

Great Mage 751

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

Season 2 Chapter 451

However, Sedi didn't accept it so easily.

She rushed at Lukas without even bothering to wipe the black blood off her mouth. Swoosh, he heard the sound of the scythe cutting through the air, but it wasn't threatening. In the first place, an attack that was slower than the speed of sound was nothing to the current Lukas.

He didn't think Sedi didn't know that as well.

He tilted his head slightly to dodge the attack. Originally, with Sedi's level of skill, dodging with just a small movement wasn't something that would've been possible. At the same time, this was a testament of how weak she currently was.

Sedi didn't stop even after her attack was dodged. She swung her scythe like a madperson. There was a lot of emotion involved. The heart chilling display of skill that she'd shown earlier as she batted away the many spells was nowhere in sight.

Just a few minutes ago, the scythe had moved like one of her own limbs, but now, she seemed to be having problems supporting its weight. It felt like her small body was being dragged around by the weapon.

Her body was filled with openings.

He would only need a single finger to subdue or kill her.

Paak!

Lukas chose the former. He grabbed the scythe with his bare hands before throwing it into the distance. It was something he could only do because there was no force behind her swing.

"Uahhh!"

Despite losing her weapon, Sedi still rushed forward with her bare fists. There was no hesitation in her actions, and the animal-like howling was a bonus.

Lukas felt that he no longer needed to use magic, divine power, or external force.

He just used martial arts to respond to Sedi's attacks, redirect the force, and put her on the ground.

"Kuhuk..."

Sedi let out a breath. Blood could be seen dripping from her mouth. Lukas snapped his fingers, causing the ground around her to move like clay and bind her entire body.

"Kuk, eek!"

Sedi struggled to break free from her restraints and get to her feet, but the ground had already regained its hardness.

The situation had completely reversed. Luksa was no longer the one who was imprisoned.

“...”

After a while, Sedi stopped struggling. It could be said that she had given up too quickly, but in this case, it was completely reasonable. She had understood the fact that she couldn't break free with her own strength.

“You did really well.”

Her voice was composed of a strange mix of emotions.

It sounded sharp, but there was also a clear tone of deep self deprecation. There were many other emotions mixed in, but Lukas wasn't able to identify them all.

“This isn't the end. At the very least, you can't just end it by restraining my limbs and looking down on me.”

“...”

“You know what you have to do.”

“What do I have to do?”

Smirking, Sedi gestured with her chin towards the weapon that had flown behind her.

“Isn't a scythe a weapon made specifically for execution? So...”

Lukas was silent.

“Don't stay silent.”

And for Sedi, that silence was a response that made her uncomfortable.

Because it meant he was thinking.

“Think carefully. Remember what I did to you.”

Sedi's voice seemed to be filled with an incomprehensible emotion.

“Who was it that cut off Father's limbs? Who gouged out your eye? Who cut off the head of your best friend?”

“...”

“Answer me!”

Sedi's voice was filled with desperation.

Lukas didn't answer, and instead, continued to look down at Sedi with a solemn gaze.

And then he said something preposterous.

“Did you kill Kasajin for a moment like this?”

Sedi realised that those words weren't completely ridiculous.

"In case you lost. You cut off Kasajin's head so that I would kill you without hesitation. Was that your plan?"

"Stop."

Sedi's voice became cold once again.

Perhaps it was because she'd lost a lot of blood, but it felt like her mind was a bit clearer. The phenomenon of the edges of her vision becoming dark had also faded a bit. Perhaps, the current Sedi was the most sane she'd been since coming to the World of Void.

"You seem to think there is something wrong with me, but there's nothing like that. It was just magnified. I did what I always wanted to do."

Even if it had been driven by impulse, the fact that she'd acted that way wouldn't change.

Sedi paused before muttering in a broken voice.

"...so everything I did, it was my choice. My decision. So please put aside your cheap sympathy and do what needs to be done. Otherwise, everything will just repeat after Father leaves this place. You know that, don't you?"

"Is sympathy wrong?"

Instead, Lukas asked back. And continued before Sedi could answer.

"I'm not trying to cover for you. I have no intention of comforting you. Of course, I won't forgive you for the terrible deeds you committed. However, worrying about you is my freedom. Even if you did worse things, I would still worry about you."

Sedi's heart sank when she heard the word worry.

Trying not to show how much it bothered her, she said.

"...don't be swept away by trivial acknowledgement. Father isn't like that."

"Acknowledgement will never be trivial. And... I was like this. A long time ago. Before I met you."

He'd been like that in the past, when he was called the Great Mage.

"I thought that if someone committed a crime, it was natural for them to be punished for it. I still don't think that's wrong. However... there was clearly something missing from this thought. I was able to realise that in this world."

He remembered the past he saw, and the Trowman Orphanage.

And Sophia.

"I had a mother-like figure. Like you. Sedi. She and I weren't related by blood."

Sedi was still panting, but she didn't stop him or do anything.

For one, it was because she knew Lukas didn't like to talk about his past, and two, because she couldn't help but be deeply interested in what he was saying.

"However, I believed that our connection was made from something deeper. I knew. Simply being related by blood didn't make you family."

"...family."

"One day, I learned that the woman I considered my mother, Sophia, was committing horrible crimes."

As he continued to speak, Lukas felt as if the situation at that time was overlapping with the present.

"It was unforgivable. It was so terrible that I can't even say it. I witnessed it for myself... and I killed her with my own hands."

It was more of a one sided slaughter than murder.

Of course, this wasn't what he'd actually done in the past.

Instead, when he'd eaten the body of another Lukas in the Dump Site and was faced with a similar memory as a consequence of it, Lukas had killed Sophia without hesitation.

Sophia had died without being able to even say her last words. It was a fitting end for a murderer who had thrown aside their humanity, but it wasn't an end that was a suitable final appearance for the woman he considered his mother.

"It is human nature to be swayed by emotion even when we know it is morally wrong."

[...]

When he quoted what he'd heard from a 'Lukas', he heard someone in his head chuckle.

"Of course, that's not the right thing to do. But I think such imperfection is necessary. For you, and for me."

Lukas felt as if a light had turned on in his head. Perhaps it was because he kept thinking about it. The way he should treat her, and the way she should treat him. The answer was now clear.

He walked towards Sedi. Each step was taken without hesitation, and when he reached out to her, whose entire body was restrained, Sedi instinctively flinched and closed her eyes tightly.

Surk-

But what she soon felt was the touch of fingers gently brushing her hair.

Just as Sedi was about to open her eyes.

Ttak.

She felt a sharp pain on her forehead.

It was the first time in her life that Sedi had felt this kind of pain... No. Was this even pain? As she became bewildered by this vague feeling, Lukas spoke.

“Why did you do that?”

“...!”

His stern voice caused waves in her heart.

“You shouldn’t have done that.”

...He was scolding her. And teaching her.

He was reprimanding Sedi for making the wrong choice based on his own experience.

Just like a real parent.

Ulkuk.

“...urp.”

Something hot rose up from her chest.

Sedi claimed to be Lukas’ daughter, but she wasn’t a child. She knew how to use her common sense and her personality was more advanced than most intelligent beings.

When a child made a mistake, the child didn’t perceive that it was a mistake. They only realised what they did was wrong after being scolded by their parents.

That was the crucial difference between Sedi and a child.

She was fully aware of her mistakes. She had always been aware of the fact that the path she was walking on was wrong. It was like a lump of lead resting on her chest that she couldn’t get rid of.

Sedi had been determined. She’d decided that she would carry that weight for the rest of her life.

But now, that determination... had faded.

Because Lukas’ stern voice had removed the lead.

No, he hadn’t removed it. He’d lightened it. He removed half of the fault from Sedi and took it upon himself.

This foolish man.

“...hu.”

She heard a strange sound. It had come from her own throat.

Her vision became blurry, but it wasn’t as dark as before. Instead, Lukas face seemed to be shrouded in fog.

“Hht, huu...”

A sad sound leaked out of her mouth.

The beast-like sound showed that Sedi was trying with all her might to suppress the sob that threatened to come out.

Lukas didn't say anything.

"...so-, rry."

But when he heard the voice that leaked out, he answered quietly.

"It's okay."

"I'm sorry. Hup. Father. Huk..."

Finally, she was unable to stop the tears from bursting out. They weren't black.

Sedi, who had only been pouring out black liquid until now, finally let out something else for the first time.

"I'm sorry... Father. For doubting you. For being obsessed. For trying to force you. It's not like that... the relationship I was thinking of, isn't like that."

Did she really think that she had no choice but to continue walking even though it was the wrong path? Don't be ridiculous. Sedi was so ashamed of herself that she couldn't stand it.

She could've turned around at any time. That level of choice and will had always been there. And yet, Sedi had ignored them and continued walking. In fact, despite knowing that she was walking the wrong path, she had been filled with greed. Dominated by desire.

This was the result.

It wasn't the fault of her father, Lukas.

"...thanks."

Sedi smiled faintly.

"This is it. It's enough. So, kill me."

Sedi mentioned her own death for the first time.

"This is different from before. I can now die with a smile. I'm not bluffing, that's really the case. And the thought of dying to anyone other than Father... I hate it."

After all, that was also her greed.

Sedi was getting sick of her shamelessness even at this time.

At the same time, she hoped that Lukas wouldn't mind this childishness.

"...is that really what you want?"

"Sorry. For doing the wrong thing."

"..."

Lukas looked down at Sedi with a hollow gaze. Then he stretched his hand out.

The scythe that was stuck in the ground a short distance away shook before floating up on its own, eventually coming to rest in Lukas' palm.

Sedi smiled faintly.

"Goodbye, Father."

'It was nice to see you again.'

Those last words didn't come out of her mouth. It was too shameful.

Then, the scythe fell like a guillotine.

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

Season 2 Chapter 452

There are many cliches to describe a sudden change in the atmosphere.

It felt as if time stopped, the air seemed to change, it felt like the temperature suddenly dropped...

Lukas knew that most of those expressions were simply metaphors. Most humans would be unable to sense it if time were to stop, and they couldn't be said to be sensitive enough to notice the changes in air currents. Among them, the expression 'the temperature dropped' was probably the most realistic.

There was only one reason why he suddenly had this seemingly rambling thought.

'It changed.'

He felt a change that was difficult to describe in the words currently in his vocabulary.

It was a strange feeling, almost as if he'd suddenly realised that the ground he was walking on was actually an incomprehensibly large being.

That strange feeling was soon applied to reality.

First, the scythe, which he was swinging like a guillotine, neatly broke into two pieces.

It was an act that seemed to occur from nowhere. Lukas knew that it sounded silly, but he didn't really have any words to describe what had happened.

It was as if the scythe was made of two pieces in the first place, and he was just swinging the rod.

That wasn't possible.

He had a hair-raising feeling.

And in the next moment, Lukas twisted his head.

It was an unconscious action that far surpassed the realm of instinct.

And that action prevented a catastrophe.

Swoosh.

Something shot past Lukas' cheek. A chill went down his spine. If he hadn't twisted his head just now, his skull would have been pierced through and he would have died.

'A thorn.'

Lukas was only able to identify the 'something' after the second attack.

The identity of the 'something from somewhere' was a 'thorn that shot out from Sedi'.

However...

'Why couldn't I see it?'

As for the reason why he'd twisted his head at that moment, even he wasn't sure about that. In other words, it could only be said that he had avoided it by luck. And such miracles wouldn't happen again and again.

"Ah... uh."

Sedi's blank voice reached his ears.

"Sedi."

"Ru-, n... run..."

"You..."

Lukas swallowed the rest of his words. Sedi's eyes were slightly open, but her consciousness wasn't clear. Her paling complexion explained it in her stead.

Tutuk, tuk.

The ground, which had been restraining Sedi, crumbled like dried clay. Of course, Lukas hadn't released it... She also shouldn't have the strength to escape on her own.

Lukas once again united his mind and entered the minimal time zone.

And he could see that the scene of time had changed.

"_"

It was as if his vision had reversed. Lukas was standing in the middle of pitch blackness.

For a moment, he couldn't help but wonder if his eyes were still closed or if he'd moved to a space that was completely devoid of light.

That wasn't it. Lukas realised.

Just how dangerous his current situation was.

"...!"

Thousands of thorns rushed towards him. What he'd mistaken as darkness was actually thorns.

For Lukas, it felt as if all of these thorns had appeared in an instant, but that wasn't actually the case. The thorns simply existed in an area that could only be observed in the minimal time zone.

The reason he'd been able to avoid the thorn just now was because of a sense of discomfort he could feel since he'd entered the minimal time zone before.

Using space leap, he fled several dozen feet away. Thousands of thorns covered the place Lukas had just been standing like a tsunami. This wasn't just an analogy. The ground literally looked as if it had been swallowed by a gigantic black wave.

"It's a pity."

Even in the slowed time, he could still hear a voice clearly. It sounded like a whisper in his ear... No, that was exactly what it was. The voice had come from right behind Lukas.

When had they caught up? He didn't know. Instead of looking, Lukas turned his head in a different direction. His response was so quick and accurate that it was admirable.

Without turning around, he sent dozens of spells behind without any chanting and immediately widened the distance with a space leap once again. This time, he roused his senses to the max so that he wouldn't miss even the smallest movement.

And he realised that he couldn't sense anyone in the place where he'd sent his spells.

Where did 'they' go? Lukas' expression hardened as he looked around.

'The place where I'm going to come out.'

Someone was in the place where he would arrive with space leap.

How, did they read the future?

No. That wasn't it.

In the past, Lukas had once fought a Demigod capable of seeing glimpses of the past and the future. However, that was only the ability to analyse the current situation with extreme precision and assume the highest probability of what would happen in the near future.

The future was fluid. That was the truth that Lukas knew.

Therefore, there was a simple reason why 'this being' was able to arrive in the place where Lukas would be.

A prediction made with pure intelligence.

Puk.

Thorns pierced his abdomen. There were a total of five thorns, and if they had been a bit thicker, instead of piercing, they would have directly split him in half.

'I see.'

But, despite the pain, Lukas smiled.

He'd learned something.

Space leap.

