

## Great Mage 721

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

#### Season 2 Chapter 421

"I have to go."

Sama Ryeong looked up at the sky.

When a being becomes affiliated with a certain territory, a thin thread is formed between that being and the territory. Because of this, even if they didn't know their location, it was still possible for them to return to their territory.

Sama Ryeong could see the 'thread' stretching out of her body and realised that their current location wasn't very far from Flower Mountain.

If she hurried, she would be able to return before the sky changed colour three times.

"Aren't you going to stop her?"

Lukas fell silent for a moment at Pale's words. Amid his throbbing headache, he speculated about a few possibilities.

First was the possibility that Sama Ryeong was lying. She could be pretending that there was a crisis in order to return to Flower Mountain... Of course, the odds of this were low. As far as Lukas could tell, Sama Ryeong was not that cunning. He couldn't be certain, but this woman had a similar scent to his old friend. In a sense, she was very inflexible.

Second was the possibility that the danger signal that Sama Ryeong had received was a trick. Through some means, they realised that Sama Ryeong and Lukas were together, and they'd set a trap to lure him to their den...

"..."

No. Even for Lukas, the odds of that being the case were low. In the first place, he hadn't had a proper encounter with the members of Flower Mountain in this life. He'd rescued Lesha, but they hadn't left any traces, so there was no reason for them to be hostile towards him. Instead, the possibility that they didn't even know he existed was much higher.

"Stop."

Lukas tried to stop Sama Ryeong, but she kept moving without stopping. As her body warmed up, she gradually gained momentum.

He'd brought her here, so he wouldn't let her leave like this.

Lukas restrained her body.

Clang, unable to walk forward any further, Sama Ryeong collapsed.

"What... kuk."

Sama Ryeong struggled to move her body, but she remained motionless as if her entire body had been paralysed.

“Amazing...”

Jacob let out a murmur of admiration, but he didn't fully understand Lukas' power.

“Undo this, right now.”

Sama Ryeong's low voice was mixed with killing intent. She glared at Lukas with tearful eyes.

“Stop doing useless things. I don't care that your territory is currently in danger. In fact, it is a rare opportunity for me.”

“...I heard that you plan to kill Yang In-hyun.”

She'd overheard their conversation. Had she been awake since then?

Lukas had this thought, but his expression didn't change as if he was wearing a mask. Sama Ryeong stared at his face for a while but eventually, she let out a resigned sigh.

“...I do too.”

“What?”

“I also desire to kill Yang In-hyun.”

This was an unexpected development.

Lukas looked back at Jacob but he slowly shook his head as if to say 'I never heard about that'.

“I have been sharpening my blade with hate ever since that bastard killed the Sect Leader and took his place.”

“...”

“I know it must be hard to believe. But you need to believe me.”

Pale spoke with a smirk.

“There is a sense of desperation in her voice. If this is an act, doesn't that make her an amazing liar?”

Lukas looked down at Sama Ryeong and said.

“Have you ever fought Yang In-hyun?”

Sama Ryeong couldn't understand why he suddenly asked her that question, but she decided to answer first.

“No.”

“Then do you know about his swordsmanship?”

“...I know.”

“I’m not talking about the Plum Blossom Sword Technique. I’m talking about Yang In-hyun’s lethal sword technique.”

Nevertheless, when he didn’t receive an answer, Lukas brought it up first.

The name of the sword technique.

“Everlasting Plum Sword, First Move, Martial Annihilation.”

Sama Ryeong’s eyes were filled with hesitation.

She looked as though she was contemplating whether to confess or not. However, the look in her eyes soon changed as if she thought she had no choice.

“...I’m not very clear on the details either. I’ve never experienced it personally. I’ve only heard about it from the previous Sect Leader. The Everlasting Plum Sword consists of a total of four forms, and with each successive form, the power is doubled.”

“...”

That meant the second form was twice as strong as the first, and the third was twice as strong as the second.

His head throbbed.

Lukas had died to the first form, Martial Destruction. He couldn’t even fight back. This made it hard for him to accept that the first form was the weakest. Of course, Lukas’ strength had grown incomparably since then, but Yang In-hyun had been hiding three other forms.

Lukas’ gaze turned to Sama Ryeong again.

“If you want to kill Yang In-hyun, why do you want to go to Flower Mountain?”

“...”

“The level 7 warning, if what you said was true, means Flower Mountain was partially destroyed and Yang In-hyun was at least in critical condition. Isn’t that a good thing for you?”

“All I want is Yang In-hyun’s death. I don’t want the other disciples of Flower Mountain to get hurt.”

“...”

Apparently, the relationship between Sama Ryeong, Yang In-hyun, and Flower Mountain was a bit complicated. Of course, Lukas had no intention of delving deeper into it.

Shuk, he withdrew his hand and released the restraint. Realising this, Sama Ryeong got up from the ground. She might have thought she was hiding it, but the others could still feel her glower at Lukas.

“Impudent girl...”

Jacob displayed his displeasure before Lukas even had the chance to, but Lukas raised his hand and stopped him. For him, the situation where this man was getting upset when he was insulted was unpleasant enough.

“Let’s head to Flower Mountain first. That way we can find out what’s going on.”

“...I think that’s a good idea.”

Jacob agreed and Sama Ryeong nodded as well.

It was at this time that Pale raised her hand.

“Before that! Why has no one said the thing that should be said right now?”

“...the thing that should be said?”

Pale tilted her head to the side with an innocent expression.

“Who was it that made a mess of Flower Mountain and drove Yang In-hyun to a critical condition?”

\* \* \*

When they entered Flower Mountain, the territory was filled with a pungent smell of burning.

The turquoise landscape that he’d seen in the past was nowhere in sight.

Fwoosh...

Flames soared in every direction, and ashes, which used to be trees, floated in the sky.

“It’s like a forest fire.”

It was on a very large scale. Jacob added, casually patting soot off of his robe.

Crunch.

On the other hand, Sama Ryeong gritted her teeth. There was a sharp glint in her eyes.

Srng.

She drew her sword and swung it furiously. The wave of wind from her slash swept through the area like a storm, extinguishing the raging flames in an instant.

“...this level of flame could easily be handled by a few senior disciples.”

Sama Ryeong muttered in a low voice.

“That must mean they don’t have enough time for that.... Hmm. Wait a minute.”

Jacob narrowed his eyes.

“Someone is coming this way. Three people.”

Tch, he clicked his tongue. The goal of putting out the fire was good, but the sword wind that Sama Ryeong had created had been too noticeable. If there were enemies currently invading Flower Mountain, it would have naturally drawn their attention.

It was only then that Sama Ryeong realised her mistake and made a slightly apologetic expression.

“I acted rashly. My apologies.”

“Is that supposed to be an apology?”

Jacob made a sarcastic remark, but Sama Ryeong didn't respond. The presences of those approaching were familiar.

Taht!

Three human figures landed from the sky with gentle movements. They were all men dressed in black, white and green robes respectively. They all had swords at their waists and exuded auras that could not be easily ignored.

Lukas could tell at a glance that these three were stronger than the Flower Mountain elders he'd encountered before.

In addition, they all had slightly similar auras to Sama Ryeong.

“Martial Brother Chun.”

The young man in black at the front took a step forward.

“Long time no see, Martial Sister.”

“You returned too.”

“I just happened to be not so far away.”

Jacob, who was beside Lukas, got closer to him and whispered.

“They seem to be members of the Seven Flowers like Sama Ryeong.”

Jacob's guess was correct.

Standing in front of them was the Third Sword Cheon Jong-woo, the Fifth Sword Man Seol-gun, and the Sixth Sword Jo Sang-ak.

The Seven Swords was the most elite group in Flower Mountain, and it was a rare occasion for most of them to gather in the same place.

“Do you have an understanding of the situation?”

“No. We just arrived. Fifth and Sixth joined me along the way.”

“Martial Sister, long time no see.”

“I hope you've been well.”

Man Seol-gun and Jo Sang-ak respectfully greeted her.

A soft smile also spread across her cold face.

She was lucky. All of these people were members of the Seven Flowers who disliked Yang In-hyun. In other words, it meant they were strong allies for Sama Ryeong.

“...by the way, who are those behind you?”

Cheon Jong-woo, the young man in black, looked at the people behind her with flickering eyes. It was easy to tell that they were outsiders from their appearance and auras.

“Lower those eyes. Before I pull them out.”

The atmosphere cooled as Jacob sneered derisively.

Cheon Jong-woo didn't draw his sword right away, but there was a glimmer of killing intent in his eyes.

“What a vulgar way of talking. I wonder if you have the skills to back that up.”

“Hoh. Would you like to test it? What will you do?”

The atmosphere between them became harsh.

This useless dispute was not something that Lukas wanted. Pressing down on his temples out of habit, he said.

“Jacob.”

“Yes.”

“Martial Brother Cheon.”

“I'm sorry.”

Jacob bowed his head politely. At the same time, Sama Ryeong played the same role on the other side.

Then, Sama Ryeong sighed and said.

“These are... reinforcements I called.”

“Reinforcements... do you mean?”

“Right. They can be trusted... for now.”

Sama Ryeong added a useless phrase at the end, but Lukas didn't mind it. This level of boundary, this level of distance, was right.

“...I'll believe it since it's Martial Sister.”

“Thanks.”

“Shall we make our way to the main mountain? There don't seem to be any enemies around.”

“Right.”

Cheon Jong-woo turned and led the way up the mountain, followed by the rest.

“Let's hear what's going on from Sixth first.”

“Martial Brother Jo?”

The young man in the green robe smiled and spoke.

“I came a bit before, so I was able to take a look around.”

“What was the situation on the main mountain when you came?”

“I didn’t feel any presences. There weren’t any disciples guarding the mountain or carrying out reconnaissance.”

Jo Sang-ak, the young man in the green robe, continued with a smile.

“That means there are two possibilities. One is that they can’t afford to, the other is that they’re all dead already.”

“...”

If it was the latter then the situation would be much worse than they expected.

This is because the disciples patrolling or carrying out reconnaissance never deviated from their assigned positions or missions unless it was a fatal situation.

At that time, Man Seol-gu, the young man in white, spoke.

“Not so long ago, the Sect Leader went outside and came back injured.”

His voice was as cold as ice. It didn’t seem like he was in a bad mood, instead, it felt like that was his normal voice.

Man Seol-gu was probably the strangest out of the Seven Flowers that wandered around the world. He usually liked visiting other regions to train, but he returned to Flower Mountain the most frequently. Of course, he usually didn’t stay for very long and left quickly, but the frequency was incomparable to the other disciples.

During one of the times when Sama Ryeong had returned, Man Seol-gu had left and returned at least a dozen times.

“His left arm was covered in blood.”

“He was injured? The Sect Leader?”

Sama Ryeong couldn’t help but question it. Despite her hatred for Yang In-hyun, she acknowledged his strength. No, it would be more accurate to say she was keenly aware of it.

In all honesty, even if all the forces in Flower Mountain came together to fight Yang In-hyun, it was questionable whether they would even be able to inflict significant damage to his body.

“Yes. When I asked him the cause of his injury, he said it was a wound from [The Exile].”

“...the exile?”

“One of the Twelve Void Lords.”

Jacob interrupted their conversation.

“Are you talking about the Void Lord [The One who was Exiled from the Universe]?”

He tilted his head to the side.

“Doesn’t he only wander in the Eastern Region? As far as I know, he hasn’t left there for decades.”

“I don’t know the exact details. However, the Sect Leader said his wounds were made by his [Occult Hand] and that it couldn’t be healed by ordinary means.”

“...that means [The Exile] is the most likely culprit for why Flower Mountain became like this.”

It was certainly possible for one of the Twelve Void Lords to make Flower Mountain look like this on their own.

Sama Ryeong grit her teeth. She didn’t know the details, but in the end, this disaster was caused by Yang In-hyun. Flower Mountain wouldn’t have been like this if he hadn’t gotten into a needless conflict with the exile.

“-we’re here.”

Cheon Jong-woo stopped and looked up at the sky. Everyone looked at Flower Mountain, which seemed to have a strange atmosphere.

Except for one.

“...”

Only Lukas was looking somewhere else.

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 422**

“There’s a place I need to stop by.”

“A place you need to stop by?”

Ignoring Sama Ryeong’s question, Lukas turned around.

Jacob, who was just as confused, asked.

“Where are you going?”

Lukas walked away without answering, and after exchanging glances for a moment, Jacob and Pale followed.

Glaring at their backs, Cheon Jong-woo said.

“Is it alright to just let them leave like that?”

“...it normally wouldn’t be.”

Sama Ryeong sighed and added.

“However, it’s currently an emergency.”

That meant that they should place more importance on understanding the current situation than restraining their actions.

“One of them appears to be from Magic Planet, but the other two are unknown. Who the hell are they?”



Jo Sang-ak spoke in a low voice.

Although his sword technique was lacking when compared to the other members of the Seven Flowers, Jo Sang-ak's strength came in his ability to stay clear-headed, and his analytical power.

"..."

Sama Ryeong hesitated to answer. She could tell them now that she had been half threatened into leading them here, but...

"They won't harm us."

Probably.

This time, she was able to swallow the end of her sentence properly.

In any case, there was no need for her to make her Martial Brothers anxious for now.

As if to clear the air, Man Seol-gun spoke in a cool voice.

"Their intentions are unknown, but we can at least tell where they're going."

Although there were flames roaring chaotically in every direction, they were able to roughly guess the surrounding location by using the main mountain as a point of reference.

Jo Sang-ak answered with a nod.

"The prison."

\* \* \*

[They're following us annoyingly.]

[Why don't we just kill them?]

[The girl is a bit on the skinny side so she wouldn't be too tasty, but the man would be quite the delicacy.]

Among the whispers in his head, some voices were particularly loud. Of course, that was just how he felt, it wasn't actually the case. The whispers in his ears or head were all at the same volume.

Nevertheless, the reason why those voices were particularly clear was simple. It was because they represented desires that were similar to Lukas'.

The existence of the two people following him was quite annoying. Lukas just wanted to kill them for that reason.

Pale cheerfully hummed as she followed him. It was quite out of place in the burning forest with charred earth and blanketed by thick smoke, but it also felt natural. It had been like that before as well.

When they had been walking among the mountains of corpses at the dump site. For some reason... Pale felt indescribably beautiful.

"I checked uncle's condition."

For a moment, he didn't realise.

It was said in such a low voice that he almost mistook it for one of the voices ringing in his head instead of Pale. But he realised it wasn't. Unlike those voices, which were filled with negative emotions, Pale's voice was moist.

"Checked?"

