

Great Mage 711

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

Season 2 Chapter 411

Hundreds of metres away from the crater the black lightning had created when it struck.

Sama Ryeong and Daihad looked down at the forest. Immediately after the lightning had struck, they decided to move to this place to get a better grasp of the situation.

Thanks to that, they were able to see everything that ensued from the beginning.

Mantis who had appeared first, and Jacob who appeared after. It seemed like they exchanged a few words before Jacob attacked first, but Mantis was able to avoid his attack and go into the pit at the same time.

Then.

“Mantis is dead.”

Daihad spoke in a calm voice.

“It ended in one blow.”

“...”

Sama Ryeong’s deep gaze shook slightly. Her gaze was locked onto the crater that had been created by the black lightning, and the Black Knight that had come out of it.

A terrifying amount of death energy flowed out of the Knight’s entire body.

“So this is the ‘next stage’ that you were talking about. It certainly looks hard to take down.”

“...what?”

Daihad turned to her with an absurd expression.

“Hard to take down? It’s not just at that level. Don’t tell me you don’t know what that Black Knight is?”

“Do you know?”

“...huh.”

Daihad made a sound of frustration as he shook his head.

“You must be much younger than I thought. That, or you have a very bad relationship with Flower Mountain’s Sect Leader.”

Sama Ryeong’s expression became cold. She didn’t know if it was intentional or not, but Daihad had just touched her bottom line.

“Why are you talking about that man here?”

Even though there was no way he didn't notice the killing intent mixed in her voice, Daihad responded in a flat tone.

"Because that Knight is something that all Twelve Void Lords are aware of."

"..."

"Do you know about the King's Knights?"

Sama Ryeong nodded. They were the judges who defended the King and his castle. She'd never seen them before, but she'd heard of them. In fact, it was knowledge that any intelligent being in this place should know.

To never get involved with the King's Knights. If you somehow got involved, get out of their way and run.

However...

"I've never heard of a Black Knight."

The White Knight, Red Knight, and Blue Knight.

Those were the members of the King's Knights that Sama Ryeong knew of.

She'd never heard of a Black Knight before.

"The King's Knights didn't exist from the beginning. Every time they appeared, there was a huge change in the world. Of course, it is still unknown whether they appear around the time of the change, or if it's their appearance that causes the change."

"Change..."

"You must be aware of the unusual phenomenon that recently occurred in this world."

Of course, she knew.

An unauthorised person had appeared in this world where only the forgotten or abandoned could come.

It was a being so great that even the residents of this world had heard its name before.

A Ruler, the Seven Fanged Dragon God.

"According to our calculations, an invasion from the outside will eventually occur through 'some point'. The boundary between this place and the outside world. It's also possible that in the not so distant future, the boundary will become so murky that even we will be able to come and go."

"That's impossible."

Sama Ryeong denied it.

This was because she knew just how absurd Daihad's words were. Of course, it would be interesting if such a reality did come to pass in this world, but the World of Void was not a place for living beings from the outside.

Even if outsiders had a hard time understanding it, it had its own laws and structure.

And the words Daihad had just spoken were a direct denial of the essential providence of the World of Void.

The world of the abandoned, the forgotten. A place that was nothing more than a dumpster for those beings to come.

And once they were thrown away, garbage could not go back outside. This was decided when this world was born. And it was clear that this rule had been absolutely maintained over billions and trillions of years.

So if what Daihad was saying was the truth, it would be a big surprise.

Would the purpose of the World of Void, or its innate role, be blurred? If so then what? What would happen to the world that had lost its original role?

Could they continue calling it the World of Void?

"I heard that the central point of Flower Mountain was weak, but it seems to be true. I can't believe you don't even know this information. Or is it that you're simply not on good terms with the man who just became one of the Twelve Void Lords?"

"..."

"Was it Yang In-hyun? The Everlasting Plum Sword's real name. That man really doesn't know where he's going. He didn't even attend the meeting held now so long ago. Plus-"

"Let's assume your words are right."

Sama Ryeong didn't want to talk about Yang In-hyun so she interrupted him.

"Why would such a great Knight appear in a test like this?"

"If there is one question that I cannot answer at this point, it would be that."

That meant that he didn't know either

He always pretended to know everything, but in the end, he didn't know the key thing. Naturally, this caused Sama Ryeong's eyes to narrow slightly in amusement.

"Jacob is probably dead."

She'd seen the Black Knight bury his fist in his stomach. Even the trained eyes of Sama Ryeong had missed his instantaneous movement. The Wizard Jacob wouldn't have had time to respond.

His body had shot through the forest like a cannonball. He'd flown for maybe a few hundred metres. By the time he landed, his body might not have even been distinguishable.

"Then that means there are three or four test participants remaining."

The two of them there, Haspin, and finally, Lukas.

Where were the other two? There was no way they hadn't noticed this commotion.

"Now, then, what will we do from now on? Or choices-"

[There are two options.]

“...!”

They turned around.

The Black Knight was standing there.

‘This crazy...’

Daihad swallowed his curse.

There were no signs. His 17 precision detection devices could catch the yawn of an ant hundreds of kilometres away if he wanted to. And yet, as if all his detectors had stopped working simultaneously, he didn’t receive any kind of warning.

That wasn’t all.

Despite the fact that they were now standing face to face, he still could not detect any biological signature. It was almost like...

“I see.”

A smile appeared on Daihad’s cold sweat drenched face.

“So the Black Knight of Death. Is an Undead?”

[That doesn’t matter. Rather, I’d like to explain two options to you.]

The Black Knight spoke in a blunt tone.

It was strange.

His voice didn’t feel emotionless. Instead it seemed to carry a sense of nobility and intimidation as if they were spoken by a formal Knight.

“Two options?”

Sama Ryeong asked again.

Her sword was already slightly drawn. Daihad had completely missed the arrival of the Black Knight, but Sama Ryeong had been able to feel something strange for a moment.

Of course, if the opponent’s purpose had been battle instead of conversation, and he’d arrived while swinging his sword at the same time, she wasn’t sure if she would have been able to block his attack.

“The important thing.”

Wasn’t that.

Sama Ryeong looked at the Black Knight with a piercing gaze.

...If they were to get into a fight, how would she fight?

She could not see any openings. No matter how she attacked, it would be easily blocked, and then her body would be pierced a moment later. That was the only conclusion she could envision.

This was the second time she'd felt such a feeling of helplessness from a Swordsman.

"I guess you're thinking of making an offer to us."

Although he didn't show it on his face, Daihad inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. He had already completed his calculations. Their odds of winning against this monster were less than 0.01 percent. That was also the percentage that would only appear if there were a few lucky coincidences.

A battle with such odds was not a fight, it was suicide. And Daihad had no intention of just throwing his life away like that.

[The first is to fight and die.]

"...kuku. I suppose that is a joke to loosen our shoulders a bit. Then what's the other option?"

The Black Knight continued in the same tone without any traces of humor.

[To die obediently.]

"What?"

[Because I don't want to waste time. I believe those options are the best for both parties.]

"You've gone too far. Your joke isn't funny anymore."

[...]

The Black Knight didn't respond. He just looked at them with an ominous gaze.

Daihad's expression hardened at that. Because he realised.

He was speaking the truth.

"...you've got to be kidding me."

His expression flashed with unusual anger.

"Neither of those choices have merit for us. You should study proposals and negotiations more."

[They have enough merit. If you choose the latter, you can die comfortably.]

"Do you think we're afraid of pain or something like that?"

[I do not know that. However, there is something that every living being fears.]

"What's that?"

[An unacceptable death.]

That one phrase seemed to press down heavily on the surroundings.

[Unfortunately, it seems you didn't accept my offer. In that case, I'll assume you chose option one.]

The Black Knight slowly drew his sword.

Daihad looked down at his body. A very thin line was engraved on the surface of his extremely durable power suit.

“I couldn’t... even... observe...”

Squelch, starting from the thin line, Daihad’s body split into two halves. Sama Ryeong, who’d been dazedly staring at the sight, immediately came to her senses and lowered her head hurriedly.

She could feel the blade silently pass over her head. The fact that she was able to avoid the attack was purely because of her combat experience and the fact that her main weapon was a sword.

When the line was left on Daihad’s power suit, Sama Ryeong had thought that the best time to attack would have been when the Black Knight was drawing his sword to make the horizontal slash.

But she hadn’t dared to move.

Terror, fear and hesitation. At that moment, any excuse would be the answer.

Sama Ryeong didn’t want to be the first to make a move against this monster.

But the Black Knight’s figure had suddenly disappeared afterward.

“Kuk.”

And she heard Daihad’s voice which seemed to be mixed with water. She could guess how bitter his wide eyes were. Although she couldn’t accurately predict the scene, she could still guess the first few moments.

Then, considering the difference in physique between Daihad and herself, and the distance, she wondered what her next attack would be if she were the Black Knight. These thoughts came naturally without any conscious act on her part.

Then she reached a conclusion.

The part the Black Knight would aim for was her face.

And the attack method would be a stab.

It was a simple guess on her part, but the Black Knight moved as she’d expected, allowing Sama Ryeong to successfully evade his attack.

In summary, Sama Ryeong had won the first encounter of her battle with the Black Knight.

Surely he would...

“...!”

It felt like electricity had flowed through the hair that had been brushed. The terror made her limbs heavy.

It was strange. Sama Ryeong thought she had good control of her fear, but now she was having trouble suppressing it.

“Kuk...!”

Biting her lip as if the pain would suppress her fear, she used the fastest technique of the Plum Blossom Style that she could unfold at this time.

In an instant, the light flashed on her blade as it rushed towards the Black Knight’s chest.

Clang!

It hit.

Not his sword, she directly hit his armour.

But she was unable to penetrate it, to be precise, there wasn’t even a scratch on the black armour. Instead, it was the wrist of Sama Ryeong, who had attacked, that throbbed.

“What is this-”

Monster.

She wasn’t able to finish her words.

Because the Black Knight began his offensive once again.

* * *

“The ignorant call anything they can’t understand ‘magic’.”

One of the Twelve Void Lords, The Wizard of Genesis, the Staff of Beginning.

But he was most well known by the nickname Beginning Wizard.

The Lord of the Magic Planet had always told the Wizards this.

“It’s ironic that the thoughtless remarks of these people are infinitely close to the true essence of magic. Because magic in its truest sense is something that cannot be understood by anyone.”

His old voice resounded.

“Magic is not a field of study. Or rather, it shouldn’t be a field of study. If there are hundreds of Wizards, then there should be hundreds of different kinds of magic.”

A wrinkled face turned to Jacob.

“The nature and interaction of mana? Structured teaching and discipline? That is all false. It’s the same for the word magicology. In fact, that word in itself is a contradiction.”

“Create your own world in your head. Do not be understood by anyone, and do not share with anyone. You have to be outrageously self righteous. Remember. The moment your world is understood by someone else, your identity as a Wizard fades.”

“To become a true Wizard, a Truth Seeker...”

That was a statement that penetrated Jacob’s life.

He'd become a Truth Seeker because he could not forget that voice or those teachings. It was also because of them that he was able to become one of the greatest Wizards in Magic Planet.

The title Truth Seeker of Magic Planet was only given to the Magic Planet's greatest Wizards.

That was why Jacob could be arrogant. He could not let go of his pride because he had always been better than others. He showed a similar attitude even to his comrades who were not Truth Seekers.

'The knowledge of a Wizard is self righteous.'

That was a lesson Jacob would never forget

* * *

Jacob opened his eyes.

"Cough."

He coughed up a mouthful of thick blood. He had been bleeding internally.

'Did I lose consciousness?'

For how long?

He looked around with slightly blurred vision. Shattered wood fragments, deep grooves and dirt that seemed to have been unsettled recently met his gaze. It was none other than the scar that had been created by his own flying body.

In other words, it had only been a few seconds since he'd shot through the forest like a cannonball.

It could be called a short time, but when considering the monster who'd made him that way in the first place, it wouldn't have been strange for him to have died dozens of times in that period.

'That guy is a monster.'

He hadn't been able to see him move until his fist was buried in his stomach, or perhaps even after that. This proved just how great the difference in level was.

"Intere-, sting."

Jacob grinned. Blood dripped from his mouth, staining his teeth red, but he didn't care.

He got to his feet. His legs were shaking, but he'd managed to stay on his feet. This meant that he didn't have any broken bones.

That was enough for now.

He glared at the Knight through the dust. He didn't see anyone.

How far had he flown? No. Was he still there in the first place?

'It's like this after one blow...'

At best, his chances of winning were 1 percent. In truth, just thinking about it made his legs tremble. It would be a lie to say he wasn't scared. Even if he managed to deceive his head, he couldn't deceive his body.

The Black Knight that scattered death.

If what Jacob heard was true, he was a monster that he couldn't deal with.

Then would he run away?

'No.'

That wasn't an option.

He had no choice but to fight.

Jacob's smile widened.

No one would understand how he could smile in this situation, but that thought just made him smile more.

In order to not be understood.

In order to be seen as incomprehensible.

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

Season 2 Chapter 412

Clang, clang!

Twice.

She blocked the incoming attacks.

Still, with every clash, she felt her joints creak. In fact, it had already been a few minutes.

'A few minutes?'

She wasn't mistaken. As mentioned before, Sama Ryeong's body clock was very accurate. That's why she herself was surprised.

Without realising it, she had already lasted this long?

It was as if a beam of white light had formed in Sama Ryeong's eyes. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say she was in a trance. Her brain, which didn't stop analysing, seemed to be heating up endlessly to the point of becoming white ashes.

'His swordsmanship itself is simple.'

It was fundamentally different from the swordsmanship of the Central Murim. It didn't have the sense of grandeur that came from being developed over numerous years. It also didn't seem to be a sword technique from a different era that was modified, developed, or inherited across generations.

'He seems to have reinterpreted a swordsmanship he encountered, and developed it in a more suitable direction for himself.

Although she used the word reinterpretation, in reality, the process must have been much closer to creation.

In other words, this meant that he was a Grandmaster with the ability to create his own sword technique.

This was the reason why she couldn't feel any grandeur in his swordsmanship.

'Moreover.'

