

Great Mage 731

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

Season 2 Chapter 431

Things were getting messed up.

“Things are going well!”

The words of Pale, who was still pretending to not know anything, were the exact opposite of Lukas thoughts.

...No. Was this real? Was Pale really acting like this right now? He wasn't sure.

Meanwhile, the demon turned around and said,

[Follow me.]

Then, without waiting for a response, it stomped away.

How could he get around this?

Should he say that something suddenly came up? Or that he forgot something? Lukas shook his head. That wouldn't work. If he was alone, perhaps he could have made an excuse, but Pale was currently by his side. It would be awkward if he were to forcibly come up with an excuse. If he reacted recklessly, her lowered suspicion might rise up once again.

...The way out had already disappeared when he received the dowsing rod from Lesha.

‘Do I have no choice but to meet her?’

Sedi Trowman.

...What would happen then?

Sedi would definitely recognise him. Right. Of course she would recognise him. Then, would she be happy? Or sad?

Either that or...

[Sedi? Who's that?]

[Sedi, Sedi Trowman?]

[Trowman... A, a daughter?!]

The ‘Lukasess’ rarely had a group panic like this.

[I don't believe it. This guy is a traitor!]

[No. Wait, it's too early to jump to conclusions. There's a possibility that it's something different...]

[Hang on... Sedi Trowman is not related by blood.]

[She's an adopted daughter!]

[Then isn't it safe?]

When the voices erupted all at once, it was no different from waking up to a hangover. Lukas' head pounded as he was forced to listen to their drivel.

None of them knew about Sedi. But their strange voices made his head ache.

None of them knew about Sedi. This was natural. Lukas' relationship with Sedi had been made in a different universe when he was an Absolute.

The Lukases from the parallel words, an almost infinite number of Lukases...

They all had their own talents, personalities, traits, and above all, possibilities, but none of them had reached the level of Absolute. They couldn't have done so in the first place. In other words, only the Great Mage Lukas had been able to become an Absolute.

"Are you not going?"

Pale's voice tickled his ear. It felt like this because she'd gotten close to him and whispered into his ear. Flinching slightly, he looked into her eyes. Eyes resembling a deep blue sea looked back at him.

"We're going to miss it."

Then, without warning, she grabbed Lukas by the wrist and began to lead Lukas. Lukas tried to calm the goosebumps that threatened to rise up on his arm.

Pale laughed, but it was unclear if she noticed or not.

"Let's hurry."

* * *

The cave didn't go downwards. At least, that was what Lukas' senses told him.

But at some point, he realised that he could see a city through a black hole from a slanted perspective.

'...'

No. The view wasn't slanted. Instead, he was standing at an angle. Perhaps, from the perspective of the beings in the city, Lukas was sticking to the wall.

[Welcome to Demonsio.]

The demon said as it proceeded to walk into the hole. Suddenly, the demon's size doubled and its wings unfurled.

[Get on.]

On its back? Before Lukas could ask, Pale got on first.

"Wow! It's more comfortable than I thought! But it smells kinda musty. Do you ever wash?"

[...]

A flash of displeasure went across the demon's face.

Lukas quickly followed Pale onto the demon's back.

The demon closed its half opened mouth and flapped its wings vigorously.

Taht.

As soon as he stepped into the hole, the slanted view of the city returned to normal.

“—”

Then Lukas,

Realised that this place was not so small to simply be called a 'territory'.

'It's huge.'

He shuddered slightly at the sheer enormity of the territory.

He hadn't realised it when he was standing at the hole, but now that he was standing on the demon's back, he did.

It was hard to imagine. But the space beneath the cave was as big as a world.

Although it was just his assumption, he believed the space stretched for thousands of kilometres. The thing that was particularly surprising was the depth. Lukas couldn't imagine how deep the ground of this space was. Perhaps looking up at the ceiling of this space from the ground was no different from looking up at the sky outside.

What was more amazing were the buildings that had been built in this space.

They were towers that started from the bottom of the cave and stretched up to the ceiling. They looked as if they were supporting the sky which proved that each tower was at least several hundred kilometres tall. There were countless spaces along the length of the towers that protruded like bumps or leaves.

And buildings were built in the particularly large spaces. Those places were large enough to be called cities or towns.

...A territory.

This place wasn't so small to call it that. Its size was comparable to a world. It was impossible to guess where it ended or how many beings lived here.

'Flower Mountain isn't this big.'

Of course, the same could be said for the Underground City that Michael had.

"This place is incredibly vast."

After hearing Lukas' words, the corners of the lips of the demon, who was flapping its wings beneath him, curled slightly.

[It seems this is your first time visiting the territory of one of the Twelve Void Lords.]

"That's right, but I heard that Flower Mountain isn't as large as this place."

He answered this way because he was mindful of Pale. Although it was a bit overused already, he could still say he'd heard about it from Michael. Of course, Pale didn't seem to care about his conversation and seemed more interested in looking around at Demonsio in open mouthed wonder.

[Flower Mountain is special. The only way they select a new Void Lord is by having a challenger fight the current Void Lord and win. But each time that happens, the territory is smashed or wiped out. In particular, the Sect Leader Everlasting Plum Sword Yang In-hyun and his predecessor, the Sword God Dang Mu-gi were among the top five of the strongest Void Lords in the history of Flower Mountain. Naturally, the aftermath of their fight was unprecedented.]

“...”

[Because of that battle, the territory which was called Murim in the past, gradually became smaller and smaller to the point that it was just called Flower Mountain.]

That's right.

Although he still had a few questions, he still understood. Now that he thought about it, the Dump Site, the territory controlled by the Corpse Ghost, should also be a territory, but it was much larger than Demonsio.

[The Lord is over there.]

The demon pointed to the tower in the middle of this space. There weren't any space protrusions on this tower, and it seemed to be thicker than the other towers with a surface so dark in colour that it reminded him of the abyss.

The end of it, that was to say, the part that touched the ceiling took the form of a castle in a ridiculous way. At first glance, it looked like a royal castle that had been pierced by a spear.

‘...that place.’

The demon's flying speed was very fast. Even though the distance to the castle wasn't very close, they were able to arrive in less than an hour.

“Ugh. Motion sickness.”

The castle's entrance.

Pale got off first with a nauseous expression. She staggered a few times as if she was going to keel over, but Lukas, who came down after her, didn't make any attempt to support her.

In the meantime, the demon, whose size had reduced once again, slowly landed.

[I will remind you to be mindful of what you say and do from here. The other Apostles are not as generous as I am.]

“...Apostles?”

It was then.

The castle gates opened and someone appeared. They were completely covered by a black robe, but from their physique, they appeared to be a man.

[That...]

While the demon showed a bewildered expression, the man approached them without hesitation. As the man grew closer, they realised that his entire face was covered in bandages, so it was impossible to tell what he looked like.

“Lofiken, let me guide them from here.”

The moment he spoke, Lukas’ eyebrows soared.

[...why are you here?]

“Can’t I be here?”

[...]

“It’s a joke, relax. It is the Lord’s command. I was asked to be their guide.”

[The Lord...]

The demon, Lofiken, looked at the man with an incomprehensible expression for a while before sighing with a resigned expression.

[In that case, I have no choice but to obey.]

“Thank you. You worked hard to get them here.”

[...]

Lofiken didn’t respond to those words and instead turned to look at Lukas.

[It seems this is where my role ends. You can just follow that man from now on. Then I’ll take my leave.]

Then, he unfurled his wings and flew away without hesitation.

With a ‘heh’, Pale watched him leave and waved her hand at his back a few times.

“When you get home make sure you wash up and get some sleep!”

Eventually, after Lofiken’s figure had completely disappeared, the bandaged man looked at Pale and said.

“It’s been a while.”

“Huh?”

“How long has it been since you last came to Demonsio?”

Pale’s head tilted 45 degrees.

“Do you know me?”

“Of course I know you. You are the woman who gave me many first time experiences.”

“Oh my.”

Pale quickly hid behind Lukas and poked her head out around his shoulder.

“Uncle, I think that person is a pervert.”

“You still act foolishly.”

“Ah, well I don’t know anyone like you.”

“Really? Well putting that aside.”

The man smiled and continued.

“Why don’t you take a look around? Relax and refresh yourself.”

“Why so suddenly?”

“I think it would be good for your memory.”

After saying that, he gestured to the distant landscape below the castle.

“For example, there is a mountain of food in one of those towns that you might like.”

“Umm. I don’t feel like it.”

“Then consider me asking for a favour. There is something I want to talk about with that friend.”

As he said that, the man gestured to Lukas.

Then he shook his head.

“But if you stay here, I think I might make a mistake.”

“A mistake... like what?”

“Something like talking about the first time we met. Or perhaps I’d explain the pale hunger.”

“...”

Pale’s eyes curved into crescent moons. While it could certainly be called an eye smile, there was a faint eeriness in her slightly exposed eyes that seemed to reveal her true feelings.

“Is that so? It would be better for you to watch your mouth, I think I told you that before.”

“My memory is a bit faint, but I think that might have been the case. But I’m quite dense, so it’s hard for me to understand things that were only said to me once or twice.”

Lukas had never seen anyone act this rudely to Pale before. And it was clear that her identity wasn’t unknown to this man.

The words ‘pale hunger’ were closely related to Pale’s essence.

His palms became damp. This was proof of how nervous he was. Was it because he knew who this man was? Or was it because of Pale's strong grip on his shoulder?

"Kiki. It seems you've become more sly since I last saw you."

"Thanks to you."

"Kikiki."

Pale's eerie expression disappeared. And she returned to her usual bubbly attitude as she said.

"Fine. I'll go take a walk for a while."

She glanced at Lukas and smiled.

"But if you talk any nonsense, I'll kill you. Completely."

The killing intent contained in her words was not light.

Nevertheless, the man didn't seem surprised and instead nodded his head.

"I'll bear that in mind."

"Mhmm. Then, where should I go~"

As she murmured to herself, Pale left. To be precise, she threw herself down from the castle. Her falling body was soon swallowed up by the darkness, becoming a dot that could barely be seen. She was probably headed to one of the countless cities or towns down there.

"..."

"..."

And Lukas was left alone with the man.

"Are you alright?"

"...am I alright?"

Lukas' voice shook slightly.

He looked at the man and asked.

"Why are you asking me that?"

"It's just. You look exhausted."

As soon as he heard those words, Lukas felt like crying for some reason. He wanted to open his mouth and say something, but his voice didn't come out. Instead, all that seemed to want to leak out was a sob or a broken word.

This, too, was something that only happened because of the multiple Lukases.

So Lukas decided to ignore the words that the voices were screaming in his head.

And instead, he said a name.

“Kasajin.”

“Right.”

Kasajin slowly undid the bandages wrapped around his face and smiled.

“Long time no see, Lukas.”

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The interior of the castle was silent, but Lukas paid more attention to the deep darkness instead. This was because there were no candles or other light sources. Nevertheless, it didn't have a gloomy atmosphere. There wasn't a single speck of dust on the floor as if it was cleaned regularly, which didn't seem to suit them.

‘Pressure.’

He felt a suffocating pressure.

How should he say it, it felt as if he was finally entering the territory of one of the Twelve Void Lords in a true sense.

As mentioned before, the castle was very quiet, but that didn't mean there wasn't any movement. Rather, there were demons of all shapes and sizes walking through the hallways. But their footsteps couldn't be heard, and they didn't seem to make any sounds.

It was as if they were ghosts wandering the castle's halls, which, in a sense, was pretty frightening.

Lukas didn't have any interactions with them. In the first place, the castle's hallways were very wide. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that they were wide enough for four horse drawn carriages to drive side by side.

They didn't directly talk to each other, but every time Lukas and Kasajin passed one, they gave them a strange look. To be precise, their gazes were directed at Kasajin.

The emotions in their gazes were mixed.

Doubt, vigilance, surprise, embarrassment, respect, and even disgust.

Lukas knew that it was rare for one being to be on the receiving end of such differing opinions.

“Ignore them.”

He heard a dry voice.

It was a voice that was quieter than a whisper, so even in the quiet surroundings, Lukas was the only one who could hear it.

“All they can do is look at me like that. They can't hurt me. And of course, they won't suddenly attack you.”

Without him realising it, Kasajin had bandaged his face again. He walked with calm steps, ignoring the gazes of the demons. He walked through the castle as if he was familiar with it, and at some point, Lukas realised there were fewer demons walking around them.

'Is this a trap?'

As soon as he had that thought, he immediately felt the self disgust within him skyrocket. He never would have thought such a thing would happen in the past. A day when he doubted this guy beside him.

However, Lukas' blind trust had been worn down after he'd experienced countless things that he'd never wanted to experience.

Before long, Kasajin opened a door in the middle of a hallway and walked in first. When he saw that Lukas didn't follow, he spoke.

"Aren't you coming?"

"..."

"We don't have time for this. Don't tell me you think I'm going to eat you."

Although he said this in a joking tone, in truth, those words couldn't be taken as a joke in the World of Void where the concept of predation was a thing.

But Lukas shook his head and walked inside. There were several reasons for his behaviour, but the biggest reason was because the current Kasajin didn't seem to be stronger than himself.

Tak.

The door closed.

This room also didn't have a single candle in it, but it wasn't completely dark. There were flickering red lights on the wall which at least made it possible to distinguish the things in the room.

'A pungent smell.'

A wine cellar. The stacked wooden barrels supported this guess.

"No one will come here. We can-... 't relax, but at least this is a good place to talk for a while."

Kasajin roughly placed his ass on one of the wooden barrels lying around. That meant he sat down.

Of course, Lukas had no intention of using a wooden barrel of wine as a chair.

"Hmm."

It didn't really matter, so Kasajin shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't expect to see you so soon. Of course, I knew you'd come here eventually."

"You knew I'd come here?"

His head throbbed. Ignoring his headache, Lukas said.

"Are you talking about the World of Void, or Demonsio?"

“Both. But you...”

Kasajin looked at Lukas again. From head to toe.

“...you look really tired.”

And repeated his previous words.

