositions depending on race, region and country.

It wasn't very surprising.

"The Queen's hall is in Hruhiral. It won't take long, so please try to maintain a basic level of courtesy."

With those words, she shot an anxious gaze to Ivan, who snorted.

"I know you've mistaken me as a rude man. Because that's how it appeared. But you shouldn't be biased."

He glared at Frey.

“Are you worried too?”

“Not really. The Elven Queen is said to be a good person. The words nobility and elegance alone would not be enough to describe her. If you saw her with your own eyes, you probably wouldn’t be able to disrespect her even if you wanted to.”

“ ... ”

Syax looked at Frey in surprise because he appeared to know more about the Queen than she expected.

Besides, his relationship with Ivan was a bit strange.

‘At times they appear to be friends...at others, it’s like a mischievous, immature disciple and his teacher.’

After a while, they arrived at Hruhiral.

When they looked up, even if they bent their neck’s 90 degrees, they would not be able to see the top.

Fortunately, the Queen didn’t stay at the top.

It was obvious that it would take a very long time to climb the tree that was much larger than any magic tower.

After climbing a set of natural stairs made from stems, they saw a huge space inside of the World Tree.

They couldn't tell whether the space had been dug out, or if it appeared naturally, but even such a large space was no problem when considering the size of Hruhiral.

When they reached the top of the stairs, four High Elves fell from above.

Ivan's eyes shined brightly at their soft landing that had no sound.

He felt that these Elves were Magic Warriors with considerable skill.

"Syax, who are those people behind you?"

The Elf at the front was the one who spoke.

There were only slight wrinkles on his face, but considering the lifespan of Elves, he was probably around 200 years in age.

"They are outsiders who are helping me hunt the necromancer. I think we will have to stay in the village for a short time because of that, so I brought them here to greet the Queen and get permission."

"...I see."

The Elf looked at them with a sharp gaze before speaking in the human language.

“Be mindful of your words and actions before the Queen, outsiders.”

Frey nodded before looking at Ivan.

Ivan, who was about to say something smart, simply shrugged and kept his mouth closed when he saw Frey’s look.

As if to say that Frey knew what he wanted to do.

It was then.

Someone walked out from the Hruhiral.

After seeing them, Frey felt a bit surprised.

It was a group of Dark Elves with their signature dark skin and silver hair.

And wasn’t Camille one of the ones at the front of the group?

A middle aged man stared at him for a moment before saying something to the man beside Camille.

“I don’t know if this went well, Chief Reeves.”

The man called Reeves spoke in a cold tone.

“I think it will all work out in the end.”

“Hmm...that’s good to hear. I’m glad that you became the Chief of the Blacktooth Tribe.”

“You are quite good with your honeyed words. Well, we’ll be taking our leave now.”

Reeves turned his head to look at Frey’s group. While he simply stared at Frey, he sent a slightly fierce gaze toward Ivan. (TL: he’s just like liamson)

“...Are those outsiders? He seems to be very skilled.”

“I don’t know what you’re saying, but I like your expression. Do you want to fight?”

“Patience.”

Two voices overlapped.

They were the voices of Frey and an old Elf who stood beside Reeves.

The old Elf and Frey's eyes met at that moment before they nodded at the same time.

Reeves restrained his desire before continuing on with hurried steps.

"Then I will leave some of the young people here. Camille, you choose."

"Yes, Chief."

"We will also send some young people."

After nodding his head, the Dark Elves left.

As she passed by, Camille met Frey's eyes.

"...?"

She tilted her head.

It wasn't because she'd seen through Frey's illusion. It was because she was wondering why this strange outsider was staring at her.

Frey soon dropped his gaze.

For now, he should focus on meeting the Queen.

* * *

The High Elf Queen stayed within the innermost parts of the World Tree.

The moment one entered, it was not too much to say that the noise of the world disappeared.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

And this entity, who could easily grab everyone's attention, sat on a throne woven from grass.

She had pure white hair that looked like fresh snow and pale skin that seemed to be even whiter.

Her two silver eyes shined like stars in the night sky.

Upon seeing her appearance, even Ivan was left speechless.

Compared to Syax, whose appearance could already be called extraordinary, her beauty was otherworldly.

She also exuded a divine presence which made it difficult to look straight at her.

Syax bowed her head.

The Queen seemed to be even more beautiful than she remembered.

And it would continue to be so.

“ ... ”

Frey noticed another fact.

She had hardly any High Elf characteristics. Was she even a High Elf in the first place?

He couldn't tell because her ears were hidden behind her shining halo of hair.

'All the Elf Queens I've known have been High Elves.'

He didn't quite understand.

He had the feeling that she wasn't a High Elf at all, and it was due to some circumstances that gave her such an appearance.

That seemed to be the likely case.

Anyway, it wasn't something that he needed to worry about at the moment.

Her lips slowly parted.

"Syax."

Even her voice was beautiful.

It felt like the sweet whisper of a lover.

Ivan felt a chill run down his spine and swung his forearm for no reason.

Syax politely bowed once again.

“Anaryl’s first daughter, Syax, greets Your Majesty.”

“You don’t need to greet me so politely, old friend.”

“...I’m grateful for your favor.”

There seemed to be a subtle change in the Queen’s expression at those words, but it disappeared faster than it appeared.

Her silver eyes then turned to Ivan and Frey.

“Can you tell me who the ones behind you are?”

“They are partners who have been helping me track down the necromancer. ...Ivan, Frey, greet Her Majesty the Queen.”

Ivan shook his head slightly, feeling like he’d go crazy if he kept looking at the Queen’s figure.

He was bothered because seeing the Queen caused something within him to stir uncontrollably.

As a result, his words got stuck before they could come out.

“Ivan.”

Then he closed his eyes as if he had said everything he wanted to say.

He did it simply because he could not bear to look at the Queen any longer, but it was clear how such actions would be viewed by those around.