It was closer to a guess, but she didn't believe his sword technique was initially designed to be used against humans.

Clang!

Their swords met once again.

Now that she was somewhat used to the Black Knight's ridiculous speed, she was able to mix in counterattacks of her own on occasion. Nevertheless, that didn't mean the situation was any better.

'I can't land an effective blow.'

That damned black armour. She had no idea what metal it was made of. But one thing was clear, even the swordsmanship of Sama Ryeong, which could easily cut a diamond, couldn't leave even a single scratch on that black armour.

But after a while, Sama Ryeong came to realise that it wasn't the Black Knight's armour that gave him that ridiculous defence.

'Self Defence Rigid Ki.'

It was a technique that entailed emitting rigid ki from the danjeon like armour to increase the defence of the body. This was something that only experts who'd reached the peak could use, but the consumption was so high that even the experts were hesitant to use it unless it was an emergency.

'The black ki is covering this guy's entire body.'

It couldn't all be rigid ki. However, if it was something similar to that...

For a moment, Sama Ryeong was terrified by that thought.

Clang!

"Kuk."

She swallowed. The shock was so great that it felt like her internal organs were being flipped. As she didn't manage to swallow in time, blood dripped from the corner of her lips.

As mentioned before, Self Defence Rigid Ki was a technique that consumed a lot of internal power. It wasn't just the peak experts, even Masters who had climbed above the peak had trouble maintaining it

for a long time. It was a technique that was terribly inefficient. That's why Masters usually chose to only protect their vital points unless it was an emergency.

The Black Knight was different.

From the moment he'd appeared, he'd been spewing black ki from all over his body. That's why she'd been mistaken. She hadn't thought he'd be able to spew rigid ki like water.

'This monster's internal power doesn't seem to have a limit.'

Fwoosh, for a moment, the Black Knight's form seemed to grow larger. She felt a deep chill throughout her body.

This was dangerous. She couldn't move. It wasn't just a feeling. If she were to move recklessly, her body would be shredded like a rag.

'He's using rigid ki and intangible spirit ki at the same time.'

In doing this, he forcefully reduced Sama Ryeong's countermeasures to one.

To only defend.

Clang!

"..."

A simple downward chop. No. It couldn't even be called a chop. It was a crude movement that was similar to roughly swinging a club.

Nevertheless, the force behind it was tremendous. The ground around Sama Ryeong sank greatly, her waist and knees were bent almost to their limits, and her internal bleeding became worse. But she didn't have time to cough out the blood. This was because three successive attacks bombarded Sama Ryeong.

'This motherfucker...!?'

The third strike had been the most dangerous. She almost lost consciousness.

The Black Knight had changed the combat route.

Realising that he couldn't easily overwhelm her with speed or skill, he chose to tie down Sama Ryeong's feet first.

Then there was a series of simple downward chops.

Not once, but three times.

'...now I know.'

The reason why the bad feeling didn't disappear even after she'd gradually become more familiar with the Black Knight's movements to the point of being able to occasionally counterattack.

This guy hadn't been giving it his all. Was this some kind of test?

...If that were the case, then the results would be coming out soon.

Sama Ryeong realised that her body had reached its limit. She would not be able to block the next attack. Just as she faced the blade with a feeling of hopelessness.

A hint of light appeared behind the Black Knight. The Black Knight paused.

Ping-

With a sound similar to shaking glass, a beam of light shot towards the Black Knight. Its speed wasn't very fast. The Black Knight began to swing his sword to block the beam of light, but suddenly he jumped away and avoided it as if he realised something.

"Huk..."

The pressure from the intangible spirit ki disappeared.

Feeling free, Sama Ryeong let out a breath. Nevertheless, she couldn't let go of the tension that filled her entire body. Her body was already at its limits, so her current movements were basically being driven by her mental power instead of physical function.

Her ankles were in an especially bad state. She'd felt pain as if they'd been broken, but at that time she could not check because of the Black Knights consecutive attacks.

When she checked them, they were both swollen to the size of a young child's fist.

"Huu..."

It was fine.

As long as her ankles weren't cut off, then she'd be able to move around while ignoring the pain.

Sama Ryeong looked towards the source of the light. What she saw there was Daihad's corpse. No. What she thought was a corpse.

"I wish he'd just let it hit him. Did he notice the danger of the energy beam?"

Daihad smiled as he spoke. He still lay like a corpse, half submerged in a pool of his own blood.

"Your upper and lower body were completely separated..."

As far as Sama Ryeong knew, a human could not survive such wounds. It might be possible for them to remain alive for a few minutes, but they certainly wouldn't be able to talk like that.

"Ah. I'm clearly cut in two."

"...but aren't you still alive?"

"Isn't it smart to leave a life support device on my power suit?"

Suddenly, the separated lower half of the power suit jumped up on its own and walked over to Daihad. Then, it connected itself to his upper half as if it was putting puzzle pieces back together.

Churk.

With a sound similar to something being connected, the cut sections of the metal wobbled like a liquid, before perfectly combining soon after.

Now, there were no cuts on the surface of the power suit.

Sama Ryeong watched speechlessly as Daihad calmly rose up from the ground.

“Mm. It’s uncomfortable inside here since my clothes are soaked in blood. It feels like I peed as hard as I can. The texture of the few pieces of internal organs is also like poop...”

“...”

“Why are you looking at me like that? Is it because I didn’t help you right away? That couldn’t be helped. At that time, the best thing to do was pretend I was dead and prepare for a surprise attack.”

“...that doesn’t matter.”

She replied with a sigh.

In any case, it was a relief to have the power of even one more.

The Black Knight was looking towards them from a short distance away. It didn’t seem like he was going to attack right away.

Why was that? Just as she was wondering about this, the Black Knight lifted his head to look at the black sky.

“You’re still alive.”

It was Jacob who appeared with his arrogant voice. Sama Ryeong muttered at him with a surprised expression.

“You’re alive. Even after a blow like that...”

“He doesn’t look so good.”

As Daihad said, Jacob was covered in blood. His robes were torn to the point where they could almost be called rags instead, and his neat hair was wildly disheveled.

“There’s another piece of good news.”

At that moment, she felt someone climbing up the steep cliff. It was Haspin, the devil with goat legs.

He climbed the cliff in an instant and then stood on the edge, looking around.

“A clear confrontation.”

It was his characteristic blunt voice. Grinning, Daihad asked.

“What’s your judgement of this situation?”

“I have a rough idea. I think the test will end if we kill that Black Knight.”

“Kuku. Good.”

Daihad looked up at the sky and called out.

“Jacob. I’m proposing that we cooperate to deal with that monster, will you accept it this time?”

“Of course...”

Jacob smiled arrogantly.

“I refuse.”

Even Daihad’s expression was bound to harden at that rejection.

“Even in this situation? I thought the Black Knight had hit you in the stomach, but maybe he hit you in the head instead.”

“Talk however you want. You lowly people. I have no intention of working together with anyone I don’t acknowledge.”

“You...”

Just as Sama Ryeong’s gaze sank.

“However, I won’t interfere with you.”

“...what is that supposed to mean?”

“That means the three of you should join forces and fight hard. I will move separately.”

With those words, he disappeared into the dark sky.

Did he run away? No. She could still feel Jacob’s presence. It was just obscured.

Nevertheless, Sama Ryeong still stood frozen, unable to understand what he’d said before he left.

It was Daihad who successfully interpreted them.

“He means a diversionary fight. While the three of us draw his attention, he will try to do something from his side.”

“...it didn’t sound like that at all.”

“Kuku. That’s just how crooked people talk. That man perfectly matches the criteria... Now, then.”

The eyes of Daihad, Sama Ryeong and Haspin turned to the Black Knight.

“Shall we start the second round?”

* * *

“I can’t understand why you put the Black Knight in this test.”

As she said this, Pale turned to look at Diablo.

Diablo’s eyes flickered like candles.

[...I heard that in the past, the World of Void was chaos itself. A time before the establishment of the Twelve Void Lords, when the existence of intelligent beings was rare.]

“Uh. Why are you suddenly talking about the past? I don’t want that.”

Ignoring Pale’s muttering, Diablo continued.

[A world filled with chaos and the law of the jungle. The living beings at that time didn’t even know about the nature of the world, they simply preyed on other beings in order to not die. It was the simplest yet brutalest battle for survival. One day, the first outsider appeared in this world.]

Corpse Ghost looked at Diablo with unreadable eyes.

It seemed as if he was concentrating on something he was hearing for the first time, or reaffirming what he already knew.

[It is unknown how that being, the outsider, was able to enter this world. However, he was able to bring a faint order to this world as a result. Then, instead of killing the losers, he taught them that there were other things they could do besides eat.

“Dominate.”

Pale chuckled.

[You could call it mercy.]

“That was the moment when the concept of Lords and territories were introduced to this world.”

[...I am an outsider. However, when it comes to the nature and mysteries of this world, I think I know a lot.]

“You’re more than qualified to say that.”

Despite Pale’s admiration, there was no change to Diablo’s tone.

[The King’s four Knights are all outsiders.]

“...”

[Of course, the real reason they came into this world is unknown. However, every time one of them appeared, the world underwent a huge change.]

“What are you trying to say?”

[...the White Knight was the one to teach this world about domination. If not for that, the World of Void would have certainly entered a path of ruin.]

“Hmm. Is that so?”

[It is. Clearly.]

His voice was filled with certainty.

[Every time a Knight appeared, this world was able to overcome a crisis. And now, this world has summoned another Knight. That means there is some role for him here.]

“...”

[If so, then what do you think is the role of the Black Knight, Lucid.]

He didn't wait for an answer.

Diablo answered his own question.

[He is the Agent of Death.]

“...”

[The beings in this world do not know how frightening death is. When confronted by it, most of them choose to accept it without struggle. There are even several who forget their responsibilities and wish for death. The bodies strewn across this dump site are the perfect examples of this.]

“What the hell are you trying to say?”

[It's simple.]

For a moment, it felt like a cold breeze was blowing across the hall.

[With such weak mindsets, it will be impossible for them to survive the coming game.]

“...game?”

[It seems there is something you don't know. Did you not realise?]

For the first time, there was a hint of a smile in Diablo's voice.

[The fact that the Rulers intend to use the World of Void as the battlefield for the Great Game.]

“...”

Surprise spread across Pale's face.

“You, no way. The Demon God's...”

Suddenly.

“You seem to be talking about something interesting.”

No one felt any signs.

No one sensed anything till the voice was heard.

However, it was a voice that all three of them knew, so they couldn't help but freeze.

Because the voice belonged to someone who shouldn't be there.

Corpse Ghost's dull eyes turned to look behind Pale.

Standing there submerged by the darkness, was Lukas. No one noticed when he'd arrived there.

Tap, he slowly walked to the table.

His black eyes, which seemed even deeper than the darkness, turned to Pale, then Corpse Ghost,

“-if it’s okay with you.”

And finally landed on Diablo.

“Would you mind if I joined as well?”

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

Season 2 Chapter 413

Silence fell upon the room as if time had frozen.

They had all been surprised by Lukas’ appearance, but it didn’t take too long for them to regain their composure.

Pale was the first one to open her mouth.

“...wow.”

Pure admiration glistened in her eyes like starlight.

“It’s been a really long time.”

When he heard her unique, bubbly voice, Lukas briefly turned his eyes to look at her.

“Was it like that for you too?”

The person she was talking to responded with an embarrassingly emotionless tone and expression. Nevertheless, Pale bobbed her head and giggled as if nothing happened.

“Not really.”

Pale hadn’t stayed in the dump site with Lukas for 4,000 years. Because Lukas hadn’t met her at all in his time there. She’d probably left right after she’d disappeared.

And here, ‘outside’, the flow of time was different from the ‘time inside’.

From Lukas’ perspective, their last conversation had been a long time ago, but it wouldn’t have been the case for her.

“It seems my advice worked.”

“Advice?”

“Huh. Don’t you remember?”

“...”

Lukas turned away instead of answering. It was an act that seemed dismissive at first, but Pale didn’t seem to be displeased as she continued to smile brightly. It was almost as if she was happy just looking at Lukas’ face.

“ ... ”

The other two.

Their gazes were not as friendly as Pale's.

Deep, sunken eyes glared at Lukas. At the same time, the intangible aura in the room became sharp and pressed heavily on his entire body.

Focused aura seemed to stab into his body.

Despite the pressure being so strong that it wouldn't be weird if he had trouble breathing or was writhing in pain, Lukas' expression didn't change. Naturally, he didn't stop walking either. After walking up to the table, he looked around and said.

“It doesn't seem like there are any more chairs.”

“There aren't.”

It was Corpse Ghost who responded.

There was a faint smile on his badly wrinkled face.

“That's because I only invited two people here.”

Lukas tilted his head slightly. He looked at Corpse Ghost as if he was observing him. He was certain of one thing. Unlike before with the skeletons, this time, he was not possessing anything.

In front of him now was the main body of the Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lords.

“Then, why don't you give yours up?”

Corpse Ghost smiled as if he'd just heard something funny.

“There are a total of three people sitting here right now. Isn't that right?”

“Right.”

“So among the three, why are you asking me to give mine up?”

“A chair is a device that is usually used to reduce leg fatigue. By placing your butt on it.”

Corpse Ghost gestured as if telling him to continue.

Lukas continued in the same indifferent tone.

“You don't have legs or a butt, do you? Instead of sitting on the chair, it's more like you're resting on it.”

“So you're saying since I don't need a chair, why not give it to you? Kukuku! Hahaha!”

Corpse Ghost couldn't hold it in any longer and let out a laugh.

His spine rattled. His body was moving so much that it wouldn't be strange if he tilted and fell over. In fact, skeletons standing behind him flinched constantly, as if they were anxious.

After a while, Corpse Ghost stopped laughing and said.

“...that’s an interesting perspective. No, really. But you seem to be mistaken about something. The chairs here aren’t for reducing fatigue. They serve as a kind of qualification.”

“Qualification? What qualification?”

“The qualification to talk to me.”

Lukas looked at him indifferently.

“That’s not something I want to have.”

“Hoh. We share the same thought. I don’t want to talk to you, either.”

[It’s as he said.]