“I see.”

Lukas replied roughly in a subdued voice. Then he hid his fatigue even deeper so he wouldn't have to hear Kasajin repeat those words again. He didn't want to be pitied now. It wasn't the time.

“Earlier, you claimed that you would be a guide. To guide me to the Lord.”

He looked around the cellar.

“I don't think your Lord... the Void Lord, is here.”

“Of course, your adopted daughter, Sedi Trowman, is not here.”

Kasajin said the exact name that Lukas was reluctant to mention. In addition, he appeared to be well informed of his exact relationship with her.

Surprised. Or embarrassed.

For a moment, Lukas didn't know what to say.

“Lukas, we don't have much time to talk like this, so I will just be direct. You can't meet Sedi right now. I was waiting for you at the castle in order to prevent that.”

Of course, that was also what Lukas wanted, but he didn't expect to hear it from Kasajin.

“Why? I heard that Sedi's looking for me.”

Apocalypse Apostle Haspin.

He didn't know what that position meant, but at least Haspin was certainly not just an ordinary member of Demonsio. Lofiken, the flying demon that he'd just met, was also a being with formidable power, but he was still inferior to Haspin.

It was such a formidable demon that said it, so it couldn't be a lie that Sedi Trowman was looking for him.

“You know about that. I don't know who you could have heard that from or when... Well, I suppose it's obvious. It must have been one of the Apostles scattered across the world.”

“...”

“It's like a murderer looking for someone to kill. It would be best if you didn't meet her.”

“Are you trying to say Sedi is the murderer?”

“Um. No. Was that analogy a bit too strange?”

Kasajin scratched his head. At least with that bashful expression, he looked like the Magic Warrior King that Lukas remembered from a long time ago.

“I mean, just because someone is desperately looking for someone else, it doesn’t mean their reunion would be beautiful.”

Lukas thought about Sedi as he heard those words. He hadn’t thought about it too deeply before, but how had she ended up in this world? Did she also die in the ‘Preliminaries to the Great Game’ like Lee Jong-hak?

If that was the case, who was it that killed Sedi?

He looked at Kasajin.

His past best friend, a trusted comrade, the Magic Warrior King.

However, now, he was a mystery that Lukas didn’t know.

“Are you Kasajin?”

Kasajin didn’t answer right away, and instead raised the corners of his lips slightly.

“No. I’m not the Kasajin you know. I’m just a shell.”

“...”

“You said that you met Kasajin in a different universe, who called himself the Demon King.”

Then, Kasajin said something quite shocking.

“In fact, he is more of ‘Kasajin’ than me.”

“What?”

“I don’t have any reason to hide anything anymore, so I’ll just tell you everything. About the Demon King Kasajin. The Magic Warrior King Kasajin. And the Kasajin in front of you right now. And... about the situation Sedi is in right now.”

The smile on Kasajin’s face disappeared.

“Firstly, I’ll tell you about the experiences of the Magic Warrior King after he met his end in the Amakan Desert.”

* * *

‘Shit.’

Kasajin spat out a curse.

Gurgle, unexpressed anger burned his insides.

‘Is this it?’

He fought.

He'd fought a Demigod in the desert.

And in the end, he'd successfully killed him.

He had subjugated a Demigod on his own.

It was certainly a great achievement. However, Kasajin didn't feel delighted.

'It can't be.'

This was the end for his body.

He couldn't accept it. He couldn't accept it.

He didn't want a meaningful death.

Kasajin had just wanted to prove himself.

He wanted to show everyone that he could succeed even without Lukas.

That didn't happen.

Lucid, that son of a bitch, hadn't stopped his unprovoked conflicts. Schweiser, who was still talking about peace in this era, pissed him off just by showing his face. Iris, who travelled the continent as if she had lost her mind, annoyed him.

They weren't the only ones.

The officials from the various Kingdoms had approached them with a smile while Lukas was alive. The fact that their attitudes had changed as easily as flipping a palm was frustrating. Inwardly, he really wanted to destroy their castles.

'...I didn't think I could replace you.'

In the first place, it was impossible.

Lukas' role was something only he could play. In the same context, Kasajin thought that Kasajin's role was something that only Kasajin could play.

So he swung his fists. Because that was all he could do.

There was nothing else he could do to take revenge, or get rid of his trivial thoughts.

...And he died.

He died fighting with a Demigod who could control sand in the Amakan Desert. At the last moment, his fist pierced his stomach and he felt something that wasn't a bone or an organ break, but that didn't matter.

What mattered was that in the end, Kasajin died.

Just like Lukas.

Kasajin collapsed as he felt the hot wind of the desert. He could also feel the sweeping sand covering his lonely body. His body slowly cooled and his consciousness faded. Just as he felt the sense of death looming around the corner.

'Ah...?'

His mind suddenly became clear.

Kasajin jumped up from the ground. He couldn't feel any pain in his body. After he started touching himself, he found that his wounds had disappeared.

"What is this..."

He looked around.

Was it night? The air felt a bit cooler.

"No. That's not really it."

The colour of the desert sand had changed to grey. Kasajin looked up at the sky. And for a moment, he was speechless.

The sky was a mix of dreamy colours, as if paint had spilled on it.

"Where... the hell is this place?"

Of course, there was no one to answer his murmur.

* * *

Kasajin decided to walk aimlessly through the desert first. There were occasionally monsters that popped out of the sand and attacked him, but they weren't a major threat.

He looked down at the corpse of a monster and murmured.

"I'm pretty sure this isn't the Amakan desert."

There weren't any monsters like this there.

"...but can I eat this?"

He didn't feel hungry at that moment, but he felt like he should eat. It seemed difficult to find food in the desert, so he ate a piece of flesh from a monster which looked like a fish with four legs just to taste it.

"Wah. Fuck."

And swore instantly.

He wasn't a particularly picky eater, but this was really the worst. The taste and smell of the flesh and blood was so bad that it made vomit flow up his throat. Nevertheless, instead of spitting it out, he forcibly chewed it a few times before swallowing it.

"You have a good appetite!"

Kasajin suddenly turned his head and took a stance. He hadn't felt a presence.

Squatting at the sand dune he was looking at was a young blue haired woman. She was grinning at him with a smile that seemed a bit unpleasant.

Was it because of that smile?

Although this was his first time meeting this person, he didn't welcome her.

"What the hell are you?"

"I'm Pale!"

"Okay? I'm Kasajin."

"Uh. That's a weird name. Kiki."

...What the hell. Who was this woman?

The strange feeling was bothering him.

With slightly narrowed eyes, he observed the woman named Pale as she stood up and slid down the sand dune.

Then, she circled around Kasajin a few times before nodding.

"Um. You're not 'Forgotten' are you?"

"What?"

"And you don't seem like an 'abandoned possibility.'"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"If a being who is neither of those comes to this world, it means they have one of three major fates. They're either a King Candidate, Knight Candidate, or Twelve Void Lord Candidate."

Pale smiled gently.

"I wonder which of those roles you will have."

Then, after taking a few steps back, she curled her finger at Kasajin.

Kasajin looked at her with a ridiculous expression.

"What are you doing?"

"Provoking you."

"Eh?"

When Pale answered calmly, Kasajin couldn't help but confirm her true intentions once again while blinking slowly.

"Hey. Are you saying you want to fight me?"

“Yeah.”

“...I really think I’m going crazy.”

He shook his head before gesturing as if to shoo her away.

“I’m in a pretty annoying situation right now. But I’m not the type of person to take it out on a skinny girl like you. If you want to fight me, you should gain at least twice as much weight as you have now first.”

“You scared?”

“Right, right. I’m really scared.”

“Umm.”

Although it was just a rough answer from Kasajin, Pale seemed to consider his words seriously.

Then she smiled gently and said,

“Fine! Then a handicap. I will not move from this spot.”

“What?”

“Uh. Is that not enough? Then I won’t use my right arm either. So I’ll only use my left arm to deal with you. That should be enough for you to not be scared anymore.”

“...”

After that remark, Kasajin’s laid back attitude changed. He hated being looked down on more than anything else. Pale’s attitude perfectly stepped on his bottom line.

With a grim expression, Kasajin looked at the blue haired girl in front of him. She grinned at him with clear eyes and lifted her left hand.

“You’re pretty rude, brat.”

“So I’ve heard.”

“Even though you knew it needed fixing, you didn’t fix it. So I’ll help you.”

Kasajin raised his right index finger.

“You’ll only use your left arm? Then I’ll use only one finger to deal with you.”

“Ah.”

Pale smirked and said,

“Is that so?”

Her attitude was like an annoying brat.

Right. If he gave her three lumps on the head, he was sure this spoiled brat would learn some manners.

With that thought in his head, Kasajin walked towards Pale.

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What was this?

“—huk.”

He couldn't breathe.

What the hell happened?

Firstly, he noticed that he could see the sky. Then, he wondered if it really could be called the sky since it seemed to be a mixture of strange colours, but that wasn't really important right now.

Why was he looking at the sky?

'...it hurts.'

He felt pain as if his back had been broken. Phew. He let out a slow breath.

This was dangerous.

If the sand hadn't acted as a cushion, that probably would have been the end of him. He must have lost consciousness, and the condition of his body must have been much worse.

'So...'

He slowly began to regain his memories.

He had approached Pale and stretched out his hand.

He had intended to give her a finger flick. Of course, if he hit her with full strength, he would break her skull, so he'd intended to control his strength to a moderate level.

Half a step away.

He'd stopped just within reach and stretched out his finger.

And immediately afterward, his view was flipped, and he felt a sensation as if his body was floating. Kasajin had almost been buried in the sand, and that was how the situation became what it was now.

As he looked blankly at the sky, Pale's face suddenly popped into the edge of his vision.

Kasajin looked up at that innocent face and asked.

“What are you?”

“Eh.”

Blatant disappointment spread across Pale's face.

“What's with... that face?”

“Your reaction was boring.”

“What did you expect?”

“Something like, ‘You fucking bitch! What the hell kind of trick did you use?!’?”

“Only shameless bastards would react like that. I’m sorry, but I’m not like that.”

“I see.”

Pale smiled and held out her hand.

Perhaps it was a display of kindness, but a displeased expression appeared on Kasajin’s face.

“What do you take me for?”

Then he got up on his own. He felt some pain in his back as he did so, but he didn’t show it.

Pale withdrew her outstretched hand and grinned.

“A man who confidently got into a fight and got thrown to the ground in one hit.”

“Let’s go again.”

As he said this, Kasajin took a stance. A misty stream of air flowed from his rock-like body.

“This time, I’ll take you seriously.”

It wasn’t just his expression that became serious. The aura that erupted from him was so violent that it began to disrupt space itself. Woowoowong, the atmosphere also began to shake as if it was frightened.

“So you’ve decided to take me more seriously now?”

“Right. So let’s try again.”

“Ahaha. In the time you said that, you could have attacked several times.”

“I’m not so shameless as to attack an unprepared opponent.”

Pale’s expression changed subtly.

“Prepared? You want me to take a stance?”

“That is only fair.”

“Puha. Ahaha...”

Pale grabbed her stomach and burst into laughter. It was a bright, clear laugh, but the laugh didn’t make Kasajin feel good at all.

What was so funny? He didn’t even bother asking. Instead, his gaze simply continued to grow colder as his momentum rose.

Then, when her laughter finally stopped, he spoke.

“Are you done?”

“No. I didn’t laugh enough... Pfft.”

Pale wiped away tears from the corners of her eyes.

“Hey. Do you really think you’re in a position to talk about fairness?”

“What?”

“This is enough. Even when I’m defenceless like this, uncle won’t be a threat to me even if you do your best.”

“Can you take responsibility for those words?”

“We’ve been talking for a while now.”

Pale smiled and snapped her fingers.

“Enough talking, let’s get on with it.”

* * *

Kasajin charged in and was laid out on the ground once more.

“...”

The difference in skill was clear. To be honest, it was absurd.

As he looked, blankly, up at the sky, he asked.

“Are you, a Demigod?”

“Huh?”

He didn’t feel any divine power, but if this woman was a Demigod, then that would explain her ridiculous strength. Of course, it was true that Kasajin had proven his strength by slaying a Demigod, but in all honesty, that Demigod wasn’t particularly strong among the Demigods.

Like humans, there were also different degrees of individual strength among the Demigods.

The Demigod who used poison was like that, and Lord, their leader, was someone they couldn’t even figure out how to defeat.

“What’s that?”

Pale responded with a smirk.

Was she pretending? Kasajin narrowed his eyes as he looked at the other party, but in all honesty, he couldn’t tell.

With that attitude, it was impossible to infer any truth or falsehoods. Something like that? He wasn’t Iris.

The only thing Kasajin could do was ask straightforward questions.

“...what are you?”

She held out her hand again.

“I’m Pale!”

“...”

“Are you not going to grab it?”

Kasajin looked at her hand before grabbing it and getting to his feet. His hard palm clasped a hard palm that didn’t match her slim physique at all.

“Wow. You grabbed it this time. Did you have a change of heart?”

“You are stronger than me.”

“Huh?”

“That’s it.”

Pale tilted her head to the side, but Kasajin didn’t say anything else.

To be precise, he felt that the current Pale had that right.

Because that was one of the rights of the strong, the winner.

* * *

Pale gave him some explanations about ‘how to exist’ in this world. To be honest, he didn’t think it would be a problem to call it ‘how to live’. After all, what she taught him was basically the laws of the jungle. Kasajin acknowledged that he had a lot to learn, so he graciously accepted her instructions.

“You’re kinda slow.”

“Why can’t you understand something so simple?”

“What a waste of size. Ugh.”

He didn’t lose his temper even when she occasionally uttered insidious remarks.

“Uncle, you’re a little different from the way you look.”

“What does that mean?”

“You look like you’d get mad if someone even touched you.”

“...”

Was she saying that he was more patient than he looked? In fact, this reaction wasn’t unfamiliar to him. Many people looked at Kasajin and believed he was simple, ignorant, and hot headed. But in fact, he was nothing of the sort.