He'd thought that this power was almost invincible in the minimal time zone, but that wasn't the case.

If there was someone who could read his movements like 'this being', and who could move even before he moved, this power would hold him back instead.

There was no delay in space leap.

As soon as he entered it, he would exit.

This meant that he couldn't use any countermeasures. The moment he came out of the exit, Lukas's body would be defenceless.

Boom!

He was sent flying into the wall of Demonsio. He felt his consciousness dim a bit. As expected, he couldn't speak for anything else, but the pain was the most difficult to deal with. Even most Absolutes would not be able to withstand the pain from these thorns. A mortal? Even a small scratch would drive them crazy.

Crunch.

Lukas forcefully smashed the thorns in his abdomen. Of course, this was only possible because he could now control void.

He staggered off the wall and took a stance.

Then Sedi, no.

"What is a pity?"

The Black Horned Demon God said.

"Your reunion."

"..."

He saw the Demon God recall all the thorns around him. Although it was temporary, it could be said that he had withdrawn his desire to attack.

...What's his goal?

Was he trying to get him to let his guard down then surprise him?

'No.'

That couldn't be.

Lukas scoffed at his own speculation. This wasn't a being who would use surprise attacks. Rulers would only ever overwhelm their enemies from the front.

And yet, no one could stop them.

Did he recall his thorns to talk? Or did he have some other goal?

Lukas didn't know. Nevertheless, maintaining his current state for a long time was a considerable burden, so he loosened the unity in his mind ever so slightly.

"She'd always been obsessed with death."

"I see."

"I thought it was because of your existence. That she was afraid of your arrival."

For Sedi, the worst thing that could happen wasn't losing to Lukas.

That Lukas wouldn't kill her after defeating her. That he would forgive her. The Demon God realised that that was what she feared most in the World of Void.

"I don't want Sedi to die."

...The Lightning God.

The voice of the Ruler Lukas had encountered the most was incomparably loud. It felt as if, with every word he said, thunder and lightning rang in his ears.

But the Demon God's voice was just melancholy. It was as if it contained absolutely no emotion.

"She is a sturdy puppet that I worked hard to prepare. Look at this. Even after retaining some of my consciousness, her body can still maintain its shape."

The Demon God made Sedi's body pat her chest.

"Even if I ask, you won't tell me your goal."

"You sound like you've met a Ruler other than me in this place."

"Think whatever you want."

Once again, Lukas became extremely focused.

At that moment, he entered the minimal time zone.

'...!'

It was different.

A shiver went through his body as he experienced an unprecedented sense of tension.

Lukas had a deathly feeling. It was really strange. The fight against Sedi was by no means easy. In fact, it had been extremely dangerous. He'd been on the brink of death countless times. The mere thought of the scythe she'd wielded gave him chills.

But the Demon God's very presence and the actions he intended to take, were so dangerous that it made Sedi's force seem 'little'.

Chwak-

A small space opened in front of Lukas. It was the entrance to another world, and the most perfect defence he could currently muster.

Tingle.

A side effect of creating space was a headache strong enough to make him almost lose consciousness, but the pain soon faded. The 'Lukas'es' were helping him handle the mental burden.

'I'm really indebted...'

He could no longer feel the burden.

The moment Lukas smiled faintly, thousands of thorns shot out from the Demon God's body.

Kuwak!

In fact, it was more accurate to say they exploded out rather than shot. It was as if springs had been compressed to the limit before being released.

In the current state of Lukas' body, allowing even a few of those thorns to pierce his body would kill him without a doubt. So he spread this space out in advance, and the rushing thorns were sucked into that space.

"That's an interesting method. Did you make a 'personal space' to use as a shield? Although it is simple in theory, it is an ability very few people could make use of. I have to commend you for that."

As usual, the Demon King didn't display much hostility towards Lukas.

On the contrary, at first glance, be it in voice or demeanour he seemed to not care about him at all.

'I'm still lacking.'

He was still lagging behind the Rulers in every way.

Lukas humbly accepted this truth. Then, he looked at the Demon God and said.

"Do you plan to kill me?"

"There are other possibilities, but you wouldn't accept them."

"Do you want to make me a Ruler?"

This was the proposal he'd received from the Lightning God in the past.

Of course, it was before his return, so only Lukas had memory of that event.

"As expected, you truly did run into another Ruler. Was it Lightning God... or perhaps the Seven Fanged Dragon God."

"What?"

Lukas blinked.

"The Seven Fanged Dragon God was knocked down from the position of Ruler."

“...that’s what you think. There are still many things you don’t know.”

The Demon God seemed as if he had more to say, but Lukas had a feeling that he wouldn’t hear anything more from him.

“The World of Void is the universes’ trash can. The role of this place is far more important than you imagine. If there is no place to dispose of the garbage, then the rooms and house will end up getting dirty.”

“...”

“All of the abandoned possibilities from the beings in the Three Thousand Worlds come here. That is what maintains the balance. It hasn’t been long since we already realised this role... So what do you think would happen if the World of Void were to disappear?”

“What?”

“With the trash can gone, where would the abandoned possibilities of the universes go? Would they just disappear? Would they go to another universe? Would they appear in the same universe in a different time axis? I wonder.”

Dumbfounded, Lukas asked.

“Don’t tell me that is the Rulers’ goal. Are you trying to answer that question?”

“Question is a strange word for me. I don’t think our understanding of it is the same.”

“...”

“Let’s end it there. It’s time we got down to business. I have a proposal for you. I’m sure it’ll be better than the Lightning God’s.”

“Proposal?”

The Demon God nodded.

“Lukas Trowman. Will you become my puppet? Then, I’ll make you the Void King.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 453

He had received a similar offer from the Lightning God. But the Demon God’s proposal was more specific— more insulting. The Lightning God had offered for Lukas to become a Ruler. But the Demon King was different.

He knew what he meant by the word puppet. There was an example of it right in front of him.

“Are you saying you want me to take Sedi’s role? Does that mean you’ll let her go instead?”

“I didn’t say that. That interpretation is too much.”

“Just because you didn’t mention it doesn’t mean the meaning isn’t there.”

“The intent is different. Don’t tell me you can’t tell the difference.”

That wasn't a joke.

Lukas paused for a moment before speaking.

"You won't threaten to use Sedi as a hostage. Is that what you're claiming?"

"..."

The Demon God remained silent and Lukas' expression became bleak. He quickly united his mind and entered the minimal time zone, but he couldn't find any threatening attacks in the changed scenery.

He didn't show any killing intent.

This being had caused Lukas to feel a sense of crisis simply by changing his temperament.

"...you, have a knack for making me feel uncomfortable. It was like this in the past too."

Of course, even a fool could tell that wasn't a compliment.

"I won't repeat my question. I won't ask twice. What I ask is my proposal and what I want is an answer. Any other conversation between us is unnecessary."

—He hadn't changed.

Rulers didn't change. They wouldn't.

But what had he expected, what did he hope for? Lukas chuckled.

It was impossible from the start.

"Then I'll also make a proposal."

"..."

The prickling sensation on his skin intensified.

If there was a line that shouldn't be crossed for the Demon God, the Lukas' remarks had definitely crossed it. Because making a reverse proposal could also be included in the 'unnecessary conversation'.

Keeping his eye on his every move, Lukas continued.

"Make me submit. With your thorns."

"You will die."

"It won't be that easy."

The Demon King let out a sigh.

—Then.

Lukas' last battle in this life began.

* * *

Black, Thorn, Demon God.

It could be said that the being in front of him was represented by those three identities. Those words were probably closer to his essence than 'Ruler'.

But Lukas was convinced that among them, the word 'thorn' was the most important.

—.

There were no thorns in his sight. This was true even after entering the minimal time zone. Lukas leapt through space to widen the distance between them. He still couldn't see anything, and the Demon God was still standing still.

But Lukas still felt as if something was threatening him.

Piht.

He constantly leapt through space, but at some point, his calf muscles split. This had been caused by an invisible attack.

Lukas swallowed a murmur.

It was an attack that he couldn't see even in the minimal time zone... In that case, did that mean it was undetectable even in this space? Was there another 'higher level space' beyond this one?

No, that wasn't it.

Lukas now existed in the same world as the Rulers. Although there was still a clear gap in level, it was clear to him that they could at least see the same scenery.

So he changed his thoughts.

If he couldn't think of an answer after thinking hard, then it was better to simplify his perspective.

Lukas closed his eyes for a moment. Then, after calmly analysing the situation, he reached the answer that was closest to the truth.

"...Clairvoyance."

It was the power of one of the Demigods, which made it possible to raise his vision to a level that couldn't be reached with the normal naked eye.

Eyes white, Lukas glanced behind him and was able to grasp the truth.

'It's thin.'

It was an extremely thin, slender thorn. It was so small that it was impossible to see it with the naked eye. It had to be thousands of times thinner than a hair. There were tens of thousands of such thorns.

And the power of one thin thorn was enough to pierce through Lukas' void and make his body a simple one of flesh and blood.

'It'll be dangerous to miss even a few of their movements.'

A smile crept across Lukas' lips. It felt like he was walking on thin ice, but this gave him a thrilling feeling to an extent.

Was this his own feeling, or was it the influence of the other 'Lukas'?

He didn't have the time to think about it.

"Howling Tempest."

A strong wind swept through the area. Nevertheless, the thorns didn't scatter. Despite the heavy winds, they remained firm as they shot towards Lukas.

This level of wind was far from enough. Even though they were thin objects, they were as sturdy as solid spears.

In that case, he'd have to use a different tactic.

Lukas created a space in front of the thorns shooting towards him. After being sucked into the space, the thorns shot out of the exit Lukas provided.

This resulted in the thorns colliding.

Boom!

He felt like he heard that sound.

As tens of thousands of thorns collided with each other, a formidable shockwave spread in every direction. And after the black air current covered the surroundings, there was nothing left.

It was mutual annihilation.

'The power contained in each thorn is exactly the same.'

Such a terrifying guy. The power of every single one of those thousands of thorns was exactly the same.

Of course, Lukas had grasped the exact number of thin thorns. The number of thorns Lukas had just received was 37,132, exactly half of the total.

It might have been his luck that the total wasn't an odd number.

'However, this isn't his full power.'

On the contrary, the power he'd revealed was only a small fraction.

His pride was scratched.

...He wanted him to go all out against him. He knew it was an impulsive feeling, but Lukas decided to not be patient.

His body shot into the air. For some reason, the Demon God didn't send out any more thorns, he just watched on blankly.

After reaching almost to the ceiling of the cave, Lukas looked down at the Demon God.

"The difference in level is obvious. So there's no need to waste any more time... I will now use the most powerful spell I can."

"Your most powerful spell?"

“This.”

Lukas cast his strongest spell.

A single Magic Missile.

“...”

The Demon King was still expressionless. He simply stared at the Magic Missile without saying a word.

Then Lukas chuckled.

“Of course, even if I sent trillions of spells at you, they wouldn’t leave even a single scratch. However.”

Rumble-

The entirety of Demonsio shook. This was because what was happening transcended the density of space. Lukas created several ‘spaces’ in front of him.

Jurk.

Blood flowed from his eyes, nose and mouth at the same time. This was because his current actions far surpassed the limits of his mental power.

“Lord’s power of space. In a way, what I’ve created are Personal Spaces... the spaces before me are no different from small universes.”

“...”

“I put magic circles in these universes. They’re only for an insignificant amplification spell, but the amount of amplification will be enormous.”

Woowoong-

The magic circles in the space he created overlapped. It was like a planet surrounded by a ring.

“The main spell doesn’t need to be outstanding. In fact, if it’s too strong, the calculation might become complicated, so the simpler it is, the better...”

A single Magic Missile. It was enough.

“...”

“I will now throw a Magic Missile into the space in front of me. Inside of my small universes are countless amplification spells that couldn’t be applied in the normal world. Every time it passes through a space, it will become several dozen times stronger. Not addition, it will multiply, and multiply, and multiply, and multiply... until it passes through all of the spaces.

“The universes must have the power to not break into pieces.”

Lukas smiled mischievously, cold sweat dripping down his chin.

“I put everything I have into this attack. If you can stop it, it’ll be your win.”

“I see.”

The Demon God nodded candidly and spoke.

“Come.”

Then he launched the Magic Missile.

As soon as it passed through the first space.

Crash!

It no longer had the shape of a Magic Missile. Lukas’ prediction had been incorrect. The amount of amplification the Magic Missile gained far exceeded several dozens of times. With just that single amplification, he could feel the territory, Demonsio, begin to creak.

But that was just the beginning.

When it passed through the second space, the residual force that leaked out of the spell pulverised Demonsio’s castle.

When it passed through the third space, the surroundings became white. The energy being released was enough to distort space itself.

Then it passed through the fourth, fifth, sixth...

It multiplied and multiplied.

Stronger and stronger.

Eventually, after passing through all of the spaces Lukas had prepared, the spell had already escaped his control.

“...”

From the Demon God’s perspective, it was like he was watching a warhead filled with destructive power falling steadily towards him. It was no different from watching the scene before the end.

Nevertheless, his expression remained unchanged. While watching the scene unfolding before his eyes, the Demon God muttered indifferently.

“Now that I think about it, you said ‘If you stop it, it’ll be your win’.”

Strangely enough, in this world where sound could barely be heard.

“If I followed your rules, I wouldn’t call it my win. I won’t just stop it.”

Lukas felt like he could hear his voice most clearly.

“Look closely. What you will see now is just the tip.”

Then, a black thorn shot out.

—.

It felt like he heard the sound.

Lukas didn't know, and he didn't get a chance to analyse it closely.

However, he was still able to interpret the scene in front of his eyes.

The spell, which had been enhanced an astronomical number of times, simply disappeared. It was pierced through and lost its shape. It hung in the air for a moment before vanishing like a lamp in the wind.

Following that, all of the spaces in front of Lukas were smashed. As mentioned before, although small, each one of them could be classified as a 'universe'.

In other words, not only had the Demon God destroyed Lukas' strongest spell in a single blow, he also destroyed several worlds.

They shattered. The pieces of the broken spaces fell like shards of glass.

And as Lukas blankly stared at this scene.

Puk.