“How rude...”

The face of an old Elf beside the queen became red.

Syax’s expression wasn’t much different.

“How dare you behav...”

“Gelpik, enough.”

“But Your Majesty...”

“It’s impossible to impose Elven etiquette on humans, don’t you think?”

“...I apologize.”

Gelpik bowed his head at the Queen, but he still looked at Ivan with fierce eyes.

He didn't know why Ivan closed his eyes, but Frey clicked his tongue slightly.

The atmosphere had become tense.

The Queen, who had the highest authority, did not seem to mind what had happened much, but the Elders around her did not have good expressions.

‘The Elders’ words are only below the Queen’s. Nothing good will come from antagonizing them for no reason.’

The Queen’s gaze turned to Frey.

Frey slowly bowed his head while saying.

“May the grace of the forest flow for an eternity and may the sunlight ever brighten the sky. My name is Frey, a Wizard from the Kastkau Empire, Your Majesty.” (TL: uwu flowery speech is so hard πππ)

“Oh...”

“Hmm.”

The Elder’s expressions improved greatly.

Some, including Syax, looked at Frey with astonishment.

The Queen looked at Frey with a strange gaze.

“Wizard Frey, you seem to be very familiar with Elven etiquette. It’s a bit old-fashioned but amazing nonetheless.”

“I’ve had a few chances to make Elven friends.”

Syax tilted her head at that.

It would be impossible for him to learn such an old-fashioned greeting from the Dark Elves as they never liked such things.

Did he have other Elven acquaintances as well?

“I am Snow De Predickwood. The Elven Queen.”

“...”

At that moment, Ivan's eyebrow twitched, and he opened one eye.

Frey, who was silent for a moment, bowed his head once more.

"...it is an honor to meet you, Your Majesty."

For Elves, middle names had a special meaning and could not be used by everyone.

'De' was a middle name that only those who sat on the throne as the Queen could receive.

But the thing that Frey and Ivan paid the most attention to was her last name.

'Predickwood.'

It was the same as Oydin.

They forcefully swallowed their surprise.

The Queen's relative. Frey wondered if things could get any more complicated than they already were.

At the same time, he was extremely glad that he had decided not to reveal Oydin's name to Syax. It was truly a divine move.

"It won't be for a very long time, but I still hope that you can enjoy your stay comfortably. Syax, can you teach your companions the rules of our society?"

"Of course, Your Majesty."

Snow twitched slightly at that.

Frey and Syax bowed once again while Ivan simply turned around.

The Elders' faces became ugly once again, but Ivan didn't seem to care.

They followed Syax and left the Hruhiral.

After a while, they arrived before another tree.

Because it was the High Elves' Village, every tree was quite large. This allowed the Elves to build their houses without damaging the trees.

Tak.

Syax, who closed the door, looked around, and her eyes seemed to light up.

This was proof that she was angry.

“Ivan, you really...how could you be so rude to Her Majesty the Queen? Had it not been for Frey’s quick thinking, that could’ve gone very badly!”

“...”

Ivan, who rarely shut his mouth or backed down, sighed before saying,

“I’m sorry.”

“...huh?”

“It is entirely my fault. I failed to control myself.”

“...”

This left Syax speechless for a moment as she had never expected him to lower his head and apologize.

She opened and closed her mouth a few times, not knowing what to say, before sighing.

“...you two can stay here while you’re in the town.”

“You live alone?”

At Frey’s question, she nodded.

“That’s right. Is there a problem?”

“...”

Frey didn’t know what to say.

It would be considered very bold among humans for an unmarried single woman(1) to have two adult men alone with her in her home, but it seemed to be nothing special among Elves.

“I have to go out for a while. I have a few things to report whenever I come back to town after a while. I might not be able to come back before sunset, so please try not to leave the house.”

“There is food in the master bedroom. See you.”

After saying that, Syax left the house right away.

Frey and Ivan exchanged glances before heading to the bedroom.

And as they looked at the food on the wooden table, they were dumbfounded.

In short, it was a salad.

There wasn't even any dressing.

You probably couldn't taste anything but grass while eating it. (TL:...i've said something similar)

Ivan's expression crumpled to the extent that it was barely discernible.

"This is goat food..."

Frey silently took some jerky from his bag and threw it at him.

This caused Ivan's face to brighten immediately.

"Your preparations are quite thorough."

"It's a bit tough, but that shouldn't matter to a beast like you."

“Let me see.”

Ivan smiled and bit into the jerky.

Then he stopped.

If anyone else had made such a joke, he would've smashed their head without hesitation, so why was he accepting it now?

Instead of eating the jerky, Frey began eating the food that Syax had prepared.

Vegetables without any dressing would only have their natural flavor.

Ivan shot him a strange look.

“How does it taste?”

“After a few bites, it has its own flavor. You should try it.”

“No way.”

[This job just became much more complicated.]

“...”

Naturally, Frey said this using Telepathy.

He wasn't trying to show off. If an Elf was concentrating, they would be able to hear a whisper even if it was hundreds of meters away.

Ivan replied casually while chewing on his jerky.

[Because Oydin is the Queen's relative?]

[Right. If we don't have any conclusive evidence, then we will get kicked out in an instant.]

[So what are we going to do?]

[We'll look for what Riki told me.]

“Huh?”

Ivan let out a surprised sound.

When Frey glared at him, he casually pinched his chin.

“Did you make this from whale meat? It’s so tough and tastes horrible.”

[What did he say?]

[He only told me.]

[And left me out? You guys already have such a close relationship huh.]

Frey ignored Ivan’s words.

[He said that he needs a medium through which to contact the Apocalypse. In particular, he would need a powerful item which was able to send a signal outside this dense forest.]

[A medium?]

[He doesn’t know exactly what it is. It could be a bracelet or earrings, a small statue, or an ordinary looking stone. It could even be a tattoo on his body.]

