

Great Mage 121

Season 1 Chapter 121: When to Crouch (1)

After Cairo left, silence fell upon the room for a moment as Fiore and Frey both took time to organise their thoughts.

'I managed to bring in the Third Princess.'

Their brief conversation showed him how deeply she admired her teacher.

So now that Cairo had given her the task of helping Frey, she would certainly do so to the best of her ability.

Of course, it would have been best if he had been able to get the Third Princess completely on his side, but Frey knew it was unrealistic to believe he could sway the princess in just one meeting.

Just with her promise to help him, he had already achieved his goal.

After he finished organizing his thoughts, Frey said to Fiore.

"There are three favors I'd like to ask of Your Majesty."

"Please go ahead."

“First off, please hold off on your engagement to me.”

“ ... ”

Fiore’s cheeks reddened considerably, and she coughed a few times to calm herself.

Without making further mention of this, Frey continued speaking.

“But don’t directly cancel it.”

“You want me to walk on a tightrope? That’s fine. I’m confident in doing at least that much.”

After all, she was a woman who had established herself in the Imperial family by walking on a tightrope.

There was nothing to worry about.

“What else?”

“You need to delay the sale of Harkon for a while. It would be best if you could give a suitable excuse so Leita doesn’t become suspicious.”

“Hmm.”

Fiore furrowed her brows slightly.

Delaying sales wasn't the hard part. After all, she was the one who held the full sales rights for Harkon, so the deal with the Blake family could be ended with a simple stamp.

But it was obvious that Leita would become suspicious if the deal was to just end suddenly.

Fiore knew how perceptive she was.

Last time, she succeeded in taking the initiative due to her sudden visit, but that didn't mean Leita was a pushover.

She had to delay the sale of Harkon as much as possible while preventing that woman from noticing.

It wasn't as easy as it sounded.

Well, for anyone other than Fiore, at least.

She smiled confidently.

"Alright. What's your last request?"

“That...”

It would take some time to explain.

Frey slowly began telling Fiore his third request, and her expression steadily became harder and harder.

“...it’s not difficult. If the plates are made as Frey said.” (TL: I used ‘plate’ here but this might change since the word ‘판’ has a couple meanings and there wasn’t much context)

“That’s good.”

Fiore was dumbfounded for a moment.

She looked at Frey like there was something she wanted to say, but Frey deliberately avoided her gaze and looked out the window.

The sun was beginning to rise.

This was proof that they had been talking for much longer than expected.

Frey got up from his seat.

“Then I’ll take my leave.”

“Ah... yes. Have a safe trip.”

“Thank you.”

Fiore, who also didn’t realise the time, spoke up.

Frey politely bowed his head before leaving the room.

Veronica, who had been silently observing them from the side, finally spoke.

“That third request. Are you really going to fulfill it?”

“If the plate just needs to be made as he said, I’ll do it. It’s not difficult.”

“Your Highness should know well just how ridiculous this request is.”

Veronica was right.

She knew it well.

“...but he doesn't appear to be someone who would do something for no reason.”

Fiore sighed.

That was the problem.

She felt that Frey's words would really become a reality.

* * *

Frey returned to the mansion.

He had stayed out all night, but he didn't feel very tired.

He took off his robe and removed the illusion magic. Then he meditated for a while until the sun came up.

When Frey opened his eyes once more, all signs of tiredness had disappeared completely.

There was some time until breakfast, so Frey got up and went to Heinz's room.

It looked like he had just woken up, but he still gave Frey a curious look.

“It seems you had a really good time with the princess.”

“I didn’t come here to talk about that.”

Frey shook his head as he spoke.

Heinz nodded.

“Since you came at a time like this, there must be something you want. Tell me.”

Frey said what he wanted, and Heinz agreed.

And when it was time for breakfast, all the members of the Blake family, except Mischael, were gathered.

After the light meal, Frey spoke out.

“I will accept Mother’s decision.”

“Oh my.”

Leita was slightly surprised by his words.

Frey glanced at Isaka.

“...”

Isaka's expression had become a bit stiff.

Frey had purposely responded to Leita's suggestion in such an open manner because he wanted to see Isaka's reaction.

He wanted to know how he felt about this.

And looking at his stiff expression, Frey was able to make a guess as to how he was feeling.

“Good thinking. You are now a proud member of the Blake family.”

“It is an honour.”

“Then... Heinz.”

“Yes?”

“Teach Frey about the secrets of the Blake family. And Frey, when you’ve learned everything, come down to the basement.”

“Understood.”

Frey then followed Heinz back to his room.

Tak.

The door closed quietly.

There wasn’t much for the two of them to talk about, which was understandable since Frey knew just as much as Heinz did.

After a moment of silence, Heinz finally spoke.