"You haven't eaten anything since you met me, have you? And yet, you don't show any signs of disappearing at all."

"..."

It was then that Jacob looked at Lukas with a puzzled expression.

Lukas' gaze turned to Pale.

Right. Eating was no longer a necessary function for Lukas. A void existed in most places in this world. And because of that, his power could be replenished at any time.

"That's right, you don't feel hungry anymore, do you? I envy you."

Lukas stopped walking. At the same time, a dangerous smile spread across Pale's face.

"I'm always hungry. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say I'm dominated by hunger."

She pulled something from her pocket. It was a dead rat. No, it couldn't be a corpse. If it was, it would have disappeared already. Animals that weren't yet dead couldn't be called food. Naturally, they couldn't be processed yet since they were still alive.

Pale put the furry mouse into her mouth and bit down.

Crunch.

Blood dripped down her chin. It was a voracious meal. Jacob took a few steps away from her with a strained expression.

Pale... seemed like she was holding something back.

"Even if I eat... even if I eat, I don't feel full. It's like there's a hole in my stomach. A huge, deep hole that sucks in everything it touches. I feel like I'm going to be sucked into that hole someday. So I'm always anxious."

It's dangerous.

Lukas' instincts warned him. He didn't know why, but Pale didn't seem normal at that moment.

"Can you imagine what that feels like?"

Pale continued to rummage around in her pockets and pulled out more rats. Hah, hah. She began to breathe heavily as she ate.

Lukas' expression suddenly hardened. Even though the number of rats she'd chewed and swallowed had exceeded ten by now, she didn't show any signs of feeling full.

Instead, she appeared even thinner than before. It wasn't just a feeling, that was really the case. Pale's cheeks became sunken and her wrists became so thin that they appeared to just be skin and bones.

'I can't sense it.'

Even with the power of the void, he was unable to peek into Pale's body.

...The rats Pale swallowed. Where did those rats' 'void' disappear? Was there really a hole in her stomach that devoured everything?

Ttuk.

Pale's hand movements stopped. At the same time, her smile disappeared.

"...huh."

Her expression changed drastically.

"Was that the last one? No. Then..."

Seeing Pale mutter to herself, Jacob couldn't help but mumble.

"She doesn't look sane at all. What the hell is this woman?"

Of course, Lukas didn't know either.

And Pale's murmurs were gradually becoming more unstable.

"No, no, no. I'm still hungry. I need something to eat, somewhere..."

Her bloodshot eyes turned to Lukas.

Kuwaaa.

A stifling pressure seemed to envelop the entire area. Even Lukas cringed for a moment.

"Huk..."

In Jacob's case, it was much worse. His legs shook heavily and cold sweat poured from his face as if rain was falling.

Crunch.

Lukas clenched his fists... Hunger. This woman, she was looking at him as food.

"Not this one... he's a candidate... but... I'm so hungry."

Suddenly.

Pale's gaze turned in another direction.

"Ahah."

Just as a wide smile spread across her lips, Pale's figure disappeared.

At the same, the pressure that had been suppressing the two men disappeared.

“Kuk...”

Jacob stumbled slightly. Lukas reflexively caught him by the shoulder.

“Ah... th-, thank you.”

He spoke in an appreciative voice.

Lukas didn't respond and instead looked at the place where Pale had been looking before she disappeared. It was the sky. Now that he thought about it, Pale had also looked up at the sky when they were in the desert.

The sky was covered in fog. Was there something there? As far as Lukas could see, there was nothing there.

...What the hell had she seen?

[She's dangerous.]

[There's nothing you can't eat, but it might be a bit troublesome...]

[It's not worth it. Let's give up on her.]

Shut up.

Lukas warned the voices.

Now that he thought about it, his symptoms seemed to be similar to those necromancers who were inflicted with madness. The necromancers with small soul containers constantly heard the voices of the masses of resentment that clung to their minds and bodies. The necromancers whose minds were constantly gnawed on by the whispers of the evil spirits usually had two endings. Insanity or death.

“Are you okay?”

Jacob asked in a worried voice.

Lukas responded with a slight shake of his head. He didn't want to say more than was really necessary.

This was because most of his attention was needed to suppress the madness.

But when he heard Jacob's next words, Lukas had no choice but to open his mouth.

“You won't last long.”

“What?”

Lukas turned his head quickly.

Jacob looked at him with nervous eyes but determined eyes.

“You must have devoured many corpses in the dump site. Isn't your current condition one where you constantly hear your voice?”

“...”

"I know. Because I have also experienced similar symptoms."

That wasn't a lie.

Jacob had accurately described his symptoms without any prompting. And he didn't have the ability to see his condition. So it seemed he had guessed his symptoms based on his prior knowledge.

"You have to go to Magic Castle. The Honoured Father will take care of it for you."

"The Honoured Father? Is that the Beginning Wizard, one of the Twelve Void Lords?"

"Yes."

"..."

"Please trust me. It is not an ordeal that is impossible to overcome. There is a clear cure for it, like a disease..."

"Kukuku..."

A smirk crept across Lukas' lips.

"A solution? A disease? That guy you call Honoured Father? Haha, ahahaha!"

Lukas burst out into a hearty laugh after a very long time. On the other hand, Jacob's expression became as hard as a rock. While it sounded like a pleasant laugh, in reality, it was sticky and seemed to contain indescribable madness.

"Very good. You really gave me a good laugh. It was a silly joke, but it was really funny."

"It wasn't a jo..."

"Be quiet."

Ugh.

The moment Lukas lifted his finger to his lips, Jacob closed his mouth without finishing his sentence.

He slowly approached him, his black eyes peering over Jacob's entire body.

"Look, Wizard. Do you think you understood everything about me after making a rough guess about my situation? Does my situation seem so light to you?"

"I never..."

"No, that's what you did. But you don't understand my situation at all. Because you wouldn't have said something like that if you understood. Look at me. Look me in the eyes."

Jacob's body trembled.

"Do I look sane to you right now? Do you think I'm fine because I can have conversations? If even a tiny fragment of what I'm suppressing comes out, and if you were to experience that fragment, you wouldn't even dare stand."

"Ah, uh, uhh..."

“Don’t appear in my sight for a while.”

Jacob collapsed.

Ignoring him, Lukas turned away. The voices in his head were becoming noisy again. They were mainly complaining about the fact that he didn’t just eat him right away. He could feel their irritation and dissatisfaction. It made him feel like destroying everything in his sight. And at the end, he would smash this head. Just that thought was refreshing.

‘...the next time I see him, I’ll eat him.’

Lukas decided what he’d do to Jacob. He could give him some clues about the Beginning Wizard and the Magic Planet. Of course, it was an attractive idea, but he didn’t need to get too hung up on it. That guy’s presence had really been starting to bother him.

If he ignored his warning and followed him, he would tear his body apart. Blood would splatter.

Although it wouldn’t be enough to put out the flames raging around him, it would be enough to satisfy Lukas’ thirst.

Right. It wouldn’t be a meal, it would just be blood splashing into his mouth like rain. The blood of a living being... how sweet it must be.

As he thought this, he felt like it might not be such a bad thing for Jacob, whose very existence annoyed him, to appear again.

\* \* \*

The entrance of the prison wasn’t badly damaged. Of course, that didn’t mean this place had been saved from the touch of the ‘enemy’.

There were clear traces of battle around the entrance of the prison.

The inside of the prison, that was to say the underground cave, didn’t seem to have collapsed. But no signs of activity could be felt within it.

Perhaps... the man Lukas was looking for was already dead.

[Then we can eat him.]

[As long as the corpse is still there.]

The dark desire made him salivate. Lukas suppressed it for a moment and entered the prison. The formation which had once surrounded the prison no longer seemed to be functioning properly. This meant that the runes that had been supporting it had probably been smashed.

The underground stairs were clean, and there were no bloodstains. Nevertheless, Lukas could see signs of the corpses that had been scattered there.

He walked among them. It seemed that he could not only feel the bodies that had disappeared but also smell the scent of blood. Although the bodies had disappeared, the void that had existed in them seemed to remain like particles.

These particles showed what had happened there as if they were replaying the scenes of the past.

The guardians of the prison.

Those powerful masters had died without even having a chance to react. There was a high possibility that they hadn't even realised they'd died.

That was all he could tell.

He didn't know how they died nor how many enemies there were.

Before long, Lukas reached the deepest part of the underground prison. This place had a much more devastating appearance. The bars that stretched along both sides were all shattered. It was as if a small typhoon had swept everything away.

But Lukas was able to find one survivor in this messy place.

The man he had been looking for.

The reason why he'd come to this prison before meeting Yang In-hyun.

Lee Jong-hak lay face first in a pool of blood.

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 423**

There wasn't any great feeling of excitement.

That was Lukas' first thought as he looked at Lee Jong-hak's bloodied form. Even though they had a connection from the outside world, which could be considered quite close in a way, he didn't feel much emotion after meeting him now.

Whether he was alive or dead. There was no sentimentality to speak of.

"Lee Jong-hak."

Perhaps he heard Lukas' voice. Or perhaps it was just a physical reaction.

Lee Jong-hak's body trembled.

"...cough."

Then he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He opened his eyelids with great difficulty, but the light within them was so faint that it seemed like it would go out at any moment.

"..."

Lee Jong-hak seemed to mutter something, but it wasn't clear. It didn't even have a sound. Did he not have enough energy to speak?

Lukas knelt and placed his hand on Lee Jong-hak's back. He could feel that his physical condition was a mess. Covering his entire body... was mostly sword scars. It was as if he'd been attacked by multiple enemies. Including the minor scratches, there were over a dozen on his body.

...Sword technique. Was it a sword technique?

He felt that it was somewhat familiar. Lukas felt like he could tell if he looked at the wounds more closely, but if he delayed any further, Lee Jong-hak would really die.

[Is that a bad thing?]

[No. It's not bad at all.]

Lukas put his hand to his carotid artery.

Whoosh, the void around them began to swirl.

He changed the arrangement and adjusted the laws. The power he was manifesting this time was the power of regression. If there was a difference from the usual, it would be that he was changing the scope of the application from his own body, to that of someone else.

The Void, which had been wandering around aimlessly, gradually began to move according to Lukas' will and began to seep into Lee Jong-hak's body.

Gurgle...

Then his wounds began to regenerate. The tears in his flesh knitted themselves back together and the sunken flesh filled out once again.

But Lukas' expression was strange. Something wasn't right.

The regression speed was extremely slow. For reference, in Lukas' case, he could completely regenerate in seconds, no matter how fatal his injury was.

But Lee Jong-hak's body was different. At this speed, it would take 10 minutes, or maybe even more than that.

...Void, this was the first time he was returning the body of someone else to its most perfect condition. Could that be the reason?

If that was the case, then there might be more side effects that Lukas didn't know about. Even though he was pondering that, he didn't stop healing Lee Jong-hak.

Did he think that since he would die if he left him, there was nothing to lose? Was it really only because of such a rational decision?

In fact, regardless of Lee Jong-hak's appearance, wasn't he already thinking that he had nothing to do with him?

[You know it well.]

[That's a great self-objectification.]



...Lukas waited patiently.

“My wounds...”

After he'd recovered to a minimal level, Lee Jong-hak's voice came out.

“Five minutes.”

Lukas briefly told him how much time was left. Lee Jong-hak's eyes widened for a moment, but only briefly. Soon afterwards, he closed his eyes and focused on calming his mind and body.

After the mentioned five minutes, Lee Jong-hak was completely healed.

Lee Jong-hak stood up and looked at Lukas. For a moment, he could feel complex emotions swirling in his eyes. This was natural. Unlike Lukas, this was Lee Jong-hak's first time facing him.

“...thank you.”

Nevertheless, Lee Jong-hak displayed his gratitude for saving his life before anything else.

“Am I dreaming right now?”

There was a hint of agitation in his voice. Unlike the agitated Lee Jong-hak, Lukas' response was cold.

“No.”

“...how did you get here?”

“Long story.”

It wasn't strange for this short conversation to make Lee Jong-hak feel uncomfortable. In the past, Lukas hadn't been one to talk a lot, but his voice had always carried a faint gentleness.

It was like a warm spring wind, it was hard to notice it unless you were conscious of it, but it gave everyone who felt it a feeling of security that warmed their heart.

But now, Lukas' voice was dry. It didn't seem to carry a single emotion, and his expression was so cold it was as if he was wearing a mask. It was enough for him to even mistake him as a different person.

Lee Jong-hak was shocked by his changes, but Lukas spoke before he could ask any question.

“Who made you like that?”

“...ah.”

Lee Jong-hak stretched his neck. Although his entire body had been healed, Lee Jong-hak still felt like there were foreign things stuck inside him. For example, there were some blood clots stuck in his throat. Lee Jong-hak spat out his blood soaked saliva as quietly as possible.

“...I don't know. When I was locked in the prison cell, a huge shockwave suddenly shook the ground. The cave shook as if it was going to collapse. Then, a huge flash of light seemed to engulf everything and I felt pain as if my entire body was being ripped apart. That's the last thing I remember.

“...”

A flash? And a huge shockwave?

Something wasn't right.

He'd seen the sword scars that covered Lee Jong-hak's body.

Had the enemy taken the time to carve Lee Jong-hak's body when he was unconscious?

The probability of that being true was extremely low. If an enemy had fallen unconscious, it would have been much wiser to just cut their head off.

...Flash of light.

That was the only clue.

Lukas narrowed his eyes.

"How did you come to this world?"

In truth, this was a question Lukas had wanted to ask when he'd first encountered Lee Jong-hak. Lukas glanced at him for a moment before opening his mouth.

"God's trick."

"...huh? What does that mean?"

Lukas turned around instead of answering him.

"What a minute... Is Ha-rin okay?"

At that moment, Lukas' body froze.

It was strange.

Ha-rin... Ha-rin...

Min Ha-rin.

The disciple that Lukas had accepted.

It felt like he'd forgotten that child.

Was that intentional? Or...

Throb.

He felt a headache that was incomparable to before. It felt like his skull was going to split in two. Nevertheless, Lukas simply clenched his fists instead of screaming.

He couldn't even remember the last conversation he'd had with Min Ha-rin.

"Please answer me. I'm..."

"Shut up. Don't say anything."

After saying those words, Lukas staggered up the underground stairs.

Despite looking hesitant, Lee Jong-hak followed after him.

\* \* \*

Lee Jong-hak's home universe, where the world called Earth existed.

The science that humanity possessed had been quite advanced, but a race known as the Demons invaded. In an instant, the blue planet became hell. At least that was the case from a human perspective.

And Lukas had gone to that universe as the saviour of humanity.