Agreeing with Corpse Ghost, Diablo rose up from his seat.

There seemed to be a peculiar aura swirling within his bony eye socket.

[I can’t believe it. I suppose you are the ‘Lukas Trowman’ I know and made contact with...]

“...”

[How surprising. I didn’t think you’d be in this world... More than that, I didn’t expect to meet you in a place like this.]

“Is that so?”

Lukas replied in an uninterested tone.

Almost at the same time, pitch black energy gushed out of Diablo’s body.

[Although you seem aloof now, you probably hate me a lot, don’t you?]

Diablo’s gaze turned to the screen. Just in time, the figure of the Black Knight was reflected on it. Scattering black energy, the Black Knight toyed with the test participants.

No, it was Lucid, the Sword King, who had become an undead.

[I brought your friend back to life.]

“...”

[Defiled his soul, corrupted him, and resurrected his rotten corpse. Then, after weakening his mind with various methods of torture and brainwashing, I made him obey my commands. Did you know that?]

“I know.”

[Do you really not care? Or are you simply suppressing your emotions and forcing yourself to remain calm?]

“Why are you curious about that?”

Instead, Lukas asked back.

Diablo closed his mouth as his expression changed subtly.

“Diablo, I have no interest in anything like that.”

[...is that really the case?]

Diablo couldn't help but feel a strong sense of incongruity.

Did Lukas really just say that?

Most beings in their fundamental universe had forgotten about Lukas. So in a sense, Diabo was the person who knew Lukas the best.

He knew just how much the Great Mage Lukas Trowman cared about his past friends. That's why he was so dumbfounded. If it was the Lukas Diablo knew, he never would have disregarded this matter.

[Are you really Lukas Trowman?]

Lukas didn't answer.

It was then that Diablo realised something.

When he first appeared, Lukas had looked around like he was observing the room. Afterwards, he talked to Pale and turned his gaze to her for a while.

And since then, he'd been staring at the Corpse Ghost.

His eyes hadn't turned to Diablo. It was as if to say he'd already figured out everything about him when he first looked at him.

[...]

He felt insulted.

Even if his body was already dead, his pride still remained.

Diablo's aura changed.

Pitch black energy swirled around his entire body. The table covering fluttered and Pale's hair whipped around wildly. With a soft cry, she clutched her hair.

Wriggle-

The pitch black energy gathered to the tip of Diablo's pure white finger. It was so black that it seemed as if the darkness itself had wrapped around his finger.

Shuk.

With the sound of the air splitting, the pitch blackness* shot forward like a beam. (*: 칠흑. Yes, exactly that.)

As soon as Lukas' gaze turned to the pitch blackness, the pitch blackness changed from its linear form.

Fwoosh!

Like a viscous substance in an explosion, it spread widely like the jaws of an animal trying to devour Lukas.

Taking two steps back, Lukas raised his hand.

There was no energy around it. Not to mention absolute, there weren't even any signs of a defence spell.

Just his bare hand.

[Foolish...]

Diablo scoffed.

At the same time, the pitch black substance wrapped around Lukas's arm. Then, a strange phenomenon took place.

His skin became dry and wrinkled like a dried fruit, before quickly becoming rough like bark.

Before long, it turned black and fell off like cracked ceramic. It hadn't taken long for this to happen.

In the blink of an eye, Lukas' arm had rotted and began to release a bad smell.

Lukas' response was swift.

Shuk.

Forming a knife shape with his left hand, he sliced off his right forearm. Blood dripped from the cross section.

Lukas didn't even groan, but with a slightly paler face, he muttered.

"This isn't absolute."

Despite losing an arm, he still spoke in a flat tone, but Diablo felt like he was just bluffing.

But the words that Lukas spoke next made him think differently.

"Did you graft it with death energy? A power that burns lifeforce with just a touch... it's similar to Nozdog's power, however, it has a more fundamental feeling."

[...]

The nature of his ability had been discovered in such a short time.

Although he was shocked in his heart, he didn't show it.

[As expected, you have amazing eyes. But there are things in this world that you can't respond to even if you know about it.]

"Are you talking about this power?"

[Are you going to deny it? Despite losing an arm to it already?]

Diablo spoke in a sarcastic tone.

[You can't stop it just by cutting off your hand. Although slower, my death energy will continue to corrode your body. Do you understand what that means? It's just a matter of time before you die.]

There was a subtle shift in his speech.

This meant that he was no longer showing respect to Lukas. Nevertheless, that didn't matter to Lukas.

[You intended to feel the nature of my power by touching it directly. It seems like you've made some progress... However, you should have been more careful. Even if you didn't know, isn't one arm and one life as tuition too expensive?]

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Lukas spoke.

"Losing an arm? A life? Talk seriously."

[Kuku. Pathetic. Even if you deny reality, it will not change...]

Diablo stopped talking.

Then he looked at Lukas.

Just a moment ago, his right arm had definitely been rotten.

But now, the right arm, which he'd cut off himself, was still intact.

[What...?]

Lukas sighed softly.

"...Diablo, is this low level power really all? Is this what you achieved after putting your entire life into it?"

[You, what the hell are you...]

"It was not even worth considering and analysing. To explain it in a way you'd understand, I only made direct contact with it as a kind of entertainment."

[Don't be ridiculous...]

Diablo gnashed his teeth.

[This is the power I developed while wandering this world..!]

"And yet, you weren't able to deviate from the framework of magicology. Your power is still one dimensional, simple, and that's why..."

Lukas stretched out his palm and pitch black energy formed on it.

"It's simple to imitate."

[...impossible.]

There was a strong sense of disbelief in his voice.

[I don't believe it.]

He muttered again like he'd lost his mind.

Diablo was unable to believe what he was witnessing with his own eyes.

[...you, what the hell kind of trick did you do?]

"Even if you deny reality, it cannot change anything. Don't you understand yet? Why I didn't pay any attention to you?"

Even the faint hint of cynicism disappeared from Lukas' mouth.

"At this point, killing you isn't a big deal."

[...!]

"But there is one thing I want to experiment with. What will happen if this power touches you, who has already become a skeleton? Will your bones become powder and scatter?"

[Kuk. Don't be ridiculous.]

Death energy rose up from Diablo's entire body. The black smoke rushed towards Lukas like steam.

But Lukas didn't block or dodge it, he simply accepted it.

There was no effect. Lukas' skin didn't rot or wither away like before.

Just as the light in Diablo's eyes began to fluctuate roughly.

"Enough."

As soon as he heard the Corpse Ghost's soft murmur, Diablo's death energy disappeared as if it had immediately evaporated. This wasn't Diablo's doing. He turned to look at the Corpse Ghost in bewilderment.

Lukas' attention turned to the Corpse Ghost again. In truth, his attention had only been on the Corpse Ghost since he'd entered this place.

"I feel like I have a rough understanding of your power."

Lukas' lips twitched slightly at those words.

"You feel like you know it."

"Why? Do you think I'm lying?"

"That's not it. I think you're probably mistaken."

The Corpse Ghost laughed again.

"Mistaken? Why do you think so?"

Lukas looked at him quietly for a moment before saying something else.

“You seem to like to talk a lot.”

“It’s a part of my nature. Don’t you?”

“Well. I’m not sure what I was like before...”

Lukas muttered softly.

“But I don’t think I do now. Talking doesn’t seem to come as easily to me as it does to you.”

“Hmm. I see.”

The Corpse Ghost nodded and didn’t seem displeased as he opened his mouth again.

“Then I’ll stop talking. Goodbye.”

Squelch-

In the next moment, Lukas’ body melted into a pool of blood.

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

Season 2 Chapter 414

The smell of blood was terrible.

The smell was so terrible that it was hard to believe it came from a body that had been turned to blood. Of course, Diablo didn’t have a sense of smell, but he had the ability to collect information about his surroundings in other ways.

For a while, Diablo stared nervously at the blood before he became dumbfounded by his actions.

Did he think he would be able to come back to life after becoming like that? Seriously?

Even if this world went beyond common sense and perception, there was no way a being could still be living after its entire body had become blood. Revival wasn’t even worth mentioning.

‘He’s dead.’

Lukas’ biological activity had completely ceased.

This man, who Diablo had been confronting only a moment before, had come nothing but a pool of blood.

[...what did you do?]

Diablo looked at the Corpse Ghost and asked, but instead of answering, the Corpse Ghost spoke to Pale.

“I just killed the man you brought, are you okay with that?”

“...ah, well.”

Pale had an indecipherable smile on her face.

“More than that, how about we continue where we left off?”

“...”

For a moment, Pale’s attitude made the Corpse Ghost uncomfortable, but he decided not to point it out.

“We were just talking about the Great Game. It seems that Diablo knows more than I do. It’s something even I don’t know a lot about.”

With a gesture of his chin, the skeletons standing behind him creaked and began to clean up the blood that had once been Lukas.

Diablo looked at this scene for a moment, but when he realised that the eyes of the other two sitting at the table were focused on him, he opened his mouth.

[It’s not just speculation about the game. In fact, in the World of Void already...]

Diablo suddenly stopped talking.

“What is it?”

[...how?]

Diablo didn’t have eyes.

Therefore, it was difficult to accurately discern where he was looking or what he was focused on.

Luckily, however, the scenery in the room was extremely limited.

He wouldn’t have been so surprised while looking at the Corpse Ghost or Pale. There was no chance of it being the skeletons wiping up the blood, and apart from that, there was only a table and chairs, which also wouldn’t have been enough to shock Diablo.

—The screen.

That left the screen showing the test site that the Corpse Ghost had prepared, which was constantly transmitting images.

Diablo had been surprised while looking at it.

Seeing this, the Corpse Ghost also turned his head to look,

—And saw something that shouldn’t have been there.

* * *

The appearance of the battle couldn’t be called tense. Nevertheless, there hadn’t been any fatal casualties yet. This wasn’t simply because there were four combatants on one side and one on the other.

Daihad suppressed the Black Knight's movements as much as he could from a distance and sometimes even kept him in check.

In all honesty, it wasn't an amazing role. It was the role with the least risk, nevertheless, he couldn't play any role other than this. To put it bluntly, Daihad was the most useless among the four.

He used all of his concentration in the battle, but on the other hand, his thoughts were different.

'The Black Knight isn't trying his hardest.'

This was the only reason there were no casualties despite this monster's seemingly unending strength.

Daihad looked at Sama Ryeong.

Haspin and Jacob's assistance were a major help, but the biggest reason they were able to maintain the front line was because of Sama Ryeong's presence.

Daihad realised that she was a genius with tremendous talent.

'She's growing even while they exchange swords.'

That growth was at an enormous rate.

She probably was even aware of it herself. In reality, the perception of time that Daihad and she had were probably now completely different.

'It's long.'

It certainly was.

Every time she locked swords with the Black Knight, Sama Ryeong felt terrible as if countless years of oppression were repeating over and over again.

Clang!

Blood flowed from her mouth and nose.

'It's heavy.'

Once again, she blocked the incoming attack. She no longer had the strength to counterattack, so she just accepted it.

Her entire body was in pain. Nevertheless, she didn't even have the time to cry out. The mental pressure she was currently experiencing was much greater than the physical pain.

Sama Ryeong looked at the Black Knight's helmet and the aura swirling around it.

'...he's terrifying.'

She gently acknowledged this fact, but she could do nothing more than avert her gaze. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to predict the Black Knight's next move.

She couldn't help but think that wouldn't be so bad either.

This was a hellish fight. The mental pain she was feeling was equivalent to what she'd felt coming down to the end of her stay at the dump site, and the physical pain was dozens of times more. Sama Ryeong's mind was already in tatters like a bloody rag.

At some point,

Sama Ryeong had begun to feel both the fear and sweet temptation of death from the Black Knight's sword. This was another absurd contradiction.

She just had to push her neck to the edge of the blade and that would be it. Perhaps she'd die without any pain.

But as she was about to succumb to the temptation, another question popped into her mind.

If she died there, who would be responsible for all the 'Sama Ryeongs'?

'Do I want to be like the trash lying in the dump site?'

Crunch.

She clenched her teeth. There was a sharp pain from her molars, but she paid it no mind.

Such an ending was unacceptable.

Boom!

Sama Ryeong took a big step forward.

The ground cracked, and stone fragments were sent flying. The Black Knight's sword paused for a moment. Sama Ryeong had been gradually retreating this entire time. Although weak, this was the first time she'd moved forward.

Jacob and Haspin, who had been waiting for an opening, looked towards each other at the same time.

They realised that Sama Ryeong was trying to turn the mood around.

At that moment, her eyes were bloodshot. In reality, this was caused by the ruptured and bleeding blood vessels, but her face was so covered in blood that she looked like a ghost who had climbed out of the Pit.

The Black Knight released his intangible spirit ki. This was the price for letting down their guard.

The blood vessels in her body screamed and begged for death.

But she ignored them.

Sama Ryeong would not regret this choice.

'There is no point in wasting more time.'

In the fight just now, Sama Ryeong had been constantly pushing herself past her limits. And she'd commended herself for it.

But not anymore. She knew that she would only be able to receive the Black Knight's sword at most one or two more times.

The death of Sama Ryeong would mean the collapse of the front line and the eventual death of all the test participants.

'In every fight, there are times when you have to go all in.'

Sama Ryeong decided that now was that time.

[...]

Perhaps it was because he'd felt her desperate spirit.

The Black Knight paused for a moment before changing his stance.

Gugug.

At the same time, his sword began to vibrate and a strange sound seemed to resonate from it. It was an unpleasant sound as if someone was grinding their teeth in anticipation.

Fwoosh!

Black energy covered the Black Knight's entire body.

Then it began to gather on his sword.

'This fucker...'

He intended to face the attack filled with all of Sama Ryeong's might with his own extreme attack.

She couldn't help but let out a laugh. Surprisingly, this monster was fair.

Although the energy around his sword was dark and insidious, his attitude was excellent.

She could feel uprightness and integrity similar to that of the Masters of the Righteous Faction.

Whoosh-

A weak air current swirled around Sama Ryeong. Those who looked from a distance would be able to see plum blossoms fluttering around her body.

The characteristics of the Plum Blossom Sword Technique wasn't simply its adaptability.

