

Great Mage 761

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Season 2 Chapter 461

The final clash in the imaginary world resulted in a draw. The Lightning God had finished charging the skill he called Piercing Thunder. Although he had been beaten to a pulp, Lukas was unable to defeat that guy with the billions of spells that he'd casted.

...He had faintly expected that to be the case.

In the first place, the more people wanted to avoid a possibility, the more they turned a blind eye to it. Lukas was no different. He didn't want to even think about the possibility that the Lightning God could endure the billions of spells. Not to mention denying it, he didn't even want to think about it in the first place.

However, he couldn't. His thorough personality prevented such optimistic thoughts from the very start.

And his foreboding feeling hadn't missed the mark.

"You really tried, Lukas Trowman..."

Just as the Lightning God smiled and prepared to send forth his piercing lightning.

Lukas also didn't hesitate. He could no longer afford to hide any cards, so he poured all of his remaining mental strength to imitate 'a single skill'.

Crackle-

The moment he saw the skill he developed.

"You, that is..."

The Lightning God's expression changed.

This was because it was in the form of none other than a pitch black thorn.

"The [Thorn of Pain]... how do you have that power...?"

However, since this place was inside Lukas' mind, it was possible for him to imitate 'skills that he had experienced before' to an extent. It was this same concept that allowed him to have a higher computational ability and control over space than he usually did.

'And I know the power of this skill well.'

After all, he had personally experienced it when it stabbed into his body. Therefore, he had no problems 'imagining it'. Of course, this could also be considered a gamble on Lukas' part. This was because the 'Thorn of Pain' wouldn't be able to display the same power it had in reality, so even if he did manifest it, it was possible that it would be destroyed miserably by the Lightning God's Piercing Thunder. Or his brain might melt because his imagination and computational ability were unable to withstand it.

However,

Boom!

As usual, Lukas was pretty good at gambling with his life.

* * *

In truth, it would be right to say it was an uncomfortable situation.

The Lightning God, who was currently in a corner of his mind, was a far more bizarre existence than the 'Lukasess'. Although he didn't feel any pain as if he was interfering with his body or had a splitting headache, that didn't mean the uncomfortable feeling would go away.

He probably would have been less discomforted if there was a bomb planted in his brain.

But it was pointless. In the end, since he hadn't won a complete victory, he hadn't been able to drive the Lightning God out of his head. That responsibility lay solely with Lukas.

'Will he take control of my body?'

No. The Lightning God didn't have much power left at that moment.

In fact, he also seemed to be quite pleased with his current condition. For the Rulers, the World of Void was an unknown land, so it wasn't necessarily a bad thing for him to investigate this world through Lukas' eyes.

This left a bitter taste in Lukas' mouth. It seemed he really needed to think of a way to get rid of the Lightning God.

In addition to the anxiety mentioned above.

[Isn't it about time you gave me an answer, Lukas Trowman? How did you use the 'Thorn of Pain?']

"..."

[Did you experience it personally? If it weren't that, it would be impossible to materialise it so accurately... However, if you'd fought that guy, you wouldn't still be alive now. Hmmm.]

The voice of the Lightning God, which persisted in his head, was incredibly annoying. As he expected, this guy was basically the biggest chatterbox in the entire multiverse.

'Be quiet.'

Lukas groaned inwardly. Then, before he could respond, he continued.

'You, can't you see that girl?'

He was referring to Pale who was walking at the front. Kuku, at that, the Lightning God chuckled.

[Of course, I see her. Didn't I tell you before? Right now I'm sharing your senses. Hmm, maybe even more than that...]

The Lightning God drifted off at the end of his sentence as if he was thinking about something for a moment but soon continued in a nonchalant tone.

[I see what you see. Similarly, I feel what you feel. Surprisingly, it seems that the compatibility between you and I isn't bad. The synchronisation rate is much higher than with Lee Jong-hak.]

'That's not what I'm talking about right now. That woman is the Blue Knight. She is a being that will do everything in her power to kill you Rulers, and if she learns that you are currently possessing me...'

[She will probably draw her sword without hesitation. Kuku. However, Lukas Trowman, that wouldn't affect my main body at all. At most I'd feel a bit sad about losing such a good puppet. Kuku. I think I've found a pretty good threat.]

Lukas frowned.

'Cut the crap.'

[...]

'It's not that easy to find a good puppet in the World of Void, is it?'

[Why do you think that?]

'Because if it were, you would have made one of the Absolutes under your command into your puppet. You would not have settled for a mortal like Lee Jong-hak.'

The Lightning God was silent.

'So quit making such foolish threats. Although it's a bit comical, it's me, not you, who has the initiative right now. You didn't take control of my body, and you cannot exert your authority on me.'

It was true that the fact that Lukas couldn't drive the Lightning God out made him uncomfortable.

However, the humiliation the Lightning God was feeling was probably tens of thousands of times more. For a Ruler, the fact that he'd 'tied' with a lesser being meant a lot.

'You should only talk after you've firmly gained control of me.'

[...kuku, as I expected, you really are an interesting guy. Alright. I'll remember that.]

The Lightning God seemed to follow Lukas' words, but this attitude only made him more anxious. He couldn't tell what he was thinking.

...And there was something else that gave Lukas a similar feeling.

Suppressing a sigh, he walked up to Pale who was at the head.

"Are we going to the Magic Planet right now?"

"That's right."

"...as far as I know, the Magic Planet is in the Southern Region."

"Right."

"..."

Lukas looked around. His expression seemed to say 'even though I haven't been to the Southern Region, I know what the landscape looks like'.

It was said that the region was a pure snowfield filled with nothing but snow. But as he looked at their surroundings, there wasn't even a speck of snow.

The surrounding landscape was one of the most unique among all that he'd seen so far.

The western desert, the southern snowfield, the northern sea.

And this place with grey dirt. The ground looked faded as if it had died and in the places that they'd passed so far, not even a single blade of dried grass could be found.

It was a land that was even more desolate and oppressive than the desert.

And if it was neither the north, south, or west, then it was obvious where this place was.

"-the east."

"Yes."

"Is the Magic Planet in the east?"

"No, didn't you say it's in the south?"

"Then why did we come to the east?"

"Huhuhng."

With a soft hum, Pale continued to walk forward. It seemed she had no intention of answering. So Lukas looked back and asked.

"Have you ever been to the Eastern Region?"

Yang In-hyun nodded calmly.

"Right."

"Do you have to come here in order to get to the Magic Planet?"

"That's not it... If I remember correctly, there is only one way to get there."

"What's that?"

Before he answered, Yang In-hyun's expression became a bit awkward. Then, just as his lips were about to open...

Fwoosh-

Lukas suddenly felt himself enter a new space.

"We're here."

As soon as he heard Pale's voice, the surrounding landscape changed completely. First of all, the sky became black, and the surroundings became rocky. Although it was a similarly bleak landscape, it still felt more alive.

There were even stars shining in the sky above, and a hot wind blew. In the middle of this area was an incredibly large, strange looking building. It was half sunken as if it had been embedded into the ground.

"..."

No. It wasn't a building.

Upon closer inspection, Lukas realised that this strange structure was actually a spaceship.

It was big. Large enough to be called a huge battleship.

"Mm..."

Then, Yang In-hyun let out an awkward sound. He was staring at the spaceship with a glum expression, and Lukas got the impression that he knew this place.

"Ahem."

Pale took a step forward and cleared her throat before shouting in a surprisingly loud voice.

"Anyone there?!"

Her shout actually caused the spaceship to tremble.

Nevertheless, there was no response. Narrowing his eyes, Lukas tried to peer into the spaceship, but it was strangely difficult to do. This was true even after he used Clairvoyance. As if his vision was being blocked by an invisible curtain.

"A-ny-one there!?"

Pale shouted once more. And again, there was no response. Just as she took a deep breath.

Tap tap-

They heard the sound of footsteps as well as something being dragged along the ground.

Lukas turned around. And he saw an extremely bizarre looking creature.

It had a body that was about 3 metres tall. Although it walked on two legs, it couldn't really be considered humanoid. It had pale, reptilian skin and eyes, and was wearing a type of armour that he'd never seen before. The armour looked like it hadn't been maintained in a long time or it had been worn after it was already heavily damaged. The most noticeable part was its right arm. It was huge and seemed to be covered by a giant gauntlet from which bluish energy seemed to constantly flow.

The creature was dragging something in its hand. It was a being that looked just as bizarre. Its eyes were rolled back and it was bleeding bright yellow blood, but it wasn't hard to tell it was already dead.

[∈UΣ∧ ⊥∫α.....]

The being mumbled in a strange language. It seemed that it would be impossible to communicate. At least that's what he thought at first.

[Amazing...]

It spoke in a language he could understand.

Pale grinned.

"Did you just come back from a hunt? Was it satisfying?"

[...]

The being's eyes passed over Pale without answering.

Then its eyes settled on Yang In-hyun.

[What... a rare... face...]

"..."

Yang In-hyun averted his gaze with a displeased expression. The being continued to look at Yang In-hyun with pupil-less green eyes before walking past them. At the same time, it fiddled with the gauntlet on its wrist.

Woowoong-

A blue hologram filled with mysterious drawings and symbols appeared above the gauntlet. After the being tapped a few buttons with its long finger,

Pshhh-

The entrance of the spaceship opened. Then, as if it had forgotten about Lukas and the others, it dragged its prey into the spaceship.

"Who is that?"

"The Exile."

When Yang In-hyun answered shortly, Lukas' head snapped over.

One of the Twelve Void Lords. He hadn't expected that he would meet another one so soon...

[Hoh. That guy...]

The Lightning God pretended to know him. Lukas was confused by his attitude.

'Why are you pretending to know him?'

When it came to the World of Void, the Rulers couldn't be called knowledgeable. Instead, they probably knew less than Lukas. Because of this, the Lightning God's attitude of pretending to know the Exile felt like a bluff.

But the Lightning God simply smiled.

[I'm not pretending. That guy... is probably the most unique being in the World of Void.]

'What?'

[Kuku, at the same time, he's incredibly dangerous. After all, he has a record of erasing 17 Great Universes with his own hands.]

'...!'

[If you end up fighting him, you'd do well to be careful of that unique right hand of his...]

A moment later, the Exile returned from the spaceship. The beast in his hand had disappeared, and he had changed his outfit.

Instead of the broken armour, he was wearing something similar to a robe.

And he was barefoot. Although it probably didn't matter, he had three toes.

[For what reason... did you come here...?]

The Exile's gloomy voice, like the incantations of a Warlock, echoed in an excessively dreary manner.

In addition, the voice itself sounded like that of a monster trying to imitate human speech.

But that didn't seem to matter to Pale.

"I wanna go to the Magic Planet. Can you lend me the power of your [Occult Hand]?"

[Last time... you said... that was the last time.]

"This time! This time is really the last time!"

[...]

The Exile looked at Pale with an indecipherable expression before saying.

[Fine... However... I can't just do it...]

"Ohhh."

[This time as well... their value... they will have to prove it...]

"Of course, they will!"

[...]

At that moment, the Exile stretched out his right hand.

Fwoosh!

An air current appeared behind him. Lukas turned around. And encountered a scene that was quite familiar to him.

'A space crack...'

He saw a gap leading to a different space.

Lukas narrowed his eyes slightly.

'A power similar to Lord's.'

Although there were some differences, the Exile was also 'a being who could manipulate space'. There was another being in the World of Void who could manipulate space, an ability that was incredibly rare in the entire multiverse.

[In that space beyond... convince that being... with just the two of you...]

The Exile pointed at Lukas and Yang In-hyun. Pale smiled and waved her hand.

"It's as he said. Go ahead. Uh. By the way, when are you going to eat what you brought earlier? Can't you give me some too?"

[No...]

"Wah. You're so stingy."

Lukas and Yang In-hyun exchanged glances.

They didn't know what being was in this beyond...

'It's probably a good thing that Pale won't come.'

Lukas was currently carrying a bomb called the Lightning God.

He didn't know if any of that guy's power would leak out at any time while he was fighting. The space in front of them was probably completely separate from this space, so the probability of Pale noticing was extremely low.

With that thought in mind, he stepped into the gap first. And he could feel Yang In-hyun follow him a step later.

Fwoosh!

Once again, the surrounding landscape changed.

This place, the ground had become grey once more.

Did they go 'outside'?

Lukas suddenly felt a chill and instantly prepared to use void.

On the lifeless ground, someone stood like a statue.

"...indeed, it seems this is the being we need to convince."

There was also a bit of tension in Yang In-hyun's voice.

This couldn't be helped. At that moment, Lukas managed to understand several things at the same time.

The condition laid out by Pale. In order to go to the Magic Planet, he needed to find 'someone he could trust to go with him'. She must have known that Lukas' strength was comparable to one of the Twelve Void Lords.

And yet, she'd still told Lukas to find someone he could trust.

In other words, she had determined that it would take at least two beings at the level of the Twelve Void Lords.

Those words were correct.

Because the being in front of them, a Knight in white armour, was probably one of the King's Four Knights like Pale.

Ssrng-

The White Knight of Conquest quietly drew their sword.

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Lukas knew the kinds of beings that he needed to be wary of in this world.

They could be grouped into three main categories.

The Twelve Void Lords, who could be considered the most powerful Lords or Rulers of the World of Void.

Next were the Rulers, who had snuck into the World of Void with some kind of goal, and were cleverly waiting for opportunities.

And finally were the Four Knights.

It was still uncertain if he should add the Void King, whose identity was still a mystery, to that. This was because Lukas didn't even know what kind of being they were, let alone how powerful they were. Did they even exist in the first place? That person called the Void King.

Lukas clicked his tongue. Deeply contemplating things wasn't important when there was a real threat in front of him.

This was without a doubt, one of Lukas' flaws.

What Lukas had to do now was pay attention to the current situation, not to an unsolvable question.

'Generally speaking, the Four Knights were stronger than the Twelve Void Lords.'

This was a clearly recognised fact.

At first, he'd encountered it as knowledge, but he had later experienced it with his body. Nevertheless, this information could not be considered as an absolute fact.

Lukas hadn't yet gained a complete understanding of the Twelve Void Lords. So far, he had only met a small part, and it couldn't even be said that he had a full understanding of the power of the people he'd met.

He glanced at Yang In-hyun who was right beside him. This person was probably the one that Lukas knew the best out of all of the Twelve Void Lords, but he had yet to see and couldn't even imagine his full power.

Sama Ryeong, a member of the Seven Flowers, had said that his swordsmanship had reached a divine level, and the Everlasting Plum Sword had up four moves, but that didn't mean that Yang In-hyun didn't have any other secret means.

The Four Knights were the same.

'...will Lucid also become this strong?'