[That’s so vague. How will we find it?]

[Somehow.]

Ivan felt like the instructions were vague, but Frey was just thinking that the task had become more complicated.

He felt like his head would explode while thinking about a way to expose Oydin's identity as an Apostle and kill him.

It wasn't easy, but it wasn't impossible.

If they were able to kill an Apocalypse with just this bit of hard work then it would be more than worth it.

Naturally, it was something that would still be worth it even if they had to suffer 100 times more than this.

This was why Frey felt extremely fortunate to meet Riki at this point.

'Although I can't fully trust him.'

However, he had yet to give up his doubts.

His bad relationship with Demigods had lasted far too long for him to be able to do that so easily.

Riki probably knew that.

One was suspicious, and the other one knew it.

Nevertheless, the two did not hesitate to work together. They were well aware that it was the only way to achieve their overlapping goals.

Of course, it was Riki's 'goals' that made him more suspicious.

A Demigod, or more specifically, the Sword Apocalypse.

He was one of the five Demigods directly below Lord. What reason did he have to kill his own kind?

'...'

His thoughts had strayed.

Frey used Telepathy again.

[If he contacts Nozdog, it should release a trace of Divine Energy. You probably won't be able to feel it from here, but I can. Then we can find out what the medium is.]

[Hoh. I see. So we'll just wait here until Oydin contacts the Demigod?]

[Right.]

Was that it?

It was easier than he expected.

Ivan suddenly realised something and asked with a slightly perplexed expression.

[But what if he doesn't contact them?]

[We'll just have to give him the right amount of pressure to do it. He will be so anxious that he'll have no choice but to contact the Demigod.]

A smile stretched across Frey's lips.

[I've finally thought of a good plan.]

[Hm?]

At that moment, Frey was thinking about Camille

His first goal would be to contact her.

Ivan sighed.

[I'll be bored. There are no monsters around her for me to kill, so how will I pass the time?]

He shot a subtle gaze at Frey who shook his head firmly.

[I can't as I'll have business to deal with.]

[Just a bit. Couldn't you just spar with me a few times?]

Only

[It's important. I will think about it after our task is finished.]

He didn't know when he'd be able to enter the High Elf village again.

To be precise, he might never again get the opportunity to see the World Tree up close.

The World Tree Hruhiral.

There was something he wanted to test on the World Tree which had been around for more than 5,000 years.

If he could do what he was thinking...then he'd get a much bigger harvest than he expected.

Season 1 Chapter 78: Hruhiral (1)

As Syax advised, Frey and Ivan did not leave the house.

However, instead of it being because they were simply following her orders, it was because they noticed the gazes of guards nearby.

It was better to stay quiet and wait than to sneak around and get caught.

Frey decided to meditate.

The mana in the Great Reynolds Forest was just as rich as in the Ispania mountains.

Although he was long past the stage where meditation would make a difference, the more powerful a Wizard was, the more habitual mediation became.

It helped to stabilize the mind and body as well as improve concentration. It was a great help when there was a lot to ponder.

Ivan, on the other hand, took a nap.

Syax returned the next day looking haggard. It seemed she had stayed up all night.

“Are you finished with your business?”

“Yeah. You can now wander around the town a bit. Except for a few restricted places.”

“Restricted places like what?”

“Places like Hruhiral. There will be Elves guarding them, so you will be able to tell at first glance.”

Syax rubbed her eyes before saying.

“The Hiralgard are working to remove the damage caused by the necromancer. It’s going to take a lot longer to restore the dead areas than I expected. It might take a week...maybe more. Ah. Hiralgard is the name of the circle.”

One week. Maybe more than that.

The delay in the contact with the circle made Frey feel that they were fortunate. It meant that they could conceal their identities a little longer.

“I can’t...I need to sleep a little.”

Syax then mumbled before stumbling to her room.

Ivan snorted as he watched her leave.

“She must’ve been up all night.”

[What should we do?]

It had now become natural for them to communicate with Telepathy or Conductive Sound.

Frey told Ivan the plan he’d concocted.

[Contact a woman among the Dark Elves named Camille. She should be somewhere in this High Elf village. If the High Elves ask why you’re looking for the Dark Elves, tell them that you want to spar.]

[Then?]

[You just need to tell them my name and that I want to meet them.]

[That’s it?]

[That's right.]

If it was Camille, she would find a way to contact him.

She would have more knowledge about the High Elves than he did. Besides, Dark Elves were masters of stealth.

This was something that he'd learned while sparring with Liamson.

Ivan grinned and nodded.

He was getting an opportunity to fight the Dark Elves anyway, so he had no intention of rejecting Frey's plan.

Frey and Ivan split up.

Since the day before, the number of people watching them was not large, so by splitting up, they were able to greatly reduce the amount of attention placed upon them.

'I don't need to go too close to Hruhiral.'

It was impossible in the first place. It didn't matter if he was a reasonable distance from the World Tree.

For his objective, it was better for him to find a quiet place.

The condition necessary to communicate with the World Tree was pure Nature Energy.

Elves, who were born in the forest, raised in the forest and live in the forest, met this condition easily. Among them, the Elven Queen was especially pure.

He'd heard that by staying in the Great Forest their entire lives, they were able to connect with nature more than anyone else.

This was what made his current plan possible.

Thanks to the Frozen River, Torkunta's Heart and his time training in the Ispania mountains where Nature Energy was overwhelmingly abundant, his body now contained just as much Nature Energy as an Elf.

Only the Queen could share their soul with the World Tree, but it was still possible for Frey to have a brief contact.

Not too long after leaving the house, he was able to find a suitable place.

It was behind and in the shadow of Hruhiral, so no Elf wanted to live there.

The team of watchers still followed him, but that didn't matter.

It was normal for Wizards to meditate in places that were rich in Nature Energy.

On the outside, he would simply look like a Wizard who was devoted to his training, so they wouldn't act hastily.