It was the last world visited by Lukas the Absolute, and it was also the place where he'd made the most connections outside of his home universe.

He had apprentices.

He'd reunited with those he thought dead.

And he'd met a child who called him father.

...Lee Jong-hak hadn't forgotten him. The same was true for Sedi.

According to Haspin, she was looking for him even after becoming one of the Twelve Void Lords.

If that was the case then,

Min Ha-rin and the people of Earth...

Crunch.

Lukas gritted his teeth. The weak thoughts that had been buried in a corner of his mind quickly expanded until they filled his head.

What kind of disgusting thought was that? Now that the beings from his home universe had forgotten him, was he going to whine to them?

Of course, that wasn't really wrong. However, he couldn't forget that it was an insult. Lukas, the role that guy wanted from them was just to be a simple substitute, right?

[Why is that?]

[Don't you think they're better than the trash that forgot about you anyway?]

"Shut up, shut up..."

Lukas muttered harshly.

He kept ignoring it, but this voice was hitting the nail on the head. So he couldn't help but react.

The figure of Lee Jong-hak following him was beginning to bother him. Even more than Pale and Jacob.

Gurgle, his killing intent was beginning to rise.

He wanted to kill him. And he wanted to eat him. The body of a trained warrior must be quite delicious.

“Are you okay?”

Lee Jong-hak tried to approach him with a worried expression on his face. Was he trying to help him? It was already the fourth or fifth time he'd asked that question. And it was the same number of times that Lukas didn't answer.

However, this time, instead of blatantly ignoring him, he did something else.

“Stay away from me.”

“...”

Lee Jong-hak followed his words faithfully. He didn't ask Lukas anything more.

Not only did he not ask what happened for him to change so much, he also didn't say anything more about Min Ha-rin. Perhaps if Lukas had been in better condition, he would have appreciated his consideration.

After walking aimlessly, at some point, he realised that he'd climbed to the middle of the mountain.

Whoosh-

Ashes floated up even to such a high place. Although there wasn't any natural energy, Flower Mountain had definitely been a beautiful place. But now, it was ruined.

But more than that, Lukas was able to learn about the scars on the territory.

He could see the deeply carved ground. The thing that had set fire to the forest was something powerful, continuous, and irregular.

“...”

By this time, Lukas' head had calmed down a bit.

The pain hadn't disappeared, but his mind felt a bit clearer.

'I climbed halfway up the mountain, but I didn't meet anyone.'

As Sama Ryeong had said, it was clear that most of the Flower Mountains' masters had been lost.

Originally, he had been planning to kill anyone he met on his way up the mountain and obtain information from them. But since he didn't feel any movement, he decided to change his plans.

It would be faster to hear it directly from Sama Ryeong who had gone up first.

Jwak

After finding the place where there were the most life signs, he split space apart.

“...”

Lee Jong-hak followed him with a strange expression.

His vision turned black for a moment and when it returned, they were standing in a house.

“What...!”

“Who are you?!”

Ssrrng-

He saw a lot of familiar faces.

Not only were Sama Ryeong and her Martial Brothers who had gone up ahead there, but also the blue and red robed elders who Lukas had fought the last time, and Jacob.

Jacob flinched when his eyes met Lukas' then he looked away as if he'd done something wrong.

He had planned to kill him the next time he saw him, but this meeting was not Jacob's fault. In all honesty, it was Lukas who had come here and met him.

Besides, he wasn't that interested right now.

Lukas' attention was directed towards a bed that was in the middle of the room.

The purpose of his visit to Flower Mountain was right there.

“...”

Yang In-hyun was panting and his entire body was covered in bandages. There were also dozens of bloody bandages scattered beside him.

“I asked who you are!”

“What kind of sorcery did you use to break into Cloud Pavilion?”

If he didn't answer, they would start slicing immediately.

Just as Lukas decided how to deal with them, Sama Ryeong spoke.

“You two elders, put your swords away.”

“...huh?”

“What are you-”

“I won't say it twice.”

Sama Ryeong's voice was soft, but it was filled with firmness that couldn't be easily denied. The two elders hesitated greatly, but the authority of the Seven Flowers was higher than the elders. They had no choice but to resheathe their swords.

Lukas walked up to Yang In-hyun and looked down at him.

“Why haven't you treated him?”

“They're saying that treatment didn't work.”

Sama Ryeong answered.

“Didn’t work?”

“Right. They said that they not only used specially selected preserved meat, but also elixirs from the main mountain, but he couldn’t be cured.”

The preserved meat in question was probably referring to the jerky.

Lukas then asked the next question.

“Then why don’t you kill him?”

The two elders thought they’d heard wrong for a moment, but Lukas continued, ignoring them.

“The current Yang In-hyun is completely defenceless. Even a baby would be able to kill him if you gave it a sword.”

“This unpardonable bastard.”

“You dare to say such things in front of us!”

Sama Ryeong’s expression became a bit embarrassed. Yang In-hyun was well aware of her desire to kill him. Even though he knew, he didn’t kill her or exclude her, but instead, kept her closer to his side.

To be honest, in that regard, Yang In-hyun’s container was very large. However, even the elders were not aware of that.

“...the Sect Leader is the pillar of the main mountain. In a situation like this, we need his presence more than ever.”

In the end, Sama Ryeong avoided the question by speaking about the immediate situation.

“Right. So your hatred was so shallow.”

As he said that, Lukas reached out his hand to Yang In-hyun.

Clang-

At that moment, all of the Seven Flowers present drew their swords. Four swords were aimed at Lukas’ neck. There were no gaps between their blades and his skin, so even the smallest movement would cut his throat.

“Move your swords.”

“Move your hand.”

“You all are misunderstanding something. I also have no intention of killing Yang In-hyun right now. It doesn’t seem like any of the people here understand the situation so I’m trying to hear it from him directly.”

In any case, it wasn’t difficult for him to kill the current Yang In-hyun.

Instead, he wanted to solve the confusion that he’d felt since coming to Flower Mountain.

“So? Does it mean you were reaching your hand out to heal him?”

“It was simply emergency treatment. And it’s already over.”

“What?”

Twitch.

Yang In-hyun’s finger twitched.

“...!”

All of the people in that room had reached the level of master, so there wasn’t a single one who hadn’t noticed Yang In-hyun’s movement.

Yang In-hyun’s eyes slowly opened.

“Sect Leader!”

“You’re awake?”

“...”

Yang In-hyun’s eyes widened slightly. His eyes moved to look around.

Then his eyes met Lukas’.

...It was strange.

This was the first time he was meeting Yang In-hyun in this life. However, his eyes as he looked at him were calm, despite being bright red from burst veins.

No, they were only calm for a few moments.

Because when Yang In-hyun’s gaze shifted to someone behind him.

They went extremely wide.

“...behind. Be... careful.”

His voice leaked out.

Behind?

Behind Lukas right now was... Sama Ryeong, her Martial Brothers.

And Lee Jong-hak...

Crackle!

He heard the sound of an electric current. For a moment, his consciousness went white. This was because a huge bolt of lightning penetrated his body. He lost control of his body and he couldn’t move as if he’d been paralysed.

[Hahaha! Uhahaha-!]

Then he heard a loud laugh from somewhere.

After that, everything happened in a flash.

Lee Jong-hak, who had drawn his sword, cut the necks of two of the Seven Flowers and cut off the arms of the other two.

Before their blood had even fallen to the ground, Lee Jong-hak's figure appeared before Lukas' nose. He saw an unfitting, violent smile on his face.

Even until then, Lukas was unable to move his body.

The sword which extended towards him was exceptionally clear.

Shuk-

He heard the sound of skin being cut.

Lukas' expression hardened. That sound hadn't come from his body.

Just before, someone had pushed Lukas away and was stabbed instead.

"Kuk..."

With his eyes wide open, Jacob collapsed to the ground in a pool of blood

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 424**

Kwadang.

Jacob's body collapsed as Lukas regained control of his body. He was only a step away from Lee Jong-hak.

He reached out and grabbed a cup of water from the nearby table. The cup was filled with tepid water. Splash! He threw it towards Lee Jong-hak. Droplets of water scattered in the air before quickly growing in size.

Pik.

Letting out a laugh, Lee Jong-hak grabbed his sword. Crackle. This time it was undoubtable. A clear current flowed along his sword.

Bang!

The water droplets exploded. Lee Jong-hak's eyes narrowed slightly as if this situation wasn't as he'd imagined. His body was caught in the explosion and was sent flying backwards, through the walls of the house.

This building, the Cloud Pavilion, had been built precariously on the edge of a cliff. And for reference, the direction Lee Jong-hak had flown towards was that of the cliff. Drenched in water, he fell down the cliff thousands of metres in the air.

"Kuk..."

"What is the..."



Lukas confirmed the situation.

Two of the Seven Flowers, the Third Flower Cheon Jong-woo and the Fifth Flower Man Seol-gun, were dead. Their heads rolled across the ground like garbage. Looking at their expressions, they hadn't even realised they'd died.

Sama Ryeong and Jo Sang-ak's arms had been severed. In particular, Jo Sang-ak seemed unable to accept the devastation that had unfolded before his eyes and had lost his mind.

The two elders... were nowhere in sight. At least that was the case at first glance.

Lukas noticed that the ground where they had been standing was charred. He could only make a guess. The lightning, which had spread out from the swinging sword, had destroyed their entire bodies without leaving a trace.

And the last person.

Jacob was dying.

"..."

His body twitches occasionally, and although his wounds seemed fatal at first glance, it wasn't much of a problem. His spine had been severed and was bleeding heavily, but it was possible to save him even if he had worse wounds.

As long as they were still alive, Lukas could save anyone.

At least that should have been the case.

As he placed his hand on Jacob's back, Lukas' expression hardened.

"Why?"

He couldn't save him. He wasn't regenerating.

The power of void wasn't working.

Was Jacob's body rejecting the regression?

...No. It wasn't his body.

It was the lightning power that remained in his body that was pushing the void away.

"..."

There was nothing he could do. He couldn't heal him. Lukas had no idea how to solve this problem. He didn't have much time to contemplate it either. Jacob's life was coming to an end.

"...\_\_"

Jacob's lips were moving.

It was only after a moment that Lukas realised this. The first thing he noticed was his eyes.

Lukas was curious about what Jacob was thinking and what emotions were in his eyes.

And he was surprised.

Jacob's eyes did not show any despair over his current situation, fear of death, or above all, resentment towards him.

"Why?"

He repeated the same question.

No. In the first place, Jacob had chosen to take the attack in Lukas' place. So it shouldn't be a surprise that he didn't resent him.

However... Why did this man save him? Even to the extent of giving up his own life? Lukas didn't have any special relationship with Jacob. Instead, he had actually considered him annoying to the extent of wanting to kill him.

Jacob must have felt his killing intent.

And yet, Jacob still chose to save Lukas.

...He stopped his racing thoughts.

One thing was the clearest at this point.

Lukas could not save Jacob.

So the least he could do was listen to his last words.

"..."

But Jacob's lips were just twitching, and he didn't seem able to actually form any words. Instead, only his bloody breath roughly rasped from his lips.

The light in his eyes gradually faded. Cough, he vomited a mouthful of blood.

Then Jacob's movements came to a complete stop.

[Shouldn't you eat him before he completely disappears?]

Clang!

Lukas struck out with void to the source of the voice. Of course, there was nothing there. The power smashed the walls of the house and continued into the sky behind it.

"The hell is this..."

Sama Ryeong bit her lip.

She could not keep up with the events that had happened in an instant, causing a gap to form between her processing of information and reality.

Of course, Sama Ryeong knew who the culprit behind this tragedy was.

Lee Jong-hak.

Someone who had recently appeared in the World of Void and a criminal who had massacred the disciples of Flower Mountain. The most dangerous of the prisoners in the prison.

Of course, Sama Ryeong hadn't witnessed his murders personally. She had been away at that time.

But she had spoken to him face to face before.

And she'd been dazzled by the spirit of integrity that seemed to exude from him.

...In all honesty, Sama Ryeong had wondered if that man was really such a butcher.

And if his massacre was true, then why hadn't they executed him right away? The Yang In-hyun that Sama Ryeong knew was not such a benevolent man.

"Kuk."

No.

That wasn't the problem right now.

"What is your relationship with that man?"

Sama Ryeong looked at Lukas as she asked this. Because this man was the person who had brought Lee Jong-hak to this place.

Lukas didn't respond. He continued to look at Jacob with an indescribable expression.

Sama Ryeong felt intense anger at this sight which seemed like he'd lost his mind.

"I'm asking you a question!"

It was then that Lukas responded. He finally turned his gaze towards her.

"Move."

It was a short word. It wasn't a request, nor was it an order.

It was closer to a prediction of what was going to happen. Sama Ryeong's body was pushed to the side and slammed into the wall.

"Ugh..."

Even though she was alive, her arms had been cut off and she suffered fatal internal injuries. Unable to withstand the shock of the blow, Sama Ryeong's eyes rolled back into her head as she fainted.

"Ma-, Martial Sister!"

Jo Sang-ak rang over to Sama Ryeong.

Lukas ignored everything and approached Yang In-hyun.

His body was covered in wounds... Right. Lukas had just given him some emergency treatment. Even then, it hadn't been very effective. He'd tried to treat him to the point where he would be able to communicate, but Yang In-hyun was barely conscious and could only speak in a faint voice.

Now he understood.

Who made Yang In-hyun like this?

“Lee Jong-hak.”

“...”

“No, that’s not right.”

Lukas.

When he thought about how Lee Jong-hak had destroyed Flower Mountain and driven Yang In-hyun to the brink of death, another being came to mind.

One of the greatest beings in the multiverse.

God’s strongest fangs.

A being who ruled over all creation from the highest height.

“Thunderous Lightning God.”

Rumble.

The sound of lightning and thunder.

Dark clouds began to gather in the sky.

Tuduk, tuk, shwaa. In an instant, rain began to pour down.

Lukas knew that this weather did not belong to the territory.

This thunderstorm was not a natural occurrence, it had been caused by someone.

“Is the Lightning God stronger than you?”

It was something that Lukas had trouble understanding. Yang In-hyun gave him a strange look for a while before closing his eyes as if he’d run out of energy.

In the end, did he have to find out for himself?

[It’s really nice to meet you again.]

At that moment, he heard a soft voice.

[Especially since we could meet in a place like this.]

It was strange.

He was clearly speaking softly, but his voice resounded in his ears. The voice wasn’t just ringing in his head like the ‘Lukases’.

In fact, the eardrums of Jo Sang-ak, who was near him had burst and blood flowed from his ears. If he had his arms, he probably would have covered his ears.