Enough to stand shoulder to shoulder with Pale, and this White Knight in front of him? It left a bitter taste in his mouth. He knew that his beliefs hadn't changed, but apart from that, everything was a mystery. The reason he was working together with Diablo, and what happened to make him the Black Knight.

He came to bring death to the World of Void? Lucid? Knowing just how much he cherished life, Lukas found it difficult to understand.

"..."

—Unlike Lukas, who was immersed in his various thoughts, Yang In-hyun was focused on the being in front of them.

'They're not in the mood to talk.'

Yang In-hyun couldn't help but feel deep doubts about the situation. As far as he knew, among the Four Knights, the White Knight was the most moderate, easy to talk to, and reasonable. Because of this, some people called them the 'Leader of the Knights'.

Of course, Yang In-hyun knew there wasn't any kind of hierarchical relationship between the Knights, but he couldn't erase the feeling that the White Knight had the strongest voice among them.

But that being was now silently exuding fighting intent. No light was visible beneath their helmet. There was only gloomy darkness. This appearance didn't suit the name 'White Knight' at all.

'...however.'

They weren't fake. At least that much was clear.

In this infinitely large world, the number of beings that could make him feel so much tension that sweat covered his hands was extremely limited.

"...Everlasting Plum Sword, First Move."

So there was no need to probe.

Yang In-hyun immediately showed his own intent from the first move. Even though his strength was limited, he hadn't used the Everlasting Plum Sword in the brief fight with the Lightning God, a Ruler.

This was natural.

After all, the being in front of them was incomparable to a Ruler borrowing the body of a puppet.

“Murim Annihilation.”

Paht-

Centred around Yang In-hyun, colourless buds began to bloom. Each bud flickered as if they would disappear at any moment. This refined technique that was unfolding was the scene that had once bewitched Lukas, and the extreme of swordsmanship that he couldn't help but praise.

The blooming buds were just a simple phenomenon.

There was no special meaning behind them apart from Yang In-hyun's wish to annihilate the Murim. He wished that beautiful flowers would bloom in this desolate world.

This phenomenon was a manifestation of the resolution he'd made at that time.

What had emerged was an amalgamation of history originating from that image, memory and technique.

And the season when Murim was annihilated didn't unfold from those buds. It was an actualisation of every technique from the sword.

That was why the Everlasting Plum Sword was a sword technique.

“—”

Lukas felt like he'd fully grasped what Murim Annihilation was. It was a slash of karma brought about by Yang In-hyun's history.

Deep-seated hatred, resentment. And, at the same time, he could feel the opposing feelings of longing and sadness.

Perhaps, Yang In-hyun hadn't wanted to annihilate the Murim with his own hands. Of course, this was probably a very rude thought. So he'd never reveal it. Yang In-hyun probably wouldn't talk about it either.

If it wasn't for the faint traces of emotion in his swordsmanship, Lukas probably wouldn't have thought about that possibility in his whole life.

‘The karma Yang In-hyun carries.’

Those who were unable to bear it would be unable to stop that slash. They wouldn't even notice it.

Lucid always said that every slash had to be done with all your heart. And he'd also said that he had a long way to go before he could reach that level.

Those words weren't a bluff or ideology. At that time, Lucid had still been far away from that state, but it was clear that he was dreaming of it.

Clang!

Lukas' soul almost departed.

The Everlasting Plum Sword, Murim Annihilation had been blocked.

“...!”

Lukas’ breath hitched for a moment. The White Knight held a small shield in their right hand. He had only just noticed. This was because the shield had been hanging on their back.

It had a form that was similar to a buckler. It wasn’t very large, and seemed quite thin as well. Normally, Yang In-hyun’s Murim Annihilation should have been to slice through even a few thousand of such shields.

‘It’s hard.’

Yang In-hyun frowned slightly.

What kind of material was it made of? To so easily block his Murim Annihilation.

Of course, the defensive abilities of all four of the Knights could be described as monstrous. After all, most attacks could barely scratch the armour of Pale, the most aggressive of them all.

And among the four Knights, the White Knight possessed outstanding defensive abilities.

This was a fact that Yang In-hyun was well aware of. Nevertheless, he couldn’t help but be filled with shock.

The difference between what he’d believed and what he experienced was greater than the difference between heaven and earth.

‘...I thought it would at least have some effect.’

He thought that if it was his Everlasting Plum Sword, he would be able to make a crack in the White Knight’s defences, even if just slightly.

Yang In-hyun had considered this to be calm confidence, but it turned out to just be arrogance. This result proved that.

The White Knight had blocked his attack without even moving from their spot. In fact, even the word ‘blocked’ was a bit ambiguous. The White Knight had simply raised their shield towards the incoming sword strike.

They didn’t bend their back, focus on their shield, or do anything of the sort. The feeling of being disregarded filled Yang In-hyun with humiliation.

Yang In-hyun withdrew his sword. The White Knight didn’t pursue. Instead, they just lowered the shield and continued to stand there with their sword drawn.

“This is just my guess.”

Without revealing the emotions boiling inside him, Yang In-hyun spoke.

“But I think we need to break through the White Knight’s defences in order to gain The Exile’s acknowledgement.”

Lukas agreed with those words.

He didn't need more proof as the White Knight didn't seem to have any intention of attacking. Even at that moment, they were just looking at them with a sword in their right hand and shield in their left hand*. (*:The shield was in the right hand before.)

"We can't attack at the same time."

"Right. Our power would interfere with each other."

His magic and Yang In-hyun's Everlasting Plum Sword wouldn't mix. It was like oil and water. Rather than strengthening the other, they might end up adversely affecting or even directly destroying each other.

"We have two options. The first is to take turns to attack till we're tired."

"That's no good. It wouldn't be very efficient, let's go with the second one."

When Lukas spoke bluntly, Yang In-hyun couldn't help but ask.

"Do you even know what the second option is?"

"Is it not taking turns to attack continuously?"

"...hmm, yeah, that's right."

Yang In-hyun nodded with a slightly strange expression.

"How will we determine the turns?"

This was also an important issue. At that, Yang In-hyun spoke.

"You've already seen my Everlasting Plum Sword. You must have some grasp of my power. However, I don't know much about you."

In the battle against the Lightning God, Lukas had ended up taking the role of support. Yang In-hyun hadn't been relaxed enough to take a good look at him.

He meant that he should show his hand this time, to make it fair. Nodding, Lukas agreed. This was because he judged that it was a fair argument.

Of course, he also had other calculations.

'I haven't used my power properly since [Lukas's] voices disappeared.'

He had clearly felt himself grow stronger in the imaginary world, but he couldn't expect the same amount of power in reality. There would still be some differences.

Just in time, the toughest training dummy in the world was prepared for him.

He'd have plenty of time to hone his skills.

[You can tell me if you think you won't be enough. This Lightning God will help you.]

'I don't need it.'

He would rather die than receive help from that guy. The Lightning God let out an unpleasant laugh. Pretending not to hear, Lukas walked up to the White Knight. Then he drew on his void power.

—.

Entering the minimal time zone was easy. The 'Lukas'es' had been right. It was now possible for him to enter it without the help of their computational ability. There was a slight dizziness at first, but that quickly faded away.

Nevertheless, the bitter feeling didn't go away.

Forcibly swallowing the bitter taste that lingered on the tip of his tongue, Lukas looked at the White Knight.

If there wasn't a faint glimmer from the eye holes of the helmet and the armour's paint was a bit gloomier, they could have been mistaken for a Ghost Knight.

But his opponent was just as much of a monster as Pale. So he had no doubt they could perceive this time zone.

'I wish I could test if I could use the Thorn of Pain...'

Of course, it would be impossible to manifest to the same extent as in the imaginary world, he still wanted to know to what extent he could use it.

'Clearly a bad idea.'

To use the power of a Ruler in front of none other than one of the four Knights. Considering Pale's reaction, it was tantamount to suicide. If that happened, the White Knight might abandon their defensive stance and rush to take Lukas' life.

It was a shame. The power of a Ruler would certainly have been able to deal a valid blow to the White Knight.

'...then, what should I use?'

Lukas flicked his finger in thought. Chwak, several spaces expanded in front of him.

Even using the power of space was less of a burden. There was a slight delay when compared to the imaginary world, but that was it.

Clearly feeling his own progress, Lukas decided to send a spell through them.

Woowoong-

It was a weaker version of the amplification magic he'd used in the battle against the Demon God.

The silent, enhanced spell bombardment hit the White Knight's armour. Armour, not shield.

In other words, they hadn't moved or reacted in any way, standing still like a training dummy and enduring Lukas' spell.

They didn't even need to block it?

His pride took a small hit, but Lukas calmly accepted it. This was because he didn't think the magic he used was in any way superior to Yang In-hyun's Everlasting Plum Sword.

At that moment, the White Knight moved. They began rushing towards Lukas' position.

...Weren't they just standing still and blocking attacks?

Although he was a bit surprised, he wasn't shocked.

Nevertheless, he did still need more time. For now, he needed to slow them down, even if only slightly. There was no point in using ordinary spells. Lukas placed a space trap in the White Knight's path.

This was the same trick he'd used in the battle against the Lightning God. Even if it only worked once, it would be considered a success. And even if it didn't work, it wouldn't be that bad for Lukas since he would still be able to earn the smallest amount of time as they went around his trap.

He didn't expect them to fall for his trap. The Lightning God had only fallen for it because Yang In-hyun had been drawing most of his attention, but now, the White Knight's attention was entirely focused on Lukas.

So that meant he'd have to find another way...

Shuk!

The White Knight's right foot fell into the space trap Lukas had created.

"Mm?"

Yang In-hyun, who was watching from the side, furrowed his eyebrows. Surprised, Lukas did the same.

Did they not notice that? The White Knight?

Just as he questioned this scene, an even more shocking scene unfolded. Without even the slightest hint of surprise, the White Knight stabbed their sword into the space that had swallowed their foot. Then, they twisted the blade.

Crack!

The sound of the space cracking could be heard. Lukas' expression became stiff.

Even when the White Knight had fallen for his trap, he'd been more confused than glad, but now, he couldn't help but feel anxious.

'They forcefully expanded the entrance of the space.'

With just their physical strength.

Then, the White Knight jumped into the expanded space.

"...!"

For the first time, Lukas couldn't help but feel flustered.

"What's in there?"

“...it’s a space where almost nothing exists.”

The only things in that universe were a few enhancement spells that Lukas had placed to amplify his spells. Naturally, there was nothing there to support living beings. It was an empty world that could be described as empty space.

‘...if I close the entrance to that space.’

It might mean the capturing or sealing of the White Knight.

‘It doesn’t make sense.’

If it was the White Knight, it wouldn’t be strange if they were able to escape on their own, and even if they couldn’t, there was the possibility that the Exile* would take them out after. He wasn’t certain of the level of power he had over space. (*: The author used a different word here which is almost the opposite of ‘exile’, but from the context, I’m assuming it is.)

‘I’ll follow.’

Just as Lukas made up his mind, Yang In-hyun asked.

“Should I join you?”

The White Knight had already displayed unexpected behaviour. If they weren’t simply responding defensively, then they couldn’t afford to leisurely take turns to attack.

But Lukas shook his head.

“No. I’d rather go alone.”

“I see.”

“Worst case scenario, I’ll immediately get rid of the space, then you’ll immediately attack the White Knight.”

“Alright.”

Then, Lukas stepped into the space that the White Knight had entered first.

—A world without anything. In this world filled with nothing but darkness stood the lone White Knight, emitting a pure white glow.

As if feeling Lukas’ presence, they turned to look at him as he entered.

Then, just as Lukas was about to call upon the power of void once more. The White Knight once again did something completely unexpected.

But no matter how one looked at it, it couldn’t be seen as an act of aggression.

Churk-

The White Knight removed the helmet covering their face.

“...”

And Lukas frowned as he saw the revealed face.

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Platinum coloured hair, skin so pale that even the veins beneath were visible, and greyish white eyes.

A man who gave the impression that he would disappear at any moment, but he also possessed features that were almost inappropriately perfect. In other words, he was a man with an unrealistic appearance.

‘He’s not human.’

While he looked similar to a human, he was different. He felt like an entirely different being from humans. This wasn’t because of his identity as one of the four Knights. As far as Lukas knew, all four Knights were from the ‘multiverse outside’, in other words, the Three Thousand Worlds. And there were countless humans in every universe in the Three Thousand Worlds.

What was it that made humans humans? Lukas had struggled for a long time to find an answer to this question. And then he realised. Even he would not be able to make a perfect judgement. This was because, in the end, he was also nothing more than a being with an ego. This meant that he would inevitably classify humans according to his own personal and self-centred views.

The explanation was long, but what Lukas was thinking boiled down to one thing.

This man was far different from even the broad standard for ‘human’ that Lukas had set.

Sss-

This could be clearly felt from every part of him, especially his eyes. The White Knight’s greyish white eyes made Lukas want to immediately avoid making eye contact with him. He knew this feeling.

‘This...’

It was the same feeling that was similar to when he met the Rulers.

[Hoh. A Perfect One...]

The Lightning God’s voice interjected at the right time. Lukas felt the faint fear that was making him hesitant disappear, and asked without even the slightest hint of that fact.

‘Perfect One?’

[Indeed, it wouldn’t be strange for one of them to still be around in this world. No. Instead, I should say that it’s natural for one to be in this world... Nevertheless, I never thought that this would be the White Knight’s identity. Kukuku.]

The Lightning God seemed to be genuinely happy and didn’t try to hide it. And he even started talking without him needing to ask.

[There was once an unprecedentedly large universe in the past. That universe was so large that all four Rulers could have been there at the same time. The Perfect Ones were the conquerors who ruled over that entire universe... with only a few hundred individuals.]

“...!”

He couldn't help but be surprised by those words.

Naturally, not every universe had the same standards.

Some universes were smaller than planets, and some were larger than dozens of universes combined.

And the larger the size, or in other words, capacity of the universe, the higher the average number of beings that filled it. In the larger universes, there was a higher probability of the birth of an innately Transcendent or Absolute being.

[In terms of species alone, the Perfect Ones were able to compete with the Giant Spirit Clan, which the Sun God hailed from. With their natural ability, nigh infinite lifespan, and highly developed intelligence... they were probably the race that was closest to perfection.]

...Perfect One.

He thought of the name once more. It was a phrase Lukas had never encountered before. According to the Lightning God's words, this was natural as it appeared as if they had been destroyed and forgotten a long time ago.

Why did that happen to such a perfect race?

[They destroyed themselves.]

The Lightning God immediately resolved Lukas' confusion.

[It was a dull ending, but it was a shame. If the Perfect Ones hadn't gone extinct... perhaps another being like us would have been born from that race.]

He was talking about the Rulers. Lukas shuddered quietly at the Lightning God's statement. This was probably the highest praise the Lightning God could give. He believed that the Perfect One had the racial potential to reach the level of a Ruler.

His tension increased by several times.