Nevertheless, there was one reason why he didn’t express his feelings to Pale even when he was scolded or bullied.

Pale was a strong person, whose ability surpassed Kasajin.

-Pale didn't give a clear explanation about this place, but Kasajin was gradually able to realise that this was not his world. Despite having wandered around a lot on his own, he had never heard of a place with a grey desert and colourful sky.

Most of all, in this place, if you didn't eat, you would begin to disappear from your toes. At first, he thought it was some kind of curse.

'This is a terribly large place.'

Even in the Amakan desert, which was the largest area on the continent, if he were to walk in one direction for this long he would eventually come out, but not in this place.

Monsters continued to appear from time to time. Kasajin passed time by giving names to the unique monsters.

...Or at least that was the way it seemed, in truth, most of his attention was on Pale.

'What is she doing?'

More than hundreds of times a day, Kasajin would look for an opening. His goal was a surprise attack. It wasn't a fair act, but what could he say? Pale was strong. She was overwhelmingly powerful. She even accepted the weak and somewhat cowardly challenge. Or at least that was how it appeared to Kasajin.

And yet, he couldn't see any. He couldn't find them.

He constantly replayed simulations.

A powerful punch. His fist was crushed.

A roundhouse kick. His leg was torn off.

A headbutt. His skull was smashed and his brain was splattered.

...No matter what form the battle took, all he could see was defeat.

Then, at some point, the desert disappeared and was replaced by endless water. At first, it looked deep enough to remind him of the sea, but upon taking a step into it, he realised that it barely met his ankles.

"Where are we going?"

He asked this question after about a month or so. In fact, the passage of time was simply Kasajin's guess. Because this world didn't seem to have day and night.

"You are not the king."

Pale answered without looking back.

Not the king? Kasajin let out a laugh.

"Not? I am the king."

"Huh?"

"Haha. So there's something that even you don't know."

“...”

Pale stopped and turned to look at Kasajin.

Was she upset? Was she surprised? Whatever it was, it felt like he'd one upped her for the first time.”

Kasajin smiled confidently and pointed towards himself.

“Did you not hear? Are you some kind of half-baked newbie Demigod who doesn't know about anything? This father is the Magic Warrior King Kasajin who buries his fists in bastards' faces.”

“...”

Seeing as she didn't seem to understand, he repeated himself.

“Magic Warrior... King.”

“...Ah~”

Pale's attitude quickly became lukewarm again.

“I see.”

“What's with that attitude?”

“It's nothing~”

Kasajin frowned as he followed her.

“More than that. Isn't it about time that you gave me some answers? I think I should at least know where we are and who you are.”

“This is the Northern Region, and I'm Pale.”

“This fucker.”

In the end, he spat out a curse at her vague attitude. Did she want him to jump at her and try to kill her? He didn't think he wanted anything more than to punch the back of her defenceless head at that moment.

Just as he began to seriously think about it, Pale stopped walking.

“I'm kidding, we're almost there.”

Then she pointed somewhere.

“...what is that?”

Kasajin narrowed his eyes.

It was a sword. A single sword that seemed to release a strange red light.

It was stuck in the surface of the water.

“What is it? Do you want me to pull that out?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“To know if you’re a Knight or not.”

“I think you made a mistake. I’m not the type to use a sword, you’re looking for someone else.”

“We’re here already, so just pick it up. Swordsmanship doesn’t really matter.”

“...”

With an unwilling expression, Kasajin walked across the water. Up close, the sword was more menacing than he thought. How to say it? He instinctively felt like he didn’t want to touch it.

But upon feeling the dagger-like gaze on his back, he forced himself to grab the sword.

“...kng.”

It wouldn’t come out. It didn’t even budge.

What the hell was this?

He immediately got carried away. The thought of just pretending to pick it up disappeared in an instant.

Kasajin grabbed the hilt of the sword with both hands and pulled with all of his might.

“Uahhhh!”

“Why are you screaming?”

Pale covered her ears and muttered, but, naturally, Kasajin didn’t hear her. The tendons on his arms bulged.

“...”

Crunch.

He grit his teeth. He used so much strength that cracks began to form on his molars. Both of his eyes were bloodshot, and the surface of the water beneath his feet shook heavily.

But the sword remained immovable.

“...huah!”

Eventually, Kasajin raised the white flag. He panted heavily as he collapsed on his ass in the water.

“What... is this?”

“Heart Knight*. Mm, I guess you’re not a Knight either.” (*: Or night, there is no guarantee yet)

“How many times have I told you, I’m a Magic Warrior...”

“Then it’s confirmed. You came here to be one of the Twelve Void Lords.”

“What?”

“I’m curious.”

Pale’s eyes curved like crescent moons.

“Which of the Twelve Void Lords will disappear.”

* * *

Pale said that the closest ones to them were the Dump Site, Utopia, and Room of Gold.

It was only later that Kasajin learned that those three places were the territories of three of the Twelve Void Lords.

In any case, he visited the territories and fought the Void Lords.

“...”

He was smashed.

They couldn’t be called fights, instead, they were disastrous defeats.

He saw his death hundreds of times in each fight. Nevertheless, it was purely thanks to Pale’s existence that he was still alive.

‘...am I this weak?’

Kasajin couldn’t help but think so as his shattered body regenerated once again.

“You’re getting stronger!”

He heard Pale’s voice. He became even more curious about her true identity.

Regardless of whether it was the Corpse Ghost, God’s Envoy, or Golden Eye, who smashed Kasajin one after the other, they all tucked their tails between their legs in front of her.

“...when fighting the gold eyes, I lasted three more seconds.”

After giving the self deprecating reply, Kasajin continued.

“There are twelve of them.”

“Yeah.”

“Are you one too? One of the Twelve Void Lords?”

“No.”

Twelve Void Lords.

...Twelve people.

“What positions were those three in among the twelve?”

He was talking about their strength.

“Well. Golden Eye is around the top, God’s Envoy is around the middle... and I think Corpse Ghost is near the bottom.”

This was something that Kasajin couldn’t have known on his own.

This was because he was beaten before he even knew what was happening, so he couldn’t measure the strength of his opponents.

“In any case, the north was a loss, so how about we go south next? We can stop by the castle before we go.”

“South? Who’s there?”

“[The 4th Beast], [Deathworm], and [The Beginning Wizard].”

He shouldn’t have asked.

Even if he heard their names, he didn’t know who they were.

“Ah. Keep in mind.”

Then Pale said something that even Kasajin, who barely knew anything about the ‘Twelve Void Lords’, had no choice but to pay attention to.

“The Beginning Wizard is the strongest among the current Twelve Void Lords.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 434

It was different.

Every being he met and fought in this place was different.

It wasn’t just their appearances and habits. Their fighting styles were things that Kasajin had never experienced before.

The powerful beings known as the Twelve Void Lords were no exception.

The Corpse Ghost, God’s Envoy, and Golden Eye.

And the [4th Beast] and [Deathworm] that he’d fought in the frozen lands.

The fighting styles of those guys completely exceeded the frame of battle that Kasajin was used to. That was part of the reason why he was so helpless against them. Of course, Kasajin’s pride didn’t allow him to use that fact as an excuse.

No matter how strange his opponents were, if he was stronger, he would win.

Complete defeat.

Kasajin had not experienced a single victory since coming to this world.

The same was true for this time.

“—”

His voice couldn't come out. This was because of the screaming he'd done while being devoured by flames. Because of that, the fire went into his mouth and burned his throat. Every time he swallowed, he felt pain so severe it felt like he would lose consciousness.

Unlike his burning throat, his limbs felt cold. This was because they were encased in ice.

...Had it been about 10 seconds?

The time it took for him to become like this.

Kasajin looked at the man who had made him this way. In fact, he didn't even know if it was a man or not. This was because their entire body was covered in a robe, and there was a mask on their face. The mask had a hideous visage of a silky old man.

In his right hand was a staff. That was the only part of his body that was exposed, but his flesh was still not visible since he was wearing black gloves.

Did this guy want to hide himself so badly?

"...you."

After a while, he managed to get his voice out.

"What was that...?"

Although it was said in a hoarse voice like a zombie, his pronunciation was not bad.

"How surprising."

His opponent admired in a dry voice. The voice that came out sounded like that of an old man.

"You must have suffered severe burns to your throat, but you can already speak. You didn't regenerate by eating something... is it because of your martial arts internal force?"

It wasn't the Warrior King Fist's internal force.

To put it simply, it was Kasajin's internal force.

It was his innate resilience, and it was probably not something that would be passed down to others who learned the Warrior King fist.

Of course, it wasn't so amazing that it could regenerate a severed limb or completely repair shattered organs. At best, the limit was set at his ability to speak after his throat was burned.

"You... are you someone I know?"

Kasajin asked another question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because your fighting style is familiar."

The Twelve Void Lords that were mentioned before were not like that. They all displayed fighting styles that were completely beyond the scope of Kasajin's comprehension or expectation.

But this man didn't.

The Beginning Wizard used 'magic'.

Of course, that didn't mean he was able to respond to it.

Instead, Kasajin had experienced his most devastating defeat in this fight.

"The magic you used. That's what I know."

"..."

At those words, the old man, the Beginning Wizard, let out a strange laugh.

"That's just what you think. Young man."

"What?"

"Magic isn't something that anyone should be able to understand. That is an iron rule that I follow very closely. Saying that is more ridiculous than figuring out a clown's tricks."

"..."

"You also use your mana to fight, but you chose a different direction. It is different, but you could be called a follower of magicology."

He got the feeling that the Beginning Wizard is smiling behind his mask.

"So what? Are you saying you want to be friends?"

"No. But I'll spare you."

"...you talk as if you can kill me."

He said this while being conscious of Pale.

The Beginning Wizard seemed to pick up on this, because he laughed and said,

"You shouldn't rely on her too much. She certainly is strong, but this is my planet. Doesn't that make it clear who is in charge here?"

It felt as if he could see a pair of blue eyes behind the mask.

"It hasn't been long since you gained that position. Blue Knight. You can't get replaced already, right? Even that man doesn't look down on a Wizard."

"...um. While I agree with that, that doesn't mean it's entirely impossible. If it wasn't for work, I wouldn't have even wanted to come to this place."

Pale's voice was as cheerful as ever, but Kasajin noticed that she was a bit reluctant to act up in front of the Beginning Wizard.

For a moment, he didn't know what to say.

No way, was this old man stronger than Pale?

“In any case, we’ve already seen the result, so we’re leaving.”

“You don’t need to go that far. Ah, you might think of it as me poking my nose.”

The Beginning Wizard turned to Kasajin.

“But I think the thing this young man is looking for is in the west.”

* * *

‘West.’

Kasajin realised that this referred to the desert that he’d first arrived in.

He fought again there.

And for the first time since he entered this world, he had a fight that he felt was fun.

Clang!

His fists rang as they clashed.

His entire body felt like it was on fire, and his heart pounded happily.

Kasajin didn’t hide his bright smile as he said.

“Hey, you. What’s your name?”

“Namkoong Ok.”

The elderly man in a cheongsam held his sword with a cool aura as he spoke.

“You?”

“Kasajin.”

“Hmm. Can I call you Great Warrior Ka?”

“What kind of bullshit is that?”

Kasajin’s expression became absurd for a moment before he smiled again and said.

“It was fun to fight you.”

“Is that so?”

“Right, Maybe it’s because you’re holding back on me.”

“...”

“Don’t try to deny it. You could have killed me in less than ten sword swings, but you didn’t.”

Namkoong Ok didn’t deny it and instead nodded his head gently.

“It is called a guiding battle.”

“Indeed, so you were teaching me.”

Kasajin let out a cheerful laugh.

“Are you a human?”

“Do I look like something else?”

“No, sorry. I was just hoping that you were human. I’m just... happy.”

Namkoong Ok’s expression became dark.

“You’re happy?”

“I didn’t know humans could become so strong. I happen to know a guy who uses the sword, and our relationship ended badly, but...”

Kasajin mumbled to end of his sentence.

“...I think one day that guy will be as strong as you are. Because you’re human.”

“...”

“We talked for a long time. I like the guiding battle, but I would also like to see your true strength.”

Namkoong Ok responded calmly.

“You might die.”

“Do I look like I’m scared?”

“...then prepare yourself.”

Plum blossoms began to bloom around Namkoong Ok.

Kasajin smiled brightly.

* * *

“Your life cord is pretty tenacious.”

“...no, if that was the case then I wouldn’t have died.”

Pale tilted her head and looked at Kasajin.

“You died?”

“Isn’t this the afterlife? I came here because I died.”

“Hmm.”

Pale beckoned as if telling him to continue.

“And those Twelve Void Lords are the Kings of the Underworld or something, no, um...”

The King was a different being.

He hadn’t met them personally, but he’d seen the castle from afar.

“Are they like an administrative position right below him?”

“That’s an interesting take on it.”

That was probably wrong.

Even though his guess was wrong, Kasajin still smiled.

“Then you’re saying this place isn’t the afterlife? Thanks for the information.”

Pale blinked.

“...Wow~ What was that? Did you just use a leading question?”

“Huh? Leading question? What’s that?”

“Huh. I got tricked by an idiot.”

Pale seemed to shake her head in disappointment for a while before continuing.

“We’re done here. There should only be one more Void Lord in this region, right? Personally, I don’t think uncle will be able to take that position.”

“Before that, there’s something I’d like to ask.”

“What is it?”

“Is there a way for me to return to where I was?”

Kasajin’s voice was the most serious it had ever been. While following along beside Pale, the thought of the Demigods had always remained in a corner of his mind.

Lukas had disappeared, and he himself had died.

By his judgement, there were less than five people left on the entire continent who could threaten the Demigods.

‘I’m stronger.’

In the months that he’d spent chasing after Pale, he had grown radically stronger. Although most of the fights ended in a beating, his gains were tremendous. Each of those fights had a higher nutritional value than the fight with the Demigod.

If he could go back now, he felt like he could deal with two Demigods at the same time. It went without saying how powerful he was now.