[I thought you'd been completely destroyed. Everyone thought so, Lukas Trowman.]

“...”

[You've become more reticent than before. You also obtained a pretty interesting power... Now, what is it going to be?]

The Lightning God continued.

[Should I go to you? Or will you come to me?]

Lukas chose the latter. He threw himself through the hole the Lightning God had made and fell down the steep cliff. At times like this, he felt the desire to commit suicide begin to resurface. He just wanted to relax the power in his body and fall onto his head.

Taht.

Instead of giving in to the impulse, Lukas landed lightly on his toes.

This was a place that wasn't very damaged. The fire hadn't spread here, so it still had the appearance of a forest.

Tududuk... The falling rain soaked his hair. Lukas glared at someone through his hanging wet bangs.

The Lightning God was crouched in front of a blooming peony.

“That friend was pretty strong... Was he called Yang In-hyun?”

“...”

“A Swordsman like that is rare in the entire multiverse. If I'd made a single mistake, I would've lost.”

“It wouldn't have affected you even if Lee Jong-hak died.”

“There would be some damage.”

The Lightning God straightened his knees and stood up. Then he cut the peony.

“Wouldn't it make me miss the best opportunity? I'd have to retune the synchronisation rate in a new possessed body from the beginning, and that would be really annoying.”

He sniffed the peony he'd cut and frowned.

“...this world is like an empty rice cake. I can't feel the taste of domination in this place. What I can feel, is that the beings here can't mix with us. Kuku. No matter how I look at it, [The Dragon] made the wrong choice.”

“How did you come to this place?”

Lukas asked straightforwardly.

“You didn't abandon your position as an Absolute. You're also not someone who has been forgotten. So you couldn't have met the basic requirement to enter the World of Void, right?”

The Lightning God responded indifferently.

“That’s because the boundaries have weakened. Shall we say that ‘God’ touched the lid of this garbage dump and left it open? That left an opening.”

“What does that mean?”

“Do you have a hard time understanding what I said?”

“...what is your goal?”

The Lightning God simply smiled.

Shwaa!

For a moment, only the sound of the rain could be heard.

Crackle!

Suddenly, the crown of the Lightning God’s head seemed to flash, and a sharp bolt of lightning hurtled towards Lukas. Lukas didn’t move. Crunch, instead, the ground in front of him rose up and blocked the lightning.

“Hoh...”

Lukas felt like the lightning fired by the Lightning God was more like a check than a real attack. This was then proven by the fact that he didn’t continue to attack.

“You’ve grown stronger. Haha. Can you answer my question? What did you give up in this place, and what did you get?”

“You ignore my questions and only ask about things you’re curious about. Your selfish way of speaking hasn’t changed.”

“Unchangeability is one of the most important qualities for a Ruler. We do not need to change. Because we were born perfect... unlike changeable beings.”

Lukas’ gaze became cold at those words.

“In any case, I owe you one. Since you healed this body.”

“Can you say that even after you tried to kill me?”

“You aren’t dead now, are you?”

“Someone else died instead.”

“Right. That guy who was with you... Who was that? Was he your disciple?”

“...”

Why?

Why did he really want to kill the Lightning God at that moment?

That wasn’t all. The conversation with him was gradually becoming unpleasant. He couldn’t stand the smirk that remained on his face.

But the catalyst that burst his fraying patience was the Lightning God's next words.

"Then I'll offer an apology for him. Lukas Trowman, don't you want to be a perfect being?"

"A perfect being?"

"A Ruler."

The Lightning God smiled.

"If it's the current you, I think I could make it happen.

-He smiled.

While casually mentioning Lukas' lifelong wish as if it was nothing important. He spoke about the purpose that he'd risked everything for... in a light, frivolous voice.

Lukas slowly lowered his head. Rainwater rolled down his jawline. It was cold. But there was something more annoying than that.

What answer should he give?

How could he get rid of this dirty feeling he had, even if only slightly?

After enough time had passed for three lightning bolts to strike in the thunderstorm, the Lightning God asked.

"What's your answer?"

It was around this time that [some Lukas] gave him a cool answer.

Lukas shook his head.

"...suck."

"Huh? What was that?"

And with a bright smile, he said.

"Suck my nuts, you bastard."\* (\*: This was censored, I had to improvise)

"..."

The Lightning God's expression hardened.

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

#### Season 2 Chapter 425

Boom!

A fork of lightning carved through the sky. The falling raindrops dripped down his jawline.

The reason the Lightning God was offended wasn't because of the other person's rude swearing. In the first place, such insulting behaviour was only valid when both parties were on the same level.

The eye level of a Ruler was at the highest height. For him to respond to such a thing would be similar to a human suddenly laughing after hearing the swearing of an ant.

Nevertheless, there was a reason why the Lightning God's expression hardened at that moment. This was because he was inwardly wondering about something that he could not easily let go of.

Why had Lukas Trowman changed so much?

He knew how strong the mind of an Absolute was. It was in their nature to not bend even to the point of breaking, but Lukas... had changed so much.

As if he'd become a completely different being.

Pik-

The Lightning God suddenly laughed.

Right. If he had changed, then the reason was obvious.

"Why didn't you just come under me, Lukas...?"

As he said that, he turned around.

*In the end, you still lost.*

Despite his insulting remark, Lukas didn't swear at him anymore. Because it was pointless. The emotions swirling within him calmed. The voices that drove him mad still rang in his head, but he couldn't afford to pay attention to them right now.

From head to toe, all of Lukas' attention was locked onto the Lightning God.

"You asked about my goal, right? That's simple. It is to rule, as always."

Before Lukas could even understand the meaning behind those words, a huge beam of lightning exploded from the Lightning God. The lightning was so intense that it was impossible to look at.

As he faced this beam of lightning, Lukas began to shudder. This was because he felt a sense of crisis within his very being.

"You've become really interesting."

His mind was in tatters. Like a pile of blood, flesh, and residue glued together. It was on the verge of breaking, but it was also, ironically, solid. Perhaps no one, not even the Lightning God, could completely break that fragile mind.

"Kukuku..."

That was interesting. A desire for a challenge was a very important factor. To live in such a crazily boring life.

The Lightning God smiled once more, and that signalled the start of the battle.

"Show me what you got."



Shwaa...

The sound of the rain increased.

Before he knew it, the falling rain became a downpour. It was to the point where it was impossible to even see an inch in front of your face.

Nevertheless, the two beings stared at each other without blinking.

Flash-

There was no sound.

A white lightning bolt filled Lukas' vision, seemingly covering the heaven and the earth.

It was only then that Lukas realised that the bolt of lightning extended from behind the Lightning God. The bolt of lightning split and spread apart like a spider web, or like wings.

He didn't have the time to observe it for long.

Lukas was now in a state of hyper focus. By infinitely dividing the seconds into numbers with numerous commas, it felt like each moment lasted a very long time.

Thanks to that, the Lightning God's movements seemed to slow-

He disappeared.

"...!"

The sound had disappeared. And the Lightning God had also disappeared.

There was no trace. The world was still infinitely slow. In it, the figure of the Lightning God was the only thing that disappeared as if he had evaporated. The rainwater that seemed frozen in the air was an indicator for Lukas.

It had nothing to do with speed. If something physical moved in the rain, it would inevitably destroy the droplets of water. And the trail that would be left would be an intuitive means of tracing it.

'Is he underground...?'

No. It wouldn't be such a simple tactic. In the first place, if he had done that, he would still be able to feel his presence.

...Lukas was forced to admit it. He had missed the Lightning God's movement. In that case, he had no choice but to focus on defence for now.

He covered his entire body with the power of void. A material that had the best resistance to electricity...

Boom boom boom!

That momentary choice probably saved his life.

A moment later, he heard the sounds of hundreds of lightning bolts striking at the same time. It wasn't just the ground, it felt like the entire world was shaking.

And Lukas' body.

'Ah?'

Was sent flying away.

Boom!

He was embedded into the cliff wall. Krrr, unable to withstand the force, fragments of rock fell from the cliff. As he bled, Lukas thought.

*What was that?*

He hadn't responded. He hadn't reacted. He hadn't even realised...

No. This wasn't a matter of level.

It felt like he'd experienced some kind of ridiculous phenomenon.

"I have no intention of killing you."

Even in the downpour, his voice was clear.

Crackle. As the Lightning God walked, electric currents danced all over his body. This phenomenon seemed to carry a destructive force that he didn't seem to dare contain in his body.

"Cough."

Lukas coughed up a mouthful of blood.

This wasn't good.

Although he'd expected it, he still noted that his speed of healing was greatly slowed when he was attacked by the Lightning God.

'...'

Fear.

There was no trembling, panic, or anything of the sort, but for the first time since he left the dump site, he felt a sense of crisis.

If he made a mistake here, he might really die.

"Right about now."

He raised his head.

It seemed that there was a strong wind, as grey sand flowed in from the outside.

'Was the space destroyed?'

Part of the boundary that separated the 'territory' and the 'outside' seemed to have disappeared. This was also the work of the Lightning God.

...Incompatibility. All of the power the Lightning God was using seemed to destroy the very foundation of the world itself, it negated the very existence of void, which could be called the very core of the world.

He couldn't understand.

A Ruler.

Why was the Seven Fanged Dragon God defeated if it was able to use tyrannical power?

*—What I can feel, is that the beings living here can't mix with us. Kuku. No matter how I look at it, [The Dragon] made the wrong choice.*

Those were the Lightning God's words.

The wrong choice... What was the wrong choice?

He didn't have the time to think about it. The stone fragments around Lukas began to float.

The Lightning God smiled brightly as he watched on.

"That's not magic. Is that your new weapon?"

He didn't answer. As mentioned before, he didn't have much time for that.

The stone fragments shot towards the Lightning God.

Hundreds of stone fragments shot forward at different speeds and with different powers. While it might look simple at first glance, the power of void was condensed into each stone fragment. To put it into perspective, each of the hundreds of stone fragments would be able to drill through a mountain without suffering a single scratch.

Crackle!

But the fragments of stone were destroyed before they could even pierce through the electric currents covering the Lightning God. Lukas' attack was easily thwarted. Or at least that was how it looked at first. Paak! The ground beneath the Lightning God split open and vines shot out from it.

Surprisingly, the vines weren't annihilated by the electric current.

For a moment, the Lightning God was restrained. But he simply chuckled as his entire body was wrapped in vines.

"It seems your calculative ability is still there. Did you use the stone fragments to analyse my power, then create a material with strong resistance to it? No. It's not creation, you simply applied the property to an existing material."

Most of Lukas' intentions had been seen through, but he stretched out his hand regardless. The weeds that had been bowing under the heavy rain were pulled out and mixed together until they formed a certain shape.

“Such tricks...”

Swoosh.

A spear woven from blades of grass shot towards the Lightning God, splitting apart the heavy rains and the air itself. Crunch, but just before it reached him, the Lightning God, broke free from the vine entrapment with nothing but pure muscle strength. At the same time, a lightning bolt formed on top of his head.

Boom!

A spear of lightning and a spear of grass flew by each other in the air. The Lightning God had intentionally not fired at an angle where the two attacks could collide.

Crash-

This was because the spear of grass could not do anything to him. It managed to pierce through the electric current surrounding his body, but it was then blocked by the Lightning God's body directly.

On the other hand, the Lightning God's spear of lightning easily pierced through Lukas' body.

“ — ”

He couldn't even scream.

Lukas' eyes went wide. The splattered blood around him formed a pool. The spear of lightning hadn't just made one hole in his body. Instead, it had created holes all over his body. It was hard for him to move.

The paralysis symptom was the most difficult. It was the same before. The signals from his brain couldn't be transmitted accurately, and above all, his muscles themselves refused to move. As if his entire body was frightened.

“ ... ”

Lukas let out a black breath and collapsed. Beyond his vision, which had turned white, he saw the completely unharmed Lightning God.

“How come you're not hurt?”

“ ... ”

“-is what you want to ask, but you don't seem to be able to move your tongue. The reason for that is simple. This is the level difference between you and me.”

The Lightning God smiled as if he was satisfied with his solo conversation, and continued.

“It's just like mortals could never hurt an Absolute with external force. You can call it the next level of external force... I call it 'Thunder', but the others say it's tacky. What do you think?”

Boom, the clap of thunder was heard once again.

Consciousness fading, Lukas was finally able to guess how he'd disappeared in his first attack. He wasn't certain, but it probably had something to do with the power he called 'thunder'.

'...Yang In-hyun.'

Had he fought this being and brought him to the brink of death on his own?

If that was the case then it was very impressive. It was an achievement that was worthy of admiration and praise. For the first time, Lukas felt like he understood the power of the beings called the Twelve Void Lords.

Then there was the Lightning God.

The power this being currently displayed was not everything. As he said, he was in a situation where he was possessing a body. There was no way he could use his full power in such a state.

He once again realised the dignity of the Rulers.

...He'd misjudged.

If it was asked what he'd misjudged, the answer would be everything.

He shouldn't have recklessly come to Flower Mountain. Even without the Lightning God, he would have been hard pressed to defeat Yang In-hyun. Of course, he wouldn't have been defeated as overwhelmingly as he was now. As he said, the reason for this situation was because the Lightning God's power was a higher level than Lukas'.

Nevertheless, that alone wasn't enough to guarantee victory. Lukas felt that he should have melted more of the power in his body. He should have analysed the power of Void more deeply and accumulated as much experience as possible.

He would have probably met a similar result if he fought against the Corpse Ghost.

"Why didn't you use magic?"

The Lightning God asked as if he was genuinely confused.

"Wasn't that your greatest weapon?"

"...I'm sorry to say, this is my greatest weapon."

"Hoh."

The Lightning God let out a sigh.

He looked at Lukas with a complicated gaze for a moment before slowly shaking his head.

"You're badly injured. It was a bit interesting, but that was all."

"...you said you wanted to rule. Does that mean you want to be a Ruler in the World of Void?"

"It's very different from that. I said it before, this world isn't worth it."

The Lightning God smirked.

“...”

“Anyways, let’s end this boring fight. Lukas Trowman, looking at you now, I don’t think it’s possible to make you a Ruler, but you still have some value.”

“...what are you planning?”

“I’m going to take you away. I’ll take you to the Planet of Thunder. I’m sure you’ll realise my greatness after about 100 million years of isolation.”

Although he said it lightly, the meaning behind his words was by no means light.

The Lightning God was now openly declaring that he was going to brainwash Lukas.

‘No.’