Lukas stared at the White Knight, assuming and preparing for all manners of unexpected situations.

At almost the same time, the White Knight opened his mouth.

“It's a pleasure to meet you.”

“..”

An unexpectedly polite attitude.

This reaction was even more unexpected since he'd acknowledged the other as a being comparable to a Ruler. In a sense, the White Knight had done the one thing that Lukas never would have expected.

‘No.’

After thinking about it, he realised it wasn't that much of a surprise.

Aside from her annoying attitude and floaty voice, when she wasn't the Blue Knight, Pale basically only spoke politely— Lucid was also a stickler for manners.

So it wasn't that strange that the White Knight was polite and respectful.

...But that didn't change the awkwardness. Lukas stared at the White Knight without saying anything.

"You don't have to be so tense. I'm not so savage as to launch an attack in the middle of a conversation."

"..."

"Of course, considering the fact that Pale was the Knight accompanying you, I suppose it wouldn't be easy for you to let go of your suspicions. Whatever makes you comfortable."

He smiled bitterly, he quietly added... Among the four Knights, Pale was the most audacious. So it wasn't that much of a surprise.

"You want to talk to me."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Void King Candidate."

"..."

This was said with full confidence.

Pale, and now the White Knight in front of him.

What exactly did they see that made them conclude that he was a 'Void King Candidate'?

"...White Knight of Conquest."

"I don't really like that name. Can you call me 'Agolet' instead?"

He asked this with such politeness that it would be impossible to say no. Feeling strangely uncomfortable, Lukas asked.

"Why are you here? Who is the 'Void King Candidate' that you follow?"

Every Knight had their own Void King Candidate. This was only Lukas' guess, but considering the case of Diablo and Lucid, it seemed like a reliable hypothesis.

But the White Knight shook his head, no.

"I don't have such a thing."

"What does that mean?"

"How much do you know about the being called the Void King?"

Of course, he could say that he knew almost nothing. But instead of answering, Lukas remained silent. This was because he didn't want to display his own ignorance to an enemy.

"It seems you don't know anything."

But remaining silent at a time like this was no different from directly saying that you didn't know anything.

"All this while, the World of Void has been at peace. Although it might be hard to accept, there definitely is order and balance in this place."

"..."

"But if a new Void King appears, that peace will be broken."

Agolet's voice became cold.

"There will be all kinds of intrigue*. It's a situation that will cause all kinds of incidents. I don't want that kind of chaos." (*: In this case using the definition – the secret planning of something illicit or detrimental.)

[Hmph.]

The Lightning God snorted coldly.

[That's some really interesting bullshit. That's not something that someone responsible for accelerating the collapse should say.]

"What do you mean?"

[Originally, we would never have been able to set foot in this place. We had knocked on the door countless times before and it never opened. It was like someone was blocking it with all their might.]

"..."

[It was none other than these guys that killed that being and broke the chains.]

Lukas realised who 'that being' was.

God.

"...I want to prevent the conflict."

Agolet spoke with a troubled expression.

"The 'Great Game' that the Rulers are trying to play will cause a war of slaughter filled with flesh and blood. And I am tired of such wars."

[...]

He couldn't tell if he was serious or just acting. But he could clearly feel the contempt the Lightning God held for the White Knight.

It was a strange feeling.

It was as if he was being swayed by the Lightning God's emotions.

"Did you know? In order to become the Void King, you must ultimately receive the loyalty of all four Knights."

Of course, he didn't know that.

"That's why I won't vow my loyalty to anyone. The birth of a new Void King will cause even more chaos, so I will remain silent. And I will eliminate everything that tries to disturb the order. And you..."

"..."

"Are not the right person to be the Void King. So give up. All I wanted to do was give you that warning."

"And if I don't give up?"

Lukas displayed his defiance almost reflexively.

At that moment, it felt like the temperature in the space dropped by several tens of degrees. Agolet looked at Lukas with cold eyes.

"Then you..."

The moment he put the helmet in his hand back on his head, Agolet became the White Knight once more.

[Will die here.]

His tone changed, and so did his aura.

[You are a fool of fate, but you do not need to live as a toy anymore. In the first place, you shouldn't be in this world.]

"...that might be true."

The things he'd felt the most while wandering the World of Void were confusion and anxiety.

"However, the guy who brought me here seemed to think differently."

There was a role the God hoped Lukas would play. He wasn't entirely sure what that role was yet, but it was clear that he had some expectations of him.

[...you mean that deceiver.]

Disgust was evident in the White Knight's voice.

[That was probably his final struggle before he died.]

"..."

[I will tell you one thing. You do not deserve to be tested by me. The 'Exile' will probably understand that. Go back to where he is... then you will see where you really need to go.]

Boom-

After that, the space shattered like glass, and Yang In-hyun could be seen on the outside.

Lukas sneered.

“Go back? It seems you are mistaken. You are not the owner of this-”

The White Knight swung his sword without bothering to listen to the rest of his words. Suddenly, tremendous wind pressure appeared and shoved Lukas’ body away.

Should he endure it, fight back? That thought occurred to him for a moment, but Lukas eventually allowed himself to be carried by the wind pressure. Then, as intended, he found himself expelled from the world he had created.

Outside once more.

Yang In-hyun approached Lukas, who had fallen to one knee.

“What happened?”

“...well.”

Straightening his knees, Lukas got up. Then he agonised for a moment.

It wouldn’t be difficult to reenter the world that the White Knight was in. However, he had the feeling that if he entered again, he would be risking his life.

‘...I have no choice but to go back to the Exile.’

Among the things the White Knight had said, there was something he found particularly disturbing.

* * *

It wasn’t that difficult to return to the place that the Exile was. As mentioned before, Lukas could return to any place that he’d been before.

Then, as he arrived at the abandoned spacecraft, Lukas was greeted by an astonishing sight.

It was the image of the Exile grilling animal meat over a bonfire. In front of him, Pale was devouring a leg that she was holding in both hands.

The figure of the animal over the fire was familiar. It was the one the Exile had been dragging when he first appeared.

‘...food.’

In this world, there was no food other than jerky, so how?

Now that he thought about it, it was strange from the beginning. In the World of Void, bodies disappeared almost instantly, but the animal that he had been dragging didn’t

Questioning that fact, Lukas looked around.

The space that he was in right now... was it really the World of Void?

Suddenly, the Exile rose to his feet. Then he looked at Lukas and nodded.

[Indeed... you came out like that...]

When she heard his tone, Pale, who had been frantically devouring the meat, changed. Her eyes became sharp as she glared at the Exile.

“Hey. Like I said earlier, don’t do anything stupid.”

Despite this menacing threat, the Exile ignored her and waved his hand. Just as her expression changed like a demon.

“What are-”

Her voice was cut off.

In an instant, the surrounding space changed. It became a place that could never be interfered with from the outside.

Lukas watched it all in silence.

[You didn’t... stop me...]

The Exile spoke. His green eyes seemed blank, but Lukas felt that he was looking right at him.

[With your ability... my spatial movement... you could’ve interfered... Answer... why didn’t you stop me...?]

“Because it didn’t seem like you intended to harm me.”

[Is that all...?]

Glancing around, Lukas nodded.

“No matter what space I am dragged to, I have confidence in my body.”

[Hmm... everything was correct...]

Nodding, the Exile said.

[And I do... have no intention to harm you... I called you here... to help you...]

“Help?”

[I know... where you really want to go... not the Magic Planet...]

“You are mistaken. My goal is the Magic Planet.”

[No... it’s different... Think a bit more deeply... Lukas Trowman... your real goal from the start... what is it...?]

“...”

Lukas, of course, had no memory of introducing himself to the Exile. But this had already happened several times before. For some reason, the strong beings here knew Lukas.

As if they had been paying attention to him for a long time.

“Just be honest. You don’t want to send me to the Magic Planet.”

[It doesn’t matter... if you can think like that... However, before that... I want to show you... where you really want to go... the places...]

At this moment, the Exile waved his arm again.

“...!”

Lukas’ eyes widened. His mind went blank.

This was because two cracks in space appeared before him.

Of course, that alone wouldn’t have been enough to surprise him.

“Th-, this...”

Through the cracks, he could see familiar faces.

On one side, he could see Peran, Nix, Ivan, and Iris. It was none other than the scene from Lukas’ home universe.

And on the other side... he could see Min Ha-rin.

It wasn’t just her.

Lukas’ other disciples, Arid, Leo, and even Venian* were also there. (*: Benieng*. I said I’d change it to what the author said it was the next time it came up. So here we go.)

[Choose...]

“Choose...?”

[Where you want to go... if you do...]

The Exile stretched his hands out as he spoke.

[I will send you to the world you want...]

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Several thoughts popped into his mind at the same time. That seemed to be the case. But the words that escaped from Lukas’ lips were much simpler than those thoughts.

“Are you saying you can do that?”

Confirming the authenticity.

Tch, he heard the sound of the Lightning God clicking his tongue in his head. He didn’t know why but seemed disappointed in Lukas for some reason.

He didn’t care about that. Without him realising, Lukas’ senses and attention had become focused on the Exile.

“How is that possible?”

Space manipulation.

Lukas had also become able to skillfully wield that power. Due to an explosive increase in his proficiency, he could visit any place that he'd been to before. The same was true even for restricted areas like the 'Dump Site' and other 'territories'.

However, the range of that movement was limited to the World of Void. He couldn't go to the Three Thousand Worlds outside. He couldn't find a path. Every time he tried, it felt like he was stuck in something.

[I have no reason... to tell you lies...]

“That could just be your thoughts. The cracks themselves could be traps.”

Even as he said that, Lukas was aware of how slim the chance of that was. Then he realised that the reason he denied it in the first place was because he wanted the Exile's words to be true.

It was a ridiculous and pathetic response.

In his home universe, Lukas had been betrayed too many times. Therefore, even though hopeful observations came to his mind, he shook his head, denying them.

'A weak defence mechanism.'

He calmed his agitation, he didn't want to display an unsightly appearance.

Even if the 'Lukas' themselves were no longer there to watch, Lukas wouldn't allow himself to make the wrong choice again.

The Exile looked at him silently. It was difficult to predict what he was thinking.

That thought caused him to be even more uncomfortable facing this being.

Should he just put an end to this farce and ask him to show him the way to the Magic Planet?

However, what if his statements really were true?

[It's true.]

The Lightning God's voice confirmed that possibility.

'What?'

[That being is the only one across time and space that can travel between the World of Void and the Three Thousand Worlds.]

'How is that possible?'

[All kinds of miracles are possible with that right hand of his...]

The Lightning God turned his attention to the Exile's right hand. His hand, which was huge and thick as if there were iron plates beneath his skin, was still emitting the unknown blueish energy, however, Lukas couldn't tell exactly what kind of energy it was.

[The Occult Hand... It can be said that your knowledge of space is pretty good too. So I can speak assertively. Now that God has died, there is no other being in existence who is more skillful at manipulating space than the Exile.]

From the start, the Lightning God had spoken as if he knew the Exile.

In other words, there was a high chance that his words were true.

"What is the Occult Hand?"

[Kuku. Well... All of the records related to the Exile have been erased. There isn't even any information about him in the Akashic Records, but the Exile was able to wipe out 17 Great Universes on his own. Do you understand what that means?]

Taking a deep breath, Lukas said.

"He can travel between universes without God's help?"

Instead of answering, the Lightning God smiled grimly. As if to say his answer was correct.

...The thoughts in his head became several times more complicated.

The Exile's words were true.

And it was none other than the Lightning God himself that had confirmed his words. Rulers didn't lie. Although they might hide some truths to deceive someone, they would never outright lie.

In other words, this meant that it really was possible for the Exile to send him to those two worlds.

"What do you want from me?"

[...]

"Is your goal to listen to my old wishes?"

Lukas chuckled.

"Even if that's the truth, I'll have to ask you to stop right there. I'd prefer it if you had an ulterior motive. Maybe even to use me for some grand scheme."

[Lukas Trowman... do you not know... that such pure intentions also exist...?]

"So? Because I'm such a good person, I'm showing mercy to a man I've never seen before. Is that what you're trying to say?"

[I am... an ally... of every exiled being...]

As he was about to shoot something back, he closed his mouth. The sharpness that he'd been projecting before dulled a little. This was because, for the first time, he could feel a glimpse of emotion in the Exile's voice.

[You can still change... Those that can change... with a place they can return to... beings like that... I always help them.]

“...”

[These cracks... take a closer look... not at the reunion with those dear to you... but at the real threats...]

Lukas' gaze turned to the crack in space again.

[If it was the original you... you wouldn't have been able to respond... However, the current you... might be able to... do what you have to do there...]

Lukas looked at the being glowering beyond his home universe.

Pure, white bones without a hint of flesh, surrounded by a black, cloth-like robe, an undead.

He knew the name of this being very well.

“Diablo.”

This time, his gaze shifted to the Earth universe where Min Ha-rin was.

There, sitting on a throne surrounded by countless demons, was a huge demon.

A being with multiple horns, a gigantic body, grey skin, and a bored expression.

...Kasajin, no.

“Demon King.”

[Likewise... left as they are...]

The Exile murmured in a low voice.

[These two universes... will soon be destroyed...]

* * *

Lukas suddenly thought about Pale who was outside this space. The last thing he'd seen from her was her distorted expression. Perhaps she knew what the Exile intended to do.

“...”

A useless thought.

Even if it wasn't, it wasn't something he should be thinking about at that moment.

Lukas realised, then, that the fact that he was thinking about Pale at that moment showed that conflict had already arisen in his mind.

“Diablo and the Demon King. Are you saying those universes will be destroyed by those guys?”

[Their destruction... will come unannounced...]

[Hoh...]

The Lightning God reacted to those words. He looked at the Exile with an attitude of curiosity.

Was there a hidden meaning within the words he'd just said?

It was still a riddle for Lukas.

But there was one word that he could understand with certainty.

Destruction.

One way or the other, these universes were facing an unprecedented crisis.

In the past, this thought alone would have filled him with anxiety. He might have even felt powerless at the fact that he couldn't do anything on his own.

But it was different now.

"They do not need a guardian anymore."

[...]

"I know the truth now. At first, I thought people needed me to lead them. Perhaps, I thought that I was the only one who could fill that role. I'm not sure if that came off as arrogance. But if it wasn't."

The scene from his home universe.

A confrontation between beings that Lukas held dearly.

At first, their behaviour made him angry. He couldn't stand it. He'd risked his life to drive the Demigods away, to kill Lord, and left his home universe with hope.

And yet, the conflicts didn't disappear. Instead, the confrontations only grew. It was so intense that they made each other bleed.

However, in the end, that was human nature.

"Not all conflicts are wrong."

[...]

"Sometimes, the wisest answers can only be found through conflict, and the greatest of possibilities, blossomed in the midst of the extreme hardships."