Of course, he still wasn’t sure whether he could defeat Lord or not.

“It’s not impossible.”

“There is a way?’

“It’s simple. All you need to do is be my secret friend.”

“Secret... what?”

“Secret friend.”

Pale chuckled.

“But, you don’t deserve it.”

* * *

The last place they went to was a place in the desert called the ‘Pit’.

It was an incredibly deep and dark abyss. There, seemingly irrational demons with primitive forms roamed around, and although there were some strong ones, they weren’t much of a threat.

The Void Lord was at the very bottom of the pit.

It’s appearance was different from any being he had encountered so far.

“What is that?”

When they first encountered it, it had the appearance of a statue.

A statue that was about five metres tall.

The statue had six horns on its head, two pairs of wings on its back, and a tail of burning flames.

“The 0th Demon.”

“What?”

“Didn’t your world have a concept of demons?”

“...it did.”

He’d seen the demons that worked with Iris. Among them, the Rulers of Hell were very strong.

In that place known as the Demon World, they were the absolutes who had as much power and authority as the Demigods.

“To put it simply, this is the source of all demons, the concept of demons itself was born here.”

“...I don’t understand what you’re saying. Is it because I’m stupid?”

Pale let out a slow laugh.

“Now. Go and put your hand on that statue and ask it. Come and fight me.”

“...”

He didn’t want to do it at first, but he obeyed.

As he was walking, a thought suddenly occurred to him. Why was he so obedient to Pale’s words?

...Up close, the demon statue looked even bigger than it really was. And when he placed his hand on it, it was cool to the touch. He hadn’t been able to tell because of how dark it was, but the statue was made of metal. Of course, he didn’t know what metal it was.

“Hey. Wake up and fight me.”

As soon as Kasajin said those rude words, the statue reacted.

Krrrr...!

The entire statue seemed to vibrate. Then, like an egg, the surface of the statue began to crack.

Tuk, tuk tuk. The shards fell, revealing the eyes.

“...!”

Kasajin crossed his arms.

And the demon hit his hands just like that.

Boom!

Even so, Kasajin’s body, as well as the ground beneath him, caved.

“Kuk...!”

The force was unbelievable. He could feel blood rushing up his throat. It wasn’t just internal injuries.

His trained muscles, his hard bones, and the mana that he roused at that instant were all useless. That single blow was enough to break his right wrist.

He also felt pain as if his stomach had been flipped. As he flew away, he realised he’d been kicked.

Nevertheless, he still fought back. He punched and kicked the leg that kicked him.

The problem was that he couldn’t tell if his attacks had any effect.

“Kaak, peh.”

Raising his head, he spat out a mouthful of bloody saliva.

[-...]

The demon didn’t move from that place.

Instead, it simply stared at Kasajin with bloody red eyes.

He didn’t avoid its gaze.

“So you also like hand to hand combat, huh? It doesn’t seem like you have any weapons.

[...]

“Good. Then let’s have a hard fight. You bastard.”

Kasajin laughed violently.

* * *

The fight went on for a long time. That fact surprised him.

Until now, a fight against one of the Twelve Void Lords had never lasted this long.

‘What’s going on?’

The demon was strong. That much was clear.

It possessed a similar level of strength to the other Twelve Void that he’d found before who were like monsters.

And yet...

‘It’s bearable.’

Unlike with the other Void Lords, the fight was still going.

It was strange.

Was it going easy on him like Namkoong Ok? ...He wasn’t sure. But he didn’t think so.

This was because the demon statue didn’t seem to have reason or emotion.

The fight lasted an unusually long time, but the outcome didn’t change.

Paak!

He felt a jolt in his head.

“Kuh...”

That bastard, he couldn’t speak for anything else, but its durability didn’t make sense. He had attacked its body hundreds of times, but they never seemed to have much of an impact. It was like its entire body was made out of some kind of fantasy metal.

With that thought, Kasajin lost consciousness.

...When he opened his eyes again, he was once again greeted by Pale’s face.

“I lost again.”

“I know~”

Pale smiled slyly. At that moment, Kasajin wished for nothing more than to bury his fist in that face. While thinking that, he said.

“Then who’s next?”

“No.”

Pale kept smiling.

“There will be no other opponent, Kasajin.”

“...”

It felt like that was the first time Pale had called his name.

“Did you feel it? It’s a perfect fit. I didn’t expect this. The [0th Demon]... has never changed before.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You came here to become the 0th Demon.”

“...”

He, would become that demon?

“Fight now. Keep fighting. Fight until you win.”

“...”

“But the qualifications to fight the demon aren’t obtained so easily. For every defeat, you will lose something. So you better defeat him as soon as possible.”

With a giggle, Pale took a few steps back.

Kasajin looked at her with a subdued gaze for a while before turning his head around.

He would lose something every time he lost a fight? There was nothing in this world that Kasajin had to protect. What more did he have to lose now?

‘I have to keep fighting?’

That was also what Kasajin wanted.

He had become even stronger in the fight just now.

And he’s also noticed his opponent’s patterns.

If he were to fight more strategically this time, he should get better results than the first battle.

“Huu...”

Kasajin let out a breath as he looked at the demon.

The demon, who had been standing there the whole time, started running. The way it only moved as it approached him reminded him of a combat golem.

Of course, its momentum was much greater when compared to a golem.

Boom, boom.

With every step it took, the ground shook. Was it planning to go on the offensive from the start? He couldn’t win a straight up battle. So firstly, he would need to focus on defence and aim for any openings.

Then, he took a defensive stance which was rare in the Warrior King Fist-

‘...?’

At that moment, his head went blank.

Defensive stance?

What was that-

Boom!

He felt a shock before he could even think. He had been kicked in the ribs. He had been kicked by a foot that was as big as his torso, so he had no choice but to be sent flying like a piece of paper.

“Urk.”

He felt confused for a moment.

The Warrior King Fist’s defensive stance... He was sure he’d made something like that. Him personally. It was a skill that was definitely appropriate in this moment.

‘This isn’t the time. You moron.’

No matter how stupid he was, how could he forget something like that in this situation?

“Kuk.”

He clenched his teeth.

He didn’t have time to think about it. The 0th Demon was approaching again.

Then, he needed to attack first.

Woowoong-

Mana condensed on his fist.

Warrior King Fist, Secret Skill, Beast Fang.

The extremely condensed mana took the shape of a fang.

In this state, it would be possible to damage or even destroy his opponent’s body with just the swing of a fist. The physical burden of this attack was great, but he couldn’t back down now.

Kasajin ran towards the demon. But as he did so, he noticed something strange.

It took a stance just before his fist hit it.

‘...!’

Kasajin’s expression hardened.

Boom!

The ground shook heavily at the collision. Pale, who was a short distance away, smiled even wider.

“...you.”

Kasajin’s face was stiff.

The stance the demon had just taken.

Without a doubt.

It was the one Kasajin had been trying to use.

[Warrior King Fist.]

The demon opened its mouth for the first time.

[Rock Shield...]

And a smirk stretched across its face as it looked at Kasajin.

The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years

Season 2 Chapter 435

He never thought he'd lose something in a fight.

For Kasajin, fighting had always been a gift box that he didn't know the contents of.

Whether it was a major or minor fight.

Whether the opponent was weak or strong.

Whether he would be injured or not.

Kasajin was always grateful and delighted every time he fought.

Because he always learned something. And he had the confidence that he would be able to fight even better next time. Even when he thought it was a trivial fight where he obtained nothing, at some point, when he looked back at it, he realised that he did get something.

Severed arms or legs, gouged eyeballs, shattered teeth, ruptured organs. Even though they were things that people called damage, for Kasajin, they were seen as medals that he won in a fierce battle.

“_”

He lost consciousness.

The demon had used another technique from the Warrior King Fist.

Using the ground, the soles of the feet, and an injection of mana to increase instantaneous acceleration before hitting the opponent with the palm of the hand. At the same time, it was possible to inject heated mana into their body to do even more serious damage.

It was an application of three techniques of the Warrior King Fist at the same time.

...But that skill, what was its name?

As soon as he regained consciousness, he heard a voice.

“Seven losses.”

Cuk, Pale carved another slash on the ground.

Seven slashes were carved there, but they weren't necessary.

Because Kasajin was very clear about how many defeats he'd suffered.

“What did you lose this time?”

Every time he lost, he lost something.

However.

“I don’t know.”

The scariest part was that he could never tell exactly what he’d lost. He had to fight the demon to know. Because it would use whatever he stole from him in battle.

Not only that, it also changed it to suit its own fighting style.

...It made him feel dirty. Like someone had spat in his face.

-Your Warrior King Fist isn't a big deal, so I'll refine it into a more useful form.

Kasajin felt like he was being told that.

“...”

All of his wounds had been healed. Until just a moment ago, he had been on the brink of death, but a piece of Pale’s jerky the size of a finger joint was enough to easily regenerate all of his wounds.

So he could fight again.

Nevertheless...

‘—’

Kasajin denied the thought that suddenly popped into his mind.

“You lose something every time you lose, but your body gets stronger.”

Pale’s soft voice seemed to mock him. Kasajin looked at her with a sunken gaze.

“I’m curious. Are you getting stronger? Or are you weaker?”

He didn’t know.

Pale’s question was something that Kasajin also wanted to know badly.

Was he moving forward? Or was he moving back?

...There was only one way to find out.

Straightening his posture, Kasajin walked towards the demon.

* * *

“...I remember there were five of us.”

His voice was as dry as sand without any moisture.

Pale quietly listened to this voice.

“Lukas, Schweiser, Kasajin, and...”

As he said those names, Kasajin stopped. But his mouth remained open. And it stayed that way for a while as if he was hesitating or unsure.

Boom!

Suddenly, he swung his fist into the ground like a hammer.

Spider web cracks spread across the ground. Kasajin panted, unable to calm his anger. His glaring eyes turned to Pale.

“...it’s not just techniques. That guy, is he also taking my memories?”

“Huhu.”

“Answer me.”

“Techniques, and memories.”

Pale smiled creepily.

“But is that really all?”

“Are you trying to test my patience?”

Fighting intent rose up from Kasajin’s body. Pale took his defiance lightly. She took two containers from her pocket.

They were water containers.

One of them was empty and the other was filled with water.

“Hey, Kasajin, what do you think is the essence of these canteens?”

“...”

“Answer me.”

Pale’s voice seemed to contain an irresistible charm. So even though he gritted his teeth, he had no choice but to reply roughly.

“They hold water.”

“That’s their role. Not their essence.”

Pale chuckled before continuing.

“The essence of a canteen is the water. Do you understand? This is a well made canteen, but without water, it’s nothing more than a useless piece of junk.”

“What are you talking about?”

“This canteen is Kasajin. And this empty one... is the [0th Demon].”

“ ... ”

“And this is the process you’re currently experiencing.”

Pale smiled as she began to pour water from one of the canteens to the other.

Splash, the sound of the pouring liquid was strangely eerie to Kasajin.

“The memories you have. The personality that formed your nature, your human relationships, and your experiences. Memories that only you know and the emotions that you felt at those times, the emotions you feel when you look at your loved ones, the trivial habits, and mannerisms that even you don’t realise... the Demon will take them all.”

“You...”

“Now. Look at this.”

Pale picked up the empty canteen and shook it slightly.

“There is no water in here. It’s empty. So what should we call this canteen now?”

“ ... ”

“An empty container, a shell.”

Tuk.

The empty canteen dropped from her hand and rolled across the bare ground.

“If you keep losing, you will become an empty shell. And...”

Pale’s gaze turned to the demon.

“Deep down, that being will become more like Kasajin.”

* * *

“...let me go.”

Kasajin spoke in a broken voice.

His voice sounded weaker than a hair, and thinner than that of a sick patient lying on their deathbed, but his body was still in perfect condition.

Pale was right. His body was becoming more powerful the more he battled.

However, his mind was cracking.

“Eh?”

Pale tilted her head to the side.

“You liked to fight. Didn’t you?”

“No. This is different. I, I...”

Kasajin squeezed out.

“Don’t... want to fight anymore.”

If anyone who knew Kasajin’s true nature heard those words, they would have doubted their ears. Or they might have mistaken it for a trick or that he was a fake.

But it wasn’t anything like that.

It was truly the Magic Warrior King, who thought of fighting as his life, that spoke in such a weak voice.

“I can’t.”

Pale softly but firmly refused.

“You can’t...?”

“Right. I can’t. You are fated to become the Void Lord [0th Demon]. There can be no other result. So...”

She pointed towards the [0th Demon] with her index finger.

“Keep fighting.”

“...”

“Whether it’s a hundred times, a thousand times, or ten thousand times. Keep fighting. -Now. Kasajin, you’ve had enough rest, haven’t you? Then get up now.”

At those words.

Kasajin rose from the ground like a puppet given an order.

Then he staggered over to the demon.

[Come.]

The 0th Demon greeted Kasajin with an innocent smile.

He looked up at it and thought.

...Did the demon take even his basic thinking ability? Why did he keep fighting? Why was he still fighting these losing battles? Why couldn’t he disobey Pale?

He didn’t know.

His mind felt like it was shrouded in mist. It felt like there was a heavy lump of lead in his chest, and he could no longer feel his heartbeat.

He couldn’t think of a solution.

So Kasajin had no choice but to keep fighting.

* * *

He was afraid of defeat.

To be precise, he was afraid of what he would lose upon defeat.

He wanted to protect them. He didn't want to forget anything. He didn't want to lose anything else.

But... how?

“_”

Kasajin remembered the Demon Statue.

Statue... Right. Stone statues.

While his memory was still clear, he should carve the people he knew.

From that day, Kasajin carved statues whenever he had time. The materials were abundant. There was an uncountable number of strangely shaped rocks in the area.

He could also carve the broken stone fragments.

Of course, the results were sloppy. It couldn't be helped that they were absolutely terrible. After all, Kasajin didn't have any dexterity to speak of.

'I can forget about anything else. But...'

But he didn't want to forget his closest friends.

Kasajin grit his teeth. A man who used a sword, a woman who used black magic.