He couldn’t speak for Absolute Lukas, but it was a situation that the current Lukas shouldn’t encounter. If it was the current Lukas, there was a chance that he would give in to the Thunder God. He might go under his arms and become his most faithful servant. In fact, one part of his mind was even confidently declaring that it might not be that bad.

But he’d rather die than do that.

“That was a boring fight. The fight with the Swordsman Yang In-hyun... that made me excited after a long time.”

The Lightning God chuckled.

“Perhaps I was just too hungry for this fight.”

Suddenly, a voice was heard.

“-hungry?”

The Lightning God’s outstretched hand stopped.

He turned his head.

Within the heavy rain, a figure stood with their head lowered.

Their posture was strange, like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

“Bullshit.”

A corner of the figure’s mouth, which was pulled into a smile, was the only part of their face that could be seen beneath their messy hair.

Nevertheless, their blue hair was still exceptionally bright even in the dark surroundings.

“What do you know about hunger?”

Lukas knew that voice.

And yet, it had taken him a while to realise. This was because the tone of the voice was different from what he’d heard before, and the emotions contained within it were the same.

“The product of a miracle, a natural born predator, an absolute being who was blessed from birth.”

“Who are you?”

“Don’t you dare talk about hunger in front of me. It’s disgusting.”

“...”

The Lightning God’s figure disappeared.

Lukas felt that he was using the mysterious movement method that he’d used in the first encounter. But he still couldn’t trace it or identify it.

Then the being, Pale.

Raised her arm.

Crumble, a sword rose up from the ground. It was a sword with a pale blue colour.

She grabbed it and swung it.

Whoosh!

The ground was overturned.

The strong impact managed to catch the Lightning God. He, who had disappeared before, suddenly appeared in the scattered clumps of dirt. Lukas saw that his body had become half thunder and lightning, and half sparks.

“This power...”

Pale didn’t capitalise on the opening.

Instead, she flipped her sword to reverse grip and stabbed it into the ground.

Boom!

Blue chains shot out of the sword.

The chains wrapped tightly around Pale’s body. They literally wrapped so tightly that it seemed impossible for her to move. Then, a strong light was emitted from the chains.

Clink, clink. There was the sound of something interlocking, but even the Lightning God wasn’t able to see this scene.

Soon enough, the light faded.

And the being standing there could no longer be judged as Pale.

“...”

The Lightning God’s eyes widened.

This was the first time Lukas saw a Ruler panific.

[Trespasser, Thunderous Lightning God.]

“...no way, you...”

[As the Guardian of the West, the Servant of the King.]

It was a being whose entire body was covered in blue armour.

[And as the Blue Knight of Famine, I hereby sentence you.]

The Blue Knight spoke in an emotionless voice.

[To the Death Penalty.]

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 426**

There was a thought that he had in the past.

Something that would never happen, and if it did happen, he would never be able to see it.

*If there was a fight between Rulers, what form would it take?*

\* \* \*

The scene unfolding before his eyes could definitely not be considered a fight between Rulers.

Nevertheless, the reason Lukas suddenly recalled this thought was simple. This was a battle that far surpassed the limits of his perception.

He could not follow it with his eyes. He couldn't even hear a sound. And yet, he knew that they were engaged in a fierce battle because of the screams of the creaking space.

This battle was a level above Lukas.

No, it was even higher than that.

Crack, crack...

The space began to crack. Grey sand poured down like a river. There were even desert monsters that appeared with the sand.

Screech!

But they didn't last very long.

They were unable to adapt to the sudden change in landscape before they were torn apart by lightning and sword waves.

“...”

The sound of the heavy rain didn't stop. But the sound of the sand streaming through the cracks in space mixed with it, making the surroundings noisy.

Nevertheless, Lukas suddenly felt the surroundings become quiet.



It was over.

The short but intense battle had come to an end.

The being that appeared first stood in their original position as if they had been standing there from the beginning.

Pale.

No, the Blue Knight stood with their sword held by their side. There didn't seem to be any visible wounds. Their armour only seemed a bit scorched. But, unlike Lucid, it didn't seem like they could easily regenerate. Instead, it felt like the faint electrical burns were the traces left after they had been electrocuted.

In the end, it wasn't just Lukas' void.

The Lightning God's power was able to suppress even the powerful regenerative ability of the Knights.

Of course, that didn't mean the Lightning God had the advantage.

Kudangtang!

The Lightning God rolled across the ground.

The Blue Knight didn't move. Even as the Lightning God was sent flying and rolled across the ground before staggering to his feet, they simply looked on while maintaining the same posture without lifting a finger.

Those were fatal openings that Lukas would have desperately, and vainly, tried to dig into.

The Lightning God didn't seem surprised by this fact. Instead, there was a smile on his lips.

"It's you. The God Killer."

However, his characteristic tyrannical smile was now filled with anger that he'd never seen before.

"It was bound to happen one day and I even wished for that guy's end, but... It doesn't feel very pleasant. To be honest, I've been really annoyed ever since I realised."

[It wasn't me.]

The Blue Knight responded in an indifferent voice. Their voice was completely different from the Pale that Lukas knew. Not only the age, but even the gender was hard to guess.

"However, you are somehow connected to it, Blue Knight of Famine..."

[You talk a lot.]

"I'm usually like that... So, answer me. How did that guy die?"

[...]

The Blue Knight was silent. The Lightning God had a talkative personality, but when she was Pale, the Blue Knight was no better. But now, it felt like they would only say the things that needed to be said.

God.

The Lightning God had mentioned God.

But the Blue Knight didn't seem to feel like talking to him about it. That alone seemed to suggest that the Blue Knight held the initiative even while outside of battle.

"I guess that's how it is."

The Lightning God seemed to roughly guess the other party's thoughts, so he didn't bother continuing the conversation.

-Then he disappeared again.

His sounds and presence had completely disappeared.

Like before, he could not be detected at all. By Lukas, at least.

That wasn't the case for the Blue Knight. Although it was impossible to tell where they were looking because of the visor of their helmet, and their stance with their sword held to their side didn't change.

This being was clearly following the movements of the Lightning God.

Crackle-

There was a faint spark.

Lukas was only able to sense it because of his wide perspective.

The Blue Knight lifted their sword at that exact moment. And as soon as their pale sword soared upwards in a straight line, it collided with a bolt of lightning that suddenly appeared in the air.

Crack crack!

Upon closer inspection, it wasn't a lightning bolt. Both of his eyes felt like they would go blind. It was a sword covered by intense lightning.

The moment the two blades met, the Lightning God's figure became clear again.

This was the clearest that Lukas had been able to see the Lightning God's image since the Blue Knight had first appeared.

He looked like a lion with a body made out of lightning. He also appeared to have a thunderstorm for a mane. That beast held the hilt of a sword in its mouth, and despite its unstable posture, it was able to fight the Blue Knight to a stand-still.

-Or so he thought at first.

In the next moment, he realised that was an illusion.

Rumble...

A slight tremor occurred when the two swords collided. It was in this same moment that blue light exploded out of the Blue Knight's helmet.

Bang!

The pale blade tore through the Lightning God's body of lightning. The torn lightning didn't disappear. Instead, it shot up to the sky with strange momentum before becoming a bolt of lightning that struck down towards the Blue Knight.

Boom!

Space screamed once again. Although the surrounding landscape hadn't changed greatly and a huge crater hadn't been dug into the ground, that lightning strike seemed like it was capable of penetrating the essence of existence.

"...!"

But it had no effect.

The lightning hadn't even managed to penetrate the Blue Knight's armour.

Just like Lukas' attacks didn't reach the Lightning God.

"Is it that much?"

Did that mean that there was also a gap between them like Lukas and the Lightning God?

No. It was a bit different from that.

Unlike Lukas, who had absolutely no chance of defeating the Lightning God, the fight between them was not so one sided.

Their fight couldn't be called one sided.

Paht!

The Lightning God disappeared once again. A storm seemed to rage in every direction. The surroundings were covered in dark clouds. Crackle, crackle. The sounds of lightning gave Lukas the illusion that he was within a thundercloud in the dark sky instead of on the ground.

Light flashed in every direction. The silhouette of a lion could sometimes be seen momentarily. Every time that happened, lightning would strike. That was all Lukas was able to gather.

Rumble. The ground beneath him shook.

"Cough..."

Although he was pretty far away, Lukas was still forced to cough up a mouthful of blood. This wasn't even the result of a direct attack. A small spark of lightning had flowed into his body, and that alone was enough to make his internal organs explode like firecrackers.

At some point, he was no longer able to even see the silhouette of the lion.

The sounds of a sword slicing through the air, the ground being overturned, the heavy rain, and the thunder and lightning rang out. They all mixed together in a complex way, creating a pattern that no one dared follow.

Even the centre of the largest typhoon ever would be calmer than here.

‘Why?’

Why were the Blue Knights attacks causing visible harm to the Lightning God’s body?

As far as he could tell, the pale blade didn’t contain any power. Nevertheless, the Blue Knight was able to face the lightning being released by the Lightning God, and was even overwhelming him.

...He thought about Yang In-hyun once again.

His Everlasting Plum Sword was without a doubt a formidable martial art, but what was the difference between it and Lukas’ void? He was confident that it didn’t lose when it came to destructive power. Not to mention practicality.

And yet, Lukas’ void hadn’t been able to reach the Lightning God.

On the other hand, Yang In-hyun had been able to drive him to the brink of death.

Were the remaining forms of the Everlasting Plum Sword really that amazing? Of course they were. Sama Ryeong had said the power of the technique doubles with each form.

However, this was different. That wasn’t the decisive reason.

Lukas couldn’t help but feel like he was missing something.

Him and Yang In-hyun.

Void and Everlasting Plum Sword.

What was the difference between the two?

...The battle between the two absolutes was gradually coming to an end.

Lukas was only able to realise this because the deafening noise was beginning to subside.

Then, in an instant, the sound disappeared completely.

[...]

“...”

They were facing each other.

The Blue Knight’s armour was covered in numerous scratches and scorch marks. The armour at her shoulder and knee was also broken.

This proved that the Lightning God’s power, claws, and fangs were able to deal significant damage.

Nevertheless, the Lightning God’s condition was much worse than that.

He could no longer maintain his beast form. He once again appeared in the shape of Lee Jong-hak, panting and staring at the Blue Knight.

“...huuu.”

He let out a slow breath.

The Lightning God's gaze lowered. He looked down at his own tattered body.

"...indeed, Blue Knight of Famine."

Then he nodded as if he understood something.

"I cannot win."

Shuk-

In the next moment, the Lightning God was decapitated.

The Blue Knight hadn't moved a single step. They were still standing still. However, there was a weak current on their pale blade.

Crackle...

Instead of blood, sparks shot out from the severed cross section of the neck. Wiggle, the wrist holding the sword moved. Despite the lack of head, it seemed that his biological activity hadn't completely stopped.

The Blue Knight didn't even look at this weak resistance.

They simply swung their sword one more time and the Lightning God, no, Lee Jong-hak disappeared without a trace.

The fight had ended so vainly.

The dark clouds that filled the sky disappeared, and the sound of thunder gradually faded. The heavy rains, which fell as if a hole had been pierced in the sky, gradually weakened before eventually coming to a stop.

[...]

The Blue Knight.

Although they'd just won a formidable battle, they didn't show any satisfaction or sense of accomplishment.

Instead, they simply turned around indifferently and started walking.

Splash-

Their blue boots stomped into one of the many puddles left by the heavy rain. Mud splattered, dirtying their tattered armour even more, but the knight didn't seem to care.

The Blue Knight looked down at Lukas.

[To be honest, I can't remember the taste of food from the outside. If possible, I'd wanted to preserve the body...]

Although it was the same ageless, genderless voice, the tone that they used had returned to Pale's.

[As expected of a Ruler. It didn't go as planned.]

"..."

[By the way, uncle, you're in pretty terrible condition, aren't you?]

Her face wasn't visible, but Lukas was certain she was smiling at that moment.

Lukas didn't respond. The wounds left by the Lightning God were fatal, and his internal organs had been shattered by the subsequent fight. Neither healing or regeneration would work.

To put it frankly, Lukas was dying.

[...still, it's not enough.]

Chrrk.

At that moment, blue light appeared from the armour and it flowed down the sword just like it had appeared.

Soon enough, Pale's face was revealed.

As he expected, she was smiling, but it was a much more dangerous smile than Lukas expected.

"More, more, more. You need to be much more hungry than you are now. Only then will you be qualified to become my King."

"..."

"The hunger of the body isn't a problem. What's really, really important... Is right here."

Tuk, tuk. Pale tapped her head a few times.

"Emptiness and hunger aren't that great. You probably ate countless corpses. Didn't you? However, even if you endlessly fill your stomach, only some parts would be satisfied while others would become dry. In other words, you would realise that you're mentally hungry. Eventually."

Pale smiled brightly.

"I was curious. And I was really looking forward to it. What kind of being would the deceiver use his last few dregs for? And those expectations were met."

"..."

"But next time, I think you should fix that impulsive tendency."

"..."

"If you meet 'me' again, you better hide your current condition. Because, to be honest, the current you looks really appetising. That 'me' might not be able to hold back since I wouldn't know the circumstances... Now, then."

A slender but rough hand grabbed Lukas by the neck. That alone made him feel like his entire body was restrained.

“I feel bad for watching you like this, so I’ll let you go.”

Crack-

She broke his neck.

He couldn’t use his void regression ability. This was due to the Lightning God’s power that was still wriggling in his body.

His consciousness faded in an instant.

Lukas died once again.

\* \* \*

He opened his eyes. He felt a familiar sensation on his back. The familiar feeling of laying in the middle of the grey desert.

“...”

Lukas wasn’t surprised.

This was because this was a vague possibility that he’d considered after he’d suffered his ‘first death’ when Yang In-hyun had cut him with his sword. Pale’s words just before he died increased his confidence in that faint possibility.

[The power to struggle most desperately]

The power God had left him didn’t go away.

It surrounded his body in a realm that he could not perceive until it was manifested again.

“Wow! You’re finally awake!”

This was now his third time hearing it.

Lukas turned his head.

Pale had the same meaningless smile as always.

Throb-

His head ached.

Pressing his fingers on his temples, Lukas sighed.

His third life in the World of Void had begun.

**[The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years](#)**  
**Season 2 Chapter 427**

[This ability still seems to work.]

[It’s a really strange phenomenon, right?]

“...”

The voices hadn't disappeared.

This confirmed that the things Lukas had gained through his predation didn't simply accumulate in his body.

They had a direct influence on his mind, or perhaps something even more than that.

'...it's like.'

Like a curse that couldn't be removed. That was the extent the voices were following Lukas to. In a sticky, persistent manner.