His body was also pierced.

"...!"

The thorn pierced through the ceiling of Demonsio and continued out to the outside world.

An indescribable pain coursed through his entire body. Lukas couldn't even make a sound. He could only exhale sharply with his mouth open. The pain was impossible to suppress or endure.

He couldn't even use void. As soon as his body was pierced, he could no longer take any action, so it was no different from directly dying. In fact, if it wasn't Lukas but someone else, they probably wouldn't have been able to have such coherent thoughts.

They would have already collapsed under the agonising pain.

Thud.

He fell, hollowly, to the ground.

Coincidentally, the spot he landed was close to the Demon God.

"I've changed my mind. You've already learned too much about this world. You wouldn't be a suitable puppet."

The Demon God walked over slowly.

"It's very fortunate. That I can just kill you here."

"...that thorn."

"Hoh."

Lukas coughed.

“You’re still conscious after being stabbed by the [Thorn of Pain]? That’s amazing. When it comes to mental power, you definitely are close to our level.”

“That was your true essence...”

“Know that with honour. It’s been hundreds of millions of years since I last used that thorn.”

Lukas could feel the gradual approach of death.

It was a clean defeat with no excuses. But he had gained a lot. He had a clue about the Demon God’s power. Perhaps if they fought again, his chances of winning would be tens of times higher.

“Haha.”

“Why are you laughing?”

There were two reasons. Finally, at the moment of his death, he thought about his ‘next life’. But he hadn’t fought the Demon God under the assumption that he would definitely return.

He just had a feeling. If he accepted the Demon God’s proposal, he would experience a fate worse than death.

That was why he fought.

To calculate his chances of victory, to obtain information, to preserve his dignity.

Most of all, he wanted to take a shot against the Demon God, a Ruler.

However, it was impossible. It was too much for Lukas.

For ‘Lukas’.

“You called it the Thorn of Pain. It’s an amazing power. It destroyed the several spaces I made, pierced my body and even smashed the ceiling of Demonsio.”

“What are you trying to say?”

Lukas’ lips twisted.

“That power was a bit excessive. It was like an awl sticking out of the Demon God’s pocket.”

“...”

“I didn’t fight to die. I ended up dying, but... I had only considered this ending. Nevertheless, the thought of just dying peacefully makes my stomach twist.”

Lukas smiled brightly.

“So I decided to call an expert.”

“Expert?”

Just as the Demon God asked this question.

A being appeared through the sky.

To be precise, they broke through the ceiling, but when looking up from the city, it was no different from them breaking the sky.

It was different from before. The fragments of the cave ceiling, which had already been cracked, began to fall like rain.

The Demon God ignored the huge stones falling like heavy rain.

At that moment, he was no longer looking at Lukas. Lukas didn't even know that he was witnessing a rare sight. The sight of a Ruler panicking.

The being that the Demon God's eyes had locked onto fell faster than the stones. And landed gently between Lukas and the Demon God.

Their blue hair could be seen through the scattered dust.

...He figured that she wouldn't be too far away. That she wouldn't have left completely. She was probably even close by.

So this move could be called Lukas' second gamble.

"Kuku..."

A laugh escaped his lips.

His expression was relaxed, nonchalant. As he looked at the unchanging expression of the Ruler in front of him, he was no longer offended, and instead felt amused.

"You..."

"Hmph."

The blue haired woman snorted as she stretched out her hand. A blue sword rose up from the ground before settling in her hand.

Then, Pale smiled brightly and said.

"Hello."

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

Season 2 Chapter 454

"...Blue Knight."

The Demon God murmured. His voice was still as emotionless as before.

With a smile still on her face, Pale swung her sword. It was a light movement, like stretching a joint, but the maelstrom it created was by no means normal.

"You seem upset."

The curve of her lips deepened.

"Have you met me before?"

“No.”

“Then why does it seem like you know me?”

“...”

The Demon God didn't respond. Shrugging her shoulders, Pale continued.

“I haven't even put my armour on yet, but you called me Blue Knight.”

“You're the same. You must know who I am as well.”

“I don't.”

At that, the Demon God stretched out a finger. A black thorn shot out towards Pale at a tremendous speed.

Shwak.

Pale swung her sword again, cutting the thorn.

“That should be enough for my introduction.”

“Black thorn?”

Kekeke, Pale let out a chuckle.

“The Black Horned Demon God.”

“That is my name.”

“I don't really care about who you are. You still didn't answer my question.”

“Persistent.”

There was a hint of irritation in the Demon God's voice.

“Is that topic really that important? To the point where you stick to it like this?”

“Of course it is, you didn't even need to show me that black thorn. I saw the thorn that pierced the ceiling of Demonsio while I was outside. The moment I saw it, I immediately knew who was here. Besides, as I look at you now, I can see an energy that doesn't exist in this world swirling around your body.”

“That alone was enough to convince you... despite never seeing a being like a Ruler before?”

At first glance, it seemed like the Demon God and Pale were arguing. No. They were actually arguing.

But their argument made Lukas feel frightened.

Rumble-

The fight had already begun. Their battle of wills was causing space itself to distort. It was a ridiculous sight. Of course, Lukas had seen people distort space with their auras before.

But that was only a visual illusion. Just like heat shimmers in a desert could be mistaken as waves, the aura they released didn't actually affect space.

This was different.

The energy being released by the Demon God and Pale was actually distorting space. If they were to increase their momentum even a bit more, they might end up creating several black holes in this place.

"It's not like that. I know you all very well. I've been observing you for a long time."

"That's an elegant way to gift wrap the word 'peeping'."

"Peeping. Well..."

Just as Pale smiled.

"Right. I peeped. However."

Her tone of voice sank.

"You can't."

"..."

"Hey. Demon God. Didn't you realise it yet? Peeping is a privilege of the losers. We are free to observe you regardless of where you are. Free to analyse. But you can't. Because that would be a serious violation."

The Demon God's expression darkened. That seemed to show that even a Ruler couldn't help but show disapproval at Pale's obstinance.

"Look at you now. Did you think you could analyse this place that you despise as a trash can, sneak in, and come up with some sneaky plan without us knowing?"

"..."

"I'm not really sure. When am I supposed to see the dignity of a Ruler?! Hmm. Or does 'ruling' mean something different over there?"

Then, Pale accomplished something that probably no one in the multiverse had even attempted before.

She caused the Demon God's face to contort.

"...this is a new feeling. Thanks to you, I was able to figure something out. It seems I'm not very tolerant of insults."

"Ahaha."

Lukas looked at the two beings facing each other.

'Which one?'

Which one, between the two of them, was stronger?

Personally, he thought it was Pale. After all, she'd managed to win an overwhelming victory against the Lightning God who had taken over Lee Jong-hak's body.

However, this time, her opponent was the Demon God, not the Lightning God, and the being he was possessing was Sedi, not Lee Jong-hak. She was a being that was on a completely different level from Lee Jong-hak, so, naturally, the amount of output the Demon God would be able to produce would be much higher.

'On my own.'

The current Lukas had a 50% chance of winning against the Lightning God Lee Jong-hak, but he had been defeated by the Demon God by an overwhelming margin.

'The Demon God didn't reveal his true power in the fight against me.'

He had probably only shown his true strength once.

That was when he'd used the 'Thorn of Pain' to penetrate the maximally amplified spell Lukas had used. Without a doubt, the power he experienced at that time was more devastating than anything he'd ever experienced before, and he hadn't even managed to escape from its aftermath yet.

It truly suited the name 'Thorn of Pain'. Even at that moment, Lukas had a hard time thinking because of the pain that seemed to twist his mind.

"Good. Now that we both have a proper hatred for each other. It's time to stop all the nonsense talk."

Chrrk, blue armour began covering Pale's body.

"Shall we begin?"

Just before the helmet covered her face, her eyes curved like crescent moons.

And just as those two shapes disappeared.

'—.'

Lukas felt as if he was at a crossroads.

Before making a decision, he checked his physical condition first.

...It still wasn't good. As mentioned before, the 'Thorn of Pain' which was embedded deeply into his body was very annoying. The thorn was also gradually eating away at Lukas' life force. If he didn't pull it out as soon as possible, he would die. In truth, his condition was so bad that it wouldn't be strange for him to suddenly lose his life at any moment.

If he were to use all of his physical and mental strength, he might be able to pull the thorn out.

However, if he did that, he wouldn't be able to witness the scene that was about to unfold.

"..."

He was conflicted for a moment, but in the end, Lukas made a decision.

'I should watch.'

He would give up everything to watch the scene that was about to unfold.

Lukas used all of his remaining mental power to enter the minimal time zone.

Then it began. The fight between two Absolute beings who had entered the [minimal time zone].

“...”

He saw Pale holding her sword. He could not feel any momentum from her body which was covered tightly by armour. It felt like her momentum had been trapped inside.

On the other hand, black energy swirled all over the Demon God’s body.

—Then it shot forward.

Lukas could feel it.

The extremely thin thorns, the thorns that he had failed to recognise at first, were now being aimed at Pale.

But Pale didn’t stop moving forward. She also made no attempts to block.

Did she not notice?

No. Surprisingly, the thorns had already reached Pale, Lukas had simply failed to notice it at that time. Nevertheless, Pale continued walking.

There were no signs of her being obstructed. The thorns couldn’t penetrate the armour covering her body.

Like toothpicks stabbing a shield, they either bent or broke as they came into contact with her.

‘It’s some kind of defence.’

The Demon God’s thorns, which Lukas had no choice but to dodge, were being blocked purely with the defence of her armour.

The Demon God’s eyes narrowed. It looked as if he was thinking about something.

‘What will he do?’

When Lukas and Sedi were fighting, Sedi had chosen to narrow the distance.

The current situation was the opposite.

It was Pale who was steadily advancing towards the Demon God, and it was the Demon God who now had to choose how to fight.

“...”

The Demon God stretched out his palm.

Crack, huge thorns shot out of his spread palm. The thorns didn’t detach, and instead remained affixed to the palm they shot out from. It seemed more appropriate to call them awls than thorns.

He then produced a similar thorn from the other palm before rubbing the two together and nodding.

“Hmmm.”

After making a sound of satisfaction, he bent his knees slightly. Then, he aimed the two thorns at Pale like spears.

“...”

It looked like a close combat stance, but somehow, it seemed clumsy.

The two thorns the Demon God had pulled out of his palms were strange.

‘They seemed to be on the same level as the [Thorn of Pain].’

It seemed that he intended to hold them in his hands and use them like weapons. Of course, Lukas didn’t quite understand.

If he wasn’t mistaken, the Demon God wanted to fight a hand to hand battle with Pale.

[That’s a novel form.]

Pale spoke in an interested tone.

Her voice changed when she became the Blue Knight.

Was it just the way she spoke, or did her entire personality change? Lukas wasn’t yet sure.

What he did know was that Pale as the Blue Knight spoke very little and rarely expressed emotion. But now, she expressed interest in the Demon God. Not ridicule or mockery, but genuine interest.

‘Is she saying that’s not the wrong choice?’

Did that mean that it was more advantageous for the Demon God to use hand to hand combat instead of fighting at a wide distance?

He couldn’t tell. Not until he fought her himself. Lukas shook his head. That wasn’t a problem he needed to consider for now.

The distance between the two combatants was now reduced to two steps.

Even without thinking about it, the result would soon be revealed.

[...]

“...”

The Demon God and Pale.

A Ruler and one of the Four Knights.

Two absolute beings stared at each.

Then, without another word, the great hand to hand battle commenced.

Their movements had no form.

Swordsmanship, sword techniques, martial arts. There weren't any moves graceful enough to be called that.

Instead, it was primitive, instinctive. Like two beasts going head on against each other.

At the extreme, a fight devolved to its most primitive form. That was the vague thought that Lukas had as he watched the scene unfolding before his eyes.

A chaotic hit for hit battle.

No dodging. No backing down.

At a distance of only a few steps, two thorns and a sword swirled like a storm. Their weapons rarely came into contact with each other. Most of the time, their weapons struck their opponent's body instead of their weapons. This was proof that both Pale and the Demon God were ignoring defence.

Fragments of blue armour fell in every direction, and more than twice that amount of flesh fell to the ground.

'This fight...'

Was this really high level? Wasn't it low?

He really couldn't tell.

They were immersed in a fierce battle, surrendering themselves to their base instincts.

He knew how much power was contained in that aspect. However... was that it?

'No.'

What he was seeing wasn't all.

Lukas was simply unable to grasp everything happening in this fight. At least for now.

So what he had to do now was simple.

He would watch everything closely. And remember every little detail.

—.

In a portion of time where no sound existed, the fight gradually heated up. The fight hadn't lasted very long. In the first place, it was never meant to. The result would be made in an instant.

Shuk.

—Just as he had that thought, the Demon God's head flew up into the air. Blood gushed from the separated body.

It was settled.

The Blue Knight had won again.

[...]

Pale still didn't show any emotion. She simply shook the blood from her sword in a restrained manner.

The match had ended.

And as Lukas predicted, the Blue Knight, Pale, won.

This time, again, there were no fatal wounds on her body. Although the damage to her armour was much worse than after the battle with the Lightning God, there were no signs of blood or exhaustion.

"..."

Lukas turned his eyes to another place.

The Demon God hadn't left any last words. He wondered what this defeat would mean to him, but he'd never be able to find out.

His decapitated head had regained Sedi's appearance.

Sedi Trowman, who had sacrificed her body to come to the World of Void and abandoned everything in Demonsio, had become a cold corpse. Soon, her body would disappear without even leaving a trace.

"Boring."

Pail murmured.

"I was hoping for a big fight against the Demon God."

"..."

"Since we just fought, I got a good understanding. The Demon King had expended at least half of his power on Uncle."

...He hadn't known that.

Right. So he used half of his full power on the Thorn of Pain that he shot at him.

He wasn't sure if he should feel happy or upset at this revelation.

"From your expression, I guess you only just realised that. Well, it's already too late."

Pale chuckled. Now that he thought about it, he realised she was still holding her sword.

At that moment, Lukas was filled with indescribable anxiety.

This was dangerous. Really dangerous.

It didn't matter what he said, he just needed to keep talking...