There were many things in the world that couldn't be linearly divided into good and evil.

It was the same for them. They were all living as their hearts desired. That wasn't wrong.

Iris, Ivan, and Snow, they all had their thoughts.

And one thing was clear. They hadn't changed. Although their methods were different, it was obvious that their thoughts were the same as before.

Of course, they wouldn't have quarrelled if Lukas had still been there, because he would have controlled them not to, and led them in the right direction.

...Right. Now that he thought about it, Lukas would have used coercion in the guise of goodness to lead them in what he considered to be the right direction.

"I'm glad I left."

He finally voiced the words he'd hated to admit the most.

"They don't need me anymore."

This went not just for his friends in his home universe,

But also his disciples on Earth.

Of course, in the future God had shown him, everyone he knew ended up in miserable states or dead. God had also said that Lukas was the only one who could change that ending.

'However...'

He could stop it even if he didn't go directly to that world. Diablo wasn't in the Three Thousand Worlds, but the World of Void.

Maybe if he killed that guy in the Dump Site, that would solve everything.

[Is that... your choice...?]

"Right."

As he replied, Lukas turned around.

He didn't care if the Exile was satisfied by his answer or not. Lukas had the ability to escape this space he'd created.

[I see...]

And it was exactly in the next moment that the Exile suddenly took action.

[I am not fond... of coercion, but... I am not confident... in my ability to convince you...]

"What?"

[I'd like to... apologise in advance... but it can't be helped... Regrets... there is a being who... doesn't want you to have them...and I... owe them...]

"What are you talking about?"

[Go... take a look and... judge for yourself...]

Fwoosh.

He felt a strong suction force. It was a pressure as if his entire body was being pulled somewhere. It took a bit too long to figure out what was happening.

The Exile was trying to force him into one of the forces.

He grit his teeth.

He pretended to give him a choice, only to act hypocritically in the end?

“Cut... it out...”

Lukas shouted violently as he swung his arm. It wouldn't be too hard to deal with this suction force.

Or at least that would have been the case if there wasn't any interference.

[Kuku... Kuhaha!]

The Lightning God chose this moment to suddenly burst into a frenzy.

Boom!

'Kuk!'

A huge bolt of lightning crashed into his mind. For a moment, his vision went black and it felt like brain was burning.

'You... motherfucker...'

He knew that the Lightning God still had some power left, but he never would have thought that he'd interfere at that moment.

For a moment, Lukas lost control over the power of void and his body was helplessly dragged into the Exile's hand.

“-ah.”

Then he was thrown.

Floating, and falling.

Lukas' body fell into the pitch black space.

* * *

...He felt warm sunlight.

His head was resting on something soft, but he had such a headache that he couldn't properly identify the texture.

They combined; the warmth, the softness, and the pain.

As he felt these three sensations at the same time, Lukas frowned.

“Kuk...”

His head ached and he felt nauseous. Overall, his condition wasn't too good. This was more a matter of his mind than his body, so it would have been wise to just wait for a while, but he couldn't afford to.

Just as he was about to try to get up from where he lay.

Guk-

He felt fingers press against his forehead.

The force wasn't strong, but strangely enough, he couldn't resist.

"You should lay for a while longer."

He heard a voice that was closer to a whisper.

A familiar voice.

"Pale...?"

"Yes."

He opened his eyes.

He could see Pale with her back to the sun. As she looked back at Lukas, she smiled, showing off her pure white teeth.

"How are you?"

"..."

Instead of answering, he closed his eyes again.

Then he pieced together his last memories.

...The Exile. The two universes, his offer, his rejection, the Lightning God's interference, floating, falling...

And...

"...where are we?"

It was clear that he'd been swept away by the Exile's power. And, through the lack of void, he could tell that this place wasn't the World of Void.

Then?

Was this Lukas' home universe? Or Earth?

"Don't you know?"

Pale tilted her head to the side.

As he looked at her, he asked the biggest question he had.

"Why are you here?"

This time she replied indifferently.

"Hmm. I don't know. I think we might have been caught up in it, but I'm not sure."

"We?"

Pale pointed to the side.

Standing not so far away, was another familiar face.

It was Yang In-hyun.

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Season 2 Chapter 465

Yang In-hyun was standing in front of a beautiful tree with his hands behind his back.

He was looking around at the surrounding vegetation while seemingly being lost in thought, and there was a faint hint of sadness in his expression.

...This wasn't the time for him to be looking at Yang In-hyun. This time, before Pale could stop him, Lukas got to his feet. Then, he realised that his previous position had been a bit embarrassing.

"..."

Pale looked at Lukas with a strange expression, then, tapping her thighs, she got up as well.

"I guess we got caught up in something awesome?"

She also seemed rightly aware of the fact that they weren't in the World of Void. Nevertheless, she didn't appear that confused or surprised.

Instead, she seemed to find the situation interesting.

"...huhu."

On the other hand, Yang In-hyun, who was a few steps away, let out a deep sigh. With just that, the feeling of sadness that had been surrounding him before disappeared as if it had been washed away.

Then his gaze turned over to them. Lukas could feel the irritation in Yang In-hyun's expression and attitude.

"So, what situation are we in now?"

"..."

His skin felt numb.

Yang In-hyun's voice was, at the same time, cold and filled with hostility. It wouldn't be strange for him to suddenly draw his sword depending on his answer.

It seemed that Yang In-hyun was trying to make Lukas take responsibility for this situation, but Lukas was actually a victim as well. It wasn't that he didn't feel wronged because of this, but an emotional response would not get through to him. Instead, it would only make him angrier.

"...it was the Exile's doing."

"The Exile?"

"Right."

At least, it was clear that Lukas knew more about the current situation than they did. So he continued to explain. But it didn't last very long, because Lukas didn't know that much either.

"Hng. I see."

Pale giggled. Yang In-hyun's expression wasn't good. He stood still with no expression on his face before he abruptly said.

"Then we can go back."

Naturally, a retort came from Lukas' mouth.

"Go back? How?"

"You have the power of space. If you use that power, we should be able to go back."

It was a farfetched conjecture, but that didn't mean that it was completely unreasonable... However, he doubted it would be that easy.

Putting his doubts aside, he decided to try first.

"...mm."

As expected, he only got a vague feeling. In order to move through space, the most important component was the coordinate value, but that value was now unreachable. It was like looking for a piece of fingernail while swimming in the open sea.

No. It was as if it didn't exist in the vast sea in the first place.

Quitting his useless attempt, Lukas shook his head.

"I can't."

"Really?"

"Right."

"..."

Yang In-hyun had a regretful expression. There was also a hint of suspicion in his gaze. Considering the circumstances, there was a high chance that this universe was related to Lukas, so he might be lying deliberately. It might be possible for them to return immediately, but he was hiding that fact.

...That was probably what he was thinking.

If that was the case, then Lukas wanted to point out that it was a complete misunderstanding.

In the first place, he was reluctant to come here, and he definitely didn't want monsters like Pale and Yang In-hyun to be here.

If possible, he would have liked to return to the World of Void right away.

'No.'

In the first place, where was this?

The surrounding area was a place that could be called a forest, but it wasn't possible to confirm which of the two universes this place was in.

'The coordinate values are strange too.'

With Lukas' ability, it should have been possible for him to identify what universe he was in by identifying the individuality of the coordinate values. Each universe, whether it was his home universe or Earth, have their own values.

But now, they felt a bit strange. It felt like they'd been twisted.

Lukas couldn't tell if it was a problem with himself or the universe. In any case, it was clear that it would be difficult for him to use spatial movement at that moment.

In the end, he concluded that he'd have to meet someone to find out where they were.

Looking at Yang In-hyun, who had a dismal expression, Lukas said.

"...there should be things like entrances to the World of Void."

"Entrances?"

"Right. That's how I first entered that world."

In all honesty, kidnapped would have been a more appropriate word instead of enter.

"There might be something similar in this world."

"...does that mean we would be able to go back to Flower Mountain if we secure one of these entrances?"

"At the very least, we'd get a clue."

He couldn't speak with certainty. This was because Lukas exactly wasn't sure what the entrances were composed of.

Yang In-hyun sighed again, but it was clear that he was a bit calmer than before. He hadn't been convinced by Lukas' explanation. He was simply accepting the situation coldly.

In any case, it was fortunate that he was in the process of calming down. It was a small but big crisis.

Although the probability was low, if Yang In-hyun had just erupted, it would have been a universe class disaster. Lukas didn't believe Pale, who was beside him, would try to calm him down, so it would be up to him to fulfil that role.

And regardless of the outcome, the aftermath of the fight between the two of them would be enough to smash this dimension to bits.

As he had this thought, Lukas checked within himself.

...While he could feel the presence of void, unfortunately, there was one problem.

'There is no way to replenish void in the Three Thousand Worlds.'

In the first place, this was natural because void was a unique energy that only existed in the World of Void. In other words, if he used up all of the void in his body, Lukas would not be able to guarantee victory against powerful beings capable of entering the minimal time zone.

Of course, such powerful beings were incredibly rare, but he should still save as much void as possible just in case.

Nevertheless, this didn't mean that Lukas was powerless. After all, it wasn't like he didn't have any fighting methods outside of void.

As mentioned before, this place was in the Three Thousand Worlds, which meant that it was possible to replenish mana without having to eat anything.

In other words, he could use as much magic as he wanted.

'...then.'

His self analysis ended there, and he looked towards Yang In-hyun and Pale. Their accompaniment was a completely unexpected development.

This was probably arranged by the Exile.

But why?

He had many questions about his attitude and behaviour, but one thing was clear. As he'd said, he didn't bear any hostility towards Lukas.

In other words, it was possible that these two had accompanied Lukas for his sake... But that didn't make sense.

The threats in the two universes.

Firstly, Diablo, it wouldn't be difficult at all for the current Lukas to kill him. He could probably grind him into bone powder in the same instant that they came face to face.

As for the Demon King. That guy... he would be a bit trickier than Diablo, but that was all. There wasn't any overwhelming gap between them like he had with the Twelve Void Lords or four Knights in the past.

If the Exile had sent Pale and Yang In-hyun to help him kill them, then he had made a fatal error in his judgement.

In the first place, there was no way that Lukas would be able to control these two beings.

'Lucid?'

If it was related to anything, it would be the existence of the Black Knight, Lucid.

That thought made the most sense. Of course, he couldn't predict how Pale would react to Lucid.

...Clicking his tongue, Lukas spoke internally.

'Lightning God, why did you disturb me?'

[Kuku.]

The Lightning God chuckled. But it wasn't ridiculing.

In any case, he couldn't understand his attitude.

'Wasn't your goal in the World of Void? I'm now in the Three Thousand Worlds. We've returned to a world that you find boring, is this what you wanted?'

[It's a shame. However, I decided that this was better.]

'What?'

[There were more changes than you think... on the outside.]

'You, what are you talking about?'

The Lightning God laughed unpleasantly once more and didn't answer.

Try to figure out the rest for yourself.

He was a guy who really didn't care.

* * *

Fortunately, Pale and Yang In-hyun followed Lukas obediently.

These two beings were like bombs. This wasn't a joke, they were both bombs capable of turning an entire universe to dust.

Even if they did as they pleased, Lukas wasn't certain that he could stop them. In the case of Pale, she was clearly above him, and as for Yang In-hyun, he couldn't be dismissed as being below him.

Moreover, unlike Yang In-hyun, who was following him with relative calmness, it was still difficult for him to read Pale's intentions. She simply hummed in the same manner as when they were in the World of Void.

All four of the Knights were from the outside.

The White Knight, Agolet, who was from a race known as Perfect One. Lukas' best friend, the Black Knight, Lucid.

Pale was probably the same.

He suddenly became curious. What kind of life had she lived and how had she come to the World of Void. He'd had similar questions before.

Now that he thought about it, his relationship with Pale was really mysterious.

She was the first person he encountered in the World of Void, but Lukas still knew almost nothing about her.

...Even if he thought about it deeply, he wouldn't be able to come up with an answer for Pale.

It was a really thought provoking moment. As the surrounding vegetation disappeared, a steep cliff was revealed.

It was a place that allowed them to see the entire area at a glance. Beneath the scorching sun, they could see a wide open meadow and in the distance was the silhouette of a city.

“...hm.”

Seeing it, Yang In-hyun let out a sound.

There wasn't a castle or castle wall.

Instead, the buildings in the city were very tall. Not just one, all of them.

Lukas knew that these buildings were called skyscrapers or high rise buildings.

And he realised what kind of universe this was.

One with a fairly advanced level of civilisation and technology.

Where humans fought against demons that crossed over to their dimension.

This was Earth.

* * *

Suddenly, the sunlight was blocked.

“Huh?”

Of course, it wasn't that night had suddenly come. It wasn't even a cloud. Instead, the shadows that were shown on the ground reflected the shapes of something moving in a hurry, and above all, they could hear loud noises coming from the sky.

Tilting her head back, Pale looked up at the sky.

And saw the beings that were covering the blue sky.

“Heh...”

Lukas realised that they were demons.

A huge army. There had to be at least tens of thousands of troops, as for their destination... it was probably the city in front of them.

He didn't know how strong the city's defences were, but he didn't think it was enough to withstand a demon army that was large enough to cover the sky. Even if they successfully defended against them, the damage they would inflict would be tremendous.

Should he get rid of the demons?

One or two 8 star spells would probably be enough. But instead of acting right away, Lukas decided to observe them a bit more... Something felt strange.

“Uncle. Did you meet Agolet?”

Pale suddenly asked.

By Agolet, she was talking about the White Knight. Forcing his eyes away from the sky, Lukas nodded.

“...that’s right.”

“Aha. Then I don’t need to hide.”

Shrugging, Pale stretched out her hand. Crack crack, the Blue Knight’s pale sword appeared in the Three Thousand Worlds.

“Wait...”

It would be dangerous for Pale, one of the four Knights, to reveal her power.

The volume that Earth could withstand was ridiculously small. Of course, it was possible that the level of humans had risen in Lukas’ absence and the amount the universe could tolerate had risen, but would it be able to withstand Pale’s power?

“Ahaha!”

Bursting into laughter, Pale swung her sword.

Boom!

There was the sound of heaven and earth breaking. This wasn’t an exaggeration, this really was the case. Just the wind pressure from the swing was enough to smash the surroundings. Hundreds of trees were uprooted, and the cliff crumbled like a kicked sandcastle.

Then, the slash that had been released from her sword hit the army of demons. As if a hole had been cut into a dark cloud, a gap appeared in the dark sky.

The demons that were directly hit by the slash directly fell from the sky in a shower of flesh and blood, and those near them were all swept away.

“Barrier.”

Lukas hastily cast a spell. The demons were all different sizes, but most of them were several tens of metres tall.

Even if they were cut into pieces, if they were to fall from the sky, it would wreck the surrounding area. Actually, the surroundings were already a mess anyway.