That fact made him so uncomfortable he wanted to vomit. But even if Lukas had the means to get rid of them, he wouldn't. He had to accept this situation and persevere.

“Are you feeling alright?”

He heard a bright voice.

He turned to look at the young woman with blue hair and blue eyes. She had a thin face, shabby clothes, and a skinny body that seemed unable to even lift a sword, but Lukas now knew her true identity.

The Blue Knight of Famine.

One of the Void King's most loyal subjects.

A mysterious monster capable of winning an overwhelming victory against the Lightning God, a Ruler who had appeared in this world.

That was the true face of this skinny woman in front of him.

He understood everything.

Yang In-hyun, one of the Twelve Void Lords. The reason why that man was wary of her from the start. The reason why he had been so respectful of her. And the reason why the Corpse Ghost had treated her so carefully.

...But there were still some things that he couldn't figure out though.

Why was Pale beside him at this point?

Was it a coincidence? No, her origins were too unusual for it to be so simple.

“...”

When Lukas took too long to answer, Pale narrowed her eyes slightly. It was then that he recalled what 'Pale' had told him just before he'd died.

*-If you meet 'me' again, you better hide your current condition. Because, to be honest, the current you looks really appetising. That 'me' might not be able to hold back since I wouldn't know the circumstances.*



...When you meet 'me' again.

How did she know that? Had Pale realised Lukas' situation? Did she know that he was going to regress?

*-I was curious. And I was really looking forward to it. What kind of being would the deceiver use his last few dregs for? And those expectations were met.*

Pale had also mentioned God.

In other words, this meant that she also knew about the circumstances that led Lukas to come to the World of Void, something that even he himself didn't know.

She might have learned about his regression ability after, but it was highly likely that she knew that fact from the beginning.

...In conclusion.

This woman had already been waiting here for Lukas with some goal in mind.

'Hide my current condition.'

He recalled those words again.

Since she didn't understand the circumstances yet, this Pale might not be able to hold herself back. Lukas didn't fully understand the meaning of those words.

But he remembered how horrified he was when he'd seen the glimmer in Pale's eyes before.

-The Pale in front of me now is by no means my ally.

That thought suddenly became a conviction that firmly stuck itself into his mind.

So Lukas decided to hide his true self. Or at least that would have been the case if it hadn't been for 'Pale's' advice.

'...simply hiding it might not be enough.'

Pale was already suspicious of Lukas. It could be his different attitude, the faint presence of leaking void, or other factors. There were too many reasons that could be guessed, but suddenly hiding the presence of his power would definitely raise suspicion. He couldn't do that.

...He had to recall. The physical condition he'd been in when he first came to this world. He needed to imitate that time. He couldn't be impatient. But he also couldn't be too slow.

It was by no means an easy task.

For Lukas, that had been over 4,000 years ago, and he was already using most of his mental strength to calm the voices ringing in his head.

Nevertheless, it was possible.

[Relax the power a bit more.]

[Not really empty. You're just pretending to look the part.]

[Pay attention to your breathing, gaze, and pulse. Her eyes are dozens of times sharper than yours.]

Ironically, the 'Lukas'es' helped.

He could understand the reason.

They were all afraid of Pale. She was so strong that they couldn't comprehend it.

"..."

Pale silently looked at Lukas. Her face was expressionless and her head was slightly tilted to the side. That was all, but he felt immense pressure as if someone was holding his heart. But this pressure wasn't being intentionally released by Pale.

If he had to say, he felt this way because he knew her true self.

...He needed to say something.

"Who are you?"

He'd probably said something similar the first time they'd met.

Pale's expression changed. She was smiling again as she spoke.

"Pale."

"..."

This reaction... was different from the first time. Lukas now remembered that it was Pale who had asked him his identity.

Something from the past had already changed. That wasn't good. Once again, his tension rose.

It was hard to not show it.

"I didn't ask for your name."

*-I didn't ask for your name!*

The moment he said those words, Lukas felt like his and the past Pale's lines had been reversed.

Ignoring that, Pale opened her mouth.

"I'll tell you what, uncle. By chance..."

At that moment, she was about to say something.

Lukas had been giving her most of his attention, but not all of it.

Suddenly, a shadow stretched across the ground as if something had appeared in the sky.

It was here. The crocodile monster that he was now seeing for the third time.

Lukas instinctively stretched out his hand to the monster but stopped, cringing.

At this moment in the past, Lukas had used magic. He could still do it. It wouldn't be that difficult. He could use the power of void like magicology. Even if he couldn't do magic, it was at least possible for him to imitate it.

...But he couldn't do it.

The wide mouth reached right in front of him. Of course, this much wouldn't be enough to really kill Lukas, but it wouldn't be a good thing for him to go into its stomach either. He didn't want to show Pale that he could revive himself after death or that he could heal his wounds.

Just as he clenched his teeth and decided to use void while hiding it as much as possible.

Paak!

The monster's giant body seemed to quiver for a moment before being sent flying with its mouth still wide open.

It was Pale. She had kicked the monster in the side. The force behind the kick was so powerful that it was hard to believe it came from such a small body. The monster's body even shattered in the air, sending bits of flesh flying in every direction. Nevertheless, Pale's cold eyes hadn't looked at it once.

"What are you doing?"

Upon hearing this voice, Lukas knew he was at the crossroads of choice once again.

How should he respond?

It was a combination of worries and answers.

"I don't know."

"What?"

"I didn't notice that monster's existence."

"Ahahaha."

She burst into laughter. It was a clear laugh that he'd heard many times before, but this time was different.

"Do I look stupid to you?"

Although she said those words with a smile, he felt his heart flutter. It wasn't because he felt particularly agitated. It was more due to the presence of the 'other Lukases'. They were all making a fuss like civilians in the face of a disaster.

[Answer better! You fool!]

[Are you trying to make her mad?!]

[You don't understand... how terrifying Famine... the being known as the Blue Knight is...]

"..."

Lukas paid the most attention to the last voice.

It was a faint voice.

But it felt like that Lukas knew more about Pale than the others.

'I haven't absorbed all the Lukas' yet.'

It wasn't just their strength, presence, ego, and void that hadn't fully melted yet. He had only absorbed a small portion of their memories.

'Then does that mean you know? What kind of being the Blue Knight, Pale, is?'

Just as Lukas was trying to ask the 'terrified Lukas' for more details.

"You knew."

Pale's voice interrupted.

"You noticed it. But you hesitated."

She chuckled. Her expression was different from before, at the very least, it was a cynical attitude that shouldn't have appeared at this time. It seemed that Pale already had no intention of hiding her vigilance.

She'd read him too quickly.

He didn't expect to completely deceive her, but her senses were sharper than he thought.

"What were you hesitating about? How to kill it?"

That wasn't wrong.

"I wasn't sure if my attack would work. It's natural to hesitate. After all, I've never seen a monster like that before."

"..."

"...what the hell are you? How did you blow that monster up in one go?"

"I already told you who I am."

It seemed she'd stopped asking questions for now.

Pale smiled faintly.

"I'm Pale."

\* \* \*

In the desert landscape, the feeling of loneliness was greater than the silence. It was like being alone in a frozen world. The most fundamental reason for this was the lack of any natural phenomena. There was no wind or changes in temperature.

The only thing that changed was the sky that sometimes changed its colour. So Lukas raised his head as he was lost in thought. There was no particular reason for this.

It was similar to looking at the changing scenery from the window of a carriage while thinking about something.

Lukas was thinking about what had happened on Flower Mountain.

About the sudden appearance of the Lightning God. Who used Lee Jong-hak as his medium.

Why had the Lightning God possessed Lee Jong-hak's body? When Lukas had last seen him, there hadn't been any connection between them.

...The preliminaries.

When Lee Jong-hak had died on that field, even Arid, who was tremendously talented, hadn't been able to find his soul.

So if there was a gap where the Lightning God could have interfered, it would have been at that time.

But there was still something that he was unable to understand, and that was the reason why Lee Jong-hak had been able to enter the World of Void. He felt like he couldn't think of an answer for this even after thinking deeply about it.

Even at this moment, the body of Lee Jong-hak, which was imprisoned in Flower Mountain's prison, probably contained a projection of the Lightning God.

'I need to leave him alone.'

Lukas made that judgement.

The Lightning God had fought a battle where neither side won or lost with Yang In-hyun. If he had left him alone, he would have eventually bled out and died. The reason he was able to regain his strength was because of Lukas' intervention. Because he'd healed the body of Lee Jong-hak, he also allowed the Lightning God to be revived.

If he left him alone, that wouldn't be a problem.

Even though it meant Lee Jong-hak would die, that didn't matter to Lukas.

Lukas erased the very thought of him. The same was true for the other characters from Earth in his mind. He also decided to forget about the black haired girl who burst into tears while looking at him.

'Lee Jong-hak is one of the preparations that the Lightning God sent to the World of Void.'

It was highly likely that it was in preparation for the full fledged Great Game that would freeze the World of Void.

Aside from the question about why a war to determine a Ruler would be held in this world if one thought about it in a certain way, it roughly made sense.

"..."

It was complicated.

It was a very complicated causal relationship, and Lukas felt like he was standing at the very centre.

For now, he would place a hold on going to Flower Mountain. For now, Lukas was unsure of his ability to defeat Yang In-hyun, and he also could not overlook the uncertainty that was the Lightning God.

That meant that he needed to aim for another of the Twelve Void Lords, but the only one Lukas had met was the Corpse Ghost at the dump site.

'I could change my goal to the Corpse Ghost.'

Lukas shook his head. He wasn't sure about that either.

He had no choice but to admit it. His current self was weaker than the Twelve Void Lords.

More, he needed to melt more.

The countless corpses that he'd eaten in the dump site. He needed to melt more possibilities...

'-will that really work?'

Although he wasn't one of the Twelve Void Lords, the Lightning God's thunder gave Lukas a huge shock.

Was it really possible for him to break that power that surrounded his body like armour with void? Was it really a challenge that he could overcome simply by honing his power a bit more and increasing its practical ability?

"..."

Suddenly, he thought of a man who had died on his behalf.

Jacob.

Why had that arrogant man chosen to die in his place? Lukas knew he didn't deserve that kind of treatment.

He had even thought about killing Jacob, and he had shown signs of actually doing it.

'Can this condition really be cured?'

If this symptom of madness could be cured, he didn't know what the consequences would be. As mentioned earlier, perhaps he might become weaker.

'...however, even so...'

Magic Planet.

A place where Wizards and Truth Seekers gathered.

The Lord of that place was one of the Twelve Void Lords, the Beginning Wizard.

*-Do you believe that you are the Wizard who has reached the highest point? Do you think there is no one with greater understanding of the truth than you?*

He now knew.

*-No. Not at all. The words 'frog in a well' might not be fully accurate, but you are still not good enough to call yourself the Lord of that field. If you hadn't come to this world, you wouldn't have even known about that delusion.*

The Wizard that Yang In-hyun was talking about.

*-Even after I said so much, you still couldn't figure it out... It's a Wizard. A Wizard who is far stronger than you.*

That being was the Beginning Wizard.

“...”

He felt like it would be fine to believe Jacob's words at least once. Perhaps it was a simple whim. Or perhaps he felt like he could trust him since he'd saved his life.

But more than that.

Lukas personally felt like he needed to go to Magic Planet.

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 428**

Lukas seemed to be walking aimlessly, but that wasn't really the case. He had a clear destination, he was just trying his best to hide that.

For the current Lukas, he needed to pretend like he was confused by this area that he was supposed to be in for the first time. Of course, there was no need to overtly show his confusion, but he still had to show signs of it.

That's why, even though he was already aware of his destination, he trudged along with uncertain steps even though he could clearly see what direction he was going in this desert with complicated coordinates.

Tap tap.

He could hear footsteps not far behind. Pale never overtook Lukas, and instead chose to follow him from a certain distance. Most of Lukas' attention was focused on her.

He suddenly had a thought.

What was Pale's destination? By his side? If so, then was Pale's goal simply to accompany him?

“...”

“...”

They didn't talk to each other. This was also different from the past. Lukas had been quiet even then, but there was no silence because Pale talked nonstop. As mentioned before, she basically had a very talkative personality. But she wasn't like that now. He was now certain that this fact made him feel strange.

He shook his head inwardly. He also chose to ignore the gaze digging into his back.

—As they crossed over several dunes, the colour of the sky continued to change. Lukas made sure to keep a very careful count.

It had been four times.

...Five times.

If he didn't eat before the sky changed colour one more time, his body would begin to disappear from the tips of his toes. That was one of the laws of this world. Of course, the current Lukas was a being who bypassed that law. This was because he already understood the laws of disappearance and regression, and had learned to control void, which enforced these laws.

Lukas no longer needed to devour anything.

But there was a problem, the presence of Pale.

'...what should I do?'

The current Lukas should not be aware of the fact that 'your body would disappear if you don't eat'. This was because there was basically no hunger in this place, so it would be strange if he were to look for something to eat.

Would he have to let his body disappear first?

Then, when she saw this scene, Pale would offer him a rat from her pocket like last time?

Well. He didn't think she would. It was an uncertain gamble. If it didn't go according to his plan... Lukas would have no choice but to use the power of void to prevent the disappearance, which meant completely revealing his identity to Pale.

He couldn't let that happen.

In the end, Lukas could only increase his pace. He needed to reach the destination faster. Before the colour of the sky changed again.

From his experience, it took approximately three hours for the sky to change colours, so that was his time limit.

Lukas needed to arrive at his destination within three hours.

\* \* \*

The sand dunes still continued to appear irregularly. The same was true for the surrounding landscape. Not to mention a few hours, the scene they saw wouldn't change even if they were to walk for 10 days or 100 days. Perhaps it wouldn't change unless they entered a completely different region.

Nevertheless, Lukas realised that the place he was standing now was his destination.

'I came a bit early.'

He might have to wait for a little while now.



Lukas flopped down onto the ground. He could see Pale looking at him with a strange expression.

“What are you doing?”

It had been a while since he’d heard her voice.

“Taking a break.”

“You don’t look tired.”

She was so unnecessarily sharp.

But it wasn’t a statement she could make with full confidence.

“I feel a bit dizzy, and...”

“And?”

“Nothing.”

When he intentionally dropped the end of his sentence, Pale pressed him.

“What is it? Tell me.”

“It’s not that big of a deal. The more I walk, the more time passes... the more I feel like I’m losing something.”

“...”

When he spoke as if he was trying to catch a cloud, Pale fell silent again. She seemed to be lost in thought for a moment before opening her mouth as if she was about to say something.

He knew exactly what she was going to say.