He couldn't remember their names. But even if he couldn't remember their names, he carved their faces while those memories were still clear in his mind.

At some point, the carving no longer brought Kasajin any happiness.

Scratch scratch-

He carved the statues with a blank expression. He wasn't allowed much time.

Was it a sense of obligation? A sense of duty?

Or was it something else that made him carve the statue?

He didn't know.

So, Kasajin just kept carving.

* * *

At some point, Pale had disappeared.

The only ones left in this pitch black space were Kasajin and the demon.... Kasajin and the demon?

He looked at the being in front of him.

It had a body that resembled solid stone, eyes like a beast, and although the horns on its head and wings hadn't changed, its features seemed to belong to someone he was very familiar with.

'In fact, now.'

Wasn't it more suitable to call this being Kasajin?

Then what did he look like now?

Kasajin looked down at his palm. He could see thin fingers that only seemed to be covered in skin. It was strange. It felt like... his body was stronger. In fact, hadn't Pale also said that his body was getting stronger?

...Right. He was definitely getting stronger.

Although his muscles had disappeared, Kasajin felt like his body contained more power.

However... was that really the path he wanted?

* * *

He looked down at the statue and said.

"Hey, can you hear me?"

Of course, the statue couldn't answer, and Kasajin knew that.

"My memories are gradually fading."

He ripped out his hair. Bit his lips, and chewed his fingernails. He screamed like a madman, and at some point, he slammed his head into the ground until it bled.

"The Great Mage. My dear friend. The Great Teacher..."

And yet, it still couldn't come to mind.

He couldn't remember in the first place.

After all, Kasajin's memories hadn't faded, or been forgotten."

"What was it... again?"

...

"There were a lot. He had more titles than that, a lot more..."

They had disappeared.

They were all gone.

Like burning firewood, or a fog at sunrise.

The colour of the letters on the pages of the book hadn't faded, the pages were ripped out. And the contents of pages that had been ripped out of a book couldn't be seen.

He had lost his memories, lost his essence.

"He looked like you."

Kasajin looked down at the statue as he spoke.

This man.

This man with a blunt expression on his face, who was covered by a robe and held a staff in a majestic manner.

“Statues have a clear limitation. Because it can only show one form. That’s why, you...”

He could only remember being close friends.

However.

“What colour was your hair? Your eyes? What did your voice sound like?”

The hand holding the statue tensed. And cracks spread across the statue, which was carved out of stone.

“Haha... I’m going crazy.”

...

“Hey, please answer me.”

The statue couldn’t answer.

Kasajin knew that.

Nevertheless, he felt like he couldn’t survive if he didn’t ask.

“...so, tell me. Great Mage.”

Kasajin said with a face that looked like he might cry.

“What was your name?”

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[It was a fun fight.]

It was the demon that said those words.

The man in front of him, who appeared so fragile that he would crumble if touched, remained silent. He felt wretched, in danger, and pitiful, to put it in one word, he felt miserable.

[I was able to get a lot thanks to you. Ego, personality, memories, values. And even a name.]

The Demon Kasajin laughed.

[I would like to express my sincere thanks. However, apart from that, I have no more business with you.]

The ‘Man without a Name’ felt like he knew that manner of speech.

[I’ll be leaving this place. I probably won’t see you again. So tell me what you want.]

“...what I want?”

The Man without a Name spoke for the first time.

It was such a small, quiet voice it felt like it would be impossible to hear if one wasn't paying close attention.

But it was enough for 'Kasajin'. He gave a big nod.

[Anything is fine. I'll even return something you lost, that is to say, what I stole from you. Or it could even be something you didn't lose. In my current state, I could probably give you whatever you want.]

"..."

[Do you think there's a problem? Don't overthink it. Since I took a lot of things from you, I want to at least give you something. Consider it a parting gift, a sympathetic gesture. Or pure goodwill. It doesn't matter which way you take it.]

The Man without a Name was silent for a long time.

'Kasajin' couldn't tell what he was thinking. Just like the first time this man had looked at him.

He was no better than an empty shell.

That was why he was even more curious.

What would a man who had nothing left ask him for?

"The 0th Demon."

[...hmm]

'Kasajin' hummed to himself.

Then he looked into the eyes of the Man without a Name. He was still unable to see anything in his eyes.

"Give me that name."

However, there seemed to be a weak power in his voice.

He felt sorry for that fact. For a moment, a hint of pity appeared in 'Kasajin's' eyes.

[That's probably not what you wanted.]

"..."

[I feel heartfelt sympathy for your fate, Being without a Name.]

Swoosh.

'Kasajin' spread his wings. That alone created a strong wind that swept the area. The hundreds and thousands of statues that filled their surroundings shook.

[You lost everything. To become empty. That was the absolute condition to become the [0th Demon]. In other words, you already have the name 0th Demon.]

"..."

[You are asking for something you already have. Are you sure you don't want anything else?]

The Man without a Name didn't answer.

[...I guess you even lost your ambition.]

"..."

[Fine. If that is all that you want, I will give it to you. Your fundamental reason for coming to the Pit. You continue to fight to achieve what you were seeking. Even if it wasn't what you really wanted.]

As he spoke, 'Kasajin' looked into the empty eyes of the Man without a Name.

[From now on, you are the 0th Demon.]

Thud-

At that moment, the Man without a Name felt immense pressure envelop his entire body.

It felt like something was rising up within him, at the same time, it felt like pressure from the outside was squeezing him. Feeling the great pressure from within and without at the same time made it feel like his entire body would explode at any moment.

At the same time, an unknown power seemed to be pouring in.

"Ku-, ah, ah..."

[You will probably sleep for a long time. Maybe you will die, but that would also be your fate. And I...]

'Kasajin' spoke.

[I will leave this place.]

In an instant, a tremendous aura seemed to shoot up towards the ceiling. If someone were to see the scene in the cave, they might have mistaken it for a black flash of light.

Despite the exit in front of him, 'Kasajin' didn't leave immediately.

His eyes were on someone else.

"Where are you going?"

Pale leaned against the only entrance to the cave with her arms crossed.

[I'm leaving this place.]

A smile appeared on Pale's face.

"This place... That doesn't mean the Pit, does it?"

[You caught on quickly. That's right. I'm leaving this world.]

"Didn't you know? That that's impossible."

[...after acquiring an ego, I gained not just that man's memories, but also 'memories that I had'.
Memories of the Beginning...]

A smile appeared on 'Kasajin's' lips.

[If there is any being who deserves it, it's me. I am going beyond the universe to find my other half. Is that wrong?]

"..."

[Such a precedent already exists, Blue Knight of Famine.]

Pale looked at 'Kasajin' with cold eyes for a moment before snorting coldly. Then, turning her back on him, she jumped to the bottom of the Pit.

It was tacit permission.

Looking at her back, 'Kasajin' grinned.

[That's what I thought, rule follower.]

* * *

"..."

The brief story came to an end.

Lukas looked at the man in front of him and forced his mouth to open.

"Then how did you remember me?"

"Don't you know? What kind of world this is."

"...!"

Lukas clenched his fists.

"You ate another Kasajin."

Kasajin nodded.

"I didn't go looking for them. After that guy left, I didn't move from the Pit for a very long time. Then, one day, one of the countless 'Kasajins' in the World of Void came to me, and I ate him."

"..."

"I regained a miniscule sense of self. But I was still confused. And my hunger grew. At that time, I had almost no reason left. Driven by instinct, I rushed out of the Pit and ate everything I saw. I probably ate a lot of Kasajins in the process."

"..."

"They were all different possibilities of 'Kasajin', but they all had a common denominator. As a result, I took on their fate and obtained something similar to what I was in the past... Do you understand? I didn't get back what I lost. Instead, I was filled with something similar."

Kasajin got up and slowly began to look around.

“Do I like alcohol? Lukas.”

Lukas didn't answer.

“I might or might not have. I want to drink now. But I don't know if that was really something I did in the past. Because, technically, the thing that fills me isn't mine. To borrow Pale's analogy, it's like I've been filled by a completely different liquid. It has a completely different composition.”

...It was similar.

“The components of my essence are already gone. As a result, I don't know if my composition now is really what the 'existing Kasajin' had.”

Just like the current him.

That was what Lukas thought.

“Now you can understand. Why I denied being Kasajin in the beginning, and why I had no choice but to claim that I am just an empty shell.”

However, it was different.

Even in the worst case scenario, Lukas at least had a choice. After all, it was his own arbitrary decision to consume so many 'Lukas'es'. On the other hand, 'Kasajin' didn't have such a choice. For him, everything was unexpected and unwanted.

Kasajin had suddenly been brought to an unknown place, dragged around by Pale, lost everything, and was eventually filled by unwanted components.

How did he feel? What was he thinking? What were his emotions?

He probably felt like he was constantly walking on cracked ice. Perhaps even now.

Even though he was aware of this fact, Lukas remained silent. His tightly closed lips wouldn't open easily.

He could have said something.

He could have told Kasajin the simplest, but most encouraging words he could hear right now. Words that might save him.

For example, he could tell him he was still his friend. Or that he hadn't changed at all. He could smile like it was nothing and say that didn't matter...

“...I see.”

He couldn't say it.

He couldn't let those words out of his mouth.

Lukas couldn't take this matter lightly, he couldn't let it slip by. And he couldn't console him either.

Because affirming Kasajin would be no different from affirming himself.

'I can't.'

He clenched his fists even tighter.

His chest hurt more than the nails digging into his skin.

The current Lukas couldn't sympathise with or comfort himself. He shouldn't.

If he did that, he thought that he would really break, and he would collapse without ever being able to get up again.

"It was possible for me to observe the outside to some extent, whether that's thanks to 'Demon Kasajin' who went out, or whether it's one of the powers of the [0th Demon]. And when your existence was forgotten in the universe, when you no longer belonged to the 'Original Universe'(1) or the 'World of Void', it became possible for me to talk to you."

He was talking about the time when they met in the dream.

"You are a special being, Lukas. As Pale said, few outsiders come to this place. When they do, it's either as a Twelve Void Lord Candidate, Knight Candidate, or..."

"King Candidate."

He had shamelessly claimed that he was a Void King Candidate in front of Michael, but he didn't really know if that was actually his fate.

"There are currently two confirmed King Candidates. You. And Diablo."

He heard that name again.

"Is it because there is originally a Knight beside a King Candidate?"

"Right."

"Then Diablo's Knight must be... Lucid."

"That's right."

Lukas wondered about Lucid's goal once again, but shook his head in the end. In a way, Lucid had a firmer belief than anyone else. There had to be a compelling reason for his actions.

While this was a self-biassed interpretation, Lukas chose to believe it.

Kasajin.

He was still looking at him with a smile.

He hadn't heard any words of consolation from Lukas, but he didn't seem to care.

'...I see.'

The scrawny Kasajin, the statue carving Kasajin, the mellowed Kasajin.

He had changed, but he hadn't changed.

"...is there anything else you want to tell me?"

Lukas deliberately changed the subject.

As if he expected this, Kasajin smirked.

"Right. About Sedi Trowman. I met her after the [Pit] had become a decent territory... Well. I didn't have a hand in that."

* * *

When the being known as Sedi appeared in this world, Kasajin was able to realise it immediately.

"-ah."

"What is it?"

Jiltex, one of the Apostles, asked.

Sitting on a throne, Kasajin turned to look at him.

...At some point, beings had begun to gather in the pit. They all had the appearances of demons.

No, it wasn't just their appearances. All of them originated from the concept of demons.

From this pit, or from Kasajin. A sense constantly leaked out that drew such beings there.

It was only natural for them to be drawn there. It was no different from the scent of flowers to bees.

The gathered demons.

They formed a group, they made a society, and in the process, they naturally appointed Kasajin as their Lord. And they developed this place on their own.

Kasajin hadn't needed to do anything.

When he had awoken from being immersed in his endless thoughts, the pit had the appearance of a city that had developed for centuries.

The more demons gathered, the more the overall level increased.

At some point, Kasajin learned that the number of demons present in the pit was comparable to the population of a universe.

Among the countless demons, those who were especially strong were given the name Apostle by Kasajin in order to distinguish them.

"Someone is here."

"Is it an Apostle Candidate?"

Kasajin was usually able to foretell when strong demons appeared.

But Kasajin shook his head.

“No. Perhaps-”

Boom!

Suddenly, the huge door to the room was smashed.

“Wh-, what was that?!”

[What is this...!]

This was a place that only the Lord and Apostles could enter. And with a bit of exaggeration, it could even be called a place that was inviolable to the demons. Naturally, no one had the right to smash the door at its entrance.

In fact, there was one such person, but he was currently the being sitting upon a throne with his chin on his hand.

Tap tap-

Someone appeared through the smashed door.

When the smoke cleared, their appearance was revealed.

It was a girl with long hair and bright red eyes.

“Hi.”

She gave an absent-minded greeting.

[This...]

[This rude brat...!]

The eyes of the two closest Apostles changed, and in an instant, they reached out to the girl. There was no need to talk. After all, this girl had already committed a rudeness that far surpassed the limits of the demons' patience.

Compared to the ferocious auras of the hands that stretched out, the girl's body looked like it was in a precarious position like a candle in the wind.

Crack!

But the pair of hands twisted before they could reach the girl. Following the terrifying sound of flesh and bones mixing, blood dripped down.

[Kuaaak-!]

“My, my arm...!”

Clutching their arms, the two Apostles collapsed. Paak! At an almost invisible speed, the girl kicked them in the jaw. The Apostles' eyes instantly rolled back in their heads and they lost consciousness.

“Sorry about the first impression.”

The girl spoke without looking at the fallen Apostles.

“Who is the strongest here?”

(Note:

1. I’m assuming this is the ‘Three Thousand Worlds’ or what I otherwise call the ‘multiverse’. Usually, the author just uses the word ‘universe/space’ to represent both individual universes and the universe.)

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

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The Apostles didn’t answer. Instead, they simply glared at Sedi with deathly gazes. The same was true for Kasajin. The difference was that there was no animosity in his eyes.