Mirage Sword(幻劍), Quick Sword(速劍), Chaos Sword(亂劍), Rapid Sword(快劍).

Among them, there was a sword that Sama Ryeong pursued.

—You have a talent for the Killing sword(殺劍).

“...”

Yang In-hyun's voice sounded in her head.

That was probably the first lesson he'd given her.

Sama Ryeong had denied it at that time, but after spending some time in the dump site, she had no choice but to admit it. Yang In-hyun's eyes were at a height that she couldn't even look up to, and his advice was true.

'I'll admit to being taught by you.'

At that moment, her gaze was filled with killing energy.

'...however, that will be your last lesson to me.'

Thinking of the man who wasn't there painted her heart with killing intent. Then, her entire body erupted with killing energy. The fluttering plum blossoms disappeared like flames.

Piht.

Sama Ryeong's figure disappeared.

The Black Knight was surprised. The movement speed Sama Ryeong was currently displaying was three times more than her fastest speed so far.

It seemed that she'd decided to sacrifice her bones and muscles.

'Good.'

He felt like his still heart had begun to beat once again.

'I'll accept it, from the front.'

The Black Knight, Lucid, smiled beneath his visor.

-But he was unable to wield his sword properly.

Suddenly, he felt something pulling on him from behind.

[...!]

No one was actually touching him. There was no way he wouldn't have noticed someone getting so close. Reeling slightly, Lucid looked up at that sky.

There, he saw Jacob giving him a bright, bloody smile.

Paak!

Then, he felt intense pain in his wrist. This attack was a close contact hit, but because his body was thrown off balance, he was unable to respond.

Haspin.

The Devil, who hadn't participated in the battle yet, had approached at surprising speed and kicked Lucid's wrist with his hoof. As proof of how strong the impact was, Lucid had no choice but to let go of his beloved Deukid for a moment.

"In truth, I'd also like a one on one."

Then he heard Sama Ryeong's voice.

“But you’re really strong, so it should be fine for me to get some help, right?”

From the moment she’d encountered this monster, Sama Ryeong had thought.

If she could get in one shot, where would she attack this monster?

There were several places in the body that could be considered vital points, but most of them were covered in thick black armour. Of course, while there was no Self Defence Rigid Ki around his body now, the durability of his armour itself couldn’t be ignored.

Nevertheless, the area where the armour provided less protection was without a doubt the joints.

So Sama Ryeong aimed for Lucid’s neck.

Clang!

Her wrists tingled heavily. As expected, the defence of his armour was also significant. However, it was not as much as when he was covered in black energy.

As proof of this, the black armour that protected his neck cracked.

Crunch.

She unleashed all the power in her body.

After pouring everything out, she wouldn’t even have the strength to blink.

That was why...

‘Please blow this motherfucker’s head off.’

For the first time, Sama Ryeong earnestly wished for something.

Shuk-

Her earnestness was fulfilled.

Lucid’s head was cut off. His head flew high up into the air with his helmet still attached before quickly falling to the ground. After a while, it clattered to the ground with a dry sound.

Plop.

Sama Ryeong collapsed on the spot. Then, with her face pressed to the ground, she panted like she was out of breath. Her entire body was covered with sweat and blood.

“...amazing.”

Haspin muttered while looking at Sama Ryeong. His voice was filled with genuine admiration.

This woman’s potential was frightening. The growth she’d already shown was terrifying, but she would probably only grow her real wings after leaving the dump site.

She would continue to become strong as she fought against the strong.

“We did it.”

Daihad collapsed to the ground with a tired smile.

But Jacob remained in the sky and looked down without descending.

Just as Haspin began to wonder about his attitude.

[How admirable.]

A voice that should not have been heard rang out once again.

“...!”

Sama Ryeong’s eyes went wide and black smoke rose up from Lucid’s neck at almost the same time. The smoke wriggled as if it were alive and floated towards a certain direction with an ominous movement reminiscent of a snake.

It was going towards the severed head.

“It’s going to reconnect! We can’t let them touch!”

Daihad’s judgement in this situation was the fastest.

With a scream, he brought his hands together and released a barrage of bullets made of condensed energy without mercy.

Boom boom boom boom boom!

This was probably Daihad’s last resort. Nevertheless, there were two reasons why he had not used it before.

The first was that Lucid and Sama Ryeong had been engaged in an ultra close ranged fight and they both would have been implicated.

And the second...

Crack!

...He didn’t think it would be able to do much damage to Lucid.

Daihad’s prediction was correct. The energy bombardment he unleashed did nothing to stop Lucid’s movements. He easily reconnected his head and neck, and calmly fixed it back into place with a twist.

[Hmm.]

Then he looked around.

He could feel a sense of despair that couldn’t be hidden. Especially so since he was convinced of his victory.

This situation had almost reached its end. He no longer felt any of his previous sympathy for them. At the very least, there still seemed to be some fire in the eyes of Jacob, who was in the sky, but that was fairly weak as it went.

...It wasn’t enough.

They were afraid, but it wasn't enough.

Lucid, the Black Knight, did not want to spread just this much fear.

He clapped his empty hands.

First things first, he had to collect his beloved, Deukid, which had been sent flying by Haspin's impressive blow.

"..."

"..."

Sama Ryeong looked at him with a stunned expression. She'd already poured out all of her strength. She didn't even have the strength to blink, let alone lift a finger. Naturally, it was also impossible for her to stop Lucid from retrieving his sword.

'Am I going to die here?'

Despair, which she thought she'd pushed away, swept over her body.

Her body gradually began to feel cold from her fingertips. Her eyes were still filled with killing intent, together with resentment and fear.

Deukid was stuck in the ground not far away.

Ten steps at most.

But among those who'd fought Lucid, there was none who could stop him from taking it.

—Among those who'd fought Lucid that was.

Lucid's steps abruptly came to a stop.

"..."

Sama Ryeong felt like she was seeing killing intent from the Black Knight, who had been emotionless till now, for the first time.

Struggling to catch a glimpse with her blurred vision, she looked in the direction that Lucid was staring. Someone was standing there.

"..."

Haspin narrowed his eyes, Daihad was surprised, and the expression on Jacob, who was still in the sky, became twisted.

It was a man who hadn't shown himself at all since the beginning of the test.

Sama Ryeong recalled his name.

'...Lukas?'

Lukas pulled the sword that was stuck in the ground in front of him.

“The blade is still undamaged. It seems you took good care of it. Huh? Lucid?”

[...]

Lucid’s aura flashed strangely.

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

Season 2 Chapter 415

Decent.

That was the thought she had when she saw Lukas pick up the sword.

It couldn’t be called an accurate indicator, but when you reached Sama Ryeong’s level, it became possible to tell how skilled someone was by the way they held a sword.

‘Is he a Swordsman?’

Of course, it was hard to call him a great master or anything of the sort, but it was impossible to have such a natural grip without decades of experience.

Sama Ryeong soon denied that possibility.

He hadn’t had a sword when she’d seen him the first time. The same was true now. He had been completely empty-handed until he’d picked up the Black Knight’s sword.

That was impossible for a Swordsman. It was the same for Sama Ryeong. She’d lost her sword quite a few times in the dump site, but every time she rummaged through the corpses, it returned.

“...”

[...]

Lucid and Lukas.

The atmosphere that formed when their eyes met made it hard for the onlookers to speak.

Lucid was impatient as he looked at Lukas.

This attitude was certainly quite strange. This feeling was stronger in Sama Ryeong, who had fought him more closely, than anyone else.

‘Why?’

What was he hesitating about? Everything would be over as long as he took his sword back.

She was certain that Lucid had the power to do that. Sama Ryeong knew.

She and the other participants had risked their lives in the battle just now, but Lucid hadn’t. That expression might not be an appropriate expression to use on a Knight who scattered death, but he hadn’t used his death power to its maximum.

Because she couldn't see his expression, she couldn't see his emotions. That's why she hadn't realised he wasn't doing his best.

When even a fatal attack like cutting off his head had no effect, she realised.

In other words,

Lucid could have killed all of them at the same time if he wanted to.

'Why didn't he?'

And why was he not moving in front of Lukas now?

Did that weak guy have that much latent power? Did he have enough latent power to make the Knight of Death wary?

It was Haspin who broke Sama Ryeong out of her thoughts.

"Are you here to help?"

It was a lonely voice. Lukas turned to look at Haspin. The moment he saw that dark light in his black eyes, he had an indescribable feeling of anxiety.

"As you can see, the current situation is very dangerous. Could you please lend us your strength?"

This time, he spoke in a more polite tone.

In almost a direct contradiction to this, a cold smirk appeared on Lukas' face.

"You want my help?"

"Right."

"..."

Instead of answering, Lukas spun the sword in his hand several times.

Rather than a display of swordsmanship, it was a light movement, like a warm up exercise.

"This certainly is a famed sword."

After that soft mutter, he suddenly threw the sword into the air.

Swoosh!

The blade flew through the air.

It was a sudden throw, but Lucid was able to catch it without difficulty. In all honesty, it was quite simple.

'...he threw it?'

No. It couldn't really be said that he threw it. Deukid, which had just flown towards Lucid, hadn't had the slightest intent to attack, let alone killing intent.

It was just that,

Deukid had been returned to Lucid.

“Madman.”

Daihad sighed as he tapped his forehead with his finger.

“...do you know what you just did?”

Haspin’s voice was quieter than Daihad’s murmur, but it was still much clearer in everyone’s ears.

Even though he didn’t know, Lukas smirked.

“I returned a sword to an old friend. Is there a problem?”

“An old friend?”

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

Daihad seemed to be having trouble maintaining his composure.

“Let me check something first. Hey, monster.”

[...]

“Don’t look around. Even without looking, you should know you’re the only person here that can be called a monster, right?”

Lucid didn’t show any particular reaction, but Daihad continued to speak as if he didn’t care.

“I’m curious about something. This self proclaimed ‘old friend’ of yours, who is standing in front of you, just returned your sword, will you spare him for old time’s sake?”

[No exceptions.]

Lucid replied in a low voice.

Sama Ryeong noticed that the faint signs of agitation that he had displayed before were now gone.

[Everyone here will experience death.]

“Is that so?”

Daihad turned to make eyes at Lukas as if to say, ‘now do you understand what you’ve done?’.

Suddenly, Lukas’ attitude changed. His smile disappeared. It wasn’t just that, there was a stark change aura as if he had changed masks.

“You’re self aware, Lucid.”

[...]

“That’s a funny joke... So you’re obedient to those white bones despite being self aware?”

[That’s right.]

Lukas suddenly looked around.

His eyes swept past Sama Ryeong, Haspin, Daihad, and Jacob.

“Let’s have a talk, alone.”

The moment he muttered those words softly, an incredible sight unfolded.

Following the sound of wind blowing, the ground about half a step around Lukas and Lucid vanished, and the two of them also disappeared without a trace as if they’d evaporated.

“What?”

“What...?”

Daihad and Haspin walked over to where they stood, but the ground had already been fixed. Naturally, there were no signs of them there.

Flop.

At the same time, Sama Ryeong lost consciousness. In fact, she’d long exceeded her limits, but when she saw Lucid disappear, she was no longer able to maintain the tension that had been keeping her conscious.

Out of all of those there, only one of them had a faint idea about this magical sight.

“...no way.”

Jacob, who was still in the sky, muttered in disbelief.

* * *

Taht.

The sound of the landing was so light that no one would believe it belonged to a heavily armoured Knight with unimaginable weight. Lucid, who landed lightly, looked around. This wasn’t a completely new space. The surrounding area still looked like a forest.

But the colours were strange. As if their colours had been reversed, the leaves were black or grey instead of green. The sky also seemed to have become grey.

“A severed world.”

Lukas appeared.

“Of course, with your sword, you should be able to tear through the space and escape. With ease.”

[Are you telling me not to do that?]

“I didn’t bring you here because I wanted to imprison you. I said I want to talk.”

[I have nothing to say. I need to fulfil the role that was assigned to me.]

“Scattering Death?”

Lukas chuckled.

“Diablo said ‘The Great Game’ will soon begin in this place. At first glance, that and the role you’re playing seem to have a causal connection... But it probably doesn’t.”

[...]

“I thought about it for about 10 years. Why I was suddenly called here. Why the World of Void existed in the first place. What Diablo’s goal was.”

[Did you get an answer?]

“The answer I got was that I don’t need answers. I don’t know if I was like that in the past, but the current me is.”

[Why?]

“Because my goal is...”

Lukas said up there before suddenly stopping, then he shook his head and frowned.

“...if you intend to fight me, I’d advise you to change what you’re holding first.”

[What do you mean?]

“Don’t act like you don’t know. Or do you want me to make one for you now? How about this?”

After saying that, Lukas stretched out his hand to the right. Crack crack, wood and rocks were quickly shredded and processed. Before long, they gradually began to take the shape of a weapon.

A single spear.

Although it was made of unsightly materials, the shape was still quite plausible.

Lukas lightly spun the spear like a windmill. It felt like he was checking the weight, durability and killing power of the weapon. Then, with a satisfactory nod, he threw it toward Lucid.

But Lucid didn’t catch it the way he’d caught the thrown Deukid, instead, he took half a step backwards.

Puk.

The spear stabbed into the ground diagonally.

Lukas tilted his head.

“Do you not like it? I suppose the materials are a bit cheap.”

[...]

“Compared to that famed sword it is inferior, but wouldn’t you be closer to your full strength if you used that instead of a sword?”

[I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about.]

“Come to think of it, Lucid, your shoulders seem broader than usual.”

[...]

“You’re wearing a helmet too, so it took me a while to notice, but your voice has also become deeper... is it because you’ve become an undead?”

[My voice is the same. With regard to my physique, I might appear a bit bulkier because of the armour.]

“Now you’re the one saying something strange. Your current musculature doesn’t seem like a woman at all.”

If Lucid hadn’t been wearing a helmet, he might have shown some expression on his dead face at that moment.

[...what the hell are you talking about, Lukas? I was a man.]

“It’s not me, you’re the one saying something strange. Clearly you...”

After saying that, Lukas’ expression hardened a terrifying amount.