The barrier took the shape of a deep bowl. This was because it had been created to catch the bodies instead of for defence.

[...!]

[...!?!]

The advancing demons were shocked. This was natural since over half of their army had disappeared in the previous attack.

“Heh.”

Pale grinned as she looked at them. Then, the demons at the front of the group shook and hurriedly turned around. The rest of the demons didn't hesitate to follow suit. As if they had received instructions from the leader of the flock, the demons that covered the sky disappeared in an instant.

"Huhng."

Pale didn't pay the disappearing demons and mind. She simply whistled as she approached the corpses.

"I wonder what they taste like."

It seems she had wielded her sword so she could eat the demons. As he stared at her grimly, Lukas suddenly realised something.

—Yang In-hyun had disappeared.

For a moment, his heart sank.

He wasn't even these two troublemakers' parent, but he was feeling anxious after one of them left his sight. Despite feeling it for the first time in his life, Lukas was already fed up with the sinking feeling, since the situation wasn't funny even if the metaphor was.

Their existence was like bombs, nuclear bombs. Nuclear bombs that could erase the entire planet without leaving a trace.

Quickly spreading his senses, Lukas searched the surroundings and was, fortunately, able to find Yang In-hyun not too far away.

What surprised him was the fact that he wasn't alone. Instead, he sensed the presence of a lot of people around him.

It was only then that he understood the situation. It seemed that Yang In-hyun had protected them from the falling demon corpses that hadn't been caught in the barrier.

"O-, oh my God."

"What the hell..."

"What just happened?"

The dozen or so people found it difficult to calm their frightened hearts.

A strange light flashed in Lukas' eyes as he looked at them.

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All of them were young. Even the oldest among them didn't seem to be more than 30 years of age. Their simple clothing was covered in dirt and dust, and fatigue was evident on their faces. Looking at their appearances, it seemed that they hadn't been able to wash themselves comfortably for at least a week.

'Hunters?'

After reaching this conclusion, he couldn't help but feel a bit strange.

...It was a complicated feeling.

Although they were all of different races, nationalities and mentalities, one thing that every Hunter had in common was their belief that they could drive the demons out of their land. It was this fact serving as the focal point that caused these characters with strong personalities to come together, and it was also the fact that caused others to get a feeling of unity from them.

But this group was different.

Some of them appeared to be hunters. That much was obvious. After all, in the first place, it was Lukas who had spread the practical means to fight the demons. As the method was developed, the source gradually faded away, but it was, without a doubt, Lukas.

At that moment, someone at the edge of the group caught his attention. The reason he'd taken such a long time to notice them was because they were very small, and their face was completely blocked by the large hat on their head.

...They didn't just feel small. Even if they were to straighten their posture, it didn't seem like they would reach further than Lukas' waist.

A child? No, if that was the case...

"Thank you for lending us a hand."

At that moment, the man at the front of the group bowed his head towards Yang In-hyun. Lukas realised that he was the leader of the group.

An honest face, black hair, and a sword sheathed on his hip. Yang In-hyun looked at the sword for a moment before asking in an emotionless voice.

"Where is it from?"

"Huh?"

"The martial art you use. Where did it originate from?"

"Uh, th-, that..."

The man was thrown for a loop at the sudden question. It was at that moment that Lukas chose to intervene.

"Did anyone get hurt?"

The man seemed even more bewildered by Lukas' sudden intervention but quickly replied.

"Ah, no. This person stopped all the corpses from falling here..."

"It was really close."

"Thank you."

Subsequently, as their tension faded, voices expressing their gratitude could be heard in succession.

The corpses of demons suddenly falling from the sky was nothing short of a disaster for them. Although they seemed to have some level of combat ability, it didn't seem to be that great. If Yang In-hyun hadn't stepped in just now, some of them would have suffered grievous injuries.

"..."

Yang In-hyun stared blankly at the man for a moment before abruptly turning around and walking away. It seemed he was heading over to the demons' corpses.

'What's with him all of a sudden?'

He couldn't understand Yang In-hyun's intentions. It hadn't been like this when they had been in the World of Void, and it seemed that Yang In-hyun held a certain amount of resentment towards the Three Thousand Worlds.

"But what the hell happened?"

"Perhaps it was infighting among the demons."

"There was that tremendous sound..."

Looking around, the group began to talk about what had just happened. Nevertheless, they had no idea what exactly had happened. They could only guess. The level of martial arts Pale had displayed was completely incomprehensible at their level.

The typhoon that had swept through the area was just the wind pressure released from a sword slash that had slaughtered half of the demon army in an instant.

They probably wouldn't believe it even if they learned the truth.

"Thank you again. I am Kim Sang-un."

Smiling brightly, the man stretched his hand out. It seemed that he had determined that Lukas would be easier to talk to than the awkward Yang In-hyun.

Lukas clasped his outstretched hand.

"I'm Luka-"

The end of his sentence stretched unnaturally. But just as a strange glint could appear in Kim Sang-un's eyes, he finished.

"-sajin."

"Lukasajin? Ah. I see."

He thought that it was a strange name before realising how rude that thought was. This was clearly visible from his expression.

"Um. By the way, where is sir Lukasajin from?"

Lukas, whose thoughts that it was a stupid name weren't very different from Kim Sang-un's, replied.

"...England."

In the past, when he was active on Earth, those who didn't know Lukas often mistook him for an Englishman. In other words, it was easier to lie about being an Englishman.

But Kim Sang-un continued to look at him with a blank expression after hearing his response. Had he made a mistake? Perhaps he was asking him where he was affiliated to instead of his nationality.

That would be more difficult to answer, and just as Lukas tried to think of a response, Kim Sang-un spoke again.

"Ah, it's fine if you don't want to talk about it. I..."

Just as Kim Sang-un was about to say more, Lukas felt a presence behind him.

Tap, tap, tap. Then came light footsteps that seemed to follow a rhythm. It was Pale.

"Ung-hng-hgn."

She was walking over towards him while humming something. It seemed that she was done with her business.

"Is that another member of your party?"

"Yes."

It would be better to say that it was another walking bomb instead of a party member.

As soon as he turned around with that thought in mind, Lukas saw Pale with blood dripping from her face.

"...!"

Traces of her meal!

Before Kim Sang-un could see her clearly, Lukas quickly grabbed and started wiping her face with his sleeve.

"What are... doing... so suddenly...!"

Swinging both her hands wildly, Pale tried to struggle, but he ignored her.

In any case, after seeing this, no one would believe that Pale was the one who had wiped out half of the demon army, with the reason being that she wanted to eat these creatures that she'd never seen before— but better safe than sorry.

"Sir Lukasajin?"

Don't call me that.

Lukas couldn't help but feel some mental distress as he wiped Pale's face. Pale looked up at him with an ambiguous expression. For a moment, their eyes met.

"..."

Pale's eyes were incredibly blue, but there seemed to be a strange light within them that wasn't usually there.

"Hey..."

Just as she was about to say something.

Rumble-!

A strong wind blew over.

Had the demon army returned?

"Something is coming."

As Yang In-hyun looked up at the sky and murmured, Lukas' gaze followed. And he couldn't help but feel surprised.

The thing that had appeared in the sky was a huge aerial warship.

* * *

Aerial warship. No, it was large enough to be called an aerial fortress.

Just from looking at it, Lukas could tell how advanced the technology used on this battleship was. Of course, some of the universes he'd gone to had even more advanced technology than this, but.

"The level of science and technology on earth shouldn't have reached this level."

The scientific civilization of this world had stagnated. This was because the appearance of the demons had caused the collapse of society, and left nigh unhealable scars on every country.

There was only one possibility that he could think of. Could it be that more time had passed than Lukas thought?

So much so that they were able to restore civilization and build such a large warship?

"Mm. I think that would be a bit hard."

Slurp. Wiping the corner of her mouth, Pale moved to draw her sword again. Waking up from his thoughts, Lukas hurriedly spoke.

"You can't eat that."

"There is nothing in the world that cannot be eaten."

"...then just hold it in for now. I'll give you something much more delicious later."

"Mm. If you say so."

Pale smiled brightly.

It was only then that Lukas realised she'd been joking. She'd never had any intention of eating the aerial warship in the first place.

“The Aerial Fortress [DiArk]...!”

“It came on time. What a relief...”

The group weren't surprised. Instead, they seemed to cheer as they saw the aerial warship approach. This allowed Lukas to gain a rough grasp of the situation.

It seemed that after realising the existence of the demon army in the sky, they had requested for reinforcements in advance. The aerial fortress was the reinforcement sent to deal with the city's crisis.

‘...things are really strange.’

He couldn't get rid of the strange feeling of incongruity that he'd had since coming here.

Firstly, he needed to figure out where the discomfort was coming from... So it would be better to stay away from Kim Sang-un's group.

Unlike in his home universe, it would be more difficult to deceive the people on Earth. They would basically need to forge identification in order to enter the important places.

But more importantly, the datafied information was stored in a computer network, so it would be impossible to perfectly make forgeries without hacking it.

‘I should enter that city first.’

Perhaps he'd be able to gain a more accurate grasp of the situation after wandering through the streets for a while. Lukas decided to take a bit of a risk to follow them for a while longer. Even if it was a bit dangerous, they could deal with it.

‘...however...’

There was one thing that Lukas had done that he didn't understand.

And that was why he'd used a pseudonym. After all, if he had said he was Lukas Trowman, it might have been possible to meet his disciples wherever they were.

‘...’

To be honest, he had to admit that he was a bit afraid. The current Lukas... had changed a lot. A lot had changed since his final battle against Nodiesop in the Great Game.

The Lukas at that time was an Absolute. Because his mind had been complete at that time, the only thing he'd shown his disciples was what was morally right. He'd been able to speak with an unshaking voice at any time.

Not now.

He'd become much stronger compared to then, but, ironically, his mental aspect had become unstable.

The current Lukas could feel anger, happiness, and confusion even towards trivial things.

In other words, he'd become human.

...He couldn't help but wonder if his disciples would become disappointed upon seeing this. Although it might seem insignificant, this matter was incredibly important for Lukas.

He couldn't help but think about Min Ha-rin's eyes. Forcibly ending his introspection, he erased the image from his mind.

'Lightning God, who won the preliminaries?'

The Preliminaries for the Great Game.

A huge field created by the Rulers where the persons they selected fought. Those who participated in it were all those with incredible growth potential.

Although he asked, Lukas didn't expect the Lightning God to easily answer—.

[Your disciples won.]

—It was a nice miscalculation.

The Lightning God had answered without hesitation.

For a moment, Lukas wasn't sure how to react. As mentioned before, this wouldn't be a lie... unless he was up to something else.

"Huu."

In the end, this was Earth.

That fact gave him a strange feeling.

"..."

Was he happy, or sad?

Lukas couldn't accurately identify his emotions. It was probably both.

On the other hand, even if he'd gone back to his home universe, Lukas would have probably felt the same way.

He smiled bitterly at the thought, but it quickly disappeared as they entered the city.

* * *

"Huu. We've arrived."

They arrived in the city.

Lukas felt that the streets here looked quite different from the way they appeared from the cliff. Of course, the high rise buildings were just as they'd seen from afar.

However, it was the architecture of the buildings below them and the pedestrians walking through the streets that caught his attention...

"We have to go to the castle to make a report first. What will sir Lukasajin do?"

“...”

“Sir Lukasajin?”

Lukas finally opened his mouth.

“What is the name of this city?”

“Uh...”

Kim Sang-un looked at him suspiciously, but Lukas didn't take back his words.

“This city used to be called Kazan(Казань), but there are almost no natives left. In the first place, this was a land that had been abandoned because of the demons...”

“...”

“After the Dimension Meeting that was held with the humans who appeared during the Great Fusion, we decided to change the name.”

After those unfamiliar words, the words he heard next were familiar.

“It is called New Luanoble.”

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Sizzle-

The Exile quietly watched as the meat cooked slowly over the fire. Suddenly, he looked behind him.

Without him realising it, a platinum haired young man had appeared behind him. Looking at him, the young man asked.

“Did you send them all?”

[...]

“I see.”

Although he didn't receive a response, the young man responded as if he had affirmed his words.

Then, the White Knight, Agolet, sat right in front of the Exile.

For a while, his eyes were fixed on the piece of meat being cooked. But his attention wasn't focused on the meat. Of course, he didn't care about how well the meat was cooked.

Just as a burnt smell began to come from the meat that was only receiving heat from one side.

A third party spun the skewer.

“Do you not know how to roast?”

The newly appeared man continued with a slightly mocking attitude.

“In order to have a better flavour, all sides must be cooked in a balanced manner. That is to say, in order to eat the most delicious meat, you have to turn the skewer continuously like this. Well, I don’t want to do this tiresome thing. My arm is also getting sore.”

Ttak-

When the man snapped his fingers, the skewer began to spin on its own like magic.

The man stood in front of the fire and looked at his handiwork with a satisfied expression.

Then, his gaze turned towards the Exile.

“Why did you interfere with my plan?”

The man.

When the Beginning Wizard said those words, the Exile responded.

[Is that... not what... you hoped for...?]

“What I hoped for? Definitely not. My displeasure at the moment has reached its peak.”

As he spoke, the Beginning Wizard’s voice gradually became colder.

“He was ready. If he had come to the Magical Planet, everything would have gone according to plan. You ruined it.”

[I...]

The Exile spoke quietly.

[Am indebted... to you...]

“...”

[I just... wanted to repay you... old friend.]

It seemed that this answer wasn’t enough to satisfy the Beginning Wizard. Although his expression couldn’t be seen because of his mask, Agolet was certain that his face was currently distorted.

“...such a trivial reason.”

[...]

“Did I interrupt your meal? I apologise. This uninvited guest will leave, so please, enjoy your meal.”

At that moment, the bonfire soared into the sky. In an instant, the heat exuded from the flames became hundreds of times stronger. Naturally, it no longer mattered whether the meat was cooked well or not. After all, the piece of meat had long since been burnt to ashes in the raging flames.

And when the flames subsided, the Beginning Wizard was no longer there.

“You managed to make him angry. That’s not an easy feat.”

Agolet smiled bitterly as he spoke.

“However, I also don’t understand, Exile. Do you really think he can become the Void King?”

[—.]

“Don’t you know? About the Knight that is even pickier when it comes to choosing the King than I am?”

[She is the one who searches the most desperately for one who will be the King... Because, unlike you, she believes that the existence of the Void King is necessary.]

“However, in the end, they all died. She killed them herself.”

Agolet slowly shook his head.

“Even if you decided to send him to the Three Thousand Worlds, it would have been better to send him alone. But you forced those two to accompany him. That’s the part that I don’t understand.”

[...The King.]

The Exile spoke in a calm tone.

[Should be able to unite... all of his subjects.]