He was still looking down at the girl with his chin on his fist and an indifferent attitude.

“What’s your name?”

Instead of answering, he asked a question of his own.

The girl looked at Kasajin with blood red eyes. In fact, that had been the case since the girl had broken down the door. Even though she hadn’t received an answer, the girl clearly knew who was the strongest there.

She swept her long hair from in front of her forehead as she responded.

“Sedi Trowman.”

“...Trowman?”

That was a last name that Kasajin had no choice but to pay attention to.

When his eyes twitched, the girl, Sedi, reacted even more violently than he did.

“What is it? Have you heard it somewhere before?”

“...I knew someone with the same last name.”

Sedi’s eyes shined.

“Hoh. What was their name?”

“Lukas.”

“_”

The two Apostles closest to Sedi subconsciously shrank back. For a moment, they felt as if a cold breeze swept past their bodies.

Later, when they realised that the phenomenon had been caused because of Sedi’s changing mood, their faces were marked with humiliation.

“I came all the way after chasing after an annoying woman, and I got an unexpected gain. Hey, condescending old man sitting on a chair, do I have to blow up everything to find out?”

“What’s your relationship with Lukas?”

Sedi responded with an uncaring expression.

“I’m his daughter.”

“_”

On the other hand, Kasajin’s mind went blank.

After that, he brooded about five times on whether he’d heard wrong or not. Of course, since he wasn’t deaf, he couldn’t have heard wrong.

...Daughter?

That Lukas had a daughter?

He glanced over Sedi’s appearance once again.

Her dark hair which was reminiscent of a starless sky contrasted starkly with her bright red eyes. Of course, her black hair and red eyes had as little to do with Lukas as her fingernails. Then what about her facial features?

...She had a strange, decadent aura that reminded him of Iris Peacefinder, but her features were completely different. When looking at just her features, Iris appeared quite docile. The corners of her eyes drooped slightly and the corners of her mouth curved softly. With such a face, it was always terrifying to hear what kind of speech came out of her mouth, but that wasn’t important right now.

On the other hand, Sedi had stronger features, the sharply rising corners of her eyes, the twisted smile resting at the corner of her mouth, and the fangs that could be seen within her mouth. To sum it up, her face was at least five times fiercer than the Black Witch’s.

In other words, this meant that this child was most likely not the child of Lukas and Iris...

“Who is your mother? Is it Iris?”

Nevertheless, he decided to get confirmation first.

“Who is that?”

It was denied immediately.

...For now, it seemed that Iris hadn’t preyed on Lukas yet.

Then who was it? He had a headache because he couldn’t think of anyone.

Of course, this wasn’t because Lukas was unpopular with women. He was tactless and sometimes had a more serious personality than Lucid, but that didn’t mean there weren’t any love interests at all, because his appearance wasn’t bad, and he was quite the academic. On top of that, he had a heroic aspect that anyone could respect and admire, and that was longed for by women.

Of course, their flirting would disappear as soon as they saw the Black Witch’s dark smile, but that wasn’t important right now.

The reason Kasajin was bewildered was simple.

“You must be from ‘the outside’...”

After becoming one of the Twelve Void Lords, Kasajin also learned the truth about the multiverse. He learned that his home universe was like a grain of sand in a desert. He also vaguely understood the role of the World of Void.

“The outside. You’re saying the same thing that woman did.”

“That woman?”

“It was a blue haired woman. And I hate blue. The mere sight of it makes me sick. So I feel like shit right now.”

“...”

A blue haired woman.

...Pale, had she led Sedi here?

Kasajin’s gaze deepened.

If that was the case, then he could vaguely understand what his meeting with Sedi meant.

“What did she tell you?”

“She said that if I defeated the strongest person here, my wish would come true.”

“...”

“Sorry about destroying the door, was I tricked?”

Sedi glanced at the broken door as she said that.

Kasajin chuckled.

“No.”

“That’s good. Then... how long are you going to keep sitting there?”

“...”

“Get up. You’re the strongest guy here.”

Looking around, Sedi continued.

“I’m not interested in fighting these small fries.”

That statement was the final straw that broke the camel’s back.

Unable to take it any longer, the five remaining Apostles moved almost reflexively. They felt no shame in their collaborative attack. They acknowledged that Sedi was strong.

Nevertheless, it was hard for them to accept.

Not only was it an insult to themselves, it was an insult to Kasajin.

“Snake, goat, lion, bat, and horse.”

Sedi clicked her tongue.

The appearances of the demons were truly individualistic, or in other words, there was no consistency. And it wasn't threatening.

She lifted her right foot and placed it down lightly. It was a simple step, but the ground broke apart like a cracker.

The ground crumbled and fragments of stone were sent flying. Sedi caught five of the fragments and threw them toward the demons.

The momentum contained in those fragments of stone was strange.

‘A trick.’

The five demons all had the same thought at the same time.

In that case, what was her real target?

Puk!

Following the sound of something being pierced, the demons stopped moving.

Sedi murmured with an expressionless face.

“Not against you all.”

[Why...]

“Your vision is too narrow.”

Black energy from Sedi's toes penetrated the demon's bodies. It instantly neutralised five of the Pit's greatest demons.

“Kuak.”

[What is this...]

The demons muttered in futile voices, but Sedi's attitude was cold.

“It would be better to not move. If you don't want to die.”

Kasajin noticed that Sedi hadn't killed any of them. The first two Apostles were also still alive, even though the arms they'd outstretched had been ruined.

“Don't you think it's really about time you got up?”

Nodding, Kasajin got up from his seat.

“Shall we change location?”

“That’s annoying.”

“I don’t want to make a mess of this place. I hope you will agree to this.”

“...Fine. Then where?”

“The end of this territory. The bottom of this pit where no light can enter.”

The Pit had made rapid progress, but its ‘bottom’ where he had fought the [0th Demon] had been preserved.

At first, he thought it was to protect the many statues and sculptures there, but in retrospect, they might have been preparing for this day to an extent.

“Why do you want to fight there?”

Kasajin answered.

“It might be the tradition to fight there.”

* * *

Kasajin stopped talking and turned to look at the door behind Lukas.

Tap tap-

Faint footsteps could be heard beyond the door. A look of tension appeared in Kasajin’s eyes.

“This is dangerous.”

“What is?”

“Lukas, hide first-”

Before he could finish his sentence, the door swung open.

“...”

Lukas paused for a moment before stiffening.

A girl stood just outside the open door.

The girl, Sedi, was wearing clothes he’d never seen before.

She was wearing a black and white dress, it had a bit of lace, but it didn’t feel airy. It also felt like she was wrapped up. The black gloves that were wrapped around her forearms made that sentiment even stronger. It was an outfit he wasn’t used to, but it wasn’t hard to recognise her.

Her distinctive hair and eyes were still the same.

“-ah.”

For a moment, Lukas couldn’t think of anything to say.

He’d heard it several times already.

The fact that Sedi became the [0th Demon], one of the Twelve Void Lords.

If that was the case... then did that mean Sedi had lost most of herself like Kasajin? No, she hadn't. If that was the case, she wouldn't still call herself 'Sedi Trowman'. Then how much had Sedi lost to Kasajin? In the first place, she had lost to Kasajin so was it possible that he had returned it to her?

[That brat... is your daughter?]

[I think we have similar eyes.]

[What are you talking about? They said that we weren't related by blood last time.]

His thoughts and questions didn't stop, and the voices of the 'Lukas'es' mixed in, making his head a mess.

Perhaps Lukas was currently experiencing the greatest chaos since he'd entered the World of Void.

And that chaos was cut off in an instant.

Puk.

There was a slightly heavy feeling, the touch of cool fabric, and the warmth that he could feel beyond it.

It took a moment for Lukas to understand what had happened.

Sedi had strode forward and buried herself in his chest.

"..."

He couldn't think of anything to say.

So Lukas just stood there stiffly.

It was Sedi who made the first move.

"...one more time."

Sedi spoke first.

Her face was still buried in his chest so he couldn't see it. But her voice was as thin and faint as if it was barely squeezed out.

"...if you disappear without a word one more time, that will really be the end."

He didn't know what it would be the end of. In fact, he couldn't afford to think too deeply about it.

Lukas was panicking.

And this kind of confusion was something he'd never experienced before.

First of all, Lukas had never seen this side of Sedi. As far as Lukas could remember, while she had the last name Glaston, Sedi had always maintained a calm expression even in the face of death. It didn't matter if it was an act or a faked expression. What that told him was that Sedi hated looking weak more than dying.

However, what about now?

Lukas felt like the girl in his arms was like a glass sculpture.

“I didn’t think you were dead. People who didn’t know anything said you died, but I didn’t believe them.”

“...”

“If you had died on your own after talking to me like that, I would have killed you myself.”

She was talking incoherently. He wasn’t used to that either.

“...you remember me?”

In retrospect, this was probably not what he should have said right after they reunited.

Sedi jerked her head up, revealing her face.

The tip of her nose was red, and her eyes were red in a different way from usual.

“Then you wanted me to forget?”

At her sharp voice, Lukas shrank back slightly.

“No, I just...”

He couldn’t think of anything to say. He couldn’t even look her in the eye... Dammit. He was more agitated than he expected. Perhaps it was visible on his face as well.

The voices in his head had become loud once again. And Lukas was no longer in a position to control the agitation.

It was at that moment that an unexpected saviour appeared.

“Sedi didn’t lose anything.”

Kasajin spoke with a sigh.

“What?”

“Naturally, that means she also remembers everything about you.”

“How is that possible?”

“Because...”

After a brief moment of hesitation, Kasajin started to answer.

“I never lost to him.”

Sedi interrupted him, and Kasajin’s expression became a bit uncomfortable.

“...what you just said.”

“...what she just said.”

Did he suddenly become stupid? Did he lose his comprehension ability? Or was it because of the voices in his head?

While Lukas found it hard to understand the situation, Kasajin continued to explain.

"I lost to Sedi in our first fight. Naturally, this means she became the [0th Demon] without losing anything."

This development which far exceeded his expectations put Lukas at a loss for words. Then, he suddenly felt warmth on his chest and lowered his head.

Sedi sniffled slightly, then, as their eyes met, she said,

"Why?"

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

Season 2 Chapter 438

Lukas had a conversation with Sedi. They spent a lot of time together.

In fact, it was hard to call it a conversation. Mostly, it was just Sedi speaking one-sidedly. This was because Lukas didn't want to talk about his situation.

Sedi didn't stop talking for at least a few hours. Although there were rare occasions when she paused to catch her breath, her voice basically didn't stop. After reuniting after a long time, this girl had become a chatterbox.

She didn't mention the 'Great Game', the 'Preliminaries' or the 'Trowman Rings'. She just talked about how desperately she'd tried to find Lukas. Like a rice puff, most of it was hollow. Most of it was just trivial things.

But that was probably the reason why he was able to listen to her for so long without stopping her.

As he faced her now.

He began to feel the relationships he had on Earth flutter once again. Among them, Min Ha-rin was the one who came to his mind the most. He didn't know the reason. However, among the relationships that he'd made there, thinking about her was the most painful.

The conversation, which was closer to gossip, ended.

Sedi stared blankly at Lukas for a while before speaking.

"You changed a lot."

It sounded like she was talking to herself, but it seemed like she was asking Lukas a question.

"You were quiet before, but now you're even more so."

"..."

"By chance..."

Sedi was about to say something, but she closed her mouth in the end.

Her gaze then shifted slightly downward as she continued.

“I’m the Lord of this place now. I kicked the ass of that guy who was pretending to be the Lord.”

“Hey.”

“What?”

Kasajin and Sedi’s eyes met. Tch, but the one who turned his head first with the click of his tongue was Kasajin.

Surprisingly, there seemed to be a clear hierarchical relationship between the two of them.

“I’m not trying to look cool or anything, I just want you to be comfortable, and if anyone is annoying or rude to you, tell me right away.”

“...”

After saying that, Sedi looked at Lukas again.

Then she bit her lip slightly and turned around.

“I have some stuff to do so I’ll leave first. My room is at the end of the castle.”

Without another word, she walked out of the door, slamming it a bit too hard on her way out. A bit of dust that had collected in the warehouse fell.

Lukas was still standing still.

“She’s mad.”

Kasajin said. Of course, Lukas knew that too.

Kasajin scratched his head and asked.

“Was that on purpose?”

“What?”

“Were you being cold on purpose?”

“...”

“What? Don’t tell me you didn’t notice. You haven’t said more than five words in the last two hours.”

He knew that he hadn’t said much. But Lukas hadn’t realised that he’d only said five words.

This was an illusion created by the voices in Lukas’ head. His surroundings always felt like it was really noisy.

But in reality, when Sedi was talking, the surroundings had been quiet. Only Sedi’s quiet voice could be heard in the wine cellar, Kasajin hadn’t cut into their conversation.

And Lukas... it was just as Kasajin said.

He hadn't said more than five words.

"I felt bad for her."

Of course, he was referring to Sedi.

"At first, she'd been unable to hide her excitement. I was a little surprised, too. I knew a little about your relationship, but I didn't expect that cold girl to come up and hug you. Just by looking at that, I could tell how special you are to her."

"..."

"When you're that excited, the responses of the other person are really important. When you're happy to meet a friend after a long time, it's natural to look really excited and happy. But it's embarrassing if you're the only one making a fuss."

...He really had changed.

"But when the other person is as happy as you are... That's when you put aside the annoying calculations and start laughing."

The Kasajin he knew was not someone who would think deeply about the thoughts of others. Perhaps this consideration was something he absorbed from 'other Kasajins'.

"Her expression kept changing. At first, she looked so happy that she didn't know what to do, but after about ten minutes of happily chattering, she finally noticed your expression. And since then, she kept watching you. The demons in the Pit would probably never believe it. That Sedi Trowman was paying attention to someone. Are you listening?"

"...I'm listening."

"After a while, her voice became less than half as exuberant as it was before. And with every word she said, she looked at you."

He'd misunderstood.