“I did what you asked.”

“That was fast.”

“...she’ll be here by the day after tomorrow. Although, that’s under the assumption that she would even listen to your request.”

“She doesn’t have much of a choice.”

“I don’t know why you’re so confident. That person is one of the top executives in the Circle. Plus, Sheryl Roland is known for her pride.”

That’s right.

Frey’s request to Heinz was to ask the Phisfounder Armlet’s Circle Rounder, Sheryl Roland, to come to the Blake family mansion.

Soon, the mansion would become a battlefield.

And he knew what would happen on that battlefield.

With Sheryl’s assistance, they would easily be able to deal with almost any situation.

But Heinz didn’t believe that Sheryl would listen to Frey’s request.

It was natural that he’d think so, as he didn’t know that Sheryl had already submitted to Frey.

“...stay here for an hour, then go down to the basement. What you see there might be a bit too much to handle, but I think you can keep yourself together.”

Heinz’s expression, which had been blank from the start, suddenly became serious.

“And...”

He felt conflicted.

This was proven by the fact that he was no longer able to control his emotions.

But in the end, he couldn’t say what he wanted to.

Heinz bowed his head and sighed.

“No. It’s nothing.”

“...”

About an hour passed before Frey left Heinz’s room and headed to the basement.

Leita was waiting for him at the entrance.

“Are you finished talking?”

“Yes.”

She gave him a mysterious smile.

“Alright. I wonder how you feel, now that you know the truth of the world.”

“...honestly, it hasn't sunken in yet.”

Proper acting had never been more important.

Leita nodded as she saw Frey's conflicted expression.

“That's natural. It'll be confusing at first, but don't worry. I will slowly tell you your role.”

His role?

“Follow me.”

Leita turned around with those words, exposing her back to him.

But Frey didn't dare lower his guard.

'An Apocalypse's Apostle.'

Until now, the only Apocalypse's Apostle that he had seen the true power of was Snow, Riki's Apostle.

Oydin didn't count because he was only half an Apostle.

Snow's combat power was simply amazing. This was something Frey had noticed during their fight with the Bone Dragon.

She had shown an almost overwhelming amount of power during the fight with the Bone Dragon without even using the power of the sword.

'Snow hasn't been Riki's Apostle for a long time.'

As time went on, the divine power an Apostle could utilise steadily grew stronger.

And since he didn't know how long it had been since Leita had become an Apostle, letting his guard down was tantamount to suicide.

Tak tak.

They walked down the stairs leading to the basement.

The fact that the Blake family had a basement was something he had learned while searching the mansion with Ghost. However, he hadn't gone too close.

This was because the security magic that had been deployed around this place was many times stronger than anywhere else on the property.

If Frey had approached it carelessly, he would have triggered the numerous alarm spells, which would have alerted the entire house.

Tuk.

They reached the bottom of the stairs.

A heavy iron door stood in their way.

Leitra placed her hand on it, and after a moment, it began opening with a heavy sound.

Krrrrr....

A moment later, the iron door was fully opened.

And Frey's expression became stiff at the sight that unfolded before his eyes.

"U-, ugh..."

"Urk, kuk..."

It was a prison.

A huge prison.

The rotten smell of blood and decomposing corpses filled his nose as soon as the door opened.

There were many kinds of people and monsters of all ages and sexes imprisoned behind the bars.

All types of living things seemed to have been locked up in this place.

Above all, none of them were in good condition.

All of them had serious injuries on various parts of their bodies, and those who appeared to be mostly intact were drooling heavily and had dull eyes as if they had lost their minds.

Leita, who saw his reaction, turned to Frey with a small smile.

“What’s wrong?”

“...I’m just a little surprised.”

“Get rid of your sympathy. They’re just test subjects.”

“Yes.”

Frey nodded as he recalled information he’d heard when investigating the Blake family in the past.

[Well. Now that I think about it, Hans did say that he saw several carriages enter the Blake family at dawn.]

[And he said he heard the cries of humans from within them.]

It was only at that moment that he realised what was in those carriages.

There wasn’t even a hint of compassion in Leita’s eyes as she looked at the test subjects.

There was only a cold gleam similar to a farmer looking at livestock.

Leita turned to Frey once more.

“Are you disappointed?”

“Huh?”

“I wonder what you think about this scene.”

He thought it was disgusting and cruel.

Frey wanted nothing more than to kill this woman in front of him who was so happily doing the Demigods’ bidding.

But he didn’t show it.

He couldn’t show it.

Now was the time to crouch.

Frey controlled his emotions so that they wouldn’t show and bowed his head to her slightly.

“I don’t think anything.”

“Huhu. I’m happy you can say that.”

Leita smiled brightly and stroked his hair.