“No. No. I. And you...”

A soft murmur sounded.

[...Lukas.]

“No. The basis is still me...”

Lucid’s aura sank.

Then he, here.

He remembered where Lukas had been before entering the space the Corpse Ghost had created.

[...even beings with minds of steel usually don’t eat more than a double digit number of corpses when they go to the dump site.]

Lukas wasn’t listening to him and continued to mutter to himself nonstop. Regardless of his attitude, Lucid continued.

[This is because it’s possible to become oversaturated. This is no different from taking the first few steps to destruction with your own two feet. Isn’t that natural? The target is none other than yourself. Just as the efficiency of predation is maximised, too much of it makes it a poison.]

Lucid knew.

Just how big the container of this man named Lukas was.

If he preyed on ordinary beings, Lukas could probably consume units of millions or tens of millions without difficulty. Despite this, there would be no wavering in his mental strength.

But the ones Lukas had preyed on weren’t ordinary people.

Even though they were fragile and insignificant when compared to Lukas, their essence was still the same.

Lukas was strong now. What was scarier was that he had yet to fully digest the power within him. It was like there was a huge chunk of ice inside him, and only the smallest part of it had melted so far.

But that wasn't the point.

It wasn't about the strong power he'd gained.

It was the fact that he'd absorbed an uncountable number of 'selves'.

The greatest danger they posed... was chaos.

Overlapping memories. Overlapping intelligence. Overlapping personalities. And overlapping nature.

The chaos that would result from that was not something that any being could handle.

[You might be the best out of all the 'Lukas'. However, the soul container of beings who were born identical will certainly be the same.]

"..."

Lukas slowly turned his head.

At some point, the murmuring had stopped, and his swaying figure had straightened. The hands that were holding his head lowered, and a smile spread across his lips as he looked at Lucid. It was a smile of clear madness.

Lucid's gauntlets crumpled.

This was because he clenched his fists so hard his black armour began to creak.

[...answer me. How many Lukas' did you eat in the dump site.]

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

Season 2 Chapter 416

There were certainly some things that he hadn't known.

Lukas didn't know that if he hadn't stopped eating, he would have been destroyed. He didn't know that he would be completely ruined.

His body had sent him countless warnings, both physical and mental.

Then why didn't he stop eating?

Tap, tap-

Lukas slowly walked towards him.

He didn't say anything, but the smile still hung on his lips. Of course, it wasn't a friendly smile.

Lucid was poised to respond. But he was still thinking.

It was only then that he realised something. Lucid was also twisted, so it had taken him so long to notice.

His thoughts had been wrong from the start.

If it was the Lukas Trowman he knew, even if it was his own corpse, he wouldn't have eaten it.

'Three steps.'

When that gap was all that was left, Lucid came to a trivial conclusion.

Probably even before he'd preyed on his own corpse.

Lukas must have been broken before then.

* * *

The distance shortened to two steps.

At that point, Lukas' posture changed. He leaned forward and suddenly increased his speed. Between the two options, attack and defence, Lucid chose the former.

Buzz-

Deukid rushed towards Lukas' face, a black streak trailing behind it. Naturally, at that moment, Lucid's sword showed no mercy. It was full of piercing intent as it rushed towards the other person's face. The advanced information that the opponent was an old friend and that he seemed to be out of his mind did not mean anything at that moment.

Puk!

There was the sound of flesh being pierced. But things didn't turn out as Lucid expected. Originally, he'd planned to stab through Lukas' left eyeball and into his brain, with the goal of killing him instantly. Of course, he also had a dozen other plans in case his stab didn't go as planned, but Lukas' choice exceeded his expectations.

He reached out with his right hand to accept Deukid. As a result, the black blade pierced through his palm.

"Ah. This really hurts."

Just as he muttered those words, Lucid kicked him hard in the stomach. The boot of black armour was covered in dense black energy. Boom! With a loud explosion like the sound of something being fired from a cannon, Lukas was sent flying.

As he flew away, something flew towards Lucid*. (*: Author put Lukas here and I was very confused for a while.)

It was the spear. Without him realising it, Lukas pulled up the spear that had been stuck in the ground and threw it.

Of course, since he threw it from an unstable position, it didn't have much power or speed behind it.

Clang!

He hit it away with Deukid... Hit it away? No. That wasn't right. Lucid had swung his sword with the intention of destroying this shabby spear. In fact, it shouldn't have been that difficult at all.

"Look look. The spear I made isn't too bad either."

[...]

The voice had come from behind him.

He looked ahead of him. The Lukas who had just been set flying while spitting blood was nowhere to be seen. He hadn't lost sight of him, it was like he'd evaporated...

...It certainly was surprising to hear the voice from behind him. But Lucid wasn't too bothered by it. His body moved before his head. He flipped Deukid over, held it in a reverse grip, then stabbed it behind him.

He felt his sword cut through the air.

'He dodged it.'

For a moment, Lucid felt as if his body was floating. Lukas had grabbed him by the shoulders and lifted him up. In all honesty, at this point, Lucid couldn't help but feel a little shocked.

That Lukas, who was using martial arts, was trying to get him to the ground.

—Of course, he couldn't let him accomplish this unchallenged.

Lucid stretched out his left arm just before his back hit the ground. His gauntleted hand dug deep into the ground. Just as he clenched his fist after digging his arm in.

Boom!

The ground flipped with the sound of thunder. It wasn't that big of an explosion. All he had done was detonate the black energy he'd condensed in his fist underground. But, of course, the power was great. The ground in about a 10 metre radius vanished in an instant.

In the process, Lucid looked carefully.

The fragments of the ground had become dull stones or sharp daggers that struck him all over. He'd realised it when he'd hit him with Deukid, his body didn't seem to be that well trained.

Even if the ground hadn't been mixed with Lucid's black energy, he would not have had any way to defend himself.

A short while later, Lukas' body disappeared over the bushes.

"This reminds me of the old days."

Then he heard a voice from behind him again.

Lukas was grinning as he stood there without a scratch.

“You were ruthless even in spars. Ah. Or is that also a mistake?”

He wasn't. This time, he was correct.

Treating spars like real fights was one of Lucid's mottos.

However, Lucid didn't comment on what he said.

“It's like that now. Every attack is loaded with killing energy. You really have no hesitation to kill me.”

[Because that is my role.]

“That's a boring role... Ah. It seems my head has cleared up a bit.”

As he muttered, Lukas grabbed the spear. Even while looking at him, Lucid's thoughts didn't stop.

...He'd killed him.

He'd killed him twice.

When his boot had kicked Lukas in his stomach, his black energy had corroded Lukas' entire body. It was no different from him directly accepting the energy of death.

The only thing Lukas could do with his final bit of strength threw the spear.

Nevertheless, he'd appeared behind him in perfect condition. Then, when he tried to use martial arts, the debris from the ground turned Lukas' entire body into a rag. Lukas had flown into the bushes after suffering great damage to his vital points.

And again, he had appeared behind him without a scratch.

What the hell kind of trick was he using?

No. Before that.

Why hadn't he used a single spell yet?

Magic was the power that symbolised that man named Lukas Trowman and it was his main focus. It was the weapon he was most confident in, and there was a possibility that he would be able to threaten the current him.

There was no way he wouldn't be aware of that fact, so why hadn't he shown any signs of using magic?

Taht.

Lukas narrowed the distance between them and stabbed forward with the spear. It was just like before. Once again, he was choosing close combat, and this time, it was spearmanship.

The spear swayed wildly and the tip of the spear began to vibrate. Although the principle of deception was simple in that it obscured the path of attack, it was difficult to practise and even more difficult to apply in real combat situations.

It was a technique that was too excessive to use with such a weak body, but it only felt like a trick to Lucid.

With definite power, his sword rose up from below in a rising cut. This time, Deukid really cut the spear. But Lukas grabbed the other end of the severed spear, then swung the spear, which had been cut in two, like dual swords.

Ppapapa!

There was a flurry of strikes, but the results were minimal. Such simple blows wouldn't be able to penetrate Lucid's black armour, not to mention the black energy surrounding it.

Sama Ryeong. If it wasn't at least as good as the attacks of the Swordsman he had just fought, it would be impossible to deal significant damage to Lucid.

Lukas had to be aware of that.

'He must have a target.'

He was not a man who fought without meaning or purpose. Of course, this fighting style was also not something that Lukas would adopt.

The means that Lukas was using now... it was frivolous. His attitude was the same. He knew he was a much more serious man than this.

If there was anything he was aiming for in this state...

Puk.

This time, the sword pierced through his chin. There was a soft sensation. Without any resistance, the blade pierced through the soft meat under his tongue before continuing to his brain.

Gurgle.

In an instant, blood poured from Lukas' face. It had been the most obvious attack. It wasn't a fatal injury, it was an attack that instantly killed the opponent.

However, it wasn't enough.

Lukas withdrew his sword and stabbed it into his chest this time. Deukid cut through his flesh and bone before accurately piercing his heart.

[...]

Through the sword, he felt the beating heart slowly stop beating. The ending of life signs. He experienced a lot of sensations that pointed to death.

He pulled Deukid out. The wound hole was not very wide. After he withdrew his sword, it was small enough to be mistaken as a stain in his clothes. Blood gushed out of the stain.

Lukas' body slowly leaned towards him, but Lucid refused to catch it.

Plop-

The corpse fell to the ground and the blood began to soak the ground below.

—Lucid,

Hadn't let his guard down.

Of course, his keen senses that told him Lukas was dead were not mistaken, but the world had not yet disappeared.

He hadn't let his guard down.

And yet, without him realising it, his arm was torn off.

And a few steps away, Lukas was smiling at him.

"Look Lucid, you bled. While undead."

The blood wasn't dripping, but there was clearly blood on the torn flesh. It was very red. This made him curious. Lukas had watched Lucid's head get cut off.

There hadn't been any blood at that time.

But now, there was blood, and it was clear and bright. He didn't know why, but he didn't really care.

That was because there was a fragrant smell.

He knew. This was probably a delusion. However, this delusion excited Lukas. He licked some of the blood on the arm. First, he rolled it gently over the tip of his tongue before swallowing it slowly. He had a cautious attitude as if he was tasting fine aged wine.

Suddenly, Lukas' body began to tremble.

This couldn't be called the blood of the dead. That taste...

"Ahh..."

A small sigh of ecstasy leaked out.

It was no different from the best fine wines. At least that was what Lukas felt at that moment.

It was also easy for him to guess the reason.

Everything he'd eaten in the dump site was, in a sense, corpses. There was no way that rotting corpses mixed with other kinds of waste would be delicious.

But Lucid was different.

Even if his heart didn't beat, his skin was pale, and his internal organs didn't exist.

For Lucid, there was a crucial difference between him and the corpse in the dump site.

Lucid was moving.

That alone created such a difference in flavour.

'Pale.'

He suddenly remembered the scene where he'd watched her devour a corpse. He didn't understand it at that time. He'd even felt disgusted.

However, now, he envied her.

Ahhh. If even the flesh and blood of an undead were so addictive, then how amazing would the flesh of a fresh corpse taste, or even the flesh of a being that was still alive?

Turning slowly, he looked at Lucid.

Then, a bloody smile stretched across Lukas' lips.

"Hey, Lucid. There's something I'd like to ask you, for old time's sake."

The moment he heard the next words, Lucid could no longer consider the being in front of him as Lukas.

"Can I eat some of you?"

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

Season 2 Chapter 417

He didn't wait for an answer.

Crack.

Lukas bit into the end of the arm. The black armour that got in his way was peeled off and thrown aside.

Crunch, crunch.

It wasn't just the flesh. Lukas even chewed the bones in his hand. The short predation soon came to an end.

"Huhuhu..."

Lukas chuckled.

In no time, his face had become covered in blood. Without even thinking about removing the strips of flesh hanging from his lips, his gaze turned to Lucid once again. There was a flicker of untamed desire in his narrowed eyes.

"Ah. My head... feels like it's melting. I can't believe such happiness exists... I think I can now understand people who are addicted to drugs."

[...]

"Hey. Lucid. Have you eaten any flesh since becoming an undead?"

[I haven't.]

"I thought so."

Lukas giggled before ripping off his left arm.

Pshk.

It happened in an instant. Blood dripped down from the cross section of his severed arm. But in the blink of an eye, Lukas' arm regenerated. Lucid watched this scene from beginning to the end.

Lifting his severed left arm with his freshly grown left hand, Lukas threw it.

"As a show of sincerity. Try it."

Thud.

His arm landed right in front of Lucid. It was like throwing food at an animal.

"What's wrong? Do you think it won't taste good because I'm skinny?"

[...]

"You really don't need to worry about that. No matter how bad it is, it won't be as bad as your rotten flesh."

Instead of responding, Lucid took a single step forward.

Crack, with a loud sound, Lukas' severed arm was crushed beneath his boot. Blood splattered across the ground like paint.

Aura blazing, the Knight of Death looked at Lukas.

[When will you become serious?]

"What do you mean?"

[Did you really think you could fool me with that attitude and tone? It's about as interesting as watching a low level play.]

"You're enjoying this play."

[You're wrong.]

"Really? Then let's change the subject."

Lukas smiled faintly.

"You don't deserve to say things like that. Because you don't know me."

[...]

"You were only with me for a few decades or so. Compared to the long journey I've taken, that wasn't even a single step. Do you understand? You look at that one step, and you talk as if you saw my destination or the direction I took."

[If that's what you think, then what were your previous actions?]

"Previous actions?"

[You were insulting me.]

"..."

Lukas was silent for a while before a faint smirk spread across his lips.

“Right.”

[...I see.]

Lucid slowly waved his severed arm. Then, black smoke erupted from the cross section before finally taking the shape of an arm.

Perfect restoration.

He didn't know what the principle behind it was, but it seemed that even the black gauntlets had it.

[Then from now on, I will not let you off anymore.]

“...”

Lukas narrowed his eyes.

Lucid had just regenerated his arm, but it was fundamentally different from his ability. Lucid's regeneration did not require any external energy. It was a power that came from within his body.

It had been like that from the beginning.

The black energy Lucid possessed, or the black smoke.

He had no idea what the source of that power was.