Sedi hadn't become a chatterbox. It was only then that Lukas realised why she had been talking so much.

The awkward atmosphere.

She somehow wanted to fix the atmosphere between Lukas and herself.

"So... you."

Kasajin looked at Lukas with cold eyes.

"Did you show any signs of welcoming Sedi even once?"

* * *

'I didn't show it.'

As he lay on the hard bed, Lukas belatedly thought of the answer.

There were many things that he could have or should have done.

He could have stroked her head, said something nice. Or just smile.

But Lukas hadn't shown any reaction. So it was natural that Sedi's excited attitude cooled quickly.

Then, what expression was he making?

Lukas got up. Then, he stood in front of the mirror that sat in the corner of the dreary room.

Dark blonde hair, black eyes.

A skinny face with an emotionless, doll-like expression.

He tried to smile.

Lukas tried to force a smile onto his face. Apparently, he used to smile a lot in the past. Or in other words, when he was human. Or when he was saving humans as an Absolute.

He hadn't been at peace or happy even then. He had definitely been struggling. Both physically and mentally. And yet, he could still smile.

But now... he didn't know how. He couldn't remember what kind of thoughts he'd had at that time.

How did he make smiles that made the other party feel at ease?

"..."

At the very least, the smile of the man in the mirror was not like that. No matter how he changed his smile, it only seemed like a kind of cold ridicule.

That fact was unfamiliar to him and he hated it a little.

He went back to the bed. This time, instead of laying, he sat down.

'This is probably why I didn't want to meet her.'

His obsession with his goal had faded. His determination to die had weakened. Sedi's existence had already occupied a very large share of Lukas' inner thoughts.

...The desire to live was sneakily raising its head.

He shook his head. He couldn't change an ending that had already been set.

Lukas had come to the Pit with the goal of finding out how to get to the Magic Planet. Perhaps Kasajin knew the way. After all, he'd said that he fought the Beginning Wizard in the past.

'The strongest among the current Twelve Void Lords'

When he recalled those words, a shiver went down his spine.

Of course, the Twelve Void Lords at that time were different from now. Yang In-hyun wasn't the Lord of Flower Mountain that fought Kasajin. It was possible that the current Beginning Wizard had also inherited his name and position and that he was now a completely different person.

Nevertheless, the words ‘the strongest among the current Twelve Void Lords’ resonated with Lukas in a strange way.

Above all, he didn’t lower his head even in front of Pale. That was an attitude that Lukas had never seen among the Twelve Void Lords.

Naturally, his wandering thoughts turned to Pale.

Now that he thought about it, she was the one that took Kasajin to the Magic Planet.

...if he were to just ask Pale for directions to that place, would she answer him?

Now that he thought about it, where was Pale now?

At that moment, he heard footsteps in the hallway outside. Then, the door burst open without warning. He thought it might be Pale, but it wasn’t.

It was Sedi who appeared again, this time, with a blank expression.

She hadn’t knocked. That certainly wasn’t a display of manners that befitted Sedi... The sound of footsteps. Perhaps that was Sedi’s own kind of etiquette. It wouldn’t have been hard for her to remove her presence.

“My room is at the end of the castle.”

“...”

It took a moment for Lukas to realise the meaning of Sedi’s words.

It had been a clumsy but obvious invitation to visit her whenever he had time. Sedi walked forward a few steps and stopped. And her lips opened.

“You knew I was here, didn’t you?”

Lukas hesitated for a moment before nodding slowly and expressionlessly.

Sedi wasn’t agitated. Twisting her hair with her fingers, she continued.

“I thought so. You were surprised when I showed up, but you weren’t surprised at my appearance. It was more like you were bewildered at our unexpected meeting.”

“...”

“You didn’t want to meet me, did you?”

Lukas paused.

Sedi looked at the gap between them before taking another step forward.

“Right.”

Lukas didn’t want her to get any closer.

So he answered.

It was probably the answer Sedi didn't want to hear the most.

"I didn't want to meet you."

A clear rejection came from his mouth. Lukas thought that would make her agitated, or at least be a bit taken aback. He was wrong.

There wasn't any change to Sedi's expression, and that wasn't all.

"As I expected."

With a nod, she took another step forward.

"So?"

"What?"

"So what do you want me to do? Does Father not want me to come see you anymore?"

"..."

"If that's what Father really wants, I'll do it."

But...

After saying that, Sedi continued.

"But it's not. It's not that I hate you, you just don't want to meet me."

This statement was probably the key.

"I showed off a lot of pathetic things earlier that weren't like me. There's no reason for me to shrink back like that just because Father is withdrawn."

Lukas felt like he was being overwhelmed by this little girl.

"I can tell just by looking at your face. That you've probably been through something awful."

"..."

"Maybe even now. So tell me. What is the reason? What the hell is bothering Father?"

"There is no reason to speak of it."

"Why?"

"Nothing would change if I told you."

After Sedi took another step closer, they were basically face to face. She was only about half a step away and he could touch her if he stretched out his hand.

"How do you know without even trying?"

"Not everything requires experience."

"Ha. You still have that old fashioned way of speaking."

Sedi shrugged her shoulders.

“I’ll say in advance that I’m not disappointed in the current Father. And this... is not out of anger.”

Paak!

His abdomen sank in. Lukas staggered back. Sedi’s elbow had been buried in Lukas’ stomach. He hadn’t noticed her attack at all. Was it because he was too relaxed? Or had Sedi’s physical ability surpassed Lukas’ senses?

Paak.

This time, he felt sharp pain in his chin. For a moment, his teeth clashed together roughly and it felt like a bolt of lightning had struck his head. He had almost bitten off his own tongue.

Then, his upper body was pulled upright.

“Look at me.”

Red eyes appeared in front of him.

Sedi was holding Lukas up by his neck.

“Look at me.”

“...I’m looking.”

“Just because your eyes are on me doesn’t mean you’re looking at me. Since meeting me, Father hasn’t looked at me properly.

“Looked at you properly?”

Sedi’s cynical remarks.

Those words became a fuse.

This time, he grabbed Sedi’s arm, which was holding him by the throat.

“I’ll look at you properly, then what? Do you want to talk? If I were to tell you everything, all of my secrets, do you think you could do anything? Do you think you could change this fucked up situation?”

There was a bit of heat mixed in with his voice. The strength of his grip increased. There was a creaking sound, but despite the obvious pain, Sedi remained expressionless.

“Don’t be ridiculous. Our relationship is not that deep. Don’t you get it yet? I saved you on a simple whim. To put it bluntly, I calculated it as a way to get back at the Black Horned Demon God or a way to get information about him.”

Lukas had lost his patience.

“Father? Daughter? Did you really think we could have a relationship like that? Did you think it was so easy for two Absolutes to become family with just a few words? Ha.”

Crunch, he gritted his teeth.

“Don’t flatter yourself, Sedi Glaston. You treasure me because I consoled you when you were most vulnerable. But it is funny and pathetic-”

Lukas’ head snapped to the side.

The inside of his cheek burst and his teeth quaked.

“—”

It took him a moment to realise he’d been slapped.

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

Season 2 Chapter 439

The memory of that nightmare was still vivid.

“He passed away.”

“What...?”

“It is something he wanted for a long time, and it was his own will. Even if I am his disciple, I have no right to stop him from doing what he wants.”

A woman with black hair like her. She wasn’t that bad. To be honest, there weren’t many things that could enter her mind, but there were definitely a few points that she couldn’t ignore. Moreover, looking back, Sedi probably didn’t hate her that much.

However, when she’d heard that, Sedi had almost killed that woman, Min Ha-rin, in an instant.

“You... What the hell are you talking about?”

There were certainly several reasons why she was emotional and angry.

Her detached expression and low tone. All of this showed her that Min Ha-rin was trying to maintain her composure.

Had she lost her mind?

Could this woman really show that attitude when talking about her Master’s death?

Min Ha-rin’s face came closer. It was none other than her that made that so. Before Sedi realised, she had grabbed Min Ha-rin by her collar and pulled her closer.

“...don’t try to beat around the bush, tell me straight. What happened to Father?”

In fact, she already knew. She probably did.

Nevertheless, maybe, maybe it wasn’t like that, it wasn’t possible.

She denied reality. And desperately hoped that the answer she received was different from what she expected.

“He’s dead.”

She couldn’t breathe. Her chest felt tight and her mind went blank.

While this happened, her mouth moved and asked.

"...dead?"

"Yeah."

"And you... just left him alone?"

Min Ha-rin's mouth opened again. She probably had something to say about the situation.

But Sedi couldn't accept it.

Babump, Babump.

Her vision shook with her heartbeat. Before she realised it, the surroundings felt like they had turned black, and it felt like every sound had become distant as if her eardrums had ruptured.

"...right. It's fine since you guys survived, since he saved your lives."

"I don't think so."

"Shut. Your. Mouth."

If that was really true, that wouldn't have happened.

Did he really want to die?

Then what about her?

Was the relationship with her not important for that person? Was it so insignificant that he wouldn't say anything to her in the face of death?

...She knew. In the end, Sedi was the one who'd forced herself to be his daughter, and it was Sedi who clung to the title of family.

Nevertheless, Lukas accepted her stubbornness.

"I won't accept this."

It would be more accurate to say that she couldn't accept it.

She felt like if she accepted the facts that were revealed as they are, she would go crazy.

* * *

...When her head cooled, she realised something.

Just because Min Ha-rin was like that didn't mean she wasn't sad. She must have been experiencing pain similar to Sedi.

However, funnily, in the face of the death of a loved one, a mortal appeared far more mature than Sedi.

Even if it was just an act, it was still amazing. Because Sedi couldn't even do that.

—I respect and accept Master's choice.

The Min Ha-rin in her memory seemed to make that claim.

“Was your answer correct?”

Was it correct to accept both Lukas’ choice and death?

‘...’

No. That wasn’t right.

That might be the correct answer for Min Ha-rin. Even for that woman named Benieng. And it might also be the right choice for the other disciples as well.

However, it wasn’t for Sedi Trowman. It never was.

A daughter could never accept her father’s death so easily.

“In any case, it is Father’s life... I won’t say childish things like that.”

Sedi wiped her tears.

Then she looked up at the sky with her swollen red eyes.

“Just... because I want to.”

That was all.

That was why, from now on, what she was going to do was completely self-righteous. Sedi understood and accepted that fact first.

Her desperation to meet Lukas again was a complete denial of the choice of Lukas, who had some kind of ulterior motive.

It was no different from that.

* * *

A lot happened.

And she gave up a lot.

It got harder day by day, but her desire for her goal did not fade in the slightest. It made her happy, but on the other hand, she was also scared. She couldn’t tell what would happen if that aspiration disappeared.

She was afraid, but she didn’t give up.

At some point, she stopped moving and recalled her goal.

And she found a clue to make her wish come true.

* * *

It stung. But that was it.

Lukas rubbed his cheek.

It didn't hurt as much as her previous attacks. Or at least that should have been the case, but that slap on the cheek hurt more than his tingling chin or throbbing stomach.

"It's Trowman."

Sedi's voice still didn't change as she spoke.

"...you're still saying that."

"I will say it over and over again. And I mean it. This kind of act doesn't work for Father, you should give up."

"You think I'm acting?"

"I don't want to answer any more silly questions."

Sedi touched her hand. It was the hand that had slapped Lukas' cheek.

"I know you've been through a lot. It must have been really hard. It still looks like it is."

"..."

"You asked me earlier, didn't you? Whether it would make a difference if you told me, did you mean that?"

"Of course..."

"Look at me and say it."

Don't just put your eyes on me.

The words she'd just said. And the end of her words that she'd stopped herself from saying before.

The words he heard.

"Are you hesitating because it's hard to even talk about? How immense were the things you went through?"

"...what are you trying to say?"

The corners of Sedi's mouth rose. In other words, she smiled.

"...ah. Well, I just have a bit of doubt. From Father's perspective, it might seem mind boggling, but it might not really be such a big deal."

"Do you think I'm exaggerating?"

"I didn't say that."

He knew in his head. That this was just a childish provocation.

Nothing more than a half baked provocation to make Lukas open his mouth.

Even Lukas knew that.

“What do you know about me?”

And yet, a clear, angry voice still came out of his lips.

“Do you know what it’s like to always be forced to make unwanted choices? Do you have any idea what it feels like to not be able to die when you want to, and not be able to live when you want to?”

“Really? It must have been hard.”

The smile disappeared from Sedi’s lips.

“Then what about Father? Do you know how I felt? I hope you didn’t forget. You willfully chose to die in the preliminaries.”

For a moment, Lukas didn’t know what to say.

“I’m sure you thought it was a death without regrets. Right. Well. I was the one who forced Father to take on the role. You probably didn’t even think about me before you died.”

“No. That...”

“Be quiet. It’s my turn to talk.”

Lukas closed his mouth.

“Do you know how it felt when Father died like that? Like that person didn’t have anything to do with me. It was so ridiculous that you didn’t even leave a single word for me before you died.”

“...”

Lukas recalled that time.

Just before leaving to fight Nodiesop, when he had been ready to accept his death, when he’d finished his final farewell with Min Ha-rin.

He had only felt carefree at that time. He had only thought that he would finally be able to escape his dreadful fate. He didn’t even spare a thought for Sedi.

“I’m sorry.”

He couldn’t help but apologise for that. But Sedi’s expression became worse.

“Shit. I didn’t bring it up because I wanted to hear something like that. Just because I showed my emotions doesn’t mean I became childish. I just...”

“...”

“...like Father told me a long time ago. I thought about it since then. How a father should treat his daughter. What you can do for me. An ideal...”

Sedi’s voice became a bit hoarse.

“...the ideal father-daughter relationship.”

Those were obviously Lukas' words.

"I mean. I did the things Father said. I thought about it seriously, more seriously than anything else in my life. That's why, when I heard Father had died, all I could think about was meeting you again somehow."

"..."

"And this is my answer."

Sedi took a half step forward.

Then, without hesitation, she embraced Lukas.

"..."