It was an obvious gesture of a mother praising her son.

‘Disgusting.’

He had thought it before, but this time, it was different.

This thought had come from the residual feelings left over from ‘Frey’.

The introverted and mistreated ‘loser’, Frey Blake, felt disgust towards his ‘mother’.

“Let’s go deeper.”

“Yes.”

Frey followed Leita.

He knew the basement was large, but in the end, he had still underestimated the sheer size of it.

After leaving the prison, they came to a room that appeared to be a laboratory.

It was larger than the prison, and quite a few people could be seen wandering around.

These people, many of whom were mixing ingredients in glass bottles, appeared to be Wizards.

They didn't pay much attention to Leita's arrival, and they only seemed focused on the result of their various experiments.

"Who are they?"

"These are the Wizards and Alchemists who belong to the Blake Family."

"But they look a bit strange..."

"Well, of course. After all, we took away their ability to think. They're better than Golems, but they are still a type of puppet. Although this decreased our efficiency, isn't this the safest option?"

"..."

“You have to keep in mind. When running a place like this, it would be too troublesome if they had a sense of self.”

“...I’ll keep it in mind.”

Soon, they left the laboratory and were approaching the end of the basement.

“...”

Only

And Frey’s expression became progressively stiffer.

At first, he thought that the divine power he was sensing was because of their experiments, but it wasn’t.

The divine power he felt became stronger and stronger the further they went, and it reached to the point where it was not an amount that could be released by anything other than a Demigod.

There was a Demigod in the basement.

And there was only one Demigod who would be in the Blake family mansion.

Leyrin.

She was at the end of this path.

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Frey looked at Leita's expression as they walked.

She had a slight smile on her face and seemed to bounce slightly with each step.

'She doesn't know who I am.'

Leyrin was in the basement.

But it didn't seem like Leita was taking him there as a trap or to kill him.

At least, he could say that it was okay.

'It's not that it's not dangerous.'

Within Frey was divine power that once belonged to Indra.

That wasn't all.

The mask he obtained from Hector and the marble he took from Riki's ashes were also in his bag.

If Leyrin noticed any of these things, he would get caught, and she would try to kill him.

“...”

But there was no way he could justify turning back at this point.

Frey clicked his tongue inwardly. The only way for him to overcome his present crisis was to adapt to the situation.

When they arrived at the final door in the dungeon, Leita stopped walking.

She then turned to Frey and spoke in a serious voice.

“Inside this room is our Master.”

“By Master...”

“Leyrin, the Demigod with the power of wind. The Emperor... no. Think of her as a being even higher than the Emperor, and pay special attention to what you say and do.”

“Understood.”

“Good.”

Leita nodded and opened the door.

All the rooms they had walked through so far had been dirty and gloomy, but this place was different.

It was clean and well lit. It was also quite wide.

The room wasn't luxurious, but it had all the furnishings one would expect to find.

It felt like someone's bedroom rather than a room in the basement.

A grey-haired woman stood in the center of the room.

“You arrived early.”

“I hope we didn't disturb you, True Master of the Continent.”

Leita knelt down.

Frey also knelt down, following suit.

He felt offended by the title, True Master of the Continent, but he didn't show it.

Leyrin simply nodded her head.

Her youthful appearance was a stark contrast from those of the other Apocalypses.

Frey paid attention to her grey hair.

Grey hair that was unique to the Blake family.

That wasn't all.

Some of Leyrin's features had some similarities to himself.

'Perhaps.'

It was highly likely that the genes of the Blake family had been taken from her body.

After all, the simplest way to obtain samples of divine power was to take them from her own body.

"Nothing happened, right?"

“Thanks to you, everything is fine.”

Leita was being extremely polite and there was no sign of her previous haughtiness.

Even when the Lady of one of the five greatest families in the empire bowed to her, Leyrin’s expression didn’t change.

“That’s great. Then I’ll listen to your report. How much Harkon have you collected?”

“We’ve already accumulated half of the target amount.”

“That’s too slow. I don’t think we’ll meet the deadline.”

“I’m sorry. Plans are in progress to bring down the Third Princess. Please wait a while longer.”

“...The Third Princess. She’s such a nuisance. If it wasn’t for the Eleventh Tower Master and Paragon...”

Paragon?

Frey tilted his head slightly at the new word.

Perhaps that was the group that the Eleventh Tower Master, Cairo, was a part of.

“In any case, the recovery of my brothers is going better than expe...”

It was then.

Leyrin stopped talking and turned her head to look at Frey.

“Who is this? This isn’t Heinz... or Mischael... Ah. Really, you humans all look alike. Leita, who is this guy?” (TL: Author put ‘Leyrin’ here, but I’m sure it was just a mistake.)