...Yang In-hyun.

When he had faced the Swordsman, Everlasting Plum Sword, one of the Twelve Void Lords, Lukas had thought that he was facing a Swordsman who surpassed Snow or Lucid. But now, that thought had changed.

“So you're saying you were letting me off this entire time?”

[I knew that you were using an incomprehensible power.]

Ignoring Lukas' words, Lucid started talking. Surprisingly, his words coincided with Lukas' thoughts about him.

[I believe that power, which you gained after a great sacrifice, is enough to allow you to reach the level of the Twelve Void Lords.

“You talk as if you know a lot about this world.”

[I do know a lot. This happened regardless of my intentions. It is a byproduct that came with becoming the Black Knight.]

“...”

[In this world, the Knights are inviolable. From now on, I will let you understand what that means, so 'you'* No, 'you'*.] (*: The first 'you' is how you would address a friend, the second is kind of... you could say extremely formal and rarely used.)

The way he addressed him changed. Lukas knew what that meant.

[Should prepare yourself.]

The atmosphere changed.

Ssrrng-

Lucid drew a sword from his waist. Lukas' expression changed slightly when he saw this.

He had another sword? How had he never realised that before?

Naturally, that sword was not Deukid. However, it was clear that it was also a famed sword.

Rather than a famed sword, it would probably be better to call it a Magic Sword.

Lucid was holding two swords, one in each hand.

“...”

Dual Swordsmanship.

He didn't understand. Dual Swordsmanship was basically incredibly inefficient and difficult to use.

It required the user to hold a sword in each hand. Muscle strength, grip strength, endurance, and balance. Of course, for a master like Lucid, those requirements were not a problem.

Instead, the most fatal drawback was the fact that using two swords limited the number of sword paths that could be used.

But Lucid probably knew this in much more detail than Lukas did.

Puk!

He felt a sharp pain in his shoulder. He swallowed his groan of pain, but he was unable to hide his surprise. He wasn't surprised that Lucid threw his sword. He had two now, not one. Depending on the situation, throwing one of the swords could be considered a smart choice.

Taht.

Lucid closed the distance in the blink of an eye. His advance was also unstoppable. Just like you couldn't push fog away with your hands... No, that metaphor wasn't quite right. It was a feeling that couldn't be explained so easily.

“Huu...”

Lukas slowly let out a breath.

Then, slowly, he brought his index and middle fingers to his carotid. At the same moment that his eyes glowed black.

Fwoom-

The entire area collapsed. As if a strong earthquake had occurred, the ground rose and the sky seemed to spin. Rocks, pieces of the ground, and uprooted trees swirled around like a typhoon, making it difficult to see.

Nevertheless, Lucid's advance remained consistent. He continued to walk forward, the crumbling ground and flying debris insignificant obstacles.

[You understand the laws of this world.]

It was a compliment, but Lukas wasn't paying attention to Lucid's voice. Instead, he was replaying what he just said in his mind.

-In this world, the Knights are inviolable.

Inviolable.

Although the statement was arrogant, it was true. In fact, it was impossible for Lukas' power to interfere with Lucid.

This hadn't happened before. Lukas had been able to enter the space the Corpse Ghost was hiding in by digging into the flaws in his created world. No one there had even been aware of his presence till he revealed himself.

But that analytical ability didn't work against Lucid. It could even be useless. That's why he had no choice but to understand a fact at that moment.

The Knights were superior to the Twelve Void Lords.

Paak.

He received a strong blow to his abdomen. The skin on his back almost protruded. It felt like his spine had been crushed. In this time, Lucid pulled out the sword that had been stuck in his shoulder.

[You've grown stronger.]

"Is that... a compliment?"

[I'm simply stating a simple fact.]

"I'm honou-"

He couldn't finish his sentence. This is because the Magic Sword, which had just been drawn, had pierced through his open mouth. The cold blade sliced his tongue and pierced his oesophagus. His mind went blank. This wasn't because of the pain.

The blade protruded from the back of his skull.

Lucid calmly looked at Lukas for a moment before raising his sword.

Shuk.

Naturally, Lukas' head split in two from his mouth as a result. From his neatly bisected skull, the whitish-grey brain matter was clearly visible.

But Lucid's swordsmanship didn't end there.

Crack crack crack!

Like lightning, a chain of sword strikes slashed Lukas' entire body. It would be right to call it a series of heavy attacks. At that moment, Lucid was taking full advantage of the fact that he had two swords.

In an instant, Lukas' body fell to the ground as a pile of bloody meat.

"That's not Dreadment."

Lucid didn't turn to look at where the voice was coming from. Instead, he looked closely at the pile of bloody meat that he'd created and the bits of flesh that still hung on his sword.

It wasn't a hallucination or trick. He hadn't made a dummy either.

Without a doubt, the being that Lucid had just cut up was Lukas.

Nevertheless, Lukas was currently standing in front of him without a scratch.

[You've mastered the power of disappearance, one of the absolute laws of this world.]

"Personally, I prefer to call it Void. It's a power with a lot more applications than you know."

[Is that the source of your power?]

"Right. Do you understand now? Even if we continue to fight, neither of us will win."

Lukas couldn't interfere with Lucid.

Lucid couldn't kill Lukas.

Even if they were to continue to fight like this, it would only be a waste of time since a winner could not be clearly determined.

At the very least, that's what Lukas thought.

Chrrk, Lucid's figure flickered as he quickly closed the distance. Black smoke billowed from his body.

Of course, Lukas wouldn't just sit still and let him do as he pleased. This time, he tried to solidify space itself. This was because he felt like it would be a more effective obstacle than physical obstacles.

Crash!

But the result was the same.

Lucid tore through space just as easily, and the time it took for him to do that could not even be called the blink of an eye.

Crack!

Lucid's twin swords stabbed into both of his shoulders. Unable to withstand the force of his charge, Lukas was sent flying before eventually stopping as he crashed into a huge tree.

"...indeed."

Lukas tried to move his arms, but he couldn't. The two swords stopped his movements like nails. They also severed his tendons and muscles, preventing any movement in the first place.

"As I expected, that power is difficult to understand."

Paak.

He was hit in his stomach once again. This time, it was Lucid's knee. But unlike before, his spine was not smashed. Nevertheless, most of his internal organs were crushed instead.

"Urp."

Uwek!

Unable to stop it, he vomited blood. Lukas vomited with so much force that it seemed like he would spit out his organs. But Lucid's assault didn't stop. In fact, it could only be said that his ruthless violence had just begun.

Without using a sword, he destroyed Lukas' body with his bare fists. Blood, teeth, and flesh were sent flying. Every now and then Lukas tried to do something but to no avail. From Lucid's perspective, it must have felt weaker than the breaths of a dying old woman.

[...]

When Lucid finally stopped his violent rampage, there was a sea of blood around. There was so much flesh and blood that it was hard to believe it came from one person.

In this world, where the colours were reversed, blood didn't lose its original gleam.

[I understand. What kind of person you have become.]

"..."

[...I was about half successful in my purpose for coming here, so I will leave now. But let me be clear. The next time we meet, you will die by my hand.]

Lucid spoke.

[Because I no longer consider you as Lukas.]

"..."

He pulled out his two swords.

He sheathed the magic sword and swung Deukid in the air. Chwak, that was enough to easily tear space apart, and Lucid walked through the crack in space without looking back.

Now alone in this world, it was so still that he could almost hear his ears ring.

Lukas had been released, but he couldn't move. Instead, he slowly slid down the tree. His head lowered slowly and his long hair covered his face.

"...right."

A cracked voice came out.

“That’s what I want too.”

Urk.

Lukas wanted to vomit again. He wanted to spit out everything inside him.

But he decided to hold it in.

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

Season 2 Chapter 418

‘I’ am Lukas Trowman.

At least so far.

* * *

He had gotten stronger.

It was a thought that he’d heard after absorbing countless Lukases.

He perfectly dominated and understood the concept of Void, the basic substance of the World of Void. It constantly regenerated his body without the need for food. No. It was more like it gave him the ability to regress.

That wasn’t all.

The possibilities of Void were endless.

He was able to use that power to do most things.

He could use it for swordsmanship, spearmanship, and for his body.

He could carve weapons out of nature, and he could enter the ‘overlapping world’. It made it possible for him to infiltrate the space where the Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lords, was hiding.

He’d gotten stronger.

That vague thought carried great conviction.

“No one can kill you.”

A Lukas who had wandered the World of Void for tens of thousands of years told him that.

“Of course, it’s still too hard for you to deal with the Twelve Void Lords.”

“There’s no need to rush.”

“Because the power you have melted is only a fraction...”

In this form, the other Lukas’ became competent advisors and informants.

At least that’s what he thought at first.

“Kill him.”

“Save that person.”

The voices of the Lukases’ grew louder and their demands increased.

“Destroy everything.”

“Defend that.”

The voices all asked for their own things. He couldn’t fulfill all of their requests. Sometimes, fulfilling the request of one betrayed the request of the other. He was gradually sucked into a swamp of self contradiction, and when that happened, the ‘Lukases’ egos ravaged his brain.

“Don’t forget.”

“Don’t forget for even a single moment, Lukas.”

“This strength is not something you achieved on your own.”

“You... are responsible for all of us.”

The murmurs of tens of thousands could not be called murmurs.

They talked to him constantly. Upon absorption, they strongly emphasised their right to present their power instead of transferring it.

At some point, he became unable to maintain his sanity. The constant forcible instilled not only information but also thoughts and personalities into him.

...even beings with minds of steel usually don’t eat more than a double digit number of corpses when they go to the dump site.

Lucid had said.

–This is because it’s possible to become oversaturated. This is no different from taking the first few steps to destruction with your own two feet. Isn’t that natural? The target is none other than yourself. Just as the efficiency of predation is maximised, too much of it makes it a poison.

Perhaps that guy’s diagnosis was right.

After hearing those words, he was finally able to understand what he’d done.

In fact, it had been foreshadowed. After eating a certain amount of corpses, pain that could not be ignored coursed through his body. Not just his body, but also his mind creaked from the pain. Perhaps even someone with great mental strength would not have been able to withstand that pain.

But he ignored it.

He ignored it and continued to devour corpses.

It wasn’t enough. He needed to be stronger. It was an obsession he’d had ever since he met the two of the Twelve Void Lords in person.

“Kukuku...”

A chuckle crept out.

Eventually, he ate all of the Lukases and became strong.

He would have to face one directly to know just how he compared to one of the Twelve Void Lords, but he was at least able to learn one thing from his confrontation with the Corpse Ghost. At the very least, he wouldn't die in vain as he did previously. But what did that mean? It felt like he'd even forget his own purpose if he were to let his guard down. The mixed memories and personalities of the Lukases confused him. If he wasn't him, he might have gone mad already.

What was his purpose in the first place?

The future God had shown him.

The future where everyone he knew was destroyed.

That future had to be changed. He wanted to change it.

Diablo.

He was the main culprit and mastermind behind that future.

When he'd infiltrated the Corpse Ghost's space, it was obviously unexpected and surprising to find Diablo sitting there.

But one thing was clear.

He could have killed Diablo on the spot. Even when considering the fact that the other beings present might have tried to prevent it, it might have been worth a shot.

In order to actually change the future, he should have done it.

But he hadn't. He didn't do it. He didn't kill Diablo.

Was it because he cared about what he'd said?

That Knights brought huge changes to the World of Void whenever they appeared.

That this place would be the battlefield where the Great Game commenced.

...The things he spoke about caught his attention.

However, what did those things mean to him?

Crunch.

He clenched his fist.

Of course, he was sure that if he'd tried to destroy Diablo, the ones sitting there would not have continued to watch silently. Maybe even Pale who sat beside him would get involved. Even after acquiring so much information, her identity was still a mystery for him.

-No. Not that.

That didn't matter.

The Corpse Ghost, one of the Twelve Void Lord, the unidentified Pale, none of that mattered. He didn't care about what Diablo was talking about or the Great Game.

At that moment, he was only stopped because of an instinctive reluctance. He thought that killing Diablo on the spot wouldn't solve anything.

You could call it instinct, sixth sense, or intuition.

If he had killed Diablo then, things would have become more complicated.

My purpose, what I want.

It was to protect the future of those who were from the same fundamental universe...

* * *

...Was that really true?

Were they really worth it?

No one would remember my sacrifice anyway. They don't even know that I'm struggling here, or that I've thrown away something that I cherished for billions of years.

In the end, even if I manage to change the future and protect them at the last moment, all that awaits me is extinction.

No one would even remember my death.

Because they already forgot about me.

So even if I don't save them, I won't receive their resentment or hatred.

"..."

A disgusting desire filled my mind.

And I realised what I really wanted.

I don't want to die. I don't want to be sacrificed.

I still want to live.

"Insects, trash, motherfuckers."

"Those guys that forgot me, those ungrateful guys who forgot me after I saved them."

"Do I have to die for those guys? Hahaha...."

"Seriously, that joke isn't even funny."

It wasn't known whether this 'Lukas' voice came from the absorbed memories, or from an intense desire to survive that emerged after.

Clearly, I could not turn my eyes away from this desire. My ego wasn't so strong now. I could only do my best to not go crazy while protecting the few remaining 'I's from the constantly echoing voice.

I looked into myself a bit more.

Why I still wanted to live despite becoming so disgustingly hideous. And where the root of that shameless desire was.

I didn't have to look for a long time before I realised.

I still had some attachment for myself.

Broken pieces, fragments of self love that I thought had been smashed and scattered still rolled around in my heart. So I wanted to live.

I thought I'd crossed the 'line' and completely lost all affection for myself, but that didn't seem like the case.

Well. I'd started hating myself over 4,000 years ago, so I'd had a long time.

I decided to completely clean up all of the fragments of self love rolling around in my heart. To do that, it seemed like it would be a good idea to rely on the handful of pride left.

For example, something like this.

I would become irrelevant garbage.

I would become so repugnant that everyone who knew me would feel disgusted...

I made a small calculation.

I put my little remaining pride and the strong desire for survival on a scale and carefully compared them.

And yet, the side with the pride still had more weight. But the fact that the difference between them wasn't that large made me less bitter.