“...”

He closed his eyes and immediately felt like his mind was floating.

This could be described as a partial out-of-body experience.

Of course, this didn't mean that he was completely defenceless. He had already set up several barriers in advance, and he could still react to any nearby movement.

The world that only the mind could see was completely different.

There were dozens and hundreds of lights in a dark space. These things were spirits or, as some would call them, souls.

Some of these lights were particularly bright.

These lights represented people like Queen Snow, the Elven Elders and Ivan.

Ivan's light was intense.

Frey could approximate a person's level of skill based on the light of their soul.

And among these bright lights was a light so strong that the other lights could not compare to it even if they were all combined.

Even Ivan was only like a firefly before the sun.

Frey moved his soul closer to this bright light, and it slowly began to leave his body.

He felt the pleasant sensation of floating, followed by warmth, comfort and relaxation.

This warm, joyful feeling filled his entire body.

Frey tried to find the core of this bright light without letting go of the feeling.

Then.

"...found it."

Frey dived into the center of the light.

* * *

The world was completely white.

This was the Soul Space. (TL: or 'Spirit World'...)

It could also be called the Imaginary World.

Frey looked down at his body with surprise.

"This body..."

It wasn't Frey Blake but Lukas Trowman.

It was the body he had in his peak, in other words, before he'd died.

When he flexed his mana, he felt power that 'Frey' could not hope to match currently.

'I see. Since this is the Imaginary World, did I subconsciously see my original image?'

His expression became strange as he wondered if he had been longing for the feeling he currently had.

“Hello.”

A soft voice entered his ear.

Frey turned around.

Standing there, was a beautiful, gentle woman with brown hair. She had a presence that felt like the Goddess of Nature.

Frey bowed in a much more polite manner than when he greeted Snow.

“It’s an honour to meet you, Hruhiral.”

“Hoohoo.”

Hruhiral chuckled softly before lightly waving a hand.

The white space flickered for a moment, and in the next instant, it became a comfortable room.

They were now in a wooden house, which had warm sunlight streaming from the open windows and steaming cups of tea on a small wooden table.

Hruhiral sat at the table first before gently beckoning to him.

“Would you like a seat?”

Frey sat in front of Hruhiral without saying anything.

She picked up her tea and took a sip before speaking.

“It’s been a while since I had a chance to talk to anyone besides Elves.”

“Does it make you uncomfortable?”

“No way. I’m actually very happy right now. I’ve been longing to meet someone new for a while now.”

Hruhiral let out a laugh.

Frey also smiled.

“...there’s something I’d like to ask you.”

“If it’s about them, I have nothing to say.”

Unlike before, the voice that came out was extremely cold. There was no need to ask who ‘they’ were.

Even Hruhiral couldn’t escape the influence of the Demigods.

Frey felt a bit disappointed.

Had Hruhiral, who shared a bond with Snow, vouched against Oydin, then they would need no other witnesses.

However, that wasn’t what Frey wanted to ask.

“I understand. However, what I’m actually curious about is the past. First of all...I think I should show you something about me.”

At that moment, Frey conveyed his memories to her.

Hruhiral accepted his memories while silently admiring his ability.

‘He has a great understanding of the Soul Space.’

This was the Soul Space.

It was possible to share memories and feelings with those you were connected with.

However, such a task was not as simple to do as it sounded.

The man in front of her had a better understanding of the Soul Space than Snow, who could be said to be the most talented out of all the Queens she had witnessed.

But that was just the beginning of the surprise.

What Frey showed her were the memories of 'Lukas Trowman'.

After he gained this body, Hruhiral was the first person that he revealed this information to.

"...!"

Hruhiral's eyes widened and her mouth opened slightly.

The time it took was not long. Maybe a dozen or so seconds.

However, Hruhiral had been able to fully accept all of Frey's memories in that time.

Bloody battles with immensely powerful Demigods, a group of friends that he'd travel to the ends of the world with, being sealed by Lord, the years of solitude spent in the abyss, acquiring a new body, realising that 4,000 years had passed and the loneliness that came with knowing that no one he cared about was left.

Gulp.

A stream of tears flowed from her eyes.

The memories of Lukas were so filled with thorns and downfalls that even a transcendent being like Hruhiral who had powerful mental capabilities could not control her emotions.

It was a miracle that he did not give up after experiencing more pain than anyone could hope to imagine.

Hruhiral had no choice but to feel respect and pity for the human sitting before her.

"You've had a really, really hard time...ah! You've walked a path of pain and loneliness for so long. You really...doing all of that alone..."

Hruhiral could not find the words to express how she felt and simply cried sorrowfully.

Frey looked at her.

He knew she was crying on his behalf, yet he was calm in comparison.

“I can take it.”

“...”

Hruhiral wiped away her tears.

She understood.

This man in front of her could truly handle such pain and pressure.

She knew this because she had seen Lukas’ memories and felt what he had in those moments.

But being able to endure it and being okay were completely different.

The pain that Frey had endured and will endure in the future. The burden on his shoulders was too heavy.

An ordinary person would have already been crushed by the weight of it all. Still, in her eyes, this face, which had just said that it could endure it, looked incredibly sad at that moment.

“...I am also bound by Lord’s power.”

“I know. The power the Demigods can exert on transcendent beings is much higher.”

It was ironic.

Demigods couldn’t exert their full power on mortal creatures like Humans or Elves, but when dealing with semi-transcendent and transcendent beings like Hruhiral or Dragons, they could use their powers without restraint.

“But I want to help you. I will tell you anything you want to know.”

Hruhiral said this with a determined voice. Her attitude now was more serious than ever.

Frey looked straight into her eyes before speaking.

“I want to know what happened to my friends.”

“...”

“This is something that you should know since you are connected to all the earth in this world.”

Hruhiral, who was silent for a moment, finally opened her mouth.