"Pale."

"Yes."

"..."

He couldn't think of anything to say.

Pale tilted her head to the side for a moment before chuckling.

"Well, you don't have to say anything. Because it won't change anything."

After speaking in a clear voice, she began to walk towards him. Kukukuk, she allowed the tip of the sword to rub against the ground, the sound exceptionally clear in his ears.

Pale was about to kill Lukas.

...He was prepared to die.

However, he didn't want to just accept death calmly. He had to struggle to stay alive at least a little bit. He had to gain something, even if it was just a little.

"Wait a minute. I-"

Before he could finish talking, he felt himself get cut.

Shuk.

'...shit.'

But it was only a moment later that he realised that he had been decapitated. His consciousness began to fade.

Originally, decapitation wouldn't have been enough to kill him. In fact, it wouldn't normally be so easy for Pale to kill Lukas. This was because the source of her power came from the World of Void. It would not be easy for her to deal a fatal blow to Lukas who used the power of void. But now, Lukas was unable to use void because of the mental strain left by the Thorn of Pain that the Demon God had stabbed him with.

At that moment his physical and mental strength were already at their limits.

"Sleep well."

With that last whisper, his vision darkened.

And Lukas died once again.

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

Season 2 Chapter 455

Being fully aware of your death.

"Uncle."

Opening your eyes again.

"Hello?"

...And reuniting with the person that had killed you was certainly a unique experience.

"Umm."

Lukas looked at the face of the woman who had killed him —not metaphorically, really.

In fact, even if he didn't want to look at her, he didn't have a choice but to look at her.

This was because Lukas was laying on his back in the desert and Pale was standing above him.

"Uuu— nnn— cleee—."

Blue hair, gaunt face, and shabby clothes. If there was one thing that didn't match that appearance, it was her eyes.

Pale's eyes sparkled as if they were filled with stars. Was that light also a lie? She tilted her head to the side and looked at Lukas with those innocent, or seemingly innocent, eyes.

"What are you doing?"

"Thinking."

Lukas thought that the voice that had come out of him was surprisingly calm.

Unlike before, Lukas was no longer more wary of Pale than he needed to be. Of course, it was impossible to completely ignore her presence, at the very least, he didn't have to be filled with worry before something actually happened.

This was also something that he knew in his previous life, but he hadn't been able to mentally apply it at that time. This proved that he hadn't had much composure.

It was different now.

Lukas had become stronger, gained confidence, and more importantly, he'd managed to learn a bit more about Pale.

At the very least, this woman wouldn't use rudeness as a pretext to kill Lukas.

"By the way, what was that just now?"

"..."

"You killed the monster falling from the sky without even touching it!"

"It's something like magic."

"Huh?"

"Personally, I like to call it void."

Lukas got up from the ground as he replied. Pale's expression became a bit strange at that. It was a subtle expression that made it hard to read what she was thinking. Perhaps her wariness was rising.

Nevertheless, he didn't regret bringing it up. He had no intention of hiding it.

Even if he were to reveal the presence of void, Pale probably wouldn't become openly hostile towards him. She might feel interest and suspicion, but she wouldn't directly cause him harm.

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

He recalled Pale's words.

Now that he thought about it, she'd spoken as if she knew about Lukas' regression. He still wasn't sure why. No one, not even the Lightning God or the Demon God, had noticed his regression.

Did Pale have more insight than them?

Or.

"..."

Lukas subconsciously rubbed his neck.

The feeling of Pale cutting his neck without hesitation in his previous life was still vivid. He now had an idea as to why Pale had killed him without bothering to ask or answer.

She was probably disappointed.

The reason Pale had been by his side from the moment he opened his eyes in this world. He wasn't entirely sure about the details, but it was probably because she thought of him as a Void King Candidate. In fact, she had even said the words 'my King'*.

So, she must have been incredibly disappointed when she saw him give up his responsibilities to Sedi and choose to live a peaceful life. She'd probably cut his neck without bothering to listen to his excuses because she was filled with anger at him.

In any case, his crime had been reset(?).

Although it wasn't intentional, Lukas no longer had any bad feelings towards Pale.

So he'd laid down and thought. About what he would do from now on.

He still had more than one scattered issue to deal with.

Although he no longer had any problems meeting Sedi, it would be impossible to meet her in a different way. The current Sedi was mentally broken and showed an excessive obsession towards Lukas. Moreover, she had a bomb by the name of the Demon God, so if he approached her too carelessly, the only outcome would be his destruction.

'Of course, that bomb won't explode unless she meets me.'

Kasajin's response had truly been superb. He'd probably realised just how dangerous Sedi's condition was. Even the fact that it was dangerous for her to meet Lukas.

And yet, the reason why he was unable to fully express his feelings was probably because Sedi was his unconditional superior.

Demonsio.

It was a place that he would return to one day, but not now. He lacked preparation.

'Then where should I go?'

Lukas' consciousness reminded him of a certain being.

About the being who had helped him when he was imprisoned in the castle's dungeon.

'The Beginning Wizard.'

Among the Twelve Void Lords, who were shrouded in mystery, he was, without a doubt, the being that attracted the most of Lukas' attention. Of course, in his previous life, the reason he'd gone to Demonsio was to meet him, but there was a clear difference with his mindset then and now.

It could be said that it had changed from 'I should go at least once' to 'I have to go'.

'I might know him.'

It wasn't just someone he met in passing or something like that.

Lukas was certain he knew the Beginning Wizard. But the more deeply he thought about it, the more clouded his mind seemed to become.

Would all of those problems be resolved when he met him in person?

"..."

At that moment, he suddenly felt a gaze on him and came back to his senses.

Pale was looking at him with her hands on her hips. She still had the subtle expression from before.

"I want to go to the Magic Planet."

Lukas got straight to the point. While it might seem impulsive, it really wasn't. This wasn't an assumption. Instead, it was something that he'd carefully calculated.

Pale's eyes went wide like saucers. Now that he thought about it, her eyes were really large. When she widened her eyes like that it looked like they would roll out.

"The Magic Planet?"

"Right."

"Mm."

"I think you know how to get there."

"Mmm."

Pale held her chin as if she was thinking about something.

Then, as if she'd made up her mind, she turned to Lukas and smiled.

"Of course I do. If you want, I can help you get there, but it would be dangerous for you to go alone."

“Dangerous?”

“Yes. You should have at least one more person you trust to accompany you.”

“...”

It was dangerous.

The Rulers’ puppets were all over the World of Void.

In all honesty, from Lukas’ perspective, they were the only ones that were much of a threat to him now. This was because he was certain that he wouldn’t easily be beaten by any of the Twelve Void Lords.

But this advice had come from none other than Pale. Naturally, he wouldn’t ignore it or dismiss it as nothing.

‘A person I could trust.’

The first person he thought about was Kasajin. Power aside, it was clear that he was the person Lukas could rely on the most in this world. However, it was too risky to sneak into Demonsio and steal Kasajin away.

Regardless of how much control over space he had, Demonsio was Sedi’s territory. It would be incredibly difficult to avoid her gaze and deceive her.

‘Underground City?’

In that place was Michael, Schweiser, or... Lesha Trowman, his blood relative.

However, that begged the question of if she was a reliable person or not. After all, she was probably different from the person Lukas knew.

‘Lesha.’

Now that he thought about it, he had to save her in this life as well.

She was probably being chased by the members of Flower Mountain at that exact moment.

“...”

Lukas froze for a moment. Even Pale called out ‘Uncle?’ when she saw his expression changed. But he couldn’t answer. The moment he thought of Flower Mountain, a ridiculous plan had taken root in Lukas’ mind.

It was only ‘ridiculous’ at the beginning. The more he thought about it, the more he realised that it wasn’t completely unrealistic.

“I formed a plan.”

“Huh?”

After saying that, Lukas used space movement.

This ability allowed him to instantly reach any place he'd been to at least once. He instantly moved to the destination he wanted to.

"Wow. How did you do that?"

Pale called out in an admiration filled voice, but this time, he didn't answer.

Instead, he looked directly ahead.

The thing that immediately caught his eye was the figure of a woman moving along with staggering steps.

"Wh-, ho..."

Lesha called out in a cautious voice, but she was already on the verge of losing consciousness. She couldn't even see Lukas properly, let alone try to stop him.

Lukas put his hand on her shoulder and spoke.

"Restore."

There was no particular meaning behind this word. He didn't need to use any sounds or actions to use void. Nevertheless, he decided it was a good habit to cultivate.

"Ah...?"

Lesha blinked and fully opened her eyes. He could clearly see that she was confused and surprised.

It was inevitable. Just a moment ago, her consciousness had been fading and she was exhausted to the point of collapsing, but now, her wounds, pain, and fatigue were all gone in an instant.

"What is this... How..."

"I healed you."

He directly spoke the truth.

Lesha seemed to normally have a calm and cool personality, but now, it seemed that she had trouble properly understanding the current situation.

"Uh. That, tha-, thank you."

"Don't mention it."

After giving her a chance to say her thanks, Lukas asked.

"Do you want me to send you to the Underground City?"

"Huh?"

"It's the territory you're affiliated with."

"Ah, yes. Yes?"

The moment Lesha, who had replied almost subconsciously, belatedly answered his question, Lukas drew a line with his finger. Juwok, space split apart as if it was cut by a knife, and the scene of the Underground City could be seen through the opening.

“Uh, uh...”

For a while, Lesha stared at this scene. Lukas chuckled.

“Off you go.”

“E-, excuse me... you...?”

“I’m not going.”

There was nothing more for him to see in the Underground City.

Whenever he regressed, he’d always go to the Underground City and exchange questions and answers with Michael, but at this point, there wasn’t any information that he really wanted to hear from him.

But that didn’t seem to be what Lesha wanted to ask.

“Who are you? By chance, are you a Wizard from the Magic Planet?”

“...”

This wasn’t the first time he’d been mistaken as a Wizard from the Magic Planet.

Lukas stared at Lesha for a moment before giving her a gentle push.

“Aht.”

Lesha, who was pushed through the gap, turned to look at Lukas bewilderedly.

“No.”

He replied late. Coinciding with the gap which was beginning to close gradually.

Just before Lesha’s bewildered face disappeared completely, Lukas continued.

“My name is Lukas Trowman.”

“Trow-, man...?”

As the gap closed fully, Lukas tilted his head to the side.

Why did he give her his full name?... There probably wasn’t a deep meaning behind it.

Shaking his head, he drew a line in space once again.

This time, the scene beyond it was, of course, not the Underground City. Before stepping in the gap, Lukas turned to Pale and said.

“I would like to go alone this time, can you wait here for a while?”

“Whatever you like~”

After saying that, Pale lay down on the sand. Then she stared up at the sky with her eyebrows slightly furrowed. Looking at her, it looked as if she was imitating Lukas' earlier behaviour.

Without paying her any more attention, Lukas stepped into the gap.

Then his vision seemed to completely change. The first thing he felt was a gentle breeze. And the first thing he saw was a tall, beautiful, sheer mountain.

This place was at the top of the mountain.

A pavilion was erected here.

"..."

Lukas walked up to the pavilion. Then, he opened the door without knocking.

Creak-

The first thing he saw was a man's back. He seemed to be admiring the scenery of the mountains with his hands behind his back in a neat manner.

Lukas looked at this scene for a moment before sitting down in one of the nearby chairs. Then, he waited quietly without talking or announcing his presence.

The man enjoyed the scenery for a long time. He didn't even move. If one were looking on from a distance, one might have mistaken him for a statue.

After a while passed, he was the one that made the first move.

"You are an uninvited guest."

Without turning around, he simply let out his voice.

"Is that rude?"

"A bit."

After saying that, the man finally turned around to look at Lukas.

His clear and deep eyes were reminiscent of a flowing river at night. He walked over to Lukas and sat in front of him.

"It seems you were waiting for a while, why didn't you say something?"

"I didn't want to interrupt your appreciation."

Hmm. After a soft sound, the man added briefly.

"...that's new."

"...new?"

"It's rare to get both a feeling of rudeness and politeness at the first meeting."

His voice was still indifferent, but his tone seemed to carry a hint of pleasure.

It seemed his first impression of Lukas wasn't bad.

Now. What was going to happen now was the most important.

He'd only left Pale behind for one reason. Because he thought that if she was with him, he wouldn't be able to see this man's sincere attitude.

Lukas looked at this man.

He looked at the man who was called one of the Twelve Void Lords, the Sect Leader of Flower Mountain, or the Everlasting Plum Sword.

"Yang In-hyun, I'd like to make a proposal."

"A proposal?"

"Right. Firstly..."

His goal, of course, was conciliatory. For that, he needed to proceed with the negotiations first.

With a smile, Lukas spoke.

"Do you know about the Ruler, the Thunderous Lightning God?"

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

Season 2 Chapter 456

'The chance that he knows is high.'

That was Lukas' thought.

The reason Yang In-hyun had imprisoned Lee Jong-hak instead of killing him was most likely because he had somehow managed to sense the presence of the Lightning God.

"..."

Instead of answering, Yang In-hyun lowered his gaze slightly. It seemed like he was avoiding his gaze, or perhaps he was lost in thought.

When he raised his head again.

Lukas realised what Yang In-hyun was thinking.

"Here?"

"Here."

A short question and short answer.

Lukas nodded gently.

Whoosh-

A gentle breeze blew. The gentle breeze flowed through his hair as a butterfly flew in from the window. At first, he thought it was a plum blossom. This was because the butterfly's wings were surprisingly similar in colour.

Yang In-hyun held out his index finger towards the flying butterfly. And just as the butterfly sat upon it...

Whoosh-

Plum blossoms bloomed all around.

It felt like he'd gone blind in both eyes. The scent of plum blossoms made his nose tingle. For a moment, he lost sight of Yang In-hyun due to the countless plum blossoms flying around.

'An illusion.'

And at the same time, this scene was also real.

This wasn't just nonsense.

The plum blossoms seemed to change according to Yang In-hyun's wishes. They could disappear with the flick of a finger, or they could become corporeal and directly threaten Lukas. Anything could happen as Yang In-hyun wished.