“That’s a pretty unrealistic story.”

[However... that is why... we have no choice... but to cling to it...]

“...”

[Aren’t you... curious... Together with... one of the four Knights*, and one of the Twelve Void Lords... in a familiar yet unfamiliar land... what kind of choices... will he make...?] (*: Should I just make it ‘Four Knights’ to match ‘Twelve Void Lords’?)

* * *

‘What the hell happened, Lightning God?’

[Kukuku.]

The Lightning God burst into laughter.

[God died. At the same time, half of the multiverse disappeared. The universes that weren’t swept away in the aftermath began to merge with the universes close to them... Now. That should be a good enough explanation about this phenomenon.]

‘...that’s possible?’

[Obviously, it’s unprecedented. However, the one thing that is certain is the death of God.]

‘It is certain?’

[The one who created the boundary to prevent universes from interacting was none other than God himself.]

‘...!’

Lukas couldn't help but shudder involuntarily.

"What's wrong?"

"...I might be a bit cold."

"Haha. It certainly isn't a warm country."

Making this idile remark, Kim Sang-un shivered slightly as he walked ahead. He'd made a mistake. He couldn't allow himself to express emotion because of his conversation with the Lightning God.

'For what purpose?'

[Lukas Trowman, the purpose of a God that is already dead is of little importance. The things you must pay attention to and the things you must do, will not change.]

'...'

[Go meet Diablo. Then, something interesting will happen.]

The Lightning God's voice gradually faded away. This guy always did this to show that he didn't want to continue the conversation.

He probably wouldn't respond regardless of what he said now.

In the end, Lukas had no choice but to carefully analyse the current situation on his own.

'It's obvious that multiple universes have merged.'

Now that he thought about it, it all began to match up.

Lukas' home universe and Earth were probably not the only universes in this combination. He thought of the small figure in Kim Sang-un's party that he was seeing for the first time. Then, he looked at the face beneath the rim of his cap with Clairvoyance.

It was a bizarre figure with pinkish skin, a single eye, and antennae. Of course, they were only bizarre from a human perspective.

'Moreover.'

Although Pale had revealed some of her strength, it hadn't had any effect on the universe. This proved that the overall tolerance had risen explosively.

Generally, universes that could withstand a Ruler were called 'mega universes'. And as far as Lukas knew, such universes were rare in the Three Thousand Worlds.

'This place has become a mega universe.'

At least in terms of scale.

"...it will be difficult."

Would he be able to find Diablo in this vast universe? No. Not just Diablo. If this place was both Earth and his home universe, then that meant that the Demon King would also be here somewhere.

In all honesty, if he focused on the search, he was confident that he'd be able to find them in about three months at most.

However, he couldn't do that.

This was because of the existence of Yang In-hyun and Pale. If he were to leave them alone and focus on his own business, a bigger disaster would probably occur.

'When it comes to pure strength, they are stronger than the Demon King.'

It was clear that the potential danger was at the level of universe emergency.

Suddenly.

"I'm."

One of the walking disasters, Yang In-hyun, spoke up.

"Going to go look around for a while."

"What?"

Then, he disappeared without waiting for a reply.

"Wait..."

Lukas tried to chase after him, but Yang In-hyun's figure and aura had already disappeared into the distance.

What should he do? Chase after him? No. That would mean leaving Pale alone.

Eventually, he could only click his tongue and straighten his bent knees.

...Nevertheless, since Yang In-hyun was more rational than Pale, it should be fine to leave him on his own.

'Dammit.'

As if he could do that. Lukas took a look around. Although the sunlight that he'd felt in the forest was warm, cold energy could be felt throughout the city, and the temperature of the region didn't seem to go too high. Instead, it would always be on the colder side.

Closing his eyes, Lukas focused.

Sss-

Soon after, a being in the shape of a bear that seemed to be made of frost appeared in front of him. This guy, which was the colour of ice, was so small that it could be mistaken for a doll.

As he expected. There were spirits here.

This was probably a spirit of snow.

The spirit looked at Lukas curiously.

Perhaps it could feel the deep purity within him which was greater than nature itself and became half shocked and half interested.

'Would you like to sign a contract?'

As soon as he mentioned the main point, the spirit of snow nodded. The current Lukas could probably easily sign a contract with a spirit king. As for a mid to low tier spirit, there was no need for any complicated procedures.

'What's your name?'

[—]

The spirit's thoughts flowed in.

'I am [Metel].'

[...]

'Find the man who just disappeared, and keep an eye on him. If anything happens, report it to me right away.'

Metel nodded before transforming into a cold breeze and chasing after Yang In-hyun. Of course, there was no way that Yang In-hyun wouldn't notice Metel's presence.

Nevertheless, Lukas put a bit of his mana on it, so he wouldn't get rid of it. Metel wasn't strong, so it wouldn't bother him.

Looking towards Kim Sang-un, Lukas spoke.

"We should get going now."

"Huh? Ah, but you haven't been given a reward yet..."

"It's fine."

Although he was curious about the Royal Family, nobles, or Knights of Luanoble that might be the castle, it wouldn't be a good thing to step into that place right now.

So Lukas politely declined the offer of Kim Sang-un, who was still trying to keep them, and separated from the group.

"Let's go, Pale."

"Mm. Yes."

Pale trudged after Lukas. She looked around with an interested expression before, with a 'heh', her eyes landed on a restaurant.

"By the way, Uncle, when are you going to give me the delicious thing?"

"Huh?"

"You said you'd give me something much more delicious. I don't have a bad memory."

“...”

“Unless that was a lie.”

Although Pale was smiling, her eyes weren't.

He couldn't tell if it was a joke or not, but he was beginning to feel a pressure that wouldn't be easy to break free of.

Judging from her attitude, it seemed that she wanted to go to the nearby restaurant.

'How will I buy it?'

Naturally, in order to conduct transactions in civilised society, one needed to have money. For a moment, he wondered if he should go back to the reward from Kim Sang-un. But no. It would be strange if he were to suddenly ask for money.

Lukas looked around.

—Luanoble.

The Country of Knights, which possessed a dignified name, was not a very clean country. Moreover, now that there was a mix of multiple ethnicities and cultures, public security would be even more unstable.

Just in time, he happened upon a dark alley.

Seeing this place, which was dark and gloomy even though it was daytime, Lukas moved towards it.

“Follow me, Pale.”

“Hihihi.”

Pale came up next to him. He really wanted to hold her wrists firmly as he went around with her... Maybe it would feel more secure if he got handcuffs.

As these absurd thoughts ran rampant, he entered the alley.

At first, it wasn't that messy, but as they walked a bit further, the air became damp. There was a lot of trash laying around, and it began to smell.

Then, before long, he felt movement.

First, five men appeared in front of them.

“Lady and Gentleman, hello.”

“Why would you come to such a shabby place?”

“Why are you asking that? Isn't it obvious?”

The men didn't hide their ridicule, but Lukas looked at the man in the middle of the group.

He was muscular, bald, and held a sword in one hand and a gun in the other.

“It's dark and people don't usually come here, so this is the best place to do it secretly.”

“Kikiki. He really is a gentleman.”

Laughter could also be heard behind them. It was an obvious deployment. Blocking the back so that they couldn't run away.

“In any case, this is our area, so we'll have to charge you to use our space.”

“Think of it as a hotel. Of course, since this place is a bit unique, the fee will be a bit expensive.”

“How about it, would you like to enjoy your last time before your limbs are chopped off? We won't disturb you.”

“Actually, we'd like to watch.”

As they laughed vulgarly, Pale tilted her head to the side as if she couldn't understand the situation.

“Who are these people?”

“Gangsters.”

“They don't have any sheep.”

“Not shepherds, gangsters.”

“What's the difference?”

“...”

Lukas didn't respond any more.

Then, as if realising they were being ignored, the gangsters' expressions became stiff.

“We're saying this isn't a dating course. Young miss.”

“By the way, you really have bad taste. Your boyfriend looks pretty weak.”

“Dating? Boyfriend?”

Pale tilted her head as if it was the first time she'd ever heard those words.

Meanwhile, Lukas decided to deal with things.

Crack-

Firstly, he smashed the faces of the two men standing behind them. They collapsed with broken noses. They weren't dead, but they probably wouldn't be able to regain consciousness for an entire day.

“Huh?”

“What was that?”

The men at the front couldn't help but make dazed sounds. They hadn't managed to catch Lukas' movements. For them, it probably looked as though their two companions suddenly collapsed.

Tuk...

He tapped the ground with his foot. At that moment, the ground broke apart and rocks rose. The rocks flew towards the men in front of them like arrows.

Papapak-

“Aaak!”

It wasn't a proper spell, but getting pelted by rocks would definitely hurt. Most of the men collapsed with screams. The only one left standing was the man in the middle with the sword and gun.

Surprisingly, he had managed to avoid or block the stones flying towards him without being hit.

This at least proved that he was a bit stronger than the others.

“You motherfucker!”

Suddenly, he lifted the pistol in his hand and fired. As the bullets flew towards him, Lukas roughly caught them in his hand.

“H-, huh?”

The man's eyes widened as if he'd seen a monster. Looking at the bullets in his hand, Lukas said.

“These little bullets are far from enough.”

Lukas placed a bullet in the palm of his hand before flicking it with his finger.

Boom!

The bullet brushed past the man's cheek before smashing the wall behind him. Instead of a 9mm bullet, it was as if it had been shot at with a bazooka.

It was then that the man realised.

‘I, I fucked up.’

Not counting anything else, he was at least quick enough to realise the unprecedented crisis he was currently faced with.

And his actions came faster than the realisation.

“P-, please spare me!”

He lay face down on the ground like a frog.

“...”

The situation was pretty much dealt with.

Lukas pondered how to get what he wanted.

It didn't take too long.

The memory of a 'Lukas' who was familiar with this kind of situation, was a part of the current him.

Squatting down, he looked at the man in front of him.

“Hey.”

“Ye-, yes.”

Then, with as refreshing a smile as possible, he said.

“Got any money?”

(2/3)

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

Season 2 Chapter 468

The Great Fusion.

A super phenomenon that had occurred five years ago.

The initial harbingers of this were the earthquakes on an extra large scale that shook the entire planet.

But it was strange. Earthquakes are one of the most terrifying disasters that can occur naturally.

If there was an earthquake on such a scale to shake the entire planet, then it wouldn't be strange if the planet shattered. But no cracks could be found whether it be on land or in the sea. There were also no reports of casualties from the earthquake.

An unpleasantly calm feeling. Because of this, the most influential group among the organisations on Earth, 'The Hunter Association', judged that this phenomenon was a large-scale manoeuvre of the demons.

But the demons they managed to capture alive, including noble class demons, all said that they had no idea what this phenomenon was.

Of course, they didn't naively believe this response. It might have just been a plan that had been carried out so secretly that even the nobles didn't know about it.

But it didn't take humanity very long to realise that the demons had nothing to do with what happened.

Space had broken. It had shattered like a glass window.

Then, from beyond that pitch black space, appeared things that they'd never seen or heard of before.

Otherworlders.

Beings who lived in a completely different world from this one.

Most people were astonished, but the smarter ones despaired.

They were already at war with the demons, who had invaded their world, for the fate of their species. And at a time like this, beings from another, different world appeared... Perhaps humanity's situation would become even worse than it had been before.

But the situation developed in an unexpected way.

First of all, not all of the Otherworlders were from the same world. The inhabitants from various worlds that appeared were so many that Planet Earth felt small. But in the process of their appearance, the planet's size also seemed to grow by several times.

It was only then that humanity realised that it wasn't just the otherworlders that had appeared.

In some cases, in certain areas, entire villages or even cities were moved. That wasn't all.

It was later discovered that there were also places on Earth that had simply disappeared. And the hypothesis that those areas may have been sent to other worlds gained a considerable amount of credibility.

The Hunter Association later decided to give this phenomenon the name 'Great Fusion'.

The otherworlders were not hostile to humanity. Instead, some of them had surprisingly similar cultures and ways of thinking to the humans on Earth that they could be called 'other humanity'. This meant that they were rational and possessed a fairly high level of knowledge.

But not all the otherworlders were like that. Some of them seemed to have even more violent and dangerous thoughts than the demons.

Nevertheless, there wasn't any immediate chaos.

This was because most of the other humanity were intelligent.

Exploring the surroundings, understanding the situation, reserving power, or preparing some plot.

The various factions didn't immediately choose all out war to achieve their respective goals.

Instead, they first identified the neighbouring forces, promoted the exchange of information, and created secret alliances with those who had similar tendencies.

There were also some who just chose to remain silent, and didn't respond to the conversations. The association couldn't tell what they were thinking or how powerful they were. The confrontation between the humans and the demons also didn't disappear.

Most of the Hunters were aware of this.

It wouldn't be strange for a huge war with the demons to break out at any moment.

In other words, the current situation was like a giant powder keg on the verge of exploding.

* * *

The gangster, Sergei, swallowed dryly.

He'd answered all the questions. In the first place, it wasn't anything to hide. All of the knowledge he'd shared could be obtained by stopping and asking anyone on the street.

...But what was going on? Something was strange.

It had already been five years since the Great Fusion. It could be called a short time, but it was by no means insufficient to adapt to an unexpectedly massive event.

The humans, otherworlders, and even the demons. A vast majority of intelligent beings understood, accepted and adapted to the current situation.

But this man acted as if he didn't know anything about a situation like the Great Fusion. Could it be that he hadn't left his territory for a long time?

No. He didn't seem confused enough for that to be the case.

How should he say it?

It felt like the man was focused more on the 'changes' that had happened to Earth, rather than the 'phenomenon' known as the Great Fusion.

This fact caused him to have suspicions about where he was from, but Sergei didn't show any signs of this. There wasn't even a hint.

This was something he'd learned while going around back alleys since he was young. In this crazy world, his life was only a bit tougher than a winged insect— and the man in front of him could easily crush him between his fingers.

He'd have to be a fool to die such a miserable death.

"..."

Of course, the man, Lukas, had no intention of taking Sergei's life. However, his characteristic emotionless expression when he was lost in thought created a strange sense of intimidation, and to Sergei, it only seemed that he was contemplating whether to kill him or not.

'Almost as I expected.'

He had a rough picture of the situation. There were still a few detailed questions that he needed answered, but he wouldn't get the answers he wanted from Sergei even if he asked.

Standing up, Lukas said.

"Let's go."

"Mm?"

Pale, who was looking down at the unconscious gangsters, called out curiously.

"Aren't we going to eat them?"

"They aren't things you should eat."

"Ay. Unlike the thing before, these guys are made of meat, aren't they?"

Sergei, who was still prostrated on the ground, flinched heavily. He instinctively realised.

Those words weren't said as a bluff or a joke.

At that moment, he recalled Pale's unusually pointy teeth and began to shake violently.