“That’s right. I know how the Heroes of the Age of Light ended up. The most mysterious one was actually you, Lukas Trowman.”

Only after seeing his memories did Hruhiral understand how Lukas had disappeared without a trace.

Not even Hruhiral could see through the Absolute Field which usually surrounded 9 star Archmages.

Perhaps except Lord, who had made Lukas disappear.

It was understandable that Hruhiral found no traces since it was the power of the being considered closest to god.

“I’ll tell you everything I know. First is the Magic Warrior King. He was killed in the ‘Amakan Desert’.”

“The Amakan Desert...”

“After fighting against a Demigod for more than a week, he eventually died. It was a terrible battle.”

“...”

To die while fighting to the end. It was truly a death befitting Kasajin.

Frey praised him for being able to fight a Demigod to death on his own, but he couldn't stop the heavy feeling in his heart when he heard about his death.

"The Sword King met his end in his homeland, Icollium."

Hruhiral didn't say exactly which Demigod killed him. It seemed it was not something she could say directly, but it didn't matter.

All of this information should be stored in Anastasia by Schweiser anyway.

"And the Great Sage Schweiser Strow. His end...I can give you the details. Unfortunately."

"Unfortunately?"

Why would it be unfortunate to give him the details?

"You will have to prepare your heart. No matter how much of an impenetrable fortress your mind is."

Hwak.

At that moment, their surroundings began to change once again.

The quaint living room distorted and disappeared completely, replaced by an area that looked black and dead.

Frey looked up.

A black sun was burning in a purple sky.

He wondered if this was the way the world would look before it ended.

“...kuk.”

A painful cough was heard, causing Frey to turn around.

He saw Schweiser.

He looked just like he had in the last room of the dungeon. However, he was not in good condition.

His white robes and beard were stained with blood, and his wrists, which were visible from his sleeves, looked like withered tree branches.

Schweiser wiped blood from his mouth with his hand.

“I always knew that there was a traitor among us.”

“What?”

“But...I would never have expected it to be you. Now, I understand why the relationship between Lucid and Kasajin had worsened to such a degree, and how the Demigods got their information.”

“...hoohoot.”

At that moment, the space in front of him shifted, and a woman appeared.

Her ebony hair fluttered in the wind.

The woman wore revealing clothes that fully exposed her alluring body, and a seductive smile on her face.

Schweiser closed his eyes.

Only

“...trusted you.”

The woman laughed. Her white teeth which contrasted with her ebony hair was very eye-catching.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Schweiser. We both know that’s not true.”

“I wasn’t talking about me.”

Schweiser staggered slightly and shook his head.

Then, with clear eyes, he looked toward the woman, Iris Phisfounder, and said.

“Lukas...trusted you.”

Season 1 Chapter 79: Hruhiral (2)

‘Today is the day I die.’

Schweiser predicted his own demise.

His internal organs were a mess. Even if no one came to finish him off, he probably wouldn’t live to see another day.

But in the end, Iris had come to finish the job herself. Because of this, his probability of survival plummeted to zero.

His life flashed before his eyes like a kaleidoscope of memories.

He didn't have many happy memories.

Meeting Lukas for the first time, learning magic in the magic tower and finding friends who would accompany him for the rest of his life. The sincere gratitude from his students.

...But there were countless bad memories.

Especially after Lukas died.

In the face of death, Schweiser realised why a calm heart preceded regret or fear.

'I'm so tired.'

Schweiser looked at Iris before saying.

"Lukas trusted you. So I... no, we all trusted you."

He disliked Iris Phisfounder.

But it was not to the extent of being hatred or disgust.

Instead, as someone who had overcome countless trials with her, he felt like he knew her more than anyone else.

This was why he found it hard to believe that she had betrayed them.

He'd just assumed that she could not accept Lukas' death and had shut herself off from the rest.

He never would have guessed this outcome.

"Same here. While we were teammates, I trusted all of you."

"...do you know what you are doing?"

Blood began to clog his throat.

Unable to hold it in, Schweiser turned his head and spat. Pieces of his organs were visible in the blood.

He struggled to wipe his mouth again.

“Lukas’s life-long desire was to completely destroy the Demigods. And now you are directly opposing that wish.”

“You are making it sound like the subjugation of the Demigods will end with your death. Aren’t you overestimating yourself too much?”

Iris was still smiling.

Schweiser couldn’t tell what she was thinking.

She only ever revealed her true emotions in front of Lukas. In front of him, she became a girl in love.

However, the dense Lukas never seemed to realise it.

“Are you blaming us? Do you think that we are the ones who drove Lukas to his death?”

“I don’t have any feelings towards you guys.”

Iris walked towards Schweiser slowly while speaking in a sing-song voice.

“This is the truth. Of course...it did make me sick to see you trying to take Lukas’ place.”

“As you said, my abilities were lacking.”

“Ahaha. Don’t pretend to be modest, Schweiser. It’s disgusting.”

Iris let out a laugh as she said those vicious words.

Had the situation not been the way it was, she might have been able to take his words as a bad joke.

“What are you going to do next?”

“Next?”

“After killing me.”

“That’s not something you need to know.”

Schweiser looked at her with sunken eyes.

“Are you really working with the Demigods?”

“...”

Iris’ smile faded, and a strange light seemed to flash in her eyes.

“If so...I’m sure that Lukas would feel extremely disappointed, even in death.”

For the first time, anger erupted on her young, beautiful face.

“Shut your mouth. Lukas isn’t dead.”

“...”

After a while, a bright, seductive smile appeared on Iris’ face once again.

“Schweiser, I’m sorry that I have to kill you. Truly.”

Paat.

In that instant, a crack appeared in Schweiser’s chest, from which blood poured out like a fountain.

He felt no pain.

He couldn’t speak for when he was at his peak, but there was definitely no way for him to defend against Iris’ attacks now.

He could hear Iris' whisper through his fading consciousness.