He could change the landscape and imitate nature with just his consciousness.

The stage he had reached was clearly visible. As expected, Yang In-hyun was a peerless Great Master of Swordsmanship.

'That isn't the Everlasting Plum Sword.'

He knew because he'd experienced the Everlasting Plum Sword's First Move, Martial Annihilation before.

This scene was just a reflection of Yang In-hyun. But what was the point of showing him this scene?

First off, he was certain that he didn't have any intention of attacking.

'Is this a test?'

Lukas chuckled.

It was rude, but Yang In-hyun had the right to do so. And it was natural to measure the other party before accepting their proposal.

If Lukas failed to meet Yang In-hyun's expectations here, he would kick him out. Or kill him. Before learning how to utilise void, Lukas probably wouldn't have been able to realise what this scene meant.

He probably would have hurried to defend himself.

It was obviously a handshake.

He let his entire body relax. He leaned back into the chair and raised his chin.

"..."

It was at that moment that Yang In-hyun's gaze became stange.

Boom!

With a loud sound, the plum blossoms exploded. The exploding plum blossoms scattered into snowflakes.

"...you took back the spring I summoned."

"I thought this would be a rarer sight to see here. Do you not like snow?"

Yang In-hyun held out his palm and caught a snowflake. The snowflake that landed on his palm quickly melted. Feeling the crisp and chilly air, Yang In-hyun opened his mouth.

"I like falling leaves more."

"..."

"Since I got a nice present, I suppose I should reciprocate."

As he said that, Yang In-hyun got up from his seat. Then, he rummaged through a drawer and began to prepare something.

Lukas was able to witness a rare sight. The Everlasting Plum Sword Yang In-hyun had begun to personally brew tea leaves.

"Would you like a drink?"

It was a simple offer for a cup of tea.

"..."

But Lukas couldn't help but feel strange because of it.

Even though it was a small gesture, he was being treated like this directly by Yang In-hyun.

No. That wasn't all. Yang In-hyun's current attitude was something Lukas had never experienced before.

Yang In-hyun acknowledged Lukas as an equal. He took him as someone who could sit at the same negotiation table as him and talk.

Something similar to pleasure rolled down his spine at the thought.

Lukas let out a low laugh as he said.

"Do you not have coffee?"

"...what is that?"

"If you don't then it's fine."

And he hid his smile.

Right.

Finally, Lukas had reached the same level as the Twelve Void Lords.

Lukas told him about the Lightning God. Throughout his story, which was neither long nor short, Yang In-hyun remained silent. At first glance, it seemed like he wasn't paying full attention because all he did was occasionally bring the cup of tea to his lips.

"So, how do you know all of that?"

After the story was finished, it was clear that he wasn't.

Yang In-hyun was probably also wondering about things that Lukas hadn't mentioned. And his guess was surprisingly sharp.

"Because I am also from the outside."

"...outside. Then that means you're a Twelve Void Lord Candidate. Or..."

Void King Candidate. Yang In-hyun didn't bother to mention that. He closed his eyes for a moment and seemed to be thinking deeply about something.

Lukas quietly lifted his teacup. He liked the feeling of the lukewarm water on his lips.

Then, after pouring the remainder of the cup into his mouth, he said.

"The Lightning God can temporarily descend to this world by using Lee Jong-hak as a medium. Of course, he has to face considerable restrictions so he can't use his full power. Nevertheless, the fact that he is a dangerous being doesn't change. In particular, the 'Thunder' power that he uses could be called the most deadly poison for the beings in this world."

Even with void, the wounds would heal slowly. In other words, most of the treatment methods in this world would be useless against wounds caused by Rulers.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Even if you are one of the Twelve Void Lords, there is no guarantee that you'll win."

"..."

Yang In-hyun didn't refute that statement.

Of course, for Lukas, his remarks weren't just speculation. They were fact. In a certain future, the two of them had fought, and the only result was mutual destruction.

"I don't think you want to keep a bomb like the Lightning God in Flower Mountain. That guy's existence will certainly bring harm to you at some point. So I'll help you."

"You want to fight together?"

"The risk of death will almost disappear completely, and the damage would be minimal."

This was also not an exaggeration meant to win the negotiation.

Currently, Lukas on his own had about a 50% chance of defeating the Lightning God. If Yang In-hyun's power was added to the mix, then obtaining an easy victory wouldn't be impossible.

“Fighting the Lightning God would be a burden for you as well. Are you sure you want to take that risk just so I will owe you a favour?”

“Right.”

“What do you want in return?”

“Accompany me to the Magic Planet.”

His true intention wasn't something he needed to hide.

Yang In-hyun tilted his head at that.

“You want to take me to the Demon Planet? Did the Beginning Wizard ask you to come to me?”

“It's not like that. And I'm not from the Magic Planet.”

“...mm.”

Yang In-hyun's forehead became wrinkled. He had ruled out the possibility that Lukas might be from the Magic Planet.

Instead, he seemed more fit to be a 'Twelve Vord Lord Candidate' or even a 'Void King Candidate'.

“If it's just to accompany you... then there is no problem, but it seems you're a bit wary of the Magic Planet.”

“It's not something to take lightly. I received advice from someone I know that I shouldn't go to the Magic Planet alone. She said I should take at least one other person on the same level as me.”

“Someone, you know?”

“The Blue Knight.”

This was also not something he needed to hide, so he confessed it honestly. It was better to tell him in advance since he would learn about it when he accompanied him anyway.

For the first time, he was able to see an agitated expression on Yang In-hyun's face. As expected, the existence of the Blue Knight, Pale, was not something the Twelve Void Lords took too lightly.

“She is your companion?”

“For now.”

“...indeed. It seems you will probably bring more trouble to the World of Void than I expected.”

After mumbling those meaningful words, Yang In-hyun fell silent again.

He was probably trying to guess Pale's intentions.

But even Lukas couldn't tell what she was thinking at this point. He also wasn't sure why he needed to find a reliable being to accompany him to the Magic Planet. If he were to ask directly, he'd probably never receive a straight answer.

Was it simply to prepare for the Beginning Wizard? That might be the case. In the past, the Beginning Wizard had been the strongest of the Twelve Void Lords, and even the Blue Knight Pale, who was far stronger than the average Void Lord, was wary of him.

Or maybe there were strong enemies in the Magic Planet. Or maybe he needed the presence of one or two more individuals for a different reason other than a physical threat.

In the end, it was still a mystery.

Therefore, it was necessary for him to bring in a being like Yang In-hyun.

If this man was his companion, he would be able to leave his back to him at any time. Even if it was just a temporary verbal agreement. At the very least, Yang In-hyun wouldn't betray him first.

Yang In-hyun had a reputation for being able to remain calm in any situation and there were no doubts about his combat power. Lukas, who had been killed by Yang In-hyun's sword, knew this better than anyone else.

But more than that, there was a decisive reason why Lukas chose him as the 'reliable being'.

Yang In-hyun was a human.

In the World of Void, humans were very rare and hard to find. Although one might not think so at first.

"So, will you accept?"

"..."

Yang In-hyun opened his eyes. Looking into those eyes, Lukas realised he'd come to a decision.

"I accept."

Lukas wasn't overjoyed, but he still let out a soft sigh. From a rational perspective, the odds of rejection were extremely low, but considering who the other party was, he couldn't relax at all.

"Before we subjugate the Lightning God, there is something I'd like to ask."

"What is it?"

"His host, Lee Jong-hak. Can we ensure his survival?"

Although it might seem like a trivial question, this matter was very important for Lukas.

He couldn't let Lee Jong-hak die. He didn't want to. It was enough to see his acquaintance be controlled and made into a puppet for a Ruler.

If Yang In-hyun were to reject this request, then Lukas' plan would go awry. It was possible that —just before defeating the Lightning God— the target of his attacks would change to Yang In-hyun. That would be a very risky choice for Lukas.

But it couldn't be helped.

Because one of Lukas' objectives was to free Lee Jong-hak from the Lightning God's possession. This was absolutely necessary to save Sedi from the Demon God in the future.

And Yang In-hyun nodded easily.

“I think so. Because I don’t want to kill members of Flower Mountain with my own hands.”

“...”

Those words gave Lukas a strange feeling.

Was it possible that the reason Yang In-hyun didn’t kill Lee Jong-hak and instead confined him to prison wasn’t simply because he felt the presence of the Lightning God?

...It was a difficult conclusion to make at that moment.

Yang In-hyun got up from his seat. Then, he retrieved his sword, which was laying on another table.

“Let’s end it quickly.”

“Are we going to start right away?”

“Is there a problem?”

“...”

For a moment, Lukas thought about getting Pale. She was a being that could be considered the perfect final weapon to use against the great Rulers.

In the event that Lukas and Yang In-hyun weren’t enough, Pale’s existence would be the perfect safety net.

“No. There isn’t.”

But he decided not to. He couldn’t rely on Pale forever.

Besides, it was possible that his behaviour might disappoint Pale. Then, she would cut Lukas’ neck with her blade again. It was like enticing a tiger to drive out a wolf.

“Then like you said, shall we start immediately?”

With those words, Lukas snapped his fingers, and the surroundings changed.

They were now in the underground prison below Flower Mountain.

“Spatial movement...”

Yang In-hyun muttered in a surprised voice. He couldn’t believe that this man was able to move freely through space like that even though this was his territory. Though he did have a strange feeling from the way he had suddenly entered Flower Mountain.

“Uhuk!”

The manager of the underground prison, Yong So-han, was shocked out of his wits by Lukas’ sudden appearance.

“Wh-, who on earth... Se-, Sect Leader?”

Just as he quickly pulled out his sword and shouted, he finally noticed Yang In-hyun.

“U-, uhh. What is this...”

Yong So-han blinked his eyes with a dream-like expression, and just as Yang In-hyun was about to say something, Lukas waved his hand once again.

Then, Yong So-han disappeared.

“I didn’t kill him. I just thought he’d get in the way if he stayed here.”

“Where did you send him?”

“Where we just were.”

Yang In-hyun’s eyebrows twitched at that.

“...Cloud Pavilion is a history residence that only the Sect Leader is permitted to freely enter. Even Elders aren’t allowed to come and go as they please.”

“Really?”

“I’m asking you to be more mindful next time.”

“Hm. My apologies.”

After giving a rough answer, Lukas turned to look through the iron bars in front of them.

In that place, was Lee Jong-hak.

‘...now.’

First off, it was time to call out the Lightning God.

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

Season 2 Chapter 457

He looked at the man behind the bars.

Just now, there had been a small commotion as he sent Yong So-han out. Even if he was currently in a worn out state, there was no way someone as talented as Lee Jong-hak wouldn’t have noticed it.

Lee Jong-hak weakly opened his eyes and looked at Yang In-hyun before his gaze finally drifted over to Lukas. Then an expression of indescribable surprise appeared on his previously expressionless face.

“You, how...”

Spak!

In that same moment, Yang In-hyun swung his sword in front of him.

The bars of Lee Jong-hak’s cell were sliced through, together with his waist.

“...!”

Lee Jong-hak stared at Yang In-hyun with wide eyes. Then, like a chopped apple, his torso began to slide off of his waist-

Crackle!

-But at that moment, lightning erupted from the cross section.

Chak. The torso suddenly stopped sliding. It was quite a bizarre sight. It was like a photograph that had been cut in half then misaligned.

[Hahaha! Kuhaha!]

Then, a booming laugh rang out in the underground prison.

As if time reversed, the cut torso slid back onto the waist before connecting once again. He had regenerated the wound. The cross sections had simply been joined together by an electromagnetic force.

“Do you know each other?”

He wasn't asking about the Lightning God.

Just before Lee Jong-hak had been cut in half by Yang In-hyun, he'd reacted as if he knew Lukas.

But Lukas couldn't help but feel speechless for a moment. This was because he hadn't expected him to immediately ask this question given the current situation.

Yang In-hyun didn't even blink in front of the lightning* storm. Feeling like he had to give an answer, he nodded.

“Right.”

“I see.”

Yang In-hyun didn't ask any more questions.

Was it because he didn't have much interest in the relationship between Lee Jong-hak and Lukas? Or was it because he judged that there was no longer time for idle chatter?

Before he could come to a conclusion, Lukas took a few steps backward. Yang In-hyun glanced at the tip of his sword. It was the sword that had just sliced through Lee Jong-hak's waist, but there wasn't even a single drop of blood on it.

‘Was my attack shallow?’

Yang In-hyun asked himself inwardly before denying it. That wasn't the case. His sword had definitely cut Lee Jong-hak in half. He had felt it clearly. Therefore, the problem wasn't his sword, but the being in front of him.

“Thunderous Lightning God.”

A being that he only knew about.

Facing off against one of the strongest beings in the multiverse, he began to feel the fighting spirit that he'd long forgotten.

'I want to face him.'

He wanted to test his sword against this being.

Huk.

The lightning storm which caused the entire underground prison to tremble quickly dissipated. Or at least that was the way it seemed. Instead, all of the tremendous forces had been densely condensed into the Lightning God's body.

[So you know about me. Nice to meet you, one of the Lords of this Garbage Dump.]

Crackle, a wriggling current flowed across his pupils.

[The swordsmanship you just displayed is certainly at an amazing level. I too am a swordsman on the same level-]

Naturally, Lukas and Yang In-hyun's goal wasn't to talk.

The Lightning God didn't get the chance to finish his sentence. This was because a spell that was suddenly sent out, struck his body. Following the sound of an explosion, the Lightning God's figure was obscured by a cloud of dust.

Of course, Lukas was the one who had sent the spell out. Looking at Yang In-hyun, he said.

"That wouldn't have even scratched him."

"That's true."

"What is our battle formation?"

"I'll take the front. You behind."

Lukas nodded. That was reasonable.

[Lukas Trowman!]

With a thunderous roar, the Lightning God flew out of the dust cloud. There seemed to be a mixture of delight in this cry.

Lukas' skin tingled.

For some reason, he was reminded of his first time subjugating a Demigod. He could feel Yang In-hyun looking at him with a strange gaze.

'The first subjugation, how was it?'

Of course, it was a success.

Lukas grinned.

Then, the short Lightning God Battle began.