All humans had dark desires. The desire to live was one of them.

I had suppressed that desire for a very long time. I firmly controlled my inner self, and I knew how to control my desires.

But I decided to not do that anymore.

I decided to release my dirty and primitive desires to my heart's content.

Lucid had said it was as interesting as watching a play.

That's wrong. I was the one who had been confused while thinking about countless Lucids, and it was me who had chosen a fighting style without magic.

And it was also me who craved flesh and blood like a monster.

Lucid's flesh had been really delicious. My mouth watered just thinking about it.

"...urg."

Although my nausea rose, I didn't feel resistance. I graciously accept that fact.

Along with the sense of deliciousness, a feeling of disgust rose up my throat. I wanted to grab my throat and empty my stomach, but I didn't.

It certainly worked. My desire to live had faded a bit. Although it was idiotic, it was proof that the method I was using wasn't wrong.

I decided to continue maintaining this attitude.

Anyone who knew Lukas would be disgusted.

Again, this wasn't an act. The appearance I was now showing was one of my true colours, and it was an image that I might have had if I had made slightly different choices.

It was a coincidence that I decided to use such an image at the end of my life.

Compared to me.

"Lucid, you."

Nothing had changed.

His skin had become paler, his blood vessels had become stagnant, and his heart had gone cold, but he was still Lucid.

When I tore off my arm and gave it to him, he was insulted and angry. He hadn't lost his pride. Even after everything, he still considered himself a Knight, and it was true.

He was amazing, I envied him. Although he was covered in black energy, his figure was still dazzling.

He wasn't convinced that he'd become Diablo's servant, but looking back, he had always been self-righteous. Even if there was a situation, he wouldn't tell anyone.

Lucid obeyed Diablo without losing his ego. It was only at that moment that I realised he was acting. Although I'd shown anger at that time, I was actually happy.

If he was bowing his head to Diablo now, there had to be a reason. That was enough reason for me to be convinced.

At some point.

My mind was going to collapse. It was like a fate that couldn't be avoided.

If I were to have one greedy wish, I wanted to die as I was.

The moment I met Lucid, a rough plan emerged in my head.

If I finished what I had to do, and I saw him again while I was still me, I would die by his hands.

And it would be the most perfect full stop to my life.

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

Season 2 Chapter 419

He got up from the blood.

He didn't have any trouble moving, but it still took him a moment to adjust. Even though his body could regress, it seemed that being beaten into a bloody pulp for dozens of minutes had created a dissonance between his body and mind. This was also useful information.

If his opponent was Lucid or someone who was just as skilled, he learned that the fight would be quite annoying.

His surroundings were literally a sea of blood. There was so much blood, flesh, and bits of internal organs that it seemed like it couldn't have come from one person. If someone who hadn't been present saw it, they might have thought that a small scale war had occurred here.

[What are we going to do now?]

A voice echoed in his head. He ignored it instead of answering. This was because he knew there would be no end to them if he answered every question he was asked.

Nevertheless, it was certainly necessary for him to think about the future.

"..."

Firstly, there was someone he had to see in person and talk to more. Depending on the situation... Right. He might have to fight once again. Of course, that wouldn't stop Lukas from actions.

He swept his hand through the air. Crack, space was torn apart and the scene of a different space was visible through the tear. The face of the person within that space was clearly visible.

"..."

The Corpse Ghost was silent.

He didn't seem as relaxed as when they first met. But he also didn't appear very surprised.

He could feel a great pressure behind that hideous appearance.

The Twelve Void Lords.

The depth of his container was difficult to see. He was by no means an easy opponent.

Lukas hoped he had the same feeling as he looked at him.

"You came back."

There was a hint of coolness in the Corpse Ghost's voice.

There also seemed to be a hint of caution mixed in. At that moment, he didn't feel happy that he wasn't being ignored. Instead, he felt a tingling sensation in his skin and his hairs stood up as he sensed danger.

"Do you have the power to manipulate bodies?"

"..."

“At that time, the blood flow in my body suddenly changed. Then my blood vessels broke down and my bones melted.”

Lukas was talking about the time the Corpse Ghost had killed him.

Coincidentally, Lukas had brought it up when the Corpse Ghost was considering repeating the same experiment once more. Although he wasn't too surprised like this, he couldn't erase the feeling that Lukas had read his intentions and that he'd somehow lost a round. As a result, the Corpse Ghost stopped the experiment he was about to perform and looked away.

Lukas slowly looked down at the table. Diablo was nowhere to be seen. Only Pale was there, swinging her legs with a playful expression on her face.

For a brief moment, a feeling that he wasn't quite sure was regret flashed across his mind.

If Diablo was still there, would he make a more serious attempt to kill him this time?... He wasn't sure.

There was one reason why he couldn't give a definite answer.

Lukas could not conclude whether Diablo was the source of all evil or not.

“Diablo isn't here.”

As if he knew who he was looking for, the Corpse Ghost spoke up.

“What if I ask you where he is?”

“You wouldn't get an answer.”

That was a surprisingly strong statement... Then perhaps he should be a bit more forceful too.

Just as Lukas was about to lift his hand to his carotid artery, the Corpse Ghost spoke again.

“Is that how you control the basic energy?”

His hand motion stopped. He'd read his intentions. It was a situation almost identical to what had happened before. Except the roles had changed.

“Is that a guess? You have a boring way of talking.”

“I'm sorry, but while I don't have arms or legs, my eyes still work.”

The Corpse Ghost smiled and opened his eyes wide. The part of his eye that was supposed to be white was black, and his pupils were red.

“If you don't believe me, I can explain in more detail. You are manipulating the flow of your blood in order to move the energy.”

“...”

“You used your head. The basic energy in itself is difficult to move, so you decided to use your blood flow, right? Indeed. Like a ship being swept along by a river, the basic energy and your blood flow move together. Of course, there are some weak points, and also some risks... But you are using it without any problems.”

“I’d prefer it if you call it Void.”

Even at Lukas’ words, the Corpse Ghost continued with a laugh.

“Sure. There is no end to what Void can do. Basically, you have transcended death, and the accompanying destructive power is like a helpful byproduct, but there is something that is truly terrifying. From now on, you-”

Lukas turned to look at Pale. She was listening to the Corpse Ghost with an expression of interest.

“Let’s stop there.”

“Really?”

“Right. I’ll admit it. Your understanding of my power is correct.”

“Huhu. Should I say it’s an honour?”

Lukas ignored him. He didn’t want to carry on this conversation any longer because his head was beginning to throb.

“There is something I don’t quite understand.”

“What’s that?”

“My power is not something you could understand with just a glance.”

Lukas didn’t believe he would be able to hide his power forever. However, even after considering that fact, the Corpse Ghost’s deduction had been too fast.

“It wasn’t one. This is the second time you and I have met.”

“Stop playing word games. I don’t like talking for too long.”

“...”

The Corpse Ghost smiled faintly.

“Then let’s do this. Instead of answering that question, how about you leave my territory?”

“I believe there are still tests left.”

“Couldn’t you leave the dump site at any time if you really wanted to? To test such a being would be absurd.”

That was right.

The Corpse Ghost was now politely asking him to leave.

He hesitated without giving an answer. He wasn’t really obligated to accept his offer. In the first place, Lukas’ goal was to kill one of the Twelve Void Lords and take their place. It didn’t matter to him whether his opponent was Yang In-hyun or not.

Right. Even if it was the Lord of the Dump Site in front of him.

The Corpse Ghost was reluctant to have him stay here... That much was clear. Otherwise, he wouldn't have suggested he leave his territory.

What was important was how 'reluctant' he was.

For the Corpse Ghost, was Lukas simply a nuisance? Or was he an enemy who could threaten his life?

He looked at the Corpse Ghost.

He could not tell what he was thinking behind those black eyes with red pupils.

[Just kill him. Let's fight.]

[Look at that wretched body.]

[He's scared of you. Can't you feel it?]

Some of the more radical 'Lukases' started talking again. Shut up. Lukas frowned slightly, but he didn't have any intention of completely ignoring their opinions.

Crunch.

He clenched his fist.

Like the Corpse Ghost had said, in order for him to control Void more accurately, he needed to put his fingers against his carotid artery.

This was because it was much easier to manipulate his blood flow if he could feel his pulse. But it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to do this.

A surprise attack was still possible.

Of course, that would be a big deal. The Corpse Ghost was currently offering Lukas peace. He had stretched out the hand of truce first. If he were to knock it away, Lukas would probably have to fight to the death with the Corpse Ghost.

Should he take his offer? Should he not?

Should he attack? Should he accept the truce?

In an instant, Lukas' conflicted feelings increased.

It was the silent third party that brought an end to the possible conflict before it could start.

"Accept it."

It was Pale, who grinned as she spoke.

Sitting on the chair in reverse, she was smiling as she rested her chin on the backrest.

"You can't handle the Corpse Ghost. He is the most annoying of all of the Twelve Void Lords."

"..."

“There are a few out of the Twelve Void Lords that uncle can fight now. But the Corpse Ghost isn’t one of them.”

Although she spoke in a playful tone, she wasn’t lying.

When Lukas realised that, he calmed his rising aura so quickly that even he himself was surprised. Then he looked at the Corpse Ghost.

“I accept.”

“A wise choice, thank you.”

The Corpse Ghost smiled as if he wasn’t aware of Lukas’ internal conflict and spoke.

“My story continues where she left off. It seems like your goal is closely related to the Twelve Void Lords... As far as I know, our fighting power is around the same level.”

Those words were strange.

Lukas immediately had a strange feeling after hearing the Corpse Ghost’s words.

“What do you mean by fighting power?”

“As expected, you know how to find the pulse of the conversation.”

The Corpse Ghost smiled faintly.

“The Twelve Void Lords can be divided into two categories. Those who created a force, and those who didn’t create a force. It is the latter that you need to be mindful of.”

He couldn’t easily understand what that meant.

Not the former, but the latter?

Wasn’t it easier to prey upon the Twelve Void Lords who hadn’t created a force?

“I’ll say it again. The Twelve Void Lords all have the same fighting power.”

“...fighting power.”

Lukas finally grasped the hidden meaning in the Corpse Ghost’s words.

“Are you saying that the independent members of the Twelve Void Lords have just as much fighting power as the Twelve Void Lords that created forces?”

“Correct.”

If that was the case then they were really dangerous.

There were an uncountable number of powerful people in the Flower Mountain alone. Naturally, there weren’t any masters comparable to Yang In-hyun, but those with the ability to take over most territories easily exceeded ten.

The independent members of the Twelve Void Lords were equivalent to the entire Flower Mountain.

“In my case, this Dump Site is my force. At the same time, the people you met outside all belong to forces of their own. Sama Ryeong belongs to [Flower Mountain], Daihad belongs to [Futurix], Haspin belongs to [Demonsio], and Mantis, who unfortunately died, belonged to [The Hive].”

“...”

“And Jacob. He belongs to [Magic Planet], kuku, and if there is someone you’ll want to avoid, it is the Lord of that place.”

“Why?”

“Because there is a high chance that the Beginning Wizard is a higher level version of you.”

This was probably the answer to Lukas’ earlier question.

The reason why the Corpse Ghost was able to recognise his power with just a glance.

It was simple. He had seen a similar power before.

“Of course, the effects and direction are a bit different. But at least, you are not a perfect pioneer in that power of Void.”

“...”

“My answer ends there. I trust that you will keep your promise. Then I’ll go now.”

After saying those words, the Corpse Ghost quickly disappeared. His attitude seemed to say that there was something he needed to deal with.

Lukas and Pale were the only ones left in the dark room.

“I missed the moment to speak earlier.”

Pale slowly opened her mouth.

“Uncle is really strong now.”

“...”

“As expected, I’m really good at recognising talented people. How is it? Like I said, eating made it fast, right?”

He didn’t have the strength to deal with nonsense. Ignoring her, Lukas looked around, observing their surroundings.

The place where the Corpse Ghost and Diablo were.

Perhaps he’d be able to find some clues about it here.

“Huh.”

Pale tilted her head and chased after him.

“You’ve become really cold since we last saw each other. Did something bad happen?”

“-what... the hell are you?”

Still not looking at her, Lukas asked a question.

“Have you forgotten already? I’m Pale.”

“I’m not asking for your name. I don’t even know if that’s your real name.”

“Ah. Why are you being like that? It really hurts.”

She didn’t have any intention of telling him.

Then Lukas didn’t have any intention of talking any further.

Lukas cut the space.

“Huh? I’m coming too.”

Pale chased after him.

* * *

When Lukas cut through space and appeared, he could feel the people around him tremble.

From their perspective, it would seem as if a black shape had suddenly appeared in space from which Lukas walked out.

“Hehe. This path is interesting.”

He looked around.

There was no sign of the Black Knight, Lucid. As he expected, he’d probably left with Diablo.

He kept looking around. Eventually, he found what he was looking for.

The figure of Sama Ryeong lay on the ground. It seemed like she was unconscious. That was a good thing for Lukas.

As he was about to walk up to her, someone blocked him.

It was Daihad.

“What is it?”

“...um. I made a temporary alliance. With her.”

He was talking about Sama Ryeong.

“So?”

“So I can’t stand aside and watch you hurt her.”

“I have no intention of hurting her. Now get out of my way. This will be your only warning.”

Lukas only said the main points. This was partly due to the fact that he had a headache which made it difficult to carry on a conversation for a long time.

But Daihad laughed as if he had no intention of standing aside.

“I’m sorry, but how can I just trust your words?”

“...”

He should just kill him. As he looked at Daihad, he had this thought.

He didn’t think that killing him would hurt him in any way.

Right. He’d do it. He’d just kill him here. And... it wouldn’t hurt to eat his corpse too.

Just as Lukas was about to put his thoughts into action...

“What do you want with her?”

It was Haspin.

“Why should I explain that? To weaklings like you?”

“There is no harm in it. I might be able to help.”

Haspin’s voice was dry but calm. And his attitude towards Lukas was very mild. This was evidence that he still wanted to cooperate despite Lukas’ harsh attitude towards him.

“I don’t need your help. And you don’t just want to help me.”

Haspin wanted something from Lukas. He frowned slightly, it felt like he was trying to bring up that matter again under the pretext of helping him.