"Don't worry, and take a rest, Schweiser. I will fulfill Lukas' wish personally."

Schweiser's body collapsed, his blood forming a pool around him.

"Because I've thought of a way to deal with the Demigods. However, it's impossible in 'this era'. A little more time will have to pass. Enough to drive them into a corner. Perhaps...4,000 years..."

"..."

"I know, it's a very long time. But that's fine, I'm patient. Ah. You probably can't even hear me anymore."

Iris shrugged and left.

Schweiser couldn't even watch her departure. His head was slowly sinking into his pool of blood on the dead earth.

'My eyelids are heavy.'

He knew that if he closed his eyes now, he would never open them again.

So Schweiser stood up.

No, he tried to stand up.

Thump.

Schweiser struggled but ended up falling face first into his blood again.

His body felt like it weighed a ton.

'In the end...in the end, I accomplished nothing.' (TL:...in the end, it doesn't even matter... πππ)

He couldn't defeat the Demigods, bring his friends back together or even prevent Iris' betrayal.

No. In the first place, he couldn't even prevent Lukas' death.

How unsightly.

He never felt more undeserving of the title Great Sage than at that moment.

'I have to get up...'

He felt that even death was a luxury he didn't deserve. But his body wouldn't move.

He'd lost too much blood. It was an injury that even a Saint wouldn't be able to heal if they were to come.

'In the end...I still failed.'

His vision became blurry.

Schweiser realised that he was crying.

This was the first time he'd cried since Lukas disappeared.

His lips parted slightly.

"...I'm sorry."

I'm sorry, Lukas.

I'm so sorry.

It's impossible for me now.

...how embarrassing.

* * *

Hruhiral shook her hand, causing the scene to fade away.

She turned to look at Frey.

He had a rather strange expression on his face.

It felt like he was angry and grieving, yet at the same time, it still felt like there were no changes to his emotion.

'No.'

There was no way he was okay.

Hruhiral knew just how much he cared about his four friends. Because she had seen his memories.

Iris had betrayed him, and he had even seen her kill his best friend, Schweiser.

This would be incredibly difficult for Frey, who cared about his friends more than anyone else could imagine, to accept.

Still, there was something she had to say.

Hruhiral opened her mouth with a stiff expression.

“Iris Phisfounder is still alive.”

“Alive. In this era?”

“Yes. But...there is no guarantee that she is the woman you remember because too much time has passed. It’s possible that even if you were to meet her again, you would not be able to recognize her.”

Frey remained silent.

It was natural that she would not be able to recognize him since he now had the face of ‘Frey’. But Iris would have to become an entirely different person for Frey to be unable to recognize her.

And it was possible that it was not just her appearance that had changed.

Frey remembered Schweiser.

He remembered the tears that he had shed at the end.

'I'm sorry.'

And just like in his note in the dungeon, Schweiser had apologised to him.

He didn't have to.

Frey felt that he was the one who should apologise.

He had irresponsibly and impulsively fought against Lord and lost.

And now, he was seeing the consequences of his actions.

All the heroes who had been fighting to save mankind were now dead.

Except for one.

'Iris.'

When he recalled her face, he couldn't help the heavy feeling from filling his heart again.

He still couldn't believe that she really killed Schweiser.

A part of him felt like it still wasn't true. But he was forced to accept the truth.

What Hruhiral had shown him was one of the earth's memories, which meant it was something that had definitely happened.

It was something that was impossible to fabricate. And even if it was an illusion, there was no way he wouldn't see through it.

Hruhiral said that Iris was still alive.

This was information that he would have originally been pleased to learn.

There was someone from the same era as him who had survived 4,000 years. Moreover, it was one of the friends who he had opened his heart to, so it would be strange if he didn't feel a sense of joy.

However, Iris killed Schweiser.

“...”

There must have been a reason for it.

She might have been threatened, or she might have acted after coming up with a plan of her own.

Regardless, she wouldn't kill Schweiser for no reason. Because she was a reasonable person.

But that didn't matter to Frey right now.

The important thing was that Iris had killed Schweiser. Regardless of her circumstances or reason, that fact could not be changed.

Killing a friend.

That was something that Frey, no. That Lukas would never accept.

...It seemed there were more and more things that he had to do.

Not so long ago, he'd thought that he would be able to relax. But he couldn't.

There were so many things that he had to do and so many things that he had to look into.

Frey felt like he didn't have time.

He looked back at what he'd been doing. Until now, he'd assumed that he was making good progress.

He thought that he was calmly putting one foot in front of the other without being impatient.

He hadn't spent his time in vain. In fact, he even had a few achievements.

But...he had been too relaxed.

"It's not enough."

Frey muttered to himself.

Hruhiral tilted her head slightly.

"Huh?"

Oydin Predickwood, the Apocalypse's Apostle.

To subdue him, Frey had tried to be cautious and careful.

Without alerting him, without revealing his identity, he would have slowly applied pressure onto him as if driving his prey into a corner.

But was that really the best way?

Wasn't excessive prudence just as bad?

It was time to reconsider.

'As time passes, Oydin will get continually stronger. He'll keep growing stronger every day until he is defeated.'

Riki had told him that Oydin was already strong enough to defeat them even if they worked together. So what would happen if a week or more passed?

Or what if the situation became complicated and they ended up being delayed till just before the deadline?

How strong would Oydin be by then?

Frey, no. Lukas was once defeated by the terrifying being known as Lord.

He'd thought that he'd gotten over it, but that didn't seem to be the case. The defeat from that time had left a deep scar on his heart.

So even when he was dealing with Oydin, he tried his best.

He was moving under the impression that he would become stronger as time passed. But Oydin was the same.

He knew that.

Yet he still didn't make an effort to move quickly. This was because it was more comfortable to prepare thoroughly.

The fact that Oydin was Snow's blood relative was a good excuse.

Frey realised what he was lacking.