* * *

'There is a limit to the void I can use in the minimal time zone.'

In the first place, it was barely possible to use. Void was the energy that formed the foundation of the World of Void. Naturally, this meant there were no restrictions on its supply.

But in the 'minimal time zone', where time moved extremely slowly, even the act of rousing void became slow. Of course, it was possible that there were other reasons for this. After all, although he had defined that world as the minimal time zone, there was a possibility that Lukas' interpretation was incorrect. After all, Lukas had only just entered that world.

'In order to receive void at the original rate, I'd need to leave the minimal time zone at least once.'

From Lukas' perspective, the act was like diving in water. Naturally, void took the role of oxygen, and there was a limit to the distance he could reach while diving on his own.

Regardless of whether it was a long or short time, he would have to stick his head out of the water and take a deep breath. Replenishing his oxygen supply was a need, not a choice.

This was clearly a huge limitation, and it could even be considered a weakness.

That was why Lukas' fight would be several times easier if there was someone he trusted that could hold the front.

Yang In-hyun flowed through the electric current to close the distance with the Lightning God. The method he was using was mainly the Plum Blossom Sword Method. His body movements were great, but what was even more amazing was the fact that he was using the tip of his sword like a lightning rod.

If he didn't have meticulous control, unclouded concentration, and above all, tremendous boldness*, he wouldn't have even been able to attempt it. (*: Really wanted to use the word 'temerity' here)

'Then what is my role?'

Backline support?

Usually, the swordsman took the front and the Wizard stayed back. But this wasn't a situation that could be handled with such a standardised tactic.

Lukas cast dozens of spells simultaneously. Classification according to attributes and level were pointless. In any case, as long as it was a spell that used void as its source, the power would be the same. At least, that was the case if he didn't use amplification or put it all into one spell.

So it was the quantity, not quality, that needed to be taken into consideration.

Dozens of spells shot out in branches like water from a fountain. The several branches then scattered into even more spells before shooting towards the Lightning God from different directions.

[Haha! Is this magic?]

The Lightning God let out a laugh and swung a sword*. The lightning released from the sword clashed violently with the scattered spells. It had nothing to do with attributes or power. Most of the spells

shattered like ice as soon as they came into contact with the lightning, and the broken fragments were sent flying in every direction.

Yang In-hyun was also in their path, but he didn't swing his sword or dodge. The spell fragments simply disappeared just before they touched his body. They were destroyed by the intangible aura that was secretly exuded from his body.

Then, the Lightning God and Yang In-hyun's swords collided.

Boom!

It was as if there was a huge explosion in a world where time was blurred. It was an explosion that smashed space. The two absolute beings exchanged dozens of strikes with their two swords. As a result of this, the screams that came from Flower Mountain were gradually increasing.

'This can't be dragged on for too long.'

They had to finish this battle before the aftermath damaged the territory. Those were in the terms of their deal in the first place. He wasn't sure how Yang In-hyun would react if he were to go against it.

He calculated.

Absolute coordinates and relative coordinates flowed through his mind simultaneously. Yang In-hyun and the Lightning God were constantly locked in battle. Countless skirmishes, that even those on the level of Absolutes would be unable to read, raged on.

Lukas needed to read it.

If it had been only a while ago, he would have burst out laughing at the thought.

Read this fight?

A fight between one of the Twelve Void Lords, Yang In-hyun, and one of the Rulers, the Lightning God?

That would be impossible even if he had a hundred brains.

...However, the current Lukas had more than a hundred brains.

So he could read it. He could calculate it.

How would they move their swords, where they would look, where they would step, whether their movements were real or diversions, and what they were thinking.

Because he had gotten stronger.

And because of the computational assistance of the 'Lukas'.

The moment the Lightning God took a step forward.

Shuk!

His right foot suddenly sank. It wasn't that the ground disappeared. Instead, Lukas had placed the entrance of a space he created there.

Rather than him being able to read his movements, the Lightning God was more surprised that he was able to secretly create the space. He rushed to escape, but it was already too late. The space instantly closed its jaws, preventing the Lightning God from escaping.

And Yang In-hyun would naturally not miss such an opening. Puk! His sword penetrated the Lightning God's danjeon. This caused his body to lose its strength for a moment, but the Lightning God forcibly ignored his weakness and pain and swung his sword towards Yang In-hyun.

This attack missed.

This wasn't because Yang In-hyun avoided it, but because a space that appeared in the air swallowed his right hand and sword.

[Mm...]

As the Lightning God let out this sound, spaces also appeared on his other arm and leg. He tried to avoid it with the parts of his body that could still move, but he was practically half paralysed already. In an instant, his power was reduced to less than half.

Kwak.

The spaces engulfed his limbs in the blink of an eye, and the Lightning God was restrained.

'They weren't cut.'

Yang In-hyun narrowed his eyes. The spaces were simply holding the Lightning God's limbs. On the surface, it looked as though all of the Lightning God's limbs had been amputated, but they were simply existing in another space.

In other words, Lukas' goal wasn't to kill the Lightning God.

"Capture complete."

With a murmur, Lukas appeared beside the Lightning God. Yang In-hyun glanced at him. The match had already been decided. It seemed surprisingly easy, but Yang In-hyun was greatly impressed by Lukas.

With his first move, when he captured the Lightning God's right foot, the outcome had already been decided. The first move had been the most important, and also the trickiest.

The Lightning God and Yang In-hyun had been locked in a fierce battle. Naturally, they wouldn't have remained in one place as they fought. In order to predict the Lightning God's next move in this situation where their coordinates changed at every moment, he would have needed to closely examine not only the Lightning God's movements but also Yang In-hyun's.

He also needed to succeed on the first try. There wouldn't be a second. If he'd failed, the Lightning God's attention would have also been directed towards Lukas.

It was so absurd that it made him want to laugh.

This man had perfectly read the flow of the fight from a third party perspective.

[Hmm.]

The Lightning God looked at Yang In-hyun and Lukas with a deep gaze.

[My limbs have been restrained, and I can't put strength in my body because my danjeon has been pierced with a sword... I can't use 'Thunder' in this state.]

Then he nodded his head.

[This fight is my loss.]

It seemed that he was graciously accepting it, at least on the surface.

Lukas looked at the Lightning God.

He had been thinking. About how to get the Lightning God out of Lee Jong-hak's body.

What he was going to do would probably be labelled as definite madness. Nevertheless, it was usually the craziest things that were the most successful.

There was no other way.

Making up his mind, Lukas opened his mouth.

"Can you let Lee Jong-hak go?"

[...]

"I know a bit about your plans. You want to be able to influence the World of Void. However, Lee Jong-hak is too weak to do that."

"That's right."

The Lightning God grinned. Blood stains were clearly visible on his teeth.

[However, I refuse.]

"Why?"

[There isn't a special reason... I simply thought that doing this would make you the most desperate. Should I say I want to see your face become distorted because of Lee Jong-hak's death? And Lukas Trowman... don't you think it's still too early?]

"Early?"

[It is clear that you've grown stronger, but I am the Lightning God. The Thunderous Lightning God.]

The Lightning God's smile stretched wider.

[You are not yet qualified to negotiate with me.]

He was smiling, but he was clearly angry.

It was only then that Lukas realised that his proposal in itself could be considered a great insult to the Lightning God. Of course, from a normal perspective, this might be considered an incomprehensible response, but that was the truth.

In fact, in a way, Yang In-hyun was similar. If Lukas had proposed to cooperate despite not being powerful enough, he might have had a similar reaction.

[Now, the only thing you can do is kill Lee Jong-hak with me. Otherwise, I will never give up this body. Why? Because that is more interesting. Kukuku.]

“...”

[Just kill me, Lukas Trowman. You and this man don't have anything to do with each other anyway, right? As far as I know, there seems to be some kind of conflict between you.]

Those words were right. It could be said that Lee Jong-hak couldn't tolerate Lukas' existence. In a sense, he hated him. And in the past, Lukas understood his hatred. The same was true even now.

Lee Jong-hak... was a great man. Although he hated him, Lukas didn't hold any bad feelings towards him. In fact, he even had some form of respect for him.

“That's foolish, Lightning God.”

[Hmm, in what way?]

“Even though you could get a host better than Lee Jong-hak, you're choosing to give up your life because of your wounded pride.”

[Are you talking about Yang In-hyun? While he certainly is stronger than Lee Jong-hak, it wouldn't work. He doesn't meet the requirements. He is also from the outside, but his body has already become too tainted by the World of Void. If I were to try to forcibly occupy his body, it would collapse...]

“I wouldn't let that happen.”

Yang In-hyun quietly added.

But the Lightning God had misunderstood Lukas' intentions.

“I'm not talking about Yang In-hyun. Isn't there a being right in front of you? A being that recently arrived from the outside that you Rulers have always been coveting.”

[...you don't mean...]

The Demon God had coveted Lukas' body.

In other words, there weren't any problems with the Rulers entering Lukas' body.

So this proposal was possible.

“Come into my body, Lightning God.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 458

[...]

The atmosphere became frozen as the smile fell from the Lightning God's face.

Yang In-hyun, who was just watching from the side, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. Despite being near death, the Lightning God's aura was still uniquely intimidating.

Was it because the Lightning God's body was still mostly uninjured?

It wasn't something that was possible simply because of his inherent power. Instead, it was the presence, experience, and sheer existence that the beings known as Rulers had accumulated over the years. It was these elements that caused them to naturally exude such an atmosphere.

As a result, they had the ability to dominate the atmosphere of an area simply by changing their expression.

'This guy is dangerous.'

This thought kept popping up. Yang In-hyun had to constantly resist the urge to chop the Lightning God's neck. For him, a promise took precedence over his urges.

[You overestimate yourself, Lukas Trowman... I can see what you're thinking. The current me can withstand the Lightning God's mental control. And even if I can't, it would still be possible to drive him out of my head. So first, I'll take the Lightning God out of Lee Jong-hak's body...]

"..."

[It's a clumsy idea.]

At the cold voice, the smile on Lukas' face disappeared. Did he read his mind accurately? He couldn't tell. That was why Yang In-hyun couldn't help but feel interested.

These two seemed to be intertwined in a very complicated relationship, and now, they were locked in a battle of wits that he couldn't grasp.

Rather, the mysterious Wizard, Lukas, was provoking the other to enter his body.

And the Thunderous Lightning God was showing a ridiculous reaction to his attitude.

But one thing was clear. In this battle, the winner and loser would clearly be divided. And neither side seemed to believe that they would be the loser.

'I'm curious.'

Which of these two would gain the upper hand?

"Your tongue seems to be uncharacteristically long right now. Are you uncertain? Are you afraid that you wouldn't be able to rule me?"

[That's a clumsy provocation but, right. I'll respond to it. Because that is the dignity of the strong.]

Lukas smiled at those words, but his palms were slick with sweat.

Now.

The bait had been cast. Everything up to this point was within his calculations. This was because he knew a Ruler would never be able to ignore provocations under any circumstances.

However, everything going forward was uncertain. Not even Lukas, who was setting the trap, was certain of the outcome.

Lukas turned to Yang In-hyun. He might not have understood the entire situation, but he continued to maintain a contemplative attitude without making any further comments,

“I will now allow the Lightning God to enter my body.”

“That seems to be the case.”

“If it looks like he is going to control me, kill me.”

Yang In-hyun nodded.

“I thought so.”

It was Yang In-hyun’s job to eliminate every threat towards Flower Mountain.

And Yang In-hyun knew.

Just how terrible of a being the Lightning God would become if he were to gain control of Lukas.

It couldn’t be compared to giving wings to a tiger. It would probably take three of the Twelve Void Lords working together to fight him on equal footing. He had absolutely no intention of letting such a being roam free.

If there was even the slightest hint of it, Yang In-hyun would cut off Lukas’ head without a moment’s hesitation.

[You’re talking right in front of me.]

“It was an obvious conversation. It wasn’t worth hiding. Or is it more polite to not have secret conversations in front of a Ruler?”

[...you’ve changed.]

The Lightning God murmured.

[You are a very versatile being, Lukas Trowman... It is amazing, I have never seen a being change as violently as you, especially after becoming an Absolute.]

“...”

[Even Sedi Glaston, no, Sedi Trowman. Even after she fell from her position, her consciousness still remained that of an Absolute. And yet, she began to change after becoming involved with you.]

“Perhaps.”

Lukas spoke quietly.

“You will change too.”

[...]

“From now on, you will be involved with me.”

[...ku... kuhahaha.]

The Lightning God let out a laugh.

[Indeed... Then I will fix you. I will preserve you in the most perfect form I can think of. Now, then.]

The Lightning God spoke.

[Prepare yourself.]

Huu... Lukas took a deep breath. Then, he let down the barriers around his mind. This was to make it easier for anyone trying to break in.

Crackle!

Something like a bolt of lightning shot out of Lee Jong-hak's body. The blue lightning took on a spear-like shape before piercing into Lukas' body.

"...!"

It felt like his entire body had been pierced by lightning, but it was actually just his mind. As he had this thought, Lukas' consciousness sank.

* * *

Opening his eyes, Lukas looked around. He found himself in the middle of a meadow. Blades of grass that grew up to his ankles swayed pleasantly. It was nighttime, and there were countless stars in the sky above.

"...indeed."

This was the imaginary world. Lukas nodded before looking directly ahead of him.

There stood another being. He stood there with a bewildered expression on his face before asking.

"What kind of trick is this, Lukas Trowman?"

Was he confused? It was nice to be able to figure it out from his expression unlike the usual. It felt like they were on the same level now.

Smiling, Lukas said.

"You're at eye level now, Lightning God."

At those words, the Lightning, who had been given a body, fell silent. In fact, he looked more like a god of lightning or thunder than a human. His body was three times larger than a normal human, and his eyes were ferocious. His hair arced like lightning, and he was holding an axe in one hand.

"This is my imaginary world. It is a place where I can exert my will even more than in a personal space. So I changed your appearance, too. I think it's going to be a long fight, so I thought it would be better if you looked good, too."

"..."

“Mm. I guess that is roughly the image I imagine when I think of the ‘Lightning God’.”

“...indeed.”