“...does that mean you still don’t want to meet her? My Lord.”

Sedi.

Haspin had told him her name.

When he thought of her, he felt his heart beat louder than the voices in his head. It was a bad omen. Perhaps if they met... he would experience even greater agitation than this. That was not something Lukas wanted.

“Stop it with your disgusting offers. Goat.”

Unexpectedly, it was someone other than Lukas who shared the same thoughts.

The voice came from the sky.

It was Jacob, whose arrogant expression had made a reappearance.

“The sir will be going with me.”

“...the sir?”

Instead of answering, Jacob landed lightly on the ground.

Then he looked at Lukas. For some reason, his gaze was warm. His eyes also seemed to be shining brightly. Regardless of what happened, this was the first time his attitude had changed so much. It didn't suit him.

"Sir Lukas."

Sir?

"Would you be willing to accompany me to the Magic Planet?"

"..."

Jacob's incomprehensible attitude change made Lukas feel like his headache was getting worse.

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

Season 2 Chapter 420

"Uncle, you could just kill them all."

Pale fanned the flames.

Personally, Lukas also wanted to kill Pale, who brought it up in the first place, but he could only endure it for now. It wasn't necessarily a bad thing to do what she was suggesting. But he needed to pace himself.

If he were to just act as he pleased at random, his mind would not be able to hold out and would collapse in no time. It wasn't yet the time for that. At the very least, he needed to maintain his sanity till he killed one of the Twelve Void Lords and went to the place known as the King's Castle.

Shuk.

He stretched out his arm, causing the unconscious body of Sama Ryeong to float up. After that, he gestured with his finger and she came towards him as if she was being pulled. In truth, Lukas didn't have to do this in order to move something, but he did it anyway. This was to deceive the people around him, as well as the Corpse Ghost who might be watching this scene.

Lukas roughly picked up the body of Sama Ryeong before tearing space open once again.

The Corpse Ghost had only given Lukas permission to leave, so he probably wouldn't want him to take Sama Ryeong out of this place.

But he didn't care. He didn't think the Corpse Ghost would become hostile with him just because of this matter. And even if he did, it wouldn't be that big of a deal.

"Wait...!"

Haspin called out to him, but Lukas coldly ignored him as he stepped through the space. Pale followed him. But the most surprising thing happened at the end.

Just before the crack in space could disappear completely, Jacob threw himself into it.

Haspin and Daihad had no time – and no reason – to stop them.

Four people.

In an instant, most of the group had disappeared.

Now, only Haspin and Daihad were left in the forest.

“...I feel like I got caught up in something huge. First of all, I’m thankful that I even managed to survive.”

Daihad stroked his chin before turning to glance at Haspin.

“What do you plan to do now?”

“The test hasn’t ended.”

Haspin spoke in his uniquely deep voice.

“We still have to finish.”

“And after?”

“I will return to my territory, [Demonsio].”

Haspin knew there might be some repercussions because of what he saw and heard.

Nevertheless, he had to make the report. Because that was the role he had been given.

* * *

Fwoosh!

“Kuk.”

Jacob let out a groan.

He had just come out of the crack in space. He couldn’t breathe or move his body. His actions had been completely blocked.

Even the movement of his cells seemed to have been restrained.

“Is your goal to die? If so then I’d be happy to help.”

Lukas spoke in a frightening tone. His black eyes seemed to pierce directly into his heart. His heart pounded. This wasn’t just because he was afraid.

Forcing the motionless corners of his mouth to move, Jacob spoke.

“To die by your hands... would be my honour...!”

“You seem to believe your death would have great meaning. I wouldn’t even remember you.”

“Kuku...”

Jacob chuckled instead of responding. His eyes seemed to glow faintly.

Lukas looked at this figure who was staring at him with wide eyes.

What was this man’s goal? Was it just to take him to Magic Planet? What exactly did that mean?

He recalled the Corpse Ghost's words.

He'd advised him to avoid the Beginning Wizard, Lord of the Magic Planet and one of the Twelve Void Lords, saying that there was a high chance that he might have a different but higher level power to Lukas'.

Of course, Lukas didn't believe that he understood and could control Void better than he could. However, he didn't intend to simply ignore the Corpse Ghost's warning.

...Perhaps, the Beginning Wizard's goal was to gather those with similar powers in the Magic Planet and then devour them. He could have spread strong beings like Jacob all over the World of Void to look for them.

Although that would be a good way to explain most things... the one thing it couldn't explain Jacob's respectful attitude towards him.

"Don't be a nuisance. I have no intention of going to the Magic Planet."

After saying those brief words, Lukas released the restraints. Gasping, Jacob collapsed.

His entire body had been restrained up until then and the pain he must have felt was by no means small, but there were no signs of resentment on his face.

"Just kill him! That man is worth eating!"

Pale stomped on the ground and urged.

Worth eating... Now that he thought about it, there was a reason for him to avoid cannibalism for the time being. The power swirling around inside Lukas hadn't melted yet. It wouldn't be a good idea to add more things to his body. If anything went wrong, the cracks in the glass might spread faster.

Surprisingly, Jacob and Lukas had a lot in common.

If he ate him, he might be able to obtain many things. It just wasn't a good time right now.

'...I could use him.'

Lukas glanced at Jacob. He wasn't exactly sure what this man's intentions were, but he was a Wizard from the Magic Planet which was shrouded in mystery, so he was worth using.

"Do you intend to keep following me?"

"...if I do, will you kill me?"

"I won't kill you. As long as you agree to my conditions."

Jacob hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"...I can't tell you anything about the Magic Planet."

"It has nothing to do with that."

"Huh?"

“Firstly, don’t be a nuisance. If you intend to follow me, keep quiet.”

“...”

Don’t be a nuisance.

This was a very vague condition. This was because it was possible for the party who raised the condition to push Jacob around by interpreting it as they pleased.

“Understood.”

Nevertheless, Jacob still accepted.

This was because he judged that this level of risk was worth it.

“What’s the second condition?”

Jacob’s voice was filled with tension.

Usually, the conditions that came after were more difficult to complete.

Lukas answered without looking at Jacob.

“The polite speech.”

“Huh?”

“Stop using polite speech, it’s unnecessary.”

“...?”

Jacob looked at him strangely for a moment.

A Wizard showing him respect and speaking to him politely. Because of that, he recalled unpleasant memories from the past.

“I can’t do that.”

But Jacob refused in a firm tone.

“You are a great Wizard who reached the level of being able to look down on Truth Seekers. I cannot treat such a person like that.”

“Even if it means you die here?”

“...it is my nature.”

His attitude was inflexible.

With this he was able to get a rough idea of Jacob’s personality. Because of how high his pride was, he would not take back his words after he said them. Even if he were to try to kill him now, there was a high chance that he would just accept it calmly.

He looked at Pale. Pushing out her lips slightly, she mouthed the words ‘just kill him’.

Lukas clicked his tongue.

* * *

The World of Void was incomparably vast and there were no clear landmarks.

After walking ten steps, it would be impossible to return to where you once were even if you were to turn around and retrace your steps. In order to not get lost in this land, it was necessary to be accompanied by a 'guide'.

Fortunately, Lukas had experienced what it meant to be a guide even before coming to the dump site.

Of course, he didn't need to use that skill now.

Crack-

Just by tearing the space apart, he was able to return to the grey desert.

"That power is astounding... Such a feat is not possible with just talent and knowledge of space."

"..."

Ignoring Jacob's muttering, Lukas looked up at the sky.

As always, the appearance of the sky seemed to show a flow of colours.

Lukas sat down roughly in the sand. He knew exactly where the Flower Mountain was, but he didn't intend to go there until Sama Ryeong woke up.

"I'll take a look around."

Jacob took it upon himself to do the chores. He was so polite that Lukas couldn't help but wonder if he was the same arrogant man from their first meeting. Lukas didn't respond, but he didn't seem to mind as if he'd already decided to take the role.

Soon, he disappeared from view. Lukas wasn't worried that he wouldn't come back. Jacob probably had the skills of a guide as well, or at least some other method.

Lukas stretched his hand into the air.

'As expected, it's much more abundant outside.'

It was possible for him to clearly feel the presence and movement of void in the atmosphere.

In the World of Void, the power of void could do almost anything. Not just killing someone, if the conditions were met, perhaps even the reverse would be possible...

"..."

Lukas suddenly turned his head and looked at Pale. She was looking up at the sky with a serious expression that seemed to be a mixture of caution and solemnity.

What was wrong? Lukas followed her gaze and looked up at the sky.

The flowing skies that were unique to the grey desert. At least as far as Lukas could see, there was nothing strange about it. Just as Lukas narrowed his eyes a bit more.

“It’s really quiet around here.”

Jacob returned.

He had a slightly suspicious expression on his face.

“I could barely feel any signs of life... The desert in the Western Region, it was never this peaceful when I came here.”

Those last words were closer to a mumble.

Lukas agreed with him. In the past, when he was wandering this desert with Pale, monsters would appear almost hourly.

“Should we wait for her to wake up first?”

Jacob glanced at Sama Ryeong as he said this.

Lukas nodded.

In any case, he needed to talk to Sama Ryeong, someone who came from Flower Mountain, for his rough plan.

* * *

When Sama Ryeong opened her eyes, she was greeted by a multicoloured sky.

‘...’

This wasn’t the forest that served as the test site. It wasn’t even the dump site.

She was currently outside.

The first thing she noticed was that fact. Then, she wiggled her fingers slightly. They moved. There didn’t seem to be anything wrong with her sensory organs and she wasn’t bound. Next, she checked her muscles.

...Their condition wasn’t perfect, but at least it was enough to move. It was enough since even her fatigue had been completely relieved.

‘...this feeling.’

The feeling of the ground felt like sand.

Sama Ryeong was shocked by this fact. If this was the desert, that meant that she was in the Western Region.

‘Why am I here...?’

Was she brought all the way here while unconscious? How long had it been since she’d fallen unconscious?

Sama Ryeong calmed her confusion and focused her attention on her surroundings. There were three presences that she could feel. And it seemed that none of them were paying attention to her.

'My sword...'

Naturally, it was not on her waist.

A small investigation showed that it was lying beside a woman who was the farthest away from them.

The other two were having a conversation.

"...then is your goal to kill Yang In-hyun?"

For a moment, she almost trembled. The contents of the conversation that she'd overheard were too shocking.

Kill? Who? Yang In-hyun? By who?

"Do you think it's reckless?"

"Definitely not. You can certainly discuss killing one of the Twelve Void Lords."

Sama Ryeong finally realised that the owner of the voice was Jacob. But his voice lacked any of his characteristic arrogance. If she had to say, it felt like he was being strangely obedient or polite.

"Nevertheless, it won't be easy. The Everlasting Plum Sword is strong and ruthless. I heard that once he considers someone an enemy... he will eliminate them by any means."

Eliminate.

In this world, where the meanings of defeat, exclusion and death were relatively light, this might be the surest method.

Sama Ryeong knew.

Yang In-hyun didn't blindly kill those who didn't follow him. Instead he used their desires and desperation in order to get what he wanted from them. In Sama Ryeong's case, it was vengeance.

'Jacob is talking to someone...'

Was it Lukas Trowman?

Then that meant two out of the three were identified.

It was the woman at the far end of the campfire that was still an unknown. She was the one who had her sword, and she was not someone that had been in the test area.

Sama Ryeong had been the only woman there.

"Since you're awake, can we talk now?"

A clear voice.

Sama Ryeong was startled. Without her realising it, the blue haired woman had squatted beside her and was looking at her.

When did she come here? She hadn't felt a single trace.

"Ah. I have no intentions of harming you, so you don't have to worry."

"...you expect me to believe that?"

"Hey. Do you know how long you were unconscious? If I wanted to eat you, I could have done it hundreds of times by now."

Pale replied with a grumpy expression.

Even Sama Ryeong was unable to refute her statement.

"...what do you want from me?"

"That's easy."

The answer didn't come from the woman, but from Lukas, who was behind her.

"Take me to Yang..."

Boowoowoong-

A strong vibration. It was like the sound of birds buzzing in your ears.

Lukas' eyes turned to Pale, because the vibrations were coming from her.

"Eh? It's not me."

Pale shook her head with a bewildered expression.

"The vibration is coming from the sword, not her."

Jacob spoke, looking at the sword hanging from Pale's waist. He was right. The vibrations were coming from the sword.

"Huh. You're right. So cool. Did you put an alarm function on your sword?"

"...that's... not it."

Sama Ryeong's expression became frighteningly stiff.

"The sword. Give it to me. It's urgent."

"I'm not giving it to you until you explain what's going on."

"Kuk."

Sama Ryeong hesitated for a while but she quickly determined that it wasn't worth worrying about now.

"...The Seven Flowers, the most elite group in Flower Mountain, usually don't stay in the territory. We are usually scattered all over the World of Void, training ourselves and focused on pursuing our own goals."

"That's true."

Jacob nodded as if to help.

“Nevertheless, the fact that we are the main force representing Flower Mountain doesn’t change. So Flower Mountain needed a way to contact us in case of an emergency.”

Sama Ryeong pointed towards her sword.

“That sword has such a function attached to it. It’s a device that can immediately summon us when Flower Mountain faces a threat it cannot handle with its current power.”

“Hmm. In other words, Flower Mountain is currently experiencing some kind of crisis?”

“Right. And the degree of vibration on the sword tells us the level of danger. I can only tell by touching it, so please give it to me quickly.”

Pale glanced at Lukas.

He nodded as if to say he allowed it, and she handed the sword over.

“Here.”

Sama Ryeong quickly snatched the sword and inserted it into the sheath at her waist. Then, while holding the sword by the tip and hilt, she concentrated.

Her face gradually turned pale.

“This... unbelievable...”

“What is it? Is it serious?”

Sama Ryeong gulped slightly before speaking.

“...it’s the highest level, a level 7 danger alert.”

Pale tilted her head to the side.

“How serious is that?”

“...it means the power of Flower Mountain has decreased by more than 90%.”

With a crunch, Sama Ryeong grit her teeth.

“A situation in which the Sect Leader has died.”