Of course, there were many aspects of him that had improved compared to 4,000 years ago, Like his calmness, coldness and experience.

If so, what had worsened when compared to then?

'Ambition.'

He had been determined. To the point where he was even willing to throw away his life.

4,000 years ago, in a situation where defeat was inevitable, he would have still tried to take down even a single Demigod with him.

Sometimes, there were even moments when he would throw his body into thorny situations without hesitation.

At that moment.

Frey regained that desperate mindset that he'd lost 4,000 years ago.

Then, he was able to view his present situation from a different angle.

He could not delay this any longer.

Oydin was a barrel of gunpowder that could explode at any moment without warning.

He was a risk factor that needed to be dealt with even if it was a second sooner. He shouldn't give him any time.

Wait for Oydin to contact the Demigod?

Report to Snow after obtaining conclusive evidence?

Only

No. This was not a situation where he could be so relaxed.

He would kill Oydin before the Elves could notice.

Even if his relationship with the Great Forest became sour as a result, it was still nothing compared to being able to kill a Demigod.

His thoughts were still complicated, and his chest still felt like it was filled with dark clouds.

But he knew what he needed to do now.

‘Tonight.’

He would settle it before dawn.

Season 1 Chapter 80: Hruhiral (3)

“Thank you for accepting my request.”

Learning of his friends’ deaths was like prying open the wounds that Frey had tried so hard to cover, and the sadness that followed was daunting.

Nevertheless, it was something he had to confirm.

As Frey bowed in gratitude, Hruhiral shook her hand.

“I’m happy to help you, Lukas. No, it should be Frey now.”

“Call me whatever you like....Hruhiral, the forest will be noisy tonight.”

Frey informed her honestly.

He immediately noticed the grief that filled Hruhiral’s eyes, but he had no intentions of changing his plan.

He had already made up his mind.

Hruhiral sighed.

There would be many casualties that night, and it would leave a deep scar in the forest that would take a long time to heal.

For her, it was no different from watching her children get hurt. But there was nothing she could say.

Because she understood the fate of the man standing before her.

“Blessed be your path ahead...”

And more than that, she hoped that happiness, tranquility and good fortune would follow him.

Before Frey's mind was utterly destroyed.

"Thank you."

As Frey's words left his lips, his surroundings began to blur.

It was a sign that he was leaving the Soul Space. Hruhiral's face was covered in a bright light before her figure disappeared completely.

"..."

After returning to his body, Frey slowly opened his eyes. His body was cold and stiff as though he'd slept outside during the night.

Frey got up from his seat and looked at the sky.

The sun was just setting.

'It should've been about half a day.'

It wasn't exactly that long, but it should be around that time.

He could still feel the presence of watchers around him. Frey stretched before heading back to Syax's house.

Creak.

When he opened the door, he found Ivan doing one-handed handstand pushups, his arm bending and straightening at a steady tempo.

When he looked closely, he realised that he was actually using one finger instead of his whole hand.

His entire body was being supported by one index finger.

"Two thousand eight hundred seventeen, two thousand eight hundred eighteen..."

"..."

For a second he wondered if he had misheard as the numbers he just heard far surpassed even his wildest imagination.

.

Seeing that his entire body was dripping with sweat, it seemed that quite some time had passed since he'd started his training.

[I met the woman called Camille. She said she would come when the sun had set completely.]

Ivan sent a message over to Frey without looking up or stopping his pushups. This showed that such an act had already become natural.

Frey also responded telepathically while pretending to not care about the bizarre spectacle before him.

[Good work. But it would be best if you stopped working out though.]

[Why? I'm now starting to feel a burn.]

[Because we're going to deal with Oydin tonight. You'll need to be in your best condition.]

"..."

Ivan's rhythmic movement faltered for a moment.

Frey could instantly feel the battle lust that exuded from his body.

Taht.

Ivan applied force to his finger and shot up off the ground before flipping once and landing on his feet.

“I need to rest a little. There’s a stream nearby; I’ll go wash there.”

Then he went outside.

Frey watched him leave before heading deeper into the house.

Syax was sitting at a table mixing herbs. After a quick glance, he saw that she was mixing various medicinal and poisonous herbs.

“You were gone for a long time. What were you up to?”

“I was just doing some meditation nearby. I’m sorry, but do you have anything to eat?”

He was hungry since he hadn’t had anything to eat all day.

Syax stood up while saying.

“Wait here.”

After a little while, she came back with a bowl in her hands. Frey thought that it would be a salad similar to the day before, but he was surprised to find that it was a stew.

There was even meat in it.

“This?”

“I’m sorry about yesterday. It was my first time entertaining human guests...”

It seemed the plain salad that she’d left yesterday was not intentional.

Frey shook his head.

“It wasn’t bad.”

“I’m glad to hear. Ivan didn’t seem to like it.”

“He’s just an immature guy. It’s like someone complaining about having no side dishes. Just ignore him.”

“Hoohoo.”

Syax chuckled softly at Frey's joke.

Frey sat at the table and took a sip of the stew.

It was delicious.

It seemed that she had learned to make stew very well during her adventures around the continent.

"It's delicious."

"Great. Are you going to rest tonight?"

"I think so."

"I have some work to do. I will probably be back by tomorrow morning."

"Alright. I'll tell Ivan."

"Please do."

Syax left the house, and Frey returned to his room.

Then he blew the candles out, sat on the bed and started meditating.

It was unexpected, but Syax's absence made Camille's imminent visit much easier.

When the sun had set completely and moonlight settled upon the village, Frey felt something.

He slowly opened his eyes.

“...”

There was someone standing in a dark corner of the room. The person's body, though blurred slightly by the darkness, had curvature that could only belong to a woman.

Frey spoke calmly.

“It's been a while, Camille.”

She didn't answer and instead stood there. Frey released the illusion of Kain on his face and showed her the 'Frey' she knew.