The Lightning God looked down at himself with a blank expression before a grin stretched across his face.

“This is certainly a unique experience.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“Kukuku...”

At that moment, the Lightning God stretched out his hand and reached towards the sky. Krrrr, dark clouds began to gather in the sky. It was a change that could be seen even in the dark night.

Lukas’ expression hardened. Seeing this, the Lightning God laughed even more.

“Are you surprised at how much influence I have on your world?”

“...”

“You seem to have misunderstood that you are the one in control. You think you trapped me in this vessel of flesh. —You’re wrong about everything.”

Woong... A lightning bolt wriggled in the dark clouds above. It sounded as if the lightning was growling. Lukas looked up subconsciously.

“This little body, I can rip it apart and leave right now. It wouldn’t even be hard.”

“...”

“However, I won’t. I don’t really like the gift you gave me. I think it’ll be more effective to crush you with the form you gave me. Now, Lukas Trowman. What fighting style did you imagine I have?”

Just as Lukas had a thought, the Lightning God chuckled.

“Ten Thousand Thunder Claps. Your imagination is poor. However, I’ll accept it.”

Kuok. The Lightning God held out his hand.

Then, ten thousand bolts of lightning struck.

Boom boom boom!

It wasn’t on a scale to be called an explosion. He felt like it could have probably been heard on the other side of the world.

The meadow, which had been engulfed by darkness, instantly lit up.

“Kuk...”

Lukas realised that his corneas had been burned. He hadn’t been hit by it directly, but just looking at it had been enough to make him like this. He willed his eyes to regenerate. This was possible because it was the imaginary world.

Then, he shot countless spells towards where the Lightning God was.

“That won’t even buy you time. Isn’t it time you used a different tactic?”

Just as he felt his presence disappear, he heard a voice behind him.

He didn’t panic. He already knew the Lightning God could travel at extremely high speeds, and that there was a high chance that he would try to go behind him. Paak! The Lightning God’s head snapped upwards to the sky. In an instant, Lukas had crouched down and launched a kick behind him. Of course, since his body was three metres tall, he had no choice but to go in the air to kick him.

When the Lightning God tried to stretch out his arm, he turned his body before kicking him in the side. Chaaak, the Lightning God’s body was sent sliding across the half burnt meadow.

“How does it feel to spit blood?”

“...kuku.”

Without even bothering to wipe his bleeding nose, the Lightning God narrowed the distance.

Rumble*, he moved at a high speed once again. (*: The sound of thunder, I can’t think of a better onomatopoeia)

Bang!

The Lightning God’s axe collided with Lukas’ sword. The Lightning God looked down at the Lukas’ sword curiously, then to the sheath hanging from his waist.

“You transform your body into a wave of lightning. Is the afterimage of a bolt of lightning the trace that couldn’t be erased?”

“It’s a service. Without that sign, you wouldn’t be able to read my movements.”

“It seems you’re still relaxed, Lightning God.”

Lukas smiled faintly.

“The difference in power is obvious. However, keep in mind. Latching on and clinging is a characteristic of Lukas.”

“What?”

The conversation didn’t continue.

Lukas simply hardened his expression and started the full fledged fight.

* * *

Lukas’ declaration had been true.

He was persistent. Much more persistent than he’d imagined. His victory had been clear from start to finish. And yet, he didn’t give up. He stuck to him as if his only goal was to cling to him.

But in the end, that was all.

Lukas' struggles had only delayed the result slightly.

"You knew this was going to happen, didn't you?"

The Lightning God murmured.

"You didn't really believe you could defeat me, Lukas Trowman."

He looked at the burning Lukas.

In all honesty, he'd put up more of a fight than he expected, but that was all.

In the end, Lukas hadn't posed a threat to the Lightning God.

Lukas' body scattered into ashes. A completely shattered mind was unable to regenerate. This scene meant that the Lightning God had completely crushed his will.

Nevertheless, there was something he didn't expect. The Lightning God had been unable to spare Lukas. This was because he fought desperately, making it impossible to subdue him as he rushed towards death.

Since his mind had shattered, it would be impossible for him to replicate what he'd done with Lee Jong-hak. And it would be impossible for him to hide his presence as a Ruler.

Perhaps the four Knights would be able to sense him, or perhaps another of the Twelve Void Lords would come to bother him. But that didn't matter.

After all, this vessel wasn't a mortal like Lee Jong-hak, but none other than Lukas Trowman. This body would be able to handle his power to a considerable extent.

In other words, the limit to the power he had available had increased drastically. According to his calculations, it wouldn't be difficult to prevent Yang In-hyun from cutting his head off immediately after he regained consciousness.

Whoosh-

The wind blew and the ashes, which had once been Lukas, disappeared completely.

This imaginary world would now begin to collapse. And the Lightning God's consciousness would settle into the deepest parts that composed Lukas.

...Just as he had this thought, the Lightning God had a strange feeling.

Wind?

Why was wind blowing?

This world was an embodiment of Lukas' imagination. Naturally, since Lukas' consciousness, which could be called the main component, had disappeared, this place should collapse.

The Lightning God looked around. This world showed no signs of collapsing.

Instead, just like a moment ago, a calm wind blew.

[You won.]

It was at that moment that he heard a voice that he shouldn't have been able to hear.

"Lukas Trowman?"

[At least the 1st round.]

"You're still conscious? How?"

[Prepare yourself for the next round, Lightning God. You don't need to take a break, right?]

"Next round?"

Just as the Lightning God asked this question.

Boom!

A spell crashed into his side.

"...mm."

He hadn't been prepared for the sudden attack. Shocked, the Lightning God stumbled.

Someone walked towards him.

"I told you. This is going to be a long fight."

Lukas walked towards him with a smile.

"Do you know what tiredness feels like? If you don't then you'd better get used to it. Now, then."

He made a small gesture.

As a result of this, dozens of spells manifested.

"Let's begin the second round."

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

Season 2 Chapter 459

Two, three, four, five...

Lukas was carrying out his role.

Of continuing to count.

"I knew there was a hidden place like this."

...Ten, twenty, forty.

"And I accept that. Because, in any case, it's our role to continue to accept challenges without hesitation."

...One hundred, two hundred, five hundred.

...

...

At some point, he became unable to ignore it any longer.

The Thunder God's calm voice reached Lukas' very core and shook it.

"If there is a trap, destroy it. If there is a carefully planned strategy, destroy it completely. Regardless of how unfavourable the situation might be. It doesn't matter. At no time will we ever speak a word of cowardice."

"..."

"So I'd like to ask you, Lukas Trowman."

Lukas had already stopped counting. Counting the number of 'dead Lukases' had already become pointless.

"Is this all there is to the trick you prepared?"

And he decided to accept the reality that had unfolded right before his eyes.

-The reality that every 'Lukas' other than him had been defeated.

"..."

Lukas made his appearance. From the sky.

Tak, he landed on the dry meadow that had long since lost its original appearance.

When he saw this, the Lightning God smiled.

"Indeed. You are the 'Lukas' I know. Not those half baked ones I've been fighting till now, the real Lukas."

"..."

"Your expression is terrible. Did you not expect this result? Hmm... I will say that it was a good plan. It is true that you had a higher chance of victory by making it a battle of minds. The chances were a thousand times higher than a head to head battle."

As he spoke, the Lightning God was repeatedly throwing and catching his axe like an acrobatics performance.

"However, that's all."

Crack! Instead of being caught in his hand, the axe was crushed.

"It was sloppy."

There was a hint of anger in the Lightning God's voice.

"Do I know what tiredness feels like? Is that really the question you asked me? Lukas Trowman... how long do you think the being in front of you has existed? In comparison, the time you have experienced

could be called fleeting. Even the time of every being I know combined wouldn't be enough to drive me crazy."

Of course, except for the Rulers.

The Lightning God let out a laugh as the anger in his words rose.

Listening to everything he said, Lukas thought.

His opponent was a monster. He had no choice but to acknowledge the Lightning God.

He'd observed every fight and analysed the Lightning God's power. He'd focused his eyes so that he wouldn't miss even the slightest habit and analysed every pattern.

Just in case it became his turn, just in case, it would allow him to increase his chances even the smallest bit.

It was pointless.

Because the Lightning God continuously showed different fighting styles, different patterns, and different habits in every fight. He either changed endlessly or had an almost infinite amount of fighting styles.

And in a corner of his mind, Lukas felt a chill. It was possible that, in this fight, the Lightning God was also evolving.

"Lightning God."

"What is it?"

"You're really talkative."

Lukas chose to reveal his honest feelings. The Lightning God's expression changed subtly.

"In my experience, the guys who talk too much can rarely back their words."

"That's probably a bias that built up over time. You should be grateful that I'm talkative, otherwise you'd die sooner."

"-I had two plans."

"Mm?"

"You talked about my expression. It's not that I've given up hope. I'm just a bit sad."

The Lightning God suddenly realised that all of the half baked Lukases he'd killed had been smiling.

Why did this thought suddenly come to his mind?

"What are you talking about?"

"I didn't want it to come to the second plan."

"..."

The Lightning God realised that Lukas' words weren't just a bluff. His expression changed. Then, as he carefully scanned his body, he realised the truth.

"You, no way...! Hahaha!"

The Lightning God suddenly erupted with delight.

* * *

He hadn't made this plan on his own, nor had he decided it alone.

"Is this really okay?"

Lukas had clearly asked the others for their opinions. But he still hesitated at the last moment.

[How many times are you going to keep asking this?]

[I don't know why he's still hesitating.]

The 'Lukases' all responded indifferently, but it wasn't easy for Lukas to accept.

"I don't know how much influence the Lightning God will have over the imaginary world. Of course, the number of Lukases I consumed is greater than the number of stars, but..."

Subjugating a Ruler through tactics was not an easy picture to draw.

[Of course, you are the only one among us who has faced a Ruler in person.]

[You are the one who has the most objective grasp of the Lightning God's power.]

[Nevertheless, wouldn't it be considered a miracle to be able to win against a Ruler?]

"Do you still not understand? I'm not talking about winning right now. If this all goes as planned... even if I win, all of you would be gone."

Lukas bit his lip.

"All of you would just cease to exist."

The 'Lukases' would fight the Lightning God in the imaginary world. And in that place, defeat meant losing your ego. Lukas had already seen this happen several times before.

[Even if we all disappear, it won't affect you.]

[Isn't that what you wanted at first?]

The 'Lukases' spoke with pleasant voices. But it was that attitude that made him more angry.

Lukas was annoyed because of their detached attitudes and disregard for their own egos.

"It's a matter of efficiency. I won't be able to enter the minimal time zone without you all."

[That's not true. All that matters is the first experience. Your senses have already been awakened.]

[Our role was merely to aid your computational ability. You don't need us anymore.]

“That’s not certain. You all...”

[Not you all. We all.]

[Even if you don’t say it, everyone already knows.]

[Because we are all Lukas.]

They smiled as they said that.

“Why are you smiling? If you disappear, you won’t even know if I fulfil your wishes or not.”

That was the agreement in the first place.

They would give Lukas their strength, and in return, Lukas would fulfil their wishes.

“I can’t. I don’t understand.”

[Don’t be ridiculous, Lukas.]

He heard a cold voice.

[We are all equals. Your opinions are just that of ‘Lukas One’.]

[And we always prefer to use the majority to make conclusions.]

[Every Lukas except you agreed.]

[So if you respect us.]

[If you considered every one of us as ‘a Lukas’.]

[Will you not listen to our voices?]

“...”

There was no place to step back. There was nothing he could say to refute. It was like being pushed to the edge of a cliff.

Lukas clenched his fist... Every Lukas except him had already chosen and agreed.

Even if he were to make a sound now, it would just be the voice of another ‘Lukas’. So Lukas had no right or justification to block their decision.

‘Thank you’, he swallowed those words.

Only a narcissistic bastard or a fool would say thank you to themselves.

Lukas was neither.

He would just engrave this deeply.

[We are the losers.]

[None other than our place of birth proves that fact.]

The World of Void.

A world where the losers, the failures, and the abandoned possibilities were thrown like garbage.

Lukas didn't refute them. He didn't offer any reckless consolation. They weren't torturing themselves by saying that now.

[That's why you, who absorbed us all, is no different from having learnt 'all of the failures' that Lukas can make.]

He wouldn't forget.

He would never forget these guys, his failures.

[And it might be too late to say it, but our wishes have already changed.]

[This can also be considered your achievement.]

[You have united us. Kuku.]

The voices, which had been embracing joy for a while, became serious once again.

[Succeed.]

[Don't fail anymore.]

[That is our changed wish. Great Mage Lukas.]

Lukas nodded his head.

* * *

The Lightning God had eliminated the half baked Lukases. But it was just their egos that broke, their energy didn't disappear.

Instead, that power had been absorbed by the Lukas in front of him. He had fully accepted all of them.

"A hundred, a thousand, ten thousand*, no. It's not a number like that. Hahaha!"

The Lightning God a delighted laugh.

"You madman. How many 'selves' did you devour? And yet you still maintained your ego! It wasn't broken!"

"..."

"Right! So you were using me! You used me to kill a lot of 'Lukases' so you could absorb the ownerless power that was drifting around! Kuhaha! You really put me in a good mood!"

Lukas clenched his fists.

"So how does it feel? To absorb 'all of the Lukases' inside you and their power. It must feel so good that it feels like your brain will melt... No. You must be feeling a fullness that is so addictive you don't even know what expression to make! I'm so jealous! That is something that I will never be able to imagine or feel!"

“...I.”

Lukas spat out as if he was chewing the words.

“Don’t feel full at all.”

Of course, it was obvious to him that he currently had power that he’d never had before. Lukas had always been aware of the ‘unmelted power’ inside of him. And he knew that melting it and absorbing it in its entirety was the prerequisite for progressing another step.

It had all melted now. As the Lightning God said, he had used his power against him and was eventually able to absorb it completely.

But Lukas would call this feeling a feeling of loss, instead of a feeling of fullness.

...It was quiet.

Unlike his body, which was filled with vitality, his mind was terribly quiet.

It was clearly different from when they were all united. It wasn’t noisy then, but he could still feel the presence of the other ‘Lukasess’.