"These guys... they wouldn't taste good. They're dirty too."

“We can grill them and eat them.”

“There are a lot more delicious things around here. Aren’t there?”

Sergei quickly raised his head at those words.

“O-, of course there is! There is an amazing restaurant at the three way intersection! It’s called Kalinka(Калинка), with a barley coloured sign...”

Sergei introduced the eatery in the neighbourhood as if it was a top notch restaurant, and even took it a step further by rifling through the pockets of the other gangsters before taking their wallets and offering them to Lukas.

As he looked at the wad of cash, Lukas realised something.

In this world, it was still the dollar that played the role of currency.

‘That can’t be helped.’

Although it was said that several universes had merged and there was a huge influx of otherworlders, the basic setting was Earth.

About 500 dollars.

Although he didn’t know the going prices in this era, it should at least be enough for one meal. Lukas grabbed the wrist of the salivating Pale and left the back alley.

“W-, walk safely!”

Sergei’s foolish farewell came from behind them.

After returning to the street and looking around, he could feel it more clearly. There were more Knights, Mercenaries and Hunters on the street than civilians.

They also had their guards raised so that they could respond at any time if a battle were to break out.

‘That’s natural.’

If Pale hadn’t slaughtered the demon army, this city would have already become a hellish scene.

Even if the aerial warship ‘Diark’ had participated as a reinforcement, they would not have come out unscathed. Luanoble had probably already confirmed the demon’s retreat. Nevertheless, the fact that the wartime conditions hadn’t been lifted meant that they were trying to understand the current situation.

After he had these many thoughts, he found the restaurant Sergei had told them about.

But the door was firmly closed since it wasn’t open for business at that moment.

‘...’

Thinking about it, this was natural.

Given the situation in the city, the civilians must have been aware of the demon attack, so no store would continue to operate peacefully—

At that moment, the door opened.

“Huh?”

It was a chubby middle aged man. He had a rich beard running from ear to ear, and if he were holding a beer mug in his hand, it would have suited him perfectly.

“What is it?”

“...ah. I heard that the food at this restaurant is delicious.”

“Hmm.”

When he gave this slightly stupid answer, the man, who seemed to be the owner, stroked his beard.

“It doesn’t seem to be open, so we’ll come back another time.”

“...No. It was just about to open.”

“Huh?”

“The demons ran away. Mm. Haven’t you heard?”

The owner shrugged.

“Well, it seems that the other stores in the area intend to open as normal from tomorrow, but I have debts to pay, so I don’t think it’d be worth it to take a day off.”

“...”

“So, are you going to keep standing around like that?”

“No.”

Lukas headed inside with Pale. Naturally, there weren’t any customers inside.

The inside felt a bit messy, but he didn’t really have a choice anyway. The owner had just said it. The other stores in the area would only open up tomorrow.

After taking a seat at a table, he looked at the menu. It was food from Russia, not Luanoble, that was listed there. This was better. The food from Earth was so much more advanced than in his home universe that they were impossible to compare.

He ordered Borsh(Борш), Samsa(Самса), and five grilled skewers with a complicated name.

Fortunately, the food wasn’t too expensive.

Pale looked at the menu curiously.

“Hihi. That smells delicious.”

“He hasn’t even started preparing the ingredients yet.”

Pale pointed towards the owner and said.

“I mean the chubs that was...”

Lukas poured the water from the glass in front of him into her mouth. Pale gulped the cold water without saying anything.

The store wasn't very large. It had five or six tables, a few flowerpots, and a large hanging TV that didn't quite fit on the ceiling.

[...As a result of this, the Director of the European Association, Nina Rednikova, has decided to call the new power rising in Germany Werebeasts.]

A face he longed to see was visible on the screen.

Nina Rednikova.

She didn't look much older than the last time he'd seen her. However, her behaviour displayed an attitude that seemed to be much more mature than before.

She'd been blinded by a powerful curse in the past, but she had been cured by the power of Arid, one of Lukas' disciples. He didn't know what happened after that because he'd left for the Great Field, but looking at her face now, it seemed that she was able to overcome her trauma.

'Not just her.'

There were countless people in this world who had a deep relationship with Lukas. But he didn't have a very strong feeling to reunite with them. This had nothing to do with the fact that they might not remember him.

It was because Lukas had cut off his obsession with them.

—He was able to get more information than he expected from the TV. Even if it might only be a part of the daily lives of the people living here, everything that was reported was vital information for Lukas, who had been in the World of Void all this while.

'The Association is still influential.'

If that was the case, then it probably meant that the President of the Association, 'Neil Prand', had also returned successfully.

That man had suddenly disappeared with Letip, a Lord under the Lightning God. Of course, Lukas hadn't met him in the preliminaries.

Clatter-

The food came out just in time.

First was the borsh, a traditional Russian soup, and samsa, which was baked unfermented bread with meat.

A red soup with various vegetables floating around. As soon as the food came out, Pale held the bowl between her hands and drank it all. The tableware of the table was completely disregarded. The samsa, which was the size of a fist, disappeared as quickly as a crab hides its eyes.

"...how was it?"

"Mm. So so..."

As if she was unhappy, Pale added.

"The portion was too small."

The owner, who had just brought the food out, looked at Lukas with a ridiculous expression.

"When was the last time she ate?"

It had only been about an hour since she'd eaten the demons.

"I'm not sure."

Of course, he couldn't say that, so he responded in a vague manner. Shrugging, the owner returned to the kitchen. Then, he brought out eight skewers and a bottle of vodka.

"I didn't order alcohol."

"There probably won't be any more customers today. It's a bit lonely to drink on my own, so I thought it would be good to do it now since I have company."

Indeed. So that's why he brought out more skewers. With a happy expression on her face, Pale started to eat again.

Since it was already too late to refuse, he nodded.

"Let's have a drink."

"Mm."

The owner quietly lifted his glass. It was half filled with a clear liquid. Then, he emptied it in one go and held out the glass again. Lukas filled it up.

"...the world has gone mad."

"..."

"But even in a world that has gone mad, you still need money. No, should I say you need money even more since the world has gone mad? Kuku."

The owner laughed cynically.

"Ah. I'm not sure if this is something the otherworlders can relate to. Just take it as me whining. It doesn't look like you two are from Earth, nor from Luanoble."

So that was why he was talking like this to Lukas, who he had never seen before.

"What brings you to this city?"

“We were just wandering around and heard about it.”

“If you don’t have a specific reason, then you should leave soon. It won’t look good if you stay here for too long...”

Stopping, the owner looked at Lukas. His drunken face and loosened eyes were focused on Lukas’ face.

“Mm...? You, are you a celebrity?”

“Huh?”

“No, I’m sorry if I’m mistaken... Mm. It feels like I’ve seen you on TV before...”

It seemed that he was really drunk. Just as Lukas was about to pour him a glass of cold water.

The door was kicked open violently and a group of people stormed into the store. People wearing shining armour, Knights.

The owner leapt up abruptly.

“What are you doing?!”

His drunkenness immediately vanished as if it had been washed away. But the Knights ignored him and turned to Lukas.

“You two. Are you outsiders? Show your faces.”

“I asked what you are do-!”

Just as the owner reached out to grab the Knight’s shoulder... Paak! Another Knight beside him slapped the owner across the face. It was a gauntlet covered hand, and the owner was an ordinary civilian without any combat ability. So, naturally, he collapsed with blood spewing from his mouth.

“...”

Lukas’ eyes narrowed.

The Knights strode closer and crowded around the table as if they were surrounding them.

The middle aged Knight in the centre of the group spoke.

“Is it true that you entered Luanoble today?”

“Incidentally.”

“We have some questions for you. Follow us.”

“Where?”

The middle aged Knight’s eyebrow twitched when he heard Lukas’ short reply.

“...the castle. And let me give you some advice. Here in Luanoble, it would be smart to be polite to the Knights. If you want to keep living.”

Lukas got to his feet and looked around before saying.

“Where are they?”

“What?”

“Where are the Knights?”

“...huh.”

The middle aged Knight sighed before saying.

“No matter where you go, there will be races that cannot understand even when you explain things nicely.”

‘...’

Then he gestured.

“Don’t kill them, subdue them.”

Clink.

As ordered, the Knights slowly closed in on Lukas.

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

Season 2 Chapter 469

Yang In-hyun stared down blankly from atop a tall building.

The people walking in the street looked like ants, but, with a glance, Yang In-hyun could even count the number of teeth they had whenever they opened their mouths.

Of course, he hadn’t come to such a high place for such an idle reason.

“...”

A variety of beings entered his vision.

It certainly was a rare opportunity to meet so many races— that had almost nothing in common— in one city, and depending on how one looked at it, they might find this interesting.

But Yang In-hyun ignored a majority of those beings. Humans, otherworlders, aliens, other species... Ignoring all of them, he only looked at one kind of being.

With fluttering clothes and swords hanging at their waists. Those who use martial arts techniques by using neigong to store power in their danjeon.

...Martial Artists.

Crunch.

Yang In-hyun clenched his fists. If Lukas had been there, he would’ve been surprised. This was the first time that Yang In-hyun had shown such killing intent that couldn’t be hidden.

“...Murim.”

Yang In-hyun murmured the name of the world he'd annihilated in the past.

And in the next moment, his figure disappeared without a trace.

* * *

The grilled skewers were as long as Lukas' arms. In other words, even one would be enough to fill an adult man. But the grilled skewers on the table had been devoured in an instant. Of course, Lukas didn't even touch one.

"Mm. This was a bit better to eat."

Licking her lips, Pale spoke in a contented voice. Even though she'd just eaten the grilled skewers, borsh and samsa, she didn't look full at all. Her stomach was really bottomless.

'...she seems to prefer meat dishes.'

Her expression was brighter than when she'd eaten the soup and the bread which were filled with vegetables.

Deciding to keep this fact in mind, Lukas opened his mouth.

"Are you done eating?"

"Yes."

"Right. I see."

He looked around slowly.

He was immediately greeted by the sight of several groaning Knights scattered across the ground. Their shining armours were crushed like tin cans that had been thrown in the garbage, and the faces that were visible through their helmets were all twisted in pain.

He hadn't needed to use magic to overpower them. This would probably be the case for most if not every person he met.

And it felt good to use his fist. The feeling under his hands was quite clear.

With thoughts similar to those of Kasajin or Ivan, Lukas looked down at the Knights.

"Someone in the castle summoned me."

"Ku, uk..."

"Is it this country's King?"

"H-, how dare a guy like you... mention that person..."

As he said that, he glared at Lukas. He was finally showing a backbone like a Knight. Unfortunately, this man did not give off any impression of nobility at all.

The reason he was able to still bare his fangs at him was because he wasn't in enough pain.

Lukas could think of thousands of different ways to make this man recite every piece of information he knew in a matter of minutes.

But he didn't bother to do it there.

There were many reasons for this, but the main reason was because he didn't want to cause more trouble for this store.

Clang!

Lukas kicked the knights out of the store.

The Knights, who together with their armour probably weighed more than 100 kilograms, flew through the air like hollow logs.

After sending all of the Knights out of the store, Lukas approached the unconscious owner.

Magic... didn't have a method to heal. It was possible to heal him with void, but he didn't know what side effect it might have if he were to use it on an ordinary person.

So he just woke him up with mana.

"..."

It was probably ten times more efficient than a bucket of cold water.

With a silent gasp, the owner's eyes shot open. Fortunately, he didn't seem to be injured too badly. His nose didn't appear broken, and he also didn't seem to have lost any teeth.

Surprisingly, it seemed the Knight had controlled their strength. Or perhaps the owner's physique was stronger than he thought.

"Those thug like bastards..."

The owner blew his nose with a harsh sound. A long stream of blood gushed from his nostrils and splattered on the ground.

He then looked around and was astonished to see the Knights outside the store.

"D-, did you... do that?"

He seemed to have thought that the Knights had left after knocking him out.

"You made a big mistake."

"I'm sorry for the trouble."

"You don't have to apologise to me. These guys..."

Judging from his voice and expression, he was quite worried about Lukas.

Unlike his first impression, he was a very friendly man.

Lukas took all the money he had out of his pocket and put it on the table.

“This isn’t much, but...”

You could call it ‘paying for the damages*’. Of course, Lukas wasn’t the one who caused the trouble, but he was still a part of the cause. (*:Not exactly... but it’s a slang term that’s hard to describe and that’s the closest English equivalent I could think of. ‘깡값’)

But, pretending he didn’t see the money, the owner said.

“You need to leave Luanoble right now. If the Archduke finds you, you’re de-.”

“I think we should call it here for the day.”

Lukas interrupted the owner. He wasn’t ignoring his advice or concerns. It was simply because he knew associating with him for too long would not be good for either of them.

Pale had eaten enough so as he left the store, she followed him without saying anything.

The streets were noisy. This was natural because the Knights were still collapsed on the ground.

“Wh-, what’s going on?”

“That... it’s the Blue Flame Knights of Luanoble.”

“Oh my God. Even Knight Commander ‘Dorduk’ is there.”

Knight Commander?

Lukas looked down at the Knights on the ground. Dorduk was probably the man with a funny moustache and a fairly authoritarian aura.

If that was the case then that meant he was probably more useful than the others.

Kwak, grabbing the guy by the back of the collar, he began to drag him down the street.

Naturally, the attention of the surrounding crowd immediately focused on him.

“Hey, you.”

“What are you doing?!”

“I think I know that person...”

Some of them even rolled their sleeves up and stepped forward.

Paak, duk.

It wasn’t hard to overpower them. After repeating this skit a few times, no one stepped forward again.

Then Lukas looked at the building at the end of the main street. It had the appearance of a castle and stood between the high rise buildings.

It felt a bit out of place, but at the same time, it harmonised surprisingly well.

That place was probably the Castle of New Luanoble.

'I should've gotten their attention.'

With this much of a fuss, the news should have been reported to the castle by now. So it shouldn't be necessary to cause any more trouble on the street.

Grabbing Pale's wrist, Lukas moved towards the castle gate in one go.

"Uhh."

Pale's body shook violently like a kite in the wind. It sounded like she was making a sound of pain, but he ignored it because it was almost certainly fake.

He reached the gate in an instant.

Lukas had thrown a stone ahead of him so that the guys inside could see it clearly.

"Children need to be educated better."

This was said in a quiet voice, but since it was infused with Mana, it should have been heard by those inside.

Lukas spoke again.

"I want to meet the Lord of this castle."

But there was no response.

This didn't mean that no one was inside. Anyone could see the Knights above the gate looking down at Lukas.

"I was told you wanted to meet me, isn't that right?"

"..."

It was a very haughty attitude. At the very least, it was not an attitude that one would display in front of a castle.

But Lukas was certain that their response wouldn't be immediate or aggressive. The Knights above the gate chattered amongst themselves.

Finally, a man who seemed to have a fairly high position appeared and opened his mouth.