Only then did Camille step forward, following the sound of a quick breath.

She spoke in a confused tone.

“...it really is you, Frey. I was looking forward to meeting you again, but I never expected it to be in a High Elf village.”

“Likewise.”

Camille had a strange expression on her face.

“I heard rumors that you joined the Trowman Rings. Besides, the Phisfounder Armlets...”

“...?”

Camille, who had a strange expression for a while, eventually shook her head.

“No, I don’t think it’s something I should say here. Anyway, why are you here?”

“That...”

Frey briefly explained everything that happened up until that point.

Of course, there were some things that he kept hidden. For example, the meeting with Riki.

He couldn't explain to the Circle that he'd made a temporary alliance with a Demigod, and an Apocalypse at that.

Camille's expression became serious after hearing everything.

Especially when she heard that Oydin was the Apostle. At that moment, even Camille, who had experienced countless difficult situations, could not control her emotions.

"Is it really Oydin..."

"He appears to be the Queen's blood relative."

"That's not exactly true. The relationship between Oydin and the Queen is a bit strange."

"Strange?"

"Queen Snow was adopted by the Predickwood family."

"Adopted..."

It was a word rarely used when referring to Elves.

Camille smiled bitterly since she also knew this fact.

“It doesn’t happen much in Elven society. But this time, it was unavoidable. The Queens from every generation are born from the Predickwood family. However, no girls were born in this generation.”

He didn’t know that the position of Queen was hereditary.

“So they adopted Snow?”

“Right. You met Queen Snow, didn’t you? You should’ve been able to tell that she is not a High Elf.”

“Indeed...”

Frey recalled Snow’s appearance.

Except for her white skin, none of her characteristics were that of a High Elf.

“She’s an Ice Elf.”

“This is the first I’ve heard of that.”

In addition to High Elves and Dark Elves, he knew of Wood Elves and Grey Elves, but this was the first time he'd ever heard about Ice Elves.

Camille nodded as though she expected as much.

"They're not a race from the Great Forest. They're a small group who live in the Frozen Lands in the far north."

"The Frozen Lands in the far north..."

That was a place where only animals and monsters that had thick fur could live. He didn't expect that there would be Elves living there too.

Camille continued with a serious expression.

"Oydin was a friend of Chief Reeves. I heard he had a lot of complaints when Snow was chosen to take the position of Queen. He believed that he would be able to communicate with Hruhiral."

"I guess it wasn't possible."

"There has never been a case of a male Elf communicating with Hruhiral before. Oydin was very talented, but he couldn't change history....Even if he was able to form a connection with Hruhiral, he would not have gotten the seat in place of Snow."

"..."

“It’s already been a few decades since then. At that time, it was said that Oydin’s anger was enough to burn the entire forest down.”

Enough to burn the forest down.

This was an idiom that was often used by the Elves. Simply put, it meant he was extremely angry. If it had been anyone but Frey, the listener might not have understood what it meant.

“...then at some point, he just went silent. Since then, everyone believed he’d change as he became extremely hard working and did his best to benefit the Great Forest, even to the extent of becoming one of Queen Snow’s greatest aides.”

He must’ve become an Apostle at that time.

Camille mumbled under her breath before biting her lip.

Frey asked the thing that concerned him the most.

“Is Oydin strong?”

“Very strong.”

Camille answered assertively.

“Oydin is a Spiritualist. He has even managed to sign a contract with the Wind Spirit King. High Elves have naturally higher spirits than other Elves, and Oydin is extremely talented, even among High Elves.”

“...Spiritual Energy wouldn't collide with Divine Power.”

This meant that he would be able to use the power of the Spirit King together with the power of Death.

This made dealing with Oydin several times trickier.

‘4,000 years ago, the Spirit Kings would never work with Demigods.’

If so, the Spirit King, who had an extremely acute sense of pride, would not lend its power to Oydin, who had become an Apostle.

“Camille, I'm going to attack Oydin now.”

“Right now? Aren't you being too hasty?”

“No. Rather, now might be the best time.”

No matter what happened, Oydin would eventually learn about their presence.

Since they were outsiders who were here to hunt the necromancer, it was inevitable that he would not view them in a friendly light.

Therefore, the best time to launch a sneak attack was when he had yet to notice their presence in the village.

“...Alright. I’ll help you.”

“Are you sure?”

“You sent your partner to call me here to ask for it anyway. But I didn’t expect him to be the Magic Warrior King’s Successor. He’s really no joke.”

“What happened?”

“He provoked our young warriors. They couldn’t take the beating and came to find me, but I couldn’t even touch the hem of his shirt.”

It was as expected.

He wasn’t belittling the power of the Dark Elves, but they could not hope to defeat Ivan.

“That man is a monster. I don’t think even Chief Reeves would be able to face him in a head-on confrontation.”

Camille shook her head for a moment before she looked at Frey again and asked.

“So what would you like me to do?”

“Did you see the watchers who are looking over Ivan and me?”

“I did. It was embarrassingly easy to avoid their notice.”

It was less than he expected.

Even Frey hadn’t been able to identify just how many there were. As expected of a Dark Elf.

“Please knock them out. Only until sunrise. Can you do that?”

“It’s not difficult, but...”

Camille looked worried about something.

Frey immediately understood what it was that worried her.

"I will take full responsibility. If something goes wrong and the High Elves accuse you, tell them that you were blackmailed."

"I'm sorry."

"There's no need to apologise. Just this much is already tremendously helpful."

Only

He meant it.

Camille was staying with the High Elves as a guest. There was no way she would want to be put in a difficult situation.

She had already hardened her resolve and decided to help. In particular, not just anyone would be able to get rid of the eyes watching him in a stealthy manner.

This point was especially important since the Elves had extremely sensitive vision and hearing.

This was something that only Camille, who had both stealth and skill, could easily accomplish.

"Then, please."

“Leave it to me.”

Camille’s figure disappeared.