Not now.

He couldn’t feel their voices, signs or presence. And that fact weighed heavily on his mind. The Lukas who had just left the Dump Site would probably never be able to understand.

The same was true for the Lightning God. He couldn’t understand Lukas. So he didn’t bother to explain.

From now on, what he needed to show was actions, not words.

He had to thoroughly crush the face of this absolute being in front of him who had insulted ‘them’.

One thing that all the Lukasess had in common was that they had no tolerance for insults.

“...hoh.”

The Lightning God let out a sound of admiration at his changed attitude. Lukas slowly scanned his entire body. Although he seemed perfectly fine after killing all of the Lukasess, he probably wasn’t in perfect condition.

It was possible that he was just bluffing.

“You will probably be the most difficult out of all of the ‘Lukasess’ I killed so far.”

This was said with a twisted smile. That judgement was accurate.

“Is this the final fight?”

“Right. So this time, I’ll try something.”

“What’s that?”

“Turn you... upside down.”

The Lightning God's face became blank for a moment before he burst into laughter.

"...kukuku! Kuhaha!"

As the Lightning God's laughter burst out, dark clouds began forming in the sky once more.

There was no more conversation.

Boom!

The moment a bolt of lightning struck the ruined meadow, the final fight began.

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

Season 2 Chapter 460

He needed to pour out everything he had.

It could be said that Lukas was, without a doubt, in his best condition at that moment, and could display more strength than he originally had. This was because this was none other than his imaginary world. In this place, it was possible for him to turn his imagination into reality.

But his opponent was the Lightning God. Even though his presence was extremely limited in this place, his strength would still be enough to compete with him, who had absorbed countless 'Lukases'.

Lukas created dozens of spaces. Then, he applied a tremendous amount of gravity to each of these spaces and sent them towards the Lightning God. The words of the disappeared 'Lukases' had been right. Even when instantly carrying out this kind of calculation, there wasn't much of a burden. This meant that he no longer needed the help of their computational ability.

The Lightning God frowned at the small black holes rushing towards him. Gravity was one of the most troublesome forces for him to deal with. This was because he had been through many battles at this point.

Nevertheless, he made no attempt to dodge.

Crackle-

The Lightning God covered both of his hands with electric currents before grabbing a black hole with his bare hands. Then he tore the black hole apart as if it was a ball of cloth.

"Not even a mass of gravity can withstand my 'Thunder'."

"..."

That madman had just ripped a black hole apart with nothing but his physical strength. Of course, its principles and strength were different from an actual black hole, but it was a shocking feat nonetheless.

Lukas stretched his hand towards the sky. In this place, the most important thing was his imagination. He would need to use his imagination to crush this overwhelming being into dust.

Rumble...

In an instant, the sky brightened. This wasn't because of the lightning wriggling in the dark clouds lingering in the sky.

The Lightning God asked with a provoking tone.

"Are you dropping a meteor? That's too common."

"That's true. That's why I prepared a lot."

The dark clouds were swept away as around ten meteors appeared. They all had shocking sizes. Each one was comparable to an asteroid*. (*: For reference, meteors are usually fragments of asteroids or comets.)

"In any case, a spell of this scale would be impossible to use in real life. If anything goes wrong, it could have a nigh permanent negative impact on the entire planet."

His head was pounding. Apparently, this level of calculation was still a considerable burden for Lukas.

"...kuhahaha!"

With a loud laugh, the Lightning God stretched his hand towards the sky.

Crack! A blue torrent of lightning shot out of his hand into the sky. When the torrent reached about halfway to the meteors, they separated into thousands of different branches, quickly taking the shape of enormous nets.

Then, they wrapped around the meteors.

Rumble, the meteors, which had been falling at a slow but steady pace, stopped moving.

The Lightning God wagged his finger at the sky.

"The black hole was a bit better."

Crash! The lightning nets destroyed the meteors they wrapped around. The meteors were crushed into dozens of pieces the size of boulders which poured from the sky. Of course, stones that size couldn't even scratch the Lightning God's body.

"That would have been the case. If my desire was to show off."

"What?"

"Do those look like normal meteors?"

The falling stones trembled. The Lightning God sensed the energy in the trembling stones.

"No way, Lukas, you..."

"Those meteors were all made of spells. There were hundreds of millions of spells in each meteor."

Hundreds of millions. It was a joking unit, but it was by no means a joke.

In the first place, it was a situation that he never would have expected, more than that, he never would have expected the man in front of him to cast such a number of spells at the same time.

The falling fragments froze at the same time. Then, all of the falling fragments transformed into spells. Right. There had to be a reason why it was so burdensome for him to summon only around ten meteors.

He had realised that Lukas was up to something, but he never would have expected a method like this.

Looking up at the sky, the Lightning God shook his head.

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

“What is it?”

“Why bother starting with the meteors in the first place? If it were you, you would be able to create this number of spells from the beginning.”

“Presentation.”

“Presentation?”

“By using magic in this way, I would be able to shake you up a little bit.”

“...”

“In this regard alone, I’d say my presentation was a success.”

“...ku, kuhaha.”

After a while, the Lightning God burst out laughing and said.

“You, you know exactly how to fight a Ruler.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“It is a great compliment. Let it seep deep into your heart, Madman.”

Smiling at that, Lukas waved his hands.

Then, the greatest spell bombardment in history began.

* * *

Each meteor had hundreds of millions.

Ten or so meteors meant billions.

Was that possible? To deal with such a number of spells at the same time.

-Of course, it was possible.

Lukas looked directly at the Lightning God through the billions of spells. He was erasing all of the incoming spells by emitting lightning in every direction. Every second, dozens of spells were wiped out. That was a pointless act. After all, as mentioned before, the spells numbered in the billions.

The Lightning God was probably aiming for something else.

[Are you aware of the phrase ‘Nothing in the world is certain’?]

That guy suddenly let out a voice. A voice capable of reaching Lukas through the violent roars of the spells.

[The things that make up the universe change constantly. There is no unchanging self, no everlasting nature... those are just the banal arguments of philosophers.]

“...”

[You really match that phrase, Lukas Trowman.]

The Lightning God had been paying attention to Lukas' changes from the very beginning. He'd always been interested in the versatile nature of Lukas' existence.

[Those who advocate nihilism understand the fickleness of life. They accept that you can lose anything you have obtained at any time without being able to do anything about it. They are certain of the fickleness of all things.]

“...”

[Interestingly, the more enlightened they become, the more they hold on to the nostalgia of the absolute. They begin to fantasise about something that will not change even after hundreds of millions of years, something that is eternal. Kuku... don't you think that is amazingly similar to Absolutes?]

Piht!

A wound appeared on the Lightning God's body. The spells were beginning to pierce through the lightning that he was emitting, and scratch his body.

Wounds began to appear all over the Lightning God's body. There were no decisive blows, but there were fewer and fewer wounds that could be considered minor.

But Lukas was paying too much attention to the Lightning God's words to be pleased by this fact.

[Unchanging beings exist. There is such a being right in front of you. I am one who can stand independently of cause and effect.]

“...”

[So it can be said that this is a battle between an agent of change and an unchanging being.]

Crack, the Lightning God's right hand twisted and fell off. It was undoubtedly the most effective wound that he had inflicted so far.

[I will not attack before this magic has ended. Instead, I will recover my power. I will tell you in advance. There is nothing that piercing thunder cannot penetrate.]

“...”

[If I'm still standing after all of these spells have ended... It will be your defeat, Lukas Trowman.]

* * *

Yang In-hyun looked at Lukas. Except for the lack of life in his eyes, and the occasional shaking of his body, it looked like he was just standing still.

But at that moment, a war on a scale that he couldn't even imagine was happening inside this man.

Flinch-

Lukas' shoulders shook. It wasn't a weak movement like before... It seemed that something big was happening inside.

Ssrrng.

He drew his sword. He couldn't use the Plum Blossom Sword Method.

After preparing to use the Everlasting Plum Sword, he looked at Lukas. In truth, it hadn't been that long. It felt like it had only been ten minutes or so.

The struggle, which could be called short or long, was about to end-

Crackle-

When Lukas opened his eyes, an electric current swept across his pupils. Yang In-hyun didn't hesitate.

Everlasting Plum Sword, Second Move, Flower Cultivation.

—Just before he could use it.

Paht!

Someone caught Yang In-hyun's half drawn sword. No. It couldn't be 'someone'.

There were only three people in this place, and Lee Jong-hak, who was fainted in the corner, wouldn't have been able to stop this move even if he was awake.

So Yang In-hyun looked at the only person it could be, Lukas.

"How did you manage to do that?"

"..."

Lukas stared blankly at his hand that was holding the blade. The look on his face seemed to say that he hadn't yet come to his senses... How much time had this man spent inside?

Holding back that question, Yang In-hyun asked again.

"Did you win? Against the Lightning God?"

"...for now."

Lukas took a while to answer.

"Then, the Lightning God's power..."

"You don't have to worry about me. In any case, the Lightning God will no longer pose a threat to Flower Mountain."

“...”

“How much time has passed?”

“About 10 minutes.”

A surprisingly long time had passed.

This was also a testament to how long the battle between Lukas and the Lightning God had lasted.

Pressing down on his throbbing head, Lukas said.

“Lee Jong-hak... appears unharmed.”

Although he was unconscious, his life didn't seem to be in danger.

“The wounds on his back didn't heal fully. He will need to be treated. I can leave that to my disciples.”

“Thanks. Then can we leave Lee Jong-hak to them and leave right away?”

“I don't care, but what about you? There will probably be side effects.”

“...it's not perfect, but we need to hurry because I don't know where my companion will suddenly pop up.”

“Understood.”

Yang In-hyun picked Lee Jong-hak up.

“I'll be right back.”

Lukas stood there until Yang In-hyun left before seemingly speaking to himself.

“...shut up... a bit.”

* * *

Yang In-hyun returned quickly, and Lukas moved with him to the desert. Yang In-hyun seemed a bit surprised by this power that he was seeing for the first time*, but he didn't hesitate to step into the gap in space. That calm step showed his confidence in his ability to deal with any situation. (*: Pretty sure this is the second time he's seen it... but oh well)

“Spatial movement*... So there is someone else in the World of Void other than that man that can use this power.”(*: It was practically unanimous)

“That man?”

“The Exile.”

“...”

“At first, I mistook you for that man.”

The Exile. The exile of the entire multiverse.

Lukas had heard the name before.

Without a doubt, he was one of the Twelve Void Lords.

‘Now that I think about it, it was said that Yang In-hyun had been injured by The Exile before his battle with the Lightning God.’

He wanted to ask him about that, but it hadn’t yet happened in this life. He considered questioning him further on their relationship but decided not to because of the strange reverberation when Yang In-hyun said the words ‘The Exile’.

He figured that Yang In-hyun probably had a bad relationship with The Exile.

After stepping out of the spatial movement, Lukas looked around. And he easily found what he was looking for.

In the middle of the desert, he saw Pale laying happily on the sand.

As Lukas walked over to her, Yang In-hyun hesitated for a moment before following with a mutter.

“...so it was real.”

As he expected, Yang In-hyun had recognised Pale at a glance. It was something that he’d already experienced in a previous life, so he wasn’t surprised by it.

Although he’d mentioned the Blue Knight when talking about the Magic Planet, with Yang In-hyun’s personality, it would be impossible for him to blindly trust him. He could feel the boundary between them become a bit less clear. Although he didn’t think he trusted him completely-

Lukas, of course, didn’t expect him to treat him completely like a comrade. He didn’t have to.

A relationship where they helped each other to the specified extent depending on the need. That was all he wanted.

“I don’t know what her goal is as the Blue Knight.”

“Mm?”

“...you could say that we’re still testing each other. It is complicated to explain.”

“I see.”

Yang In-hyun roughly nodded his head. It seemed that this man rarely asked questions or talked back. In fact, his first impression of Yang In-hyun had been so unfamiliar to Lukas that it had revived the fear he’d forgotten.

‘This is probably closer to his essence.’

As he had this thought, he walked over to Pale. Tilting her head, Pale looked at him, before looking towards Yang In-hyun at the back.

“I was wondering who you were going to bring.”

Then she let out a laugh.

“Who are you, uncle?”

“...well.”

At that moment, he really didn't know.

“Huh?”

At that moment, Pale jumped up from the ground and stuck her face so close to Lukas that their faces were almost touching.

“...”

At a distance where they could feel each other's breaths, Pale looked at Lukas with her calm blue eyes.

This was probably one of the tensest moments of his life.

“...mmm?”

Pale tilted her head to the side and scratched it.

“What is it?”

“No. I must have been mistaken.”

After speaking in her usual carefree tone, she turned around.

And Lukas...

He held back the desire to let out a sigh of relief.

[Kuhaha... are you trying to hide it? That's fun too.]

‘Please shut up.’

He shot at the voice resounding in his head.

He had to hide it. Of course he had to hide it.

He couldn't say it anyway.

If he were to say that he tied in a fight against the Lightning God and his consciousness was now in a corner of his mind.

Even if Yang In-hyun would forgive him, Pale wouldn't. That woman would draw her sword without hesitation. And she would cut off Lukas' head without hesitation.

[Why are you so scared? As you are now, you'd be able to fight the Blue Knight.]

...There was no need to take the chance. Because Lukas' main enemy wasn't the Four Knights or the Twelve Void Lords.

“Now. Since we're all gathered, let's go to the Magic Planet!”

With a bright smile, Pale began to walk, and Yang In-hyun followed.

Looking at their backs, Lukas couldn't help but think.

Pale, one of the Four Knights, at the head, followed by Yang In-hyun, one of the Twelve Void Lords, and finally, Lukas, who had the Thunderous Lightning God in his body.

With such a member composition, it wouldn't be hard to understand even if their goal was to destroy the universe. Although it was only a temporary group, it was an unprecedented event in history for such beings so capable of creating a ripple effect throughout the entire multiverse to gather in one place.

"..."

All of a sudden, Lukas realised that all of them had something in common, a record of killing him.

'...I really have lost my mind.'

With a strange expression, Lukas also began to walk forward.