

THE GREAT MAGE RETURNS AFTER 4000 YEARS

Chapter V1C8 Overnight Changes(3)



Season 1 Chapter 8: Overnight Changes(3)

After a week or so had passed, David returned to class.

As soon as he entered the classroom, he ignored Jack and Anthony who welcomed him and looked for Frey.

After finding him, he headed over with a glare.

“Do you know who you threatened, you bastard? I’ll never forgive you. I’ll use all my connections and power to destroy you.”

Kuchik

David never got a chance to finish speaking as Frey's magic missile made contact with his face.

"Ugh..."

David fell onto his ass.

He put his hands to his face and blood spilled past his fingers. It was obvious that his nose was broken.

Even though he'd created a terrible scene in the middle of the classroom, Frey was still absorbed in his book without any expression.

The students stared at Frey with fearful expressions. It was because they couldn't imagine that he would break David's nose without responding to him.

David returned to his family again to fix his nose.

Frey was punished because it wasn't a duel that time.

Fortunately, it was not severe punishment. Professor Dio used his strength.

It was a week of suspension and extra study but it helped him instead.

The first day after he returned from his suspension, a senior student approached him with a glare.

“Are you the one who touched David?”

“Who are you?”

Like before with Douman, he didn't use honorifics. It was obvious that he came with hostility.

“I'm Alex, the youngest son of the Drimid family. I've admired the Stonehazard since I was a child. I treated David as my cute little brother.”

“So?”

“As I’ve heard, you’re a really cheeky guy. Is that the way you always talk?”

“Are there any rules that said we need to respect our seniors?”

“ ... ”

Alex seemed speechless for a moment before quickly turning red.

“A Blake family loser actually dares...”

“You talk a lot. I don’t know much of the Drimir Family, but it seems a characteristic is that you talk a lot.”

“How dare you insult my family...!”

Alex shouted, his face flushed with anger.

“Why? Do you want to duel?”

“Huh? You’re going to refuse anyway, it wouldn’t change anything.”

“I have no intention of rejecting it.”

“...really?”

“Right. If you want, I’ll stick around after school.”

“Ha. You became very proud after beating David. You better not regret it. I’ll show you the dignity of a senior.”

Alex growled in a low voice and then left.

After school when Frey arrived at the promised spot, Alex was already there.

Frey looked around.

“There are a lot of onlookers.”

“Kuku. Why. Are you feeling regretful about being disgraced in front of so many people?”

He hated the noisy atmosphere. Alex’s behaviour was very similar to David and he couldn’t help but consider it troublesome.

It seemed Alex had called a lot of people.

“Isn’t that Alex Drimid the one who made it to the round of 16 in the last Gravid Magic Competition?”

“I heard that many towers have eyes on him.”

“There are rumors that he might become an academy professor.”

Alex seemed to be pretty famous, but Frey didn’t care much.

“Magic Missile.”

“Ugk...”

“ ... ”

As Alex fell down while holding his stomach, Frey couldn't help but think.

'I was trying to get a feel first by using that magic...' (TL: kinda like testing your opponent before getting serious.)

'Frey's body is different from 'Lucas'. Even if he used the same magic as in the past, the power was different. So Frey wanted to get used to that difference.

He could tell by practicing alone, but he thought it would be easier if he could practice with someone.

But against a weak man who was knocked down by a single magic missile, there was no practice for him to get.

'Is this the average level in the academy?'

The average age here was between 18 and 20. They couldn't be called old, but they weren't children.

At least the wizard trainees he'd known in the past weren't this bad.

When Alex fell, the students who were his friends walked forward with their arms outstretched.

"I'm Golgorex, the eldest son in the Gilard family."

"I'm Prix, the youngest son of the Finalac family."

"I'm..."

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuk!”

“Ack!”

“Ugh!”

Frey didn't know what to say.

Maybe this was the first time since he'd gained this body that he felt that Magicology had degenerated.

He felt that the current magic students were so poor. No, in fact they were the worst.

Of course, there were some students who were better than the rest.

“Frey, I did what you said.”

One of them was Isabelle, who was now talking to him in an excited voice.

She seemed to be trying her best to stay calm but she could not hide the excitement she was feeling inside.

“I knew that Troll’s blood could be used for engraving formulas. But to think of combining it at a ratio of 7:3....it’s a groundbreaking innovation.”

“Half troll blood is a bit more effective. The monster’s unique dark energy is more diluted.”

“I see. So what are you gonna teach me this time?”

“Next...”

Frey hesitated for a moment.

‘I was treating Isabelle as a disciple without even realising.’

Instinctively, he was giving her tasks just as it was standard for a teacher, and advising her on what to do.

In fact, Isabelle's talents were remarkable.

If it wasn't for the current era, she had hope of reaching 7 or even 8 stars.

Frey decided not to care too much about it.

“By the way, what have you been doing these days?”

“What do you mean?”

“I heard that Frey's nickname is now ‘Death Missile’.”

“Death Missile?”

“Aren’t you the Death Missile?”

It wasn’t wrong, but he didn’t like the name Death Missile because it sounded childish.

Besides, it was a bit unfair because he didn’t kill anyone.

“Their magic was just terrible.”

“Come to think of it, you asked who was the strongest in the academy. I think you’re a good candidate.”

“That...”

Frey thought for a moment.

He thought that it would be better to get information by using this as a pretext rather than bluntly denying it.

“Maybe. So the guys I fought were the strongest among the cadets?”

“I don’t know. Were any of them wearing an orange ring, a golden necklace or a blue bracelet?”

He thought back to his memories, there was no such person.

“No...The orange rings should be the ‘Traumen Rings’. What are the golden necklaces and blue bracelets?”

“Strow Necklaces and Fispander Bracelets. They are the most powerful clubs in the academy, alongside the Traumen Rings.”

The relevant names popped into his head one by one. Lucas Traumen, Schweiser Strow, Iris Fispander.

Frey listened to Isabelle’s explanation as nostalgic feelings swept through him.

“Most students are in a club.”

“Are you?”

Isabelle shook her head.

“I’m comfortable being self-taught.”

“Doesn’t seem like it to me.”

Isabelle’s face reddened as she realised that she had been asking Frey for help a lot recently.

“Anyway...if you’re not in a club then you’re probably not very talented. Even the prestigious families have members with poor performances.”

Only

“Mm.”

Since he wanted to see how good he was, Frey began wondering how he could go up against them.

'Seeing as they are all silent, they're not as thoughtless as those ones before.'

If they were all like David, it would've been better.

Frey wanted to test his skills, but he didn't want to go and cause trouble.

'I'll just wait quietly for the vacation.'

It was not that important for him to see the skills of the aspiring wizards.