"Is Dorduk alive?"

"Right."

"And the others?"

"In front of the restaurant called Kalinka. Of course, they're all alive."

"..."

The man looked sullenly at Lukas for a moment before speaking.

"...open the gates."

Thud-

With a heavy sound, the gates opened. He could see an array of Knights lined up beyond it. There seemed to be at least a few dozen. At first glance, it looked like they were simply waiting quietly, but it was actually a relatively high quality formation.

If anyone were to step foot in the middle of this formation, at least 1/10th of their power would be suppressed.

...Of course that was only for beings within the Knights' scope of understanding, no lion would be frightened by an army of flies.

More than their formation, the thing that Lukas paid attention to was their armour.

The shapes were the same, but there were several colours.

Among them were Knights in blue armour.

"..."

The Blue Knight, Pale, didn't pay any attention to those people. She didn't even appear the slightest bit interested. She simply walked along the main street while humming a song... He didn't want Pale to be in front of him, so he sped up a little and overtook her.

They were followed by the Knights. The sound of their metal boots landing on the ground came at regular intervals. Of course, the only impression Lukas had of this was 'it was a bit noisy'.

'Apart from that...'

These were probably the most elite Knights in this castle. Their bodies were in a constantly tense state so that they could react at any time. He could even feel killing intent from some of the more impulsive ones.

Ignoring it, he entered the castle and walked along the corridor.

Finally, they reached what appeared to be a throne room. It was quite large. Enough that all of the Knights were able to enter behind them.

There was a bright red carpet, there was a high dais upon which sat a throne.

And sitting on it was a young man.

"..."

He was considerably skilled. At the very least, he was on a different level of strength from the Knights he'd encountered so far.

This young man was the King.

No, the Archduke.

Suddenly, the middle aged man beside him spoke.

"You are before the throne. Be respectful.."

Lukas looked at the middle aged man. He was a particularly different figure when compared to the others here. From appearance to attire and aura, they were all different.

“That’s a weird thing to say.”

“What?”

“The one sitting on the throne is not the King, and you regard that as his place?”

“...”

The atmosphere changed greatly following Lukas’ remark. Immediately, the killing intent he felt from the Knights behind him increased greatly.

And the eyebrows of the young man sitting on the throne furrowed.

“Wouldn’t it be better for the two of us to talk alone?”

“What was that!?”

“What the hell...!”

He could feel the Knights’ anger. If they weren’t in the throne room, they probably would have drawn their swords. But Lukas’ eyes were only on the young man.

He could probably guess why he’d called him to the castle.

And if his guess was correct, then this ridiculous offer.

“...that’s right.”

The young man would definitely accept it.

“Advisor Song, go for now.”

“My Lord? But...”

Just as Advisor Song was about to speak, the young man let out a soft huff.

A single note. It was probably directed at Advisor Song. Because after hearing it, his expression twisted as if he’d heard something unpleasant, but he let out a soft sigh.

“...what are you doing? Didn’t you hear the order?”

The Knights were confused for a moment after hearing those words, but after seeing the look in Advisor Song’s blue eyes, they quickly came to their senses and went outside.

After a while, it was just Lukas, Pale and the young man left in the hall.

“Did Dorbuk and the Blue Flame Knights do anything disrespectful?”

“...”

“If that is the case, then it is my fault.”

Despite the rational act, Lukas remained silent.

He thought he'd want to have a private meeting, but he hadn't expected him to be so polite. Due the Dorbuk's attitude and Kalinka's owner's reaction, he'd thought the Lord of this castle would be a strange person.

"Who are you?"

"There is actually someone in Luanoble who doesn't know who I am."

"..."

"Hmm. I am Jiudad Von Aracles. For the time being, I am serving as the administrator of this city."

"Administrator?"

"That's right."

Jiudad got up from his seat.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not the one who will decide how you will be treated. That is why I would like to give you some polite advice. Do not carelessly leave this city. Otherwise, you will be chased to the ends of hell before dying a brutal death."

"Will you do it?"

"No way."

Jiudad smiled cynically.

"I'm well aware of my place. And the power you wield. It is certainly not something I'm capable of handling."

"I'm not sure I understand. Aren't you the one with the title Archduke?"

"That's right."

"There doesn't seem to be a King in this castle."

"That's right."

"...and yet you are talking as if there was someone above you."

"No need to think too hard about it. In this world now, power is the only right. Name value, fame, noble title, etc, are all not much better than trash."

After saying that, Jiudad looked at Lukas for a moment.

"By the way... you look really familiar. If you don't mind, might I ask your name?"

At that moment, Lukas recalled the owner of Kalinka. He'd been sure that he'd seen him on TV before.

So after hesitating for a moment, he answered.

"Lukasajin."

“...hmm. A unique name.”

“...”

“In any case, I must be mistaken. My apologies.”

Jiudad smirked.

“I almost thought you were Lukas Trowman.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 470

It was possible for someone you didn't know to know about you. Especially if you yourself were famous.

Lukas was aware that he was quite famous. The legendary achievements that he'd made during his days as a human in the distant past were now recorded as tales of a hero that would be talked about for hundreds or thousands of years.

Even after becoming an Absolute.

Instead of fame, it was notoriety. Because he didn't follow any Ruler, bad rumors about him were spread among the Absolutes. Although most of them knew him as 'Madman' instead of 'Lukas Trowman'...

...However, this time was different.

This was because he hadn't expected to hear his full name from someone from this world.

“Heh.”

Beside him, Pale had a strange look on her face. Then an amused smile appeared on her lips.

Lukas couldn't help but feel unsure whenever he looked at her.

Whether Pale was really a fool, pretending to be a fool, or wanted to become a fool. Even after observing her for a long time, he didn't have a clear answer to this question.

“Lukas Trowman, that's-”

Hyup. Pale's mouth closed. Of course, this wasn't done of her own volition. Lukas was the one that closed her mouth.

Pale's eyes turned to Lukas, and he could feel her pointed teeth on his hand. He could feel her asking 'what are you doing?' with her eyes. If he answered incorrectly, there was a chance that she would bite his hand. Since this was Pale, it was probably not a joke.

Lukas just shook his head. He wasn't sure if this alone would be enough, but that was what he chose to do first.

“...”

Pale looked at Lukas with calm eyes.

Then, Lukas hurriedly pulled his hand away as he suddenly felt something touch it.

“You, what are you doing...”

Pale poked out her tongue slightly and licked her lips. It was the same tongue that had just licked Lukas’ palm.

“Delicious. As I expected.”

“...”

Lukas looked away from Pale. No matter what, he always had a headache when dealing with her.

He forcibly returned his attention to the person in front of them.

“Do you know him?”

Jiudad asked. Pale and Lukas’ attitudes made it seem like they were hiding something. Only a fool wouldn’t be able to notice.

‘I’m Lukas Trowman.’

...Wouldn’t be that hard to say.

But Lukas had a feeling that he should hide this fact until he understood the situation.

‘This man knows [Lukas Trowman].’

However, ironically, he didn’t believe that the Lukas before him was actually ‘Lukas’.

That was the attitude he was currently displaying.

He didn’t think he was him but instead wondered if he knew him.

Lukas shook his head.

“We don’t.”

“You don’t?”

“Right. We don’t know him.”

“...hmm.”

He blatantly denied the subject that he had just stopped Pale from mentioning.

Depending on how one looked at it, it could be taken as them taking him for a fool, but Jiudad didn’t press any further.

After all, this man had an idea of Lukas or Pale’s strength.

How? Was his insight that amazing? Unfortunately, that wasn’t possible. While Jiudad’s power could be considered admirable when compared to other humans, it was far from enough to get any kind of understanding of their power.

“Do I look like Lukas?”

“...not exactly. If I look closely, I can see the differences. But something about you is similar.”

Lukas couldn't help but have a strange feeling at that remark.

Because, from Jiudad's tone, it seemed that he'd met Lukas before.

“I'm curious about that Lukas person.”

This time, it was Jiudad's expression that became strange.

‘...were you stuck on some kind of mountain and are only now entering society?’

“Why do you ask?”

“Because if you have even the slightest bit of interest in what's going on around the world, then there is no way for you to not know about him. It's a face you could see just by turning on the TV at any time.”

Lukas' expression became several times more strange than Jiudad's.

You could see him by turning on the TV at any time?

What was going on?

He had a strange feeling.

“Anyways, that's not important right now.”

Jiudad's voice awoke him from his thoughts.

“I will be honest. I saw you destroy half of the demon army.”

Lukas' attention returned to him once again. He wasn't that surprised by Jiudad's words. Because he had expected that to be the case.

“So? I don't think you called us here to reward us.”

“...”

“Luanoble.”

Lukas mentioned the name of the country.

“Although it was given the grand title of Country of Knights, the group I met after coming here would better be described as ruffians.”

Jiudad's expression changed.

“They used violence against a civilian. And from the casual way it was done, it was clearly not the first or second time. They seemed to have mistaken themselves for Knights, and this is an illusion that was instilled by this country.”

Lukas' voice became cold.

"I do not have a good impression of you or this country."

A heavy silence fell. Pale looked around the hall with a disinterested expression.

She was probably looking for something to eat. Although she was moving around the throne room as she pleased, neither Lukas nor Jiudad did anything to stop her.

After a while, Jiudad spoke in a heavy tone.

"Are you from our universe?"

"..."

"I'm asking because you seem to be very familiar with the situation of Luanoble. It's fine if you don't want to answer. And to answer your question, yes. We were once corrupted."

"Once, you say?"

"That's right. Although we've become corrupt again, perhaps even more than before... the winds of change definitely had blown across our country. After a massive and unprecedented purge, we were able to regain our pride in the title Country of Knights. It was an incredibly valuable victory that was earned through the sweat and blood of the entire nation."

"..."

"However, right after the Great Fusion, everything changed for the worse. Do you remember the man who was beside me?"

Of course he remembered. The middle aged man's aura was noticeably different compared to the others.

"Advisor Song."

"That's right. He is my... watchman."

A look of indescribable humiliation was obvious on Jiudad's face.

"And the being behind that man..."

He didn't speak further, but Lukas could see the fear he held. This confused him.

He wondered what kind of being could make such a talented man feel fear just by thinking about him.

"...I know how powerful you all are. Since you were capable of annihilating half of the demon army, you must possess tremendous power. But for the being who controls Luanoble, it wouldn't be difficult to wipe out the entire army."

"..."

"You two might have been incredibly powerful in your world, but he is on a different level."

"Who is [he]?"

"Although he has many titles..."

Jiudad suddenly looked up at the ceiling and let out a chuckle.

“He seems to prefer being called the Heavenly Demon.”

* * *

Most of the beings in the World of Void missed the outside universe, and the Three Thousand Worlds. This was because they recognised the fact that they had been abandoned. It was a sorrow that they felt on an existential level.

However, it would be wrong to call it missing.

After all, they hadn't actually belonged to the outside world in the first place.

It was only after a being was born in the Three Thousand World that they could begin to exist in the World of Void.

They simply received an infusion of memory, knowledge and personality.

They were born fake, and that's why they yearned for the outside.

If the opportunity arose, and if they had the ability to, they would leave the World of Void without hesitation.

But not Yang In-hyun.

Even though he was an outsider from the Three Thousand worlds, he didn't have any nostalgia or lingering feelings for it. In fact, simply thinking about it was enough to make him grind his teeth.

Yang In-hyun was one of the few beings that had gone to the World of Void of their own volition.

'...'

He hadn't wanted to return.

Even the feeling of the air against his skin was unpleasant, as if disgusting insects were crawling all over him.

This feeling became more and more intense the deeper he got into the city.

At some point, Yang In-hyun found himself in front of a tall building. He immediately realised.

The fact that this was the tallest building in Luanoble.

“You, what are you doing?”

“Get out of here.”

Then he realised the existence of people in front of it.

Yang In-hyun turned his attention to the men standing in front of the door.

They were dressed in suits.

Although they had concealed their weapons and aura, it was clear to him that they were actually martial artists.

“Are you deaf? I said, get out of here.”

“You should leave while we’re still talking nicely.”

As Yang In-hyun continued to stand there without moving, the atmosphere became more and more harsh. After he didn’t budge despite their threats, a particularly large man stepped forward with a sigh.

“Seriously. There’s always people like you who can’t understand things when they are said nicely.”

“Don’t kill him. It’s still the middle of the day. If you cause too much of a commotion... you know, right?”

“Hmph. I know.”

The giant man trudged forward. Even up to then, Yang In-hyun didn’t move. Then, he slowly lifted his head to look at the man.

“Are you a monk?”

“What?”

“No, you didn’t shave your hair, that is natural hair loss. Sorry I was mistaken.”

“...”

The giant’s face turned red and his expression became twisted like a demon before it soon became calm once more.

“...those who talk too much don’t live long. That’s why you will die today.”

Then he stretched out his hand. His thick palm was filled with strong internal energy and dense killing intent. Although it seemed to be moving slowly, his opponent would find it hard to move because of the pressure from his internal energy.

But his hand dropped before it could even reach Yang In-hyun.

“...!”

The look in the man’s eyes changed. In an instant, the relaxed attitude that he’d shown so far disappeared and his movements and expression became filled with sharpness.

“Magnificent. You should be First Class.”

There was no answer.

Instead, he lowered his right wrist which had been broken without a sound before stretching out his left hand.

“Heaven Shaking Iron Palm

Muttering softly, Yang In-hyun raised his own palm.

And took a stance similar to the giant.

'This guy...'

There was a flash of surprise in the man's eyes.

Yang In-hyun stretched out his hand.

Boom!

As soon as the outstretched palms collided, there was an explosive sound. Then, the giant was sent flying, splattering blood.

The martial artists, who had noticed the unusual atmosphere and gotten into formation, were unable to resist the shock and were smashed against the wall.

The giant died instantly while the rest simply fell unconscious.

Calmly, Yang In-hyun stepped into the building.

It was dark. Although it was still the middle of the day outside, no light could be seen in the building.

"Did you come here because you wanted to die?"

At that moment, he heard a voice.

Stopping, Yang In-hyun spoke into the darkness.

"Where is this?"

"...did you make a fuss without even knowing that?"

The voice spoke in disbelief.

"It doesn't matter where this is. None of this matters."

Yang In-hyun mumbled to himself before asking.

"Do you want to know what really matters?"

"Wha-, kuk."

Splatter-

From the darkness came a sound similar to pieces of meat falling to the ground. Yang In-hyun had already assessed the situation. About ten people had been slaughtered in the same instant, but there wasn't even a drop of blood on his sword.

Yang In-hyun continued to walk as if nothing happened before turning to glance behind him.

[...kiiiiing.]

Metel shook like a leaf as she looked at this scene.

Ignoring the frightened spirit, Yang In-hyun continued to move deeper into the building.