This was the first time in his life that Lukas had felt such warmth.

"I will fight for you."

Something seemed to rise up in his throat.

"No matter what it is, I will get rid of everything that bothers Father."

It was then that he realised the reason.

No one had ever said something like that to Lukas.

Everyone, including his closest friends, considered Lukas as someone to rely on. Even Kasajin, the only one with a different attitude, wanted a relationship where they supported each other.

This was the first time.

That a person wanted to take over that responsibility instead.

Lukas had always been someone's shadow. He'd been their shade.

And now.

The daughter he'd forgotten, and had continued to forget, was trying to become his shadow. She was telling him that she would fight instead.

Those words choked him up.

"So just say something. All I want is for Father to look at me and tell me."

It was at that moment that countless voices resounded in his head.

[What the hell are you doing? Lukas.]

[Why are you hesitating? You aren't really considering what she said, are you?]

[That's not going to work. Why do you think we allowed you to absorb us and gave you our strength?]

[...it is your responsibility. We entrusted you with our unfulfilled dreams because we wanted a 'Lukas' with another possibility to accomplish them.]

The pain, which felt like his brain was being stabbed by a needle, faded a bit.

So he could ignore it.

“Then will you listen?”

Lukas spoke.

“The situations I was in. The things that happened.”

For the first time, Sedi truly smiled.

“Tell me.”

* * *

He talked.

Lukas told Sedi about his situation.

It was the complete opposite of what happened earlier. Sedi only asked a few simple questions which never interrupted the flow and just listened to Lukas. There was hardly any change to her expression.

Lukas’ voice was the only sound in the room, but the atmosphere was tender.

And when his story ended, Sedi said bluntly.

“I’m sorry.”

“...huh?”

Lukas was taken aback by the sudden apology.

“The things Father went through, were really no joke. I understand why you didn’t even want to think about it. You could hardly afford to... Shit. If that God guy, was still alive, I’d love to kick his ass.”

“...”

“Anyways, okay. I’ve received Father’s request.”

“Received?”

Sedi spoke in an indifferent manner.

“The woman called Pale is bothering you, you are curious about the identity of the Beginning Wizard, and you want to know the truth about the Castle*. Is there anything else?”

“...”

Lukas...

Thought that his situation was more complicated than that. There were many things that he wanted to accomplish, and he thought that none of them could be solved immediately.

But when laid out by Sedi like that, his goals didn’t seem as great as he thought.

“That’s true, but...”

“Good.”

Sedi got up from her seat. Then, she turned around as if she was going somewhere.

“Where are you going?”

“To take care of the closest one.”

“The closest?”

“Pale. Isn’t she still in Demonsio?”

With a wicked smile, Sedi cracked her knuckles.

“Let’s start with that woman. After all, I still owe her something.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 440

Sedi walked through the hallways of the castle and Lukas followed suit. Then, she suddenly came to a stop.

This was because Kasajin was standing in the middle of the hallway, blocking the way.

“Don’t you have something to do? Why do you keep following me around?”

When Sedi asked this with a crumpled expression, Kasajin answered with a smirk.

“I don’t have anything to do. You took all of my responsibilities.”

“...if you have something to say, say it quickly, otherwise, move out of the way. I’m busy.”

“Are you going to see Pale?”

“Did you eavesdrop? So amazing.”

Sedi was beginning to show annoyance. But Kasajin didn’t shrink back. Instead, his gaze shifted over to Lukas for a moment. There was a subtle sign in his eyes.

Only for an instant.

“I didn’t eavesdrop. But with your combative gait, even a baby could tell that you’re going to fight someone.”

“How did you know it was Pale?”

“Everyone else in the Pit would run over and kneel before you with just a snap of your fingers. Unfortunately, that includes me. At this point, the only one who wouldn’t obey your orders is Pale.”

“...”

Kasajin’s tone became slightly more serious.

“Do you really plan to fight Pale? I’m not doubting your strength, but that woman is not simple.”

“That attitude of yours is really suspicious. And I don’t plan on just fighting all of a sudden. It’s just that that woman seems to be bothering father...”

“Seems to be?”

Sedi stared blankly at Kasajin for a while before continuing.

“I’m just gonna ask her to quit it.”

“...ask. That certainly is a peaceful alternative.”

“Hmph.”

“Let’s just say you’re going to talk, you don’t need Lukas to go with you, do you?”

“What? You. Did you want to talk with Father without me?”

Kasajin shrugged.

Sedi glared at him disapprovingly.

“I don’t care what you two talk about, but don’t talk any nonsense. Understood?”

“Of course.”

“Don’t take my words lightly.”

Sedi’s voice became cold.

“Because this is an order from the [0th Demon].”

“...”

“Keep that in mind.”

At those words, Kasajin’s gaze shifted slightly.

For a moment, their gazes met in the air.

Just as Lukas started to feel the strange tension, Kasajin nodded.

“Understood.”

“Hmph.”

Sedi snorted before walking a few steps, then, she looked back slightly. This time, her gaze locked on to Lukas.

“I didn’t say that lightly.”

Lukas’ expression became strange.

“Firstly, I will try to have a conversation mainly because I don’t want to bicker with that monster in my territory. Otherwise, there is a risk that the space will be destroyed.”

Those words reminded him of Flower Mountain. Apparently, a fight had broken out to determine the next Void Lord, and it had torn the space, making the territory become as small as a fingernail.

In a way, it could be seen as the aftermath that would be left if two strong figures at a similar level as the Twelve Void Lords clashed.

“Be careful.”

“Ha.”

Sedi’s lips twisted.

“I don’t know who you’re telling that to.”

Then, this time without looking back, she disappeared with small, fast steps.

When she left the castle, Sedi’s presence quickly disappeared completely.

“You look better than before.”

“We had a proper conversation this time. I also showed the right signs that I was happy— No.”

He’d shown the right signs that he was welcoming.

But he hadn’t talked to Sedi with such pretentious or arrogant thoughts.

Lukas just spoke franky.

“I was just a bit more honest.”

That was more accurate to say.

“I see.”

“Thanks for your advice, Kasajin. I never expected that you would help me with my relationships.”

Perhaps it was because his mind had relaxed a bit.

But Lukas spoke in a faintly playful tone.

“...”

Nevertheless, Kasajin didn’t laugh.

“Kasajin?”

“They met.”

Just as he mumbled those words.

Boom!

There was the sound of an explosion in the distance as the ground shook.

* * *

Pale and Sedi.

The sound of those two absolutes fighting resounded throughout the pit.

Lukas wasn't very curious about the whereabouts of their match.

It was strange. He was well aware of how strong Pale was. Even out of all the beings he'd seen in the World of Void, she had to be within top two.

Nevertheless, he wasn't too worried about Sedi. He soon realised why.

It was trust, or to be more precise, blind faith.

Lukas was now feeling the emotions many people had felt towards him in the past, when he looked at Sedi.

Bang, boom. Grrr...

Loud, earth shattering explosions shook the ground.

Then, the sounds suddenly stopped.

Lukas turned around.

"Kasajin?"

His close friend had disappeared without him realising.

He left without saying anything. That was uncharastically cold for that guy.

After standing alone in the hallway for a while, he went back to his room.

He'd only sat on the bed for a few minutes before Sedi opened the door.

"-ah. It's been a while since I felt like I would die."

She staggered into the room with a messy appearance.

He was surprised by her appearance and also by the fact that she had returned much faster than he expected.

"Are you alright?"

Lukas came over to help Sedi. Sedi obediently left her body to him. Lukas had felt it before, but compared to her immense strength, she was as light as a feather.

She didn't have any fatal injuries, but she had many wounds that couldn't be dismissed as minor.

Sedi grinned tiredly.

"Of course I'm fine. These are just some minor injuries... Mm. Do you have any bandages?"

"Is that a joke?"

"Uh."

Lukas and Sedi looked at each other for a while before they both burst out laughing at the same time.

“Stay still, I’ll fix you up.”

“Fix me? Ho-... Ah. With that Void thing or whatever?”

“Right.”

“Are you sure you can do that? These aren’t that bad, I’ll be better after chewing a few pieces of jerky and maybe applying some saliv-... ah hey hey.”

When he touched her wrist slightly, she made a sound as if she was in pain. Of course, it didn’t actually hurt. She was just being a crybaby.

He knew how strong her mind was.

Even if she hadn’t expected it, it was not at such a low level that she would make a sound of suffering from this much pain. Nevertheless, he pretended not to notice.”

“Don’t overdo it, what if it gets infected?”

“...if you say so. Let’s see how good your skills are.”

Sedi spoke in a cool manner, but he could feel that she was trying to hide her shyness.

He also didn’t bother to say this.

Woowoong-

While Lukas was regenerating her wounds, Sedi closed her eyes and said.

“She left quietly. I mean Pale.”

“That seemed pretty loud.”

“She asked me to show her enough power to convince her. I did what she wanted. For your information, it’s not just me. She’s just as hurt as I am.”

“Really?”

Sedi averted her gaze.

“...maybe she was a bit less hurt than I am.”

Lukas chuckled.

“I can see bloodstains on your back. Lay on the bed.”

Sedi lay on the bed without any complaints. Her face was buried in the pillow.

“It bothers me a bit that she stepped back so easily, but... she’s not a woman who would lie, so she won’t bother Father anymore. So that’s one down.”

“Thanks.”

"It's fine. Something like this... Anyways, the next one is the 'Beginning Wizard'."

Sedi was already looking towards the next goal.

"Do you know him too?"

"I know the name. I've never met any of the other Twelve Void Lords like me. If you include the former ones, it's only Kasajin."

It certainly didn't seem like much time had passed since she'd become the 0th Demon.

"Then you don't know how to get to the Magic Planet."

"Mhm."

That was a bit of a tricky situation.

Pale was probably the one who knew the most accurate way to Magic Planet.

But she was gone now.

Should he go now and catch her?... That was a stupid idea. Not only would Pale not take it well, but if things went wrong, the situation might become even worse.

'Kasajin.'

It seemed it would be better for him to ask that guy.

Although he'd gone there with Pale's guidance, Kasajin might still have some clues about how to get to the Magic Planet.

But it was at that moment that Sedi brought up something unexpected.

"There might be a way. For me to handle both of Father's remaining goals at the same time."

"Mm?"

"A meeting will soon be held in the Castle."

"By meeting..."

Looking up at the ceiling, Sedi continued.

"It's a special meeting that might reveal the Twelve Void Lords, Four Knights and even the Void King. I don't know if everyone will attend, but at the very least, the scale is unprecedented."

"..."

The Twelve Void Lords' meeting held at the Castle.

He now understood Sedi's words. That might certainly be a way for Lukas to accomplish his two remaining goals.

"What is the agenda?"

“How the aftermath of God’s death will affect this world, an introduction of the Knight of Death. And finally, a discussion about the next Void King Candidate.”

All of those were topics that were deeply related to Lukas.

“Is the Void King hosting the meeting?”

“No. The Beginning Wizard.”

That guy was truly mentioned at memorable moments.

“...that guy’s influence seems unparalleled in the World of Void.”

“It can’t be helped. He is the only one who can control the independent Void Lords.”

The independent Void Lords.

In other words, she was referring to the Void Lords who wandered around on their own instead of making a force.

This was new knowledge. He hadn’t known that the Beginning Wizard could exert control on even those beings.

Sedi turned her head and looked at Lukas.

“Your expression isn’t very good. If what Jacob told you is true, wouldn’t you want to meet him at least once?”

“That’s not it.”

In the first place, the reason Lukas wanted to meet the Beginning Wizard could be considered a bit impulsive.

Firstly, it was to pay respects to Jacob, who had given his life to protect him. And secondly, it was because of the voices that resounded in his head.

But he wasn’t as desperate now as he was at that time.

The fundamental problem hadn’t been solved, but Lukas felt like he had gained a lot of mental stability after meeting Sedi and Kasajin.

“I can understand why you don’t trust him. I’ve heard that the people from the Magic Planet are all gloomy, bad tempered guys. It’s possible that Jacob lied to you.”

...Sedi didn’t know. That Jacob had died to protect Lukas. Because he hadn’t told her that.

Right. There was something that Lukas hadn’t told Sedi. It was his regression. Lukas had deliberately hidden that part.

Even he himself wasn’t sure why.

Because of that, explaining everything to her had become several times harder, but in the first place, Sedi didn’t know exactly when Lukas arrived in the World of Void.

Moreover, although he hid some facts, he didn't lie, so it was just a self rational thought and not a big mistake.

"Is the treatment over?"

"Right."

"Mm~"

Sedi stretched and smiled.

"It certainly is a refreshing feeling that can't be felt from jerky. Even if it takes a while."

"_"

"Father?"

"Sorry. I was just distracted for a moment."

Lukas shook his head, hiding his subtle expression.

"Distracted? You're showing me a lot of things that aren't like you."

Sedi giggled before throwing herself on the bed.

"I'm going to nap for a bit."

"Here?"

"Can't I?"

"I didn't say that."

"Right."

She grinned with an innocent face, and before long, she really fell asleep.

Lukas sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at the sleeping Sedi. All of a sudden, her shining hair caught his eye. Its colour was so dark, it felt his hands would become dark if he touched it.

Shuk-

When he came to his senses, Lukas realised he was stroking it. Sedi's hair was incredibly soft that he hadn't even realised when he'd started touching it.

"..."

Indescribably emotions welled up inside of him like a spring.

Comfort, relief, and happiness.

...There were now two people in this castle who knew and understood Lukas' situation.

Sedi. And Kasajin.

When he was with them... his mind felt at ease.

He felt like this was what small happiness was like, something that he'd never felt before.

A kind of happiness that he'd thought he would have no connection or contact with for his entire life.

...The remaining problems and responsibilities he had.

If he confided the things about his home universe and Diablo to Sedi, she would probably solve everything without a word. She wouldn't even ask Lukas for anything.

He wouldn't have to do anything.

He could just live in peace until his mind collapsed and he died.

It felt like he would be breaking his promise to Lucid.

But this level of selfishness should be okay.