“Mm?”

Lukas deliberately widened his eyes and got up from his seat. This caused Pale to close her half opened lips.

“What is that?”

“...ah.”

He pretended to be surprised, but he knew exactly what was approaching them. After all, the reason he’d come to this place in the first place was to meet them.

Dwarves were approaching them in a line like a train.

The Miglings.

\* \* \*

The miglings’ response was the same as before. They still weren’t wary of Lukas, and in a way, their affinity for him seemed even deeper than before. In any case, it wasn’t a few miglings that were jumping around at their first meeting.

Then with big smiles, they grabbed him by the sleeves and led him along.

Under their guidance, Lukas headed towards the Underground City.

“What an interesting situation.”

“What do you mean?”

Lukas asked this but Pale didn't answer.

Her reaction was a bit different from before. It seemed like she'd found something to think about deeply instead of studying or being wary of him.

When they entered the Underground City, being tossed around almost felt like a ritual to him now.

“To the Lord.”

“Guide.”

“Trowman.”

“Follow.”

Lukas, who still couldn't get used to their strange way of speaking, nodded to the migling. He moved together with them to the centre of the Underground City. And as expected, Pale was prevented from following him into the cathedral.

Until now, every time this had happened, she would make an exaggerated expression, but this time, she simply nodded with a blank face.

After losing Pale for the first time, Lukas let out a sigh of relief. This was because just being near her made him feel an immense amount of pressure.

Of course, there were some downsides. Without Pale around, the voices in his head began to misbehave once again. His headache was still terrible, so that didn't get better with or without Pale.

‘Nevertheless, I'd prefer to act separately as much as possible...’

Even in his past lives, Pale didn't easily separate from Lukas.

Since he didn't know the reason, he had no choice but to judge carefully.

Naturally, it was impossible for him to separate by force. Nevertheless, it was still risky for him to try to run away or suggest that they go their separate ways. In fact, there was a high chance that would have adverse results. As far as he could tell, Pale was not a rational person. This meant that it wouldn't be strange for her to act in a manner that went against common sense from time to time.

‘I have no choice but to accompany her for the time being.’

Nevertheless, now that he was in the Underground City, he no longer had to pretend that he was ignorant about the world in front of Pale.

If she were to ask how he knew, he could just say that the Lord of the Underground City told him. That would be a lie, of course, but Pale wouldn't know the truth.

“Here.”

“Go in.”

“Only Trowman.”

The miglings waited outside as Lukas walked towards the cathedral and opened the doors.

“...”

At the end of the chapel stood Michael.

[Lord!]

[It’s Lord!]

He was caught by surprise.

[Bastard! Kill that bastard!]

[What are you waiting for? Chop that guy’s head off right now!]

Some of the ‘Lukases’ began to shout erratically. It was those who had especially bad relationships with Lord in their lives.

‘That’s not Lord, you fools.’

It might have been meaningless, but Lukas still snapped back at them coldly as he looked at Michael. It was different from before. He wasn’t reading a book. Instead, he was down on one knee with his right hand across his chest and his head lowered.

It was a strange posture, but Lukas was able to quickly realise that he was praying.

Lukas had arrived at the Underground City much earlier this time in order to avoid Pale’s suspicion. That was the reason why he was witnessing this sight.

Michael’s posture was very different from what was usually associated with prayer, but there was no specific posture for prayer. In fact, the form that it took didn’t matter at all, what mattered was the action of communicating with God in the mind.

But it wasn’t his posture that Lukas was curious about.

A cathedral was a building that was built for the purpose of religious events and ceremonies. The significance of this cathedral could be seen in the fact that Michael, the Lord of this city, chose to stay here. It felt like Michael, or perhaps all the beings in this city, believed in God.

It was the same even now.

But this brought the question of who Michael was trying to communicate with through prayer.

Lukas suspected that it might be the God of the Three Thousand Worlds that he knew.

[You are a patient guest.]

Michael's voice woke him from his thoughts. Perhaps it was Michael's habit of saying 'guest' the first time he spoke.

Slowly, he got to his feet before turning to face Lukas. Of course, their gazes couldn't meet because his face didn't have features.

However, Lukas was able to recognise the slight dip of his head which was similar to a bow.

[Thank you for respecting my personal time. Tangled, distorted being.]

"..."

He knew that Michael's insight was amazing. This could be seen from the fact that every time he repeated this first encounter, Michael would say something that pierced Lukas' very essence to an extent.

And the words that had just come out of his mouth.

Tangle, distorted being.

That was probably the most accurate description of Lukas' current condition.

"I have a few questions for you."

He decided to bring up the main point from the start. Lukas didn't come to the Underground City simply to provide a safety net that would allow him to act natural in front of Pale.

Michael nodded his head without much surprise.

[I am the same. So how about this? I...]

As usual, Michael mentioned the question and answer exchange and Lukas agreed. He'd thought that he already knew what questions he would ask, and in what order, but his predictions were proven wrong in the next moment.

[Are you from Magic Planet?]

"..."

Magic Planet.

That name came up once again.

Lukas paused for a moment before shaking his head.

"No."

[I see. Hmm.]

When he saw this, Lukas had no choice but to ask a question he hadn't even thought of before.

"Why did you ask that?"

[There isn't any deep meaning. It's simply because the moment I saw you, I was reminded of the Truth Seekers from Magic Planet that I'd met in the past.]

“ ... ”

He thought about Jacob's face once again.

[Of course, you also feel different from them. You feel a bit familiar.]

Perhaps he realised that he and Lukas shared a fundamental universe. In fact, Lukas hoped he did to an extent. After all, only then would Michael become interested in him and continue the question and answer exchange.

Michael nodded slightly before speaking again.

[What is your relationship with the woman outside?]

This was another unexpected development.

Of course, Michael had asked him about his relationship with Pale before, but it was usually his last question.

This time was different. Michael had asked Lukas about Pale before his own identity or origin. What was the reason for this? Had he been alerted because Pale was in a more dangerous state than last time, like a ticking time bomb?

Perhaps Michael had vaguely guessed Pale's identity.

He knew now. The reason Michael was so wary of Pale, and the intention behind this question. After all, if a person who was suspected to be the Blue Knight of Famine was seen with an unknown person, it was natural to try and guess their relationship first.

“She...”

Has no relationship with him, or she was following him of her own accord.

He thought about saying something like that, but stopped. He couldn't try to solve it in the same way. Lukas had already failed twice in the Underground City.

Although this question and answer exchange might appear trivial, fate often changed because of the most trivial things.

And what Lukas needed now was such a change.

Looking at Michael, he said.

“She is testing me.”

[...testing?]

Michael's voice seemed to tremble slightly.

Lukas wasn't exactly making anything up. He'd thought about why Pale didn't leave his side.

And the words that he was letting out of his mouth now was the most plausible possibility he had thought of.

“To determine if I am worthy of becoming King.”

[...!]

This time, the reaction was more noticeable. A hazy fog of holy energy began to surround Michael's body.

[That means...]

“Right.”

Lukas nodded.

“I am a Void King Candidate.”

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 429**

Michael's reaction to this information was also unexpected.

[I see.]

For some reason, he just nodded as if he accepted it. This made him feel a bit embarrassed since it was something he spouted without thinking too deeply about it.

Why did Michael accept it? Lukas wanted to continue the conversation until he understood why, but that would be difficult. The basic rule of their conversation was one question, one answer.

Then would he have to bring it up again? That wouldn't work either. Not only would it be awkward to bring up a topic that had already passed, it would also increase the probability that he would get caught in his lie. Of course, even if his lie was discovered, he wouldn't be put in a particularly difficult situation.

The current Lukas had the power to erase this Underground City, Michael included. Although, of course, the presence of Pale, who was probably whistling somewhere in the city, was a bit unpleasant, ...

...For some reason or another, Lukas decided to move on to another topic.

Slowly, he opened his clenched fists.

The direction he had chosen in this life was to go towards Magic Planet. He didn't completely trust Jacob, but he felt like he needed to learn more about the being known as the beginning Wizard.

“Where is the Magic Planet?”

[...]

For the first time, Michael fell silent. This was the first time Lukas was seeing such a reaction from him. This was because he'd never hesitated to answer a question before.

[I can't answer that.]

The words he said afterwards were also surprising.

...He couldn't answer?

Not that he didn't know. So he knew the location, but he refused to tell Lukas. It could also be seen as him avoiding the question.

"You talked as if you knew everything in the world."

Naturally, Lukas' attitude became cynical.

Michael shook his head.

[I don't not know. I can't answer that.]

Of course, Lukas knew that. Nevertheless, the reason he decided to take such a crooked attitude was to gain an advantage at the negotiation table.

"Why can't you answer it?"

[Is that a 'question'?]

He wanted to count that as a question. It was a funny trick. For a moment, anger swelled in Lukas. He almost brought his index finger towards his carotid artery without realising it.

Perhaps feeling Lukas' bad mood, Michael continued.

[I'll just tell you that it carries significant risk. It would expose not only me but also this entire city to grave danger. Of course, whether you will be satisfied by my answer or not is a different matter.]

Although he spoke in an uncaring manner, he still dug a hole for himself to escape out of like a snake.

Clearly, Michael was no pushover.

With a sigh, Lukas nodded. He acknowledged that it was a question.

Then Michael continued.

[The Planet of Magicology is one of the most mysterious places in the vast World of Void. Have you ever been to the Southern Region?]

"No."

[The Southern Region is a frozen wasteland. It is a land filled with soaring icebergs and icy valleys, and the Magic Planet can be seen from any part of it. It always hangs on the edge of the exceptionally beautiful sky.]

Lukas paused for a moment before asking.

"...is the Magic Planet really a planet?"

[That's right. But outsiders don't know where the planet is or how to enter it.]

"You just said it yourself. It hangs in the sky of the Southern Region."

[That's right.]

"And yet no one knows its exact location? Are you saying that the planet hanging in the sky is an illusion?"

[I don't know.]

Michael's affirmation irritated him once again. Of course, he was smart enough to speak quickly before Lukas could vent his feelings.

[However, even if you were to fly in the direction of the planet, you would not feel like you were getting closer. Even if you fly for decades.]

That answer gave Lukas a headache.

[I said a lot more than I was expecting. Is it my turn now?]

"Right."

[What is your goal?]

This was another unexpected question.

Lukas looked at Michael. And he had a feeling that was close to a certainty.

It was only his second question, but it was probably Michael's last. This Michael didn't seem to have any questions about Lukas' name, last name, or background.

Was it because he was a King Candidate? Ignoring the possibility that came to mind, he responded.

"Firstly, I plan to become one of the Twelve Void Lords."

[You must know how difficult that is...]

Of course he did. After all, it was Michael who'd told him the method to do so, but there was no reason to tell him that.

Cautiously, Lukas asked the question that would probably be his last.

"How can I enter Magic Planet?"

[I don't know.]

"You don't know? That-"

Lukas frowned. If Michael hadn't continued speaking, he might have started to spit out swear words.

[However, I know someone who does know.]

"Who? The Beginning Wizard? Or one of Magic Planet's Truth Seekers?"

Despite Lukas' cynical attitude, Michael continued.

[Not someone so far away. They belong to my territory.]

"...a resident of the underground city? How could such a person know the location of the Magic Planet?"

[Because in the past she was offered the position of a Truth Seeker and even stayed in the Magic Planet for a while.]



“...where is she? Is she in the city now?”

[No. Not right now. She is out on an important mission, although I think she might be having some trouble. Seeing as the time we agreed upon has already passed.]

By that point, Lukas knew who Michael was talking about.

Nevertheless, he still asked.

“What is her name?”

And the name he heard was unexpected.

[Lesha. Lesha Trowman.]

\* \* \*

As he expected, that had been Michael’s last question. He didn’t ask Lukas anything more, making this the shortest question and answer exchange yet.

Nevertheless, Lukas didn’t leave the cathedral right away.

[Do you need anything else?]

He didn’t.

It was just that the conversation had ended too quickly.

In the future, Lukas intended to act like he’d obtained information about the World of Void here, but the time he’d spent in the cathedral was too short for that.

After all, he couldn’t act like he’d learned everything about the World of Void in just 10 minutes. Of course, that didn’t mean he could relax either.

Lesha.

Lesha Trowman.

He needed to find the woman who had collapsed in the desert before the pursuers from Flower Mountain. Of course, there was still some time left before that. He wouldn’t be too late even if he only left just before Schweiser arrived.

Hiding his plan, Lukas said.

“I want to know what you do here.”

In fact, this was a question that he’d had since the beginning. Lukas glanced around the chapel and sat down on one of the chairs lined within it. Michael didn’t stop him from doing so. Instead, with a brisk pace, he walked to the altar and opened the book there.

[That’s a question. Do you intend to do question and answer again?]

“...”

[Huhu. It was a joke.]

He said this after seeing Lukas' frown. This attitude was surprising. The 'Lukases' who still thought Michael was 'Lord' were even more agitated.

[What the hell? Who is this guy?]

[If he was Lord... there's no way he would react like this.]

[This is giving me chills. I'm gonna be sick.]

Lukas couldn't help but agree with the last voice.

"Do you believe in God?"

Lukas asked.

Flip, Michael turned a page in the book as he responded.

[I believe.]

"He's dead."

[Is that really so?]

His vague response left him speechless. At the same time, he was annoyed. Lukas felt that he was being impatient, but he didn't bother hiding it.

"Quit the wordplay. How could you, who claims to be an intellectual, not have noticed God's death."

Tremor, the atmosphere seemed to shake in response to Lukas' anger. The chairs in the chapel began to creak. But Michael calmly flipped a page without paying it any heed.

[If you are talking about the death of the God of the Three Thousand Worlds. Then yes, I confirmed the death of that being.]

Lukas' eyebrow twitched.

"Then? Are you saying you believe in something other than God? As a god?"

[That view is wrong.]

"...that's funny. God is a unique being. Or did you find something in this world to serve as a god? Like the Void King."

[Although Void King is a great position, they simply cannot be seen as god. I simply have a different belief, other Trowman.]

"..."

He didn't remember telling his name. And yet, Michael was able to accurately refer to him as a Trowman. Was it because he'd consumed many Lukases in the dump site? Was that why he was able to grasp the essence of his existence more accurately?

[This is a place where everything was abandoned. That was what the God of the Three Thousand Worlds decided and the Rulers accepted it. The beings in the outer multiverse treat this place like a garbage

dump. The abandoned possibilities... Don't you think it's funny? The 'me' in the 'real multiverse' might not be a more complete being than I am now.]

Lukas knew.

Michael's doubts were perfectly valid, and they were actually true.

The Michael in the real multiverse, that was to say, Lord, was much more unstable and twisted than the one in front of him.

In that case, what was the difference between Lord and Michael?

Why was Michael one of the possibilities that had been abandoned while Lord, who could be considered a failure, was allowed to exist in the 'real multiverse'? What criteria determined that difference?

The reason Lukas was able to sympathise so deeply with his doubts was because he had absorbed countless 'Lukas'es' who had wandered around the World of Void.

[We were abandoned. There is no reason for us to exist. The intelligent beings who had these thoughts faced different changes.]

"Different changes?"

[Their egos broke. Either by their own choice or for some external reason. Those who made the choice left themselves with only a very simple ability to think. Like the miglings here. Their intelligence went down, but because of that, they were able to find happiness.]

"...!"

It was only then that Lukas realised the true identity of the miglings.

[It seems that you have never been to any other territory apart from this one.]

"...I've been to Flower Mountain and the Dump Site."

[Hmm. The territories of the Twelve Void Lords are special. All the beings there have strong mental power. There's no reason for them to become like the miglings.]

Now that he thought about it, Lukas had never visited any normal territory apart from the Underground City.

"So those who do not choose for themselves, and whose egos are broken by external factors become monsters?"

[That's right.]

'The monsters I saw outside.'

Their true identity was actually intelligent beings whose egos had been broken. It was a twist that usually only appeared in cheap novels.

Lukas was not surprised.

[I also experienced many disturbing events that shook my will. There were times when I wanted to give up. But I was able to overcome it. Just by having faith.]

“...faith?”

[I created a possibility. Or rather, I created a fictional being. A being who is omnipotent, is fully aware of the birth and destruction of the multiverse, is able to calculate fate, and knows all of the laws. I thought of a god. Not a god with limitations, but a truly omnipotent god.]

It was only then that Lukas realised what ‘faith’ Michael was talking about.

“That’s just a delusion. There can be no such thing.”

[It is natural to think so, but that is what I chose to believe nonetheless. And my heart was saved... I didn’t need a reason to exist. This world was not a garbage dump, and I was not an abandoned possibility.]

Lukas felt that Michael was smiling.

[You wouldn’t understand. As someone from the outside.]

“...you knew I was from the outside.”

[You said it yourself. You are a King Candidate.]

Did that mean that all the King Candidates came from outside?

This was new information for Lukas.

He looked at Michael with a strange expression. Lord, a being who wanted to become a god himself, and Michael, a being who wanted to believe in a god so much that he made one himself. It really wasn’t easy to believe they were, essentially, the same being.

“Huu.”

He got up with a sigh.

[Are you leaving now?]

“Right.”

[I wish you luck. In any case, the Blue Knight was the first to find a King Candidate...]

Lukas glanced at Michael before turning his head and leaving the cathedral.

His destination had already been decided.

Lesha Trowman. He had to meet her first.

...A woman who shared the same last name as him.

After absorbing so many ‘Lukas’, he knew who she was. She wasn’t another Lukas, or another possibility.

‘Blood tie.’

Lesha was Lukas' younger sister.

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

#### **Season 2 Chapter 430**

"Huh. Is your conversation already over?"

Pale spoke in her characteristic amused voice. Lukas stared at her very deeply for a moment as if he was trying to understand her intentions.

She, who had been silent and cautious this entire time, had now taken a gentle attitude once again. Naturally, this made him feel more anxiety instead of relief.

Of course, he didn't show any signs of it.

"I don't think it was short enough to say 'already'."

"Then I guess I must have spaced out for longer than I thought."

Pale spoke with a smile as if she was in a good mood. Her brooding attitude was nowhere in sight.

"What did you talk about?"

In truth, this was the question Lukas had wanted her to ask all this time.

"We talked about this world."

"Heh."

"The Lord is an intellectual with a wide range of knowledge. Thanks to him, I was able to broaden my horizons."

"Hmph."

Pale made an unexpected sound. He wasn't sure if she was only half-listening or if she was genuinely surprised.

"Then what are you going to do now?"

"...first."

Lukas eyes turned to look at somewhere far away.

"I'm going to leave this place."

\* \* \*

They left the underground city before Schweiser came and headed directly to the new destination. It didn't take long. Lukas was now able to find the 'path' more accurately and quickly. In fact, if he hadn't had to hide the power of void, he wouldn't need to go through all of this trouble.

Lukas had a complete understanding of the concept of space. Because of this, he was able to quickly move to any location as long as he'd been there before. This counted even for places that he'd visited in a previous life.

For example, if he put his mind to it, he would be able to go to Flower Mountain or the Dump Site in an instant.

‘...no. The Dump Site is a bit more delicate.’

His eyebrows furrowed slightly as he thought about it.

In the first place, the Dump Site was by no means ordinary. To enter it, you needed to go into the jaws of a monster that lived in the Northern Region. He now knew that the monster was called a ‘Cleaner’. They were creatures who swam in the shallow waters of the vast Northern Region and collected corpses.

Beings who had given up their egos but not their lives used the Northern Region as a graveyard. They threw themselves into the Dump Site and waited there as half-corpses. Until another ‘them’ came to succeed ‘them’.

-In any case, the Dump Site was an independent space, so it wouldn’t be easy for Lukas to come and go as he pleased. Even if it was possible, it would be impossible for him to avoid being detected by the Corpse Ghost.

Jacob. To be honest, meeting him was the easiest method to join the Magic Planet, but it was not easy to adopt.

In fact, from a certain point of view, the Flower Mountain was the same. With Yang In-hyun’s developed senses, it would be impossible for him to not notice Lukas’ infiltration.

He wanted to avoid bumping into any of the Twelve Void Lords as much as possible. To be precise, until he was confident that he was definitely stronger than them.

With that in mind, Lukas looked into the large crater in the desert. There, he could see a woman unconscious and bloody.

“She’s dying.”

Without responding, he slid into the crater.

Then, he observed the face of Lesha, who was breathing heavily.

...Did she resemble him? He honestly didn’t know. Even after staring at her from such a close distance, he didn’t really feel like they were related by blood.

Lukas couldn’t tell if it was because he didn’t have much emotion left, or if it was because they were siblings who didn’t have much in common from the beginning.

There was only one similarity, their hair colour. The dark blonde hair specked with hints of blood was familiar to the point where he wondered why he hadn’t noticed it before.

This wasn’t the time for this.

Lukas took out a piece of jerky from his pocket. He had obtained it from the miglins before coming here. They had gladly accepted Lukas’ request. He was grateful for those guys. Because he now knew just how precious the jerky was.

He put it roughly in Lesha's mouth. The jerky was quickly absorbed into her body, and her wounds slowly began to regenerate.

"You're such a good person."

Pale muttered. She'd said something similar before. Of course, he hadn't understood the remark at the time, but now, he almost couldn't stop himself from snorting.

Good person? Lukas was saving this woman purely for personal reasons. There was a complete absence of compassion, consideration, or pity towards the other person. If it was looked at from his perspective, he wouldn't be called a good person, and this wouldn't be a good deed.

That was it.

He didn't have any emotion towards Lesha Trowman despite knowing she was his younger sister. He was still perfectly calm. This indifference would not waver even if Lesha opened her eyes and they began to talk directly.

All he wanted was a way to get to the Magic Planet. When he achieved his goal, he would take her back to the Underground City, and he wouldn't feel any regrets at their parting.

Soon, Flower Mountain's forces would attack and the city would face a crisis, but this time, he didn't intend to stop it.

[Lesha... Lesha Trowman.]

[My poor little sister.]

[This child has lived a hard life too. How pitiful.]

Of course, that wasn't the same for the other 'Lukases'. The 'Lukases' who had a direct relationship with Lesha as their sister and who taught her, began to grumble in gloomy voices.

Ignoring them, he continued to carry Lesha. He was taking her to another place. Of course, it was to avoid meeting the members of Flower Mountain.

He could take her back to the Underground City right away, but he didn't. Instead, he stopped halfway between the place he'd found Lesha and the Underground City.

'It's stifling.'

If he could use the power of void, he could restore Lesha's consciousness in an instant. But of course, he couldn't act recklessly because Pale was beside him with a bright smile.

So Lukas waited patiently for Lesha to open her eyes.

Perhaps the jerky given to him by the miglings was particularly effective. Lesha opened her eyes earlier this time.

"Mm..."

Her eyelids trembled slightly before she finally opened them.

“Where...”

“You’re awake.”

“...!”

Lesha jumped up when she heard the unfamiliar voice. She quickly looked around and grasped the situation. Lukas didn’t stop her. He realised at that moment that it wasn’t just her hair but also her eyes that were exactly the same colour.

...Now that he was seeing her again, he felt that she did look a bit like him.

“Who are you?”

“The one who saved you. You were badly hurt, weren’t you?”

“...”

“Michael asked me directly. I understand that you might be suspicious and wary, but don’t be hostile. We could have killed you hundreds of times while you were unconscious.”

“Or maybe you just want something else from me.”

Lesha didn’t seem to readily believe Lukas’ words. Of course, Lukas didn’t think he could win her trust in such a short time. Perhaps if he really considered her his younger sister, he would have tried to.

‘...a feeling of identity?’

Or was it familial affection?

Lukas was overcome by this new emotion. An emotion that came from the other ‘Lukas’ as well. As if he felt as though he’d be swept away if he let his guard down, his expression hardened and his voice lowered.

“I do want something. There is something I want to ask you.”

“What do you want to ask?”

“How to enter Magic Planet.”

“...”

Lesha seemed confused for a moment.

“That... who... Ah, Michael. Did he tell you that?”

“Right.”

“...he’s the only one in the Underground City that knows that. So I suppose it’s not a lie that you met Michael.”

“Is it true? That you went to the Magic Planet?”

Lukas wanted to finish this conversation as soon as possible, so he asked again.



Lesha nodded without any attempt to hide it.

“Yeah.”

“Then I would like to ask. The location of the Magic Planet... and how to get there.”

“...I certainly did visit the Magic Planet. However, the method I used wasn't the norm.”

What he could tell from those words was that there were at least two ways to get into the Magic Planet.

“I received help from someone. But that method was only used because it coincided with a special case. Even if you tried to approach it the same way, the chances of success are slim.”

“Who did you receive help from?”

“Although I can't answer that, I can tell you where he is.”

After saying that, Lesha retrieved something from her pocket. Lukas' expression became a bit strange. It was a tool known as a Dowsing Rod. However, it wasn't a pair and the colour was faint.

“This will serve as your guide tool. The tool will point to where he is. You just have to go in whatever direction it is pointing. If you show this tool at the 'entrance', you will be allowed to meet him without any issues.”

It seemed that Lesha had no intention of accompanying him.

Of course, Lukas preferred that as well.

“Can I take this?”

“Think of it as a reward for saving me.”

After hearing that, Lukas accepted the guide tool without any hesitation.

“It's about time I say goodbye. Thanks for saving me. Then, see you later.”

Believing that there was nothing more to do, she turned around and prepared to leave.

“Wait.”

Lukas stopped her almost reflexively.

“Yes?”

She turned her head to look at him. The moment he saw her questioning expression, he forgot what he wanted to say. Why did he stop Lesha? Did one of the 'Lukas' wishes burst out of his mouth?

After hesitating for a while, Lukas spoke.

“Be careful.”

“...? Yes. Thank you.”

After saying those words, Lesha left for real.

Lukas felt a hint of deep sense of regret in a corner of his mind. He wished they had talked a bit longer. That's what he thought.

\* \* \*

Using the dowsing rod as a guide, they continued walking. Even Lukas, who had gained a lot of knowledge at this point, couldn't pinpoint the exact principle that the tool was pointing toward.

Pale had returned to her chatty persona. She seemed to have a knack for talking about trivial topics for hours. For example, the correlation between the colour of the sky and the monsters that appeared.

"I'm pretty sure it's a rule."

At first, Lukas listened to her. After all, it was none other than the deductions of the Blue Knight of Famine, so he thought she might reveal the truth of the world to some extent.

She didn't.

Pale just said whatever came to her mind. This thought became certain when the words she mentioned conflicted with what she said before. From then on, he let Pale's ramblings in through one ear and out the other.

"..."

When they crossed a dune, Lukas' eyes narrowed.

He saw a monster. That fact alone didn't surprise him much, but two things were strange.

Firstly, it seemed to be much more gentle than any monster he'd seen before. Clearly it had noticed Lukas' presence, but it didn't seem to have any interest.

And secondly,

Lukas knew this monster. Not just its appearance, but also its name.

It had six legs, a degenerated pair of wings on its back, and instead of eyes, two constantly moving noses protruded from its head.

*-Leave it. Two Noses are harmless.*

"..."

They continued to cross the dunes.

Although the scenery of the desert was the same no matter where they went, this scenery felt familiar.

And the monsters that roamed around...

A bed with hands and feet, a monster with a huge body that looked like a tongue and was covered in tentacles, and a giant whose face was in the middle of his chest.

He walked past them as if possessed. At some point, Lukas stopped looking at the dowsing rod. This wasn't because he was able to calculate the space, he was simply walking according to his instincts. Nevertheless, he was confident that he was going in the right direction.

It wasn't long before a cave came into sight.

The appearance of the cave standing in the middle of the desert was easily noticeable.

Lukas knew what this cave was. It was the place where he'd first entered this world.

It was the cave Kasajin had been in...

There was a cool aura surrounding the cave. Crossing her arms as she looked at the cave, Pale muttered.

"...this place seems a bit different."

"Do you know where this is?"

"No~ don't you know?"

She told lies that even a fool wouldn't believe. Lukas was about to argue, but he closed his mouth and turned his gaze to the cave.

He could feel a presence.

Thud!

He heard the sound of heavy footsteps. Someone was walking out of the seemingly endless cave.

[Who are you?]

What appeared with a beastly voice was a demon so large its shoulders touched the ceiling of the cave. It had bright red skin, wings, black horns, and fangs that jutted from its lower jaw.

[I asked who you are.]

Instead of answering, Lukas showed it the dowsing rod.

[A Devil Sensor?...A guest of the Lord. Please excuse me.]

The demon's eyes narrowed slightly.

[Welcome to Demonsio.]

Demonsio.

Lukas' expression hardened.

He knew where this was. It was the territory of the [0th Demon] one of the Twelve Void Lords. In other words, it was the place called 'the pit'.

[Follow me. I'll guide you to the Lord.]

When he heard those words, Lukas thought of Haspin, the demon from the pit that he'd met in the Dump Site.

He'd told him that there was a new Void Lord ruling the pit now.

'...'

This... wasn't good.