“This is my third son.”

“Third son? You had three children?”

“That’s right.”

“...”

She’d never heard of this before.

The Blake family had never bothered to make a report about Frey, who had been branded as a failure.

Leyrin's sharp gaze turned to Frey, and he bowed his head and said.

"True Master of the Continent, I am Frey Blake, the third son of the Blake family."

Leyrin didn't respond.

She walked up to Frey and inspected him closely.

Frey bowed his head even more, the tip of his chin was shaking slightly.

Originally, he intended to act pressured by Leyrin's aura, but when she did release her aura, he realised that it was much more bearable than he expected.

As soon as he had that thought, he subconsciously raised his head slightly.

It was bearable?

'...'

Frey had fought many Demigods before.

Therefore, it was possible for him to gauge the power of Demigods by the density of the divine power they subconsciously released.

But now, Leyrin... didn't seem that strong.

All the Demigods classified as Apocalypses that he'd met so far. Nozdog, Agni, Ananta.

The aura they exuded showed their strength as transcendent beings.

Riki, who was much more powerful than them, didn't count.

However, even when compared to the other three Apocalypses, the divine power Leyrin was now exuding was not powerful.

No, to be precise. She seemed to be much weaker than she had been during the meeting.

'Why?'

Leyrin grabbed Frey's arm.

"...!"

"...!"

Shock appeared on both of their faces at the same time.

Leyrin's jaw dropped.

"You..."

She noticed.

She felt Indra's divine power flowing within him.

His head became cold as though someone had poured cold water over it.

His eyes and chin, which had just been 'shaking' due to the pressure, became completely still, and his confused mind calmed.

At his current stage, it was easier for Frey to stabilize his body and mind than flipping his palm over.

'Think.'

What was the best course of action he could take at that moment?

He had to do something to break out of his current situation.

Frey's eyes turned to Leita.

If he killed her Apostle-

"...he's a good material."

Leyrin fixed her expression as she said those words.

But Frey's expression became stiff as he heard that.

What did she just say?

"I believe he will be helpful in bringing down the Third Princess."

Leita, who didn't seem to realise the tense situation that had just occurred between them, spoke gently.

"Is that so? Hmm. He's certainly more useful than Mischael. Well then, leave first."

"...huh?"

Frey was confused.

Leyrin shrugged.

“I have something to discuss with Leita, so leave.”

“Ah. Yes.”

She was letting him go?

Despite knowing that he had Indra’s divine power in his body?

Why?

Was she playing with him because she could catch him later?

‘That’s not it.’

But I don’t know why.

He didn’t think that was the reason, but he couldn’t find a better one.

Firstly, he needed to get out of his current situation.

Leita and Leyrin.

It would take a long time for him to organise his thoughts while staying on guard against them.

Frey bowed his head.

And then, without hesitation, he turned and left the room.

“...”

Shortly after he disappeared, the smile on Leyrin’s face disappeared.

She quickly turned and spoke to Leita.

“I want to ask you one question, Leita.”

“P-, please ask.”

Her voice trembled slightly.

Leita could feel the anger hidden in her voice, and as Leyrin approached her, the pressure she released increased.

“That guy named Frey. Has he accepted divine power yet?”

“H-, he hasn’t accepted it yet. We only explained the secret of the family to him today...”

“You stupid bitch.” (TL: choke)

Leyrin’s anger was palpable as she strode over and lifted Leita off the ground by her delicate neck.

“K-, kuk...”

“I told you. I don’t care if you make ten small mistakes. But don’t you dare make even one crucial mistake... you fool.”

“T-, that’s right... kuk...”

Kurk.

The blood was gradually draining from Leita’s face.

“Tell me, Leita. Are you an idiot? Did I really take an idiot as my Apostle?”

“I, I’m not....”

Crunch!

Leyrin grit her teeth and threw Leita to the floor.

Then, she looked at her with a cold gaze.

“If you hadn’t been my Apostle, I would have already chopped you into small pieces and fed you to a dog!”

“H-, huk... huk...”

“Shut up.”

Only

“...”

Leita couldn’t imagine why her master was suddenly so angry.

This was the first time she'd seen Leyrin, who was always smiling and cheerful, this angry.

Leyrin bit her nails.

This wasn't a situation that could be fixed with anger alone.

She had to think.

Think of a way to escape her current situation...

Season 1 Chapter 123: When to Crouch (3)

After returning to his room, Frey immediately drew Asura's summoning circle.

This was so he could summon him at a moment's notice.

Then, he immediately began to pay close attention to his surroundings.

“ ... ”

No one had followed him, and there was no one revealing any hostile intentions towards him.

Frey frowned.

“Why did she let me go?”

Leyrin had definitely noticed the divine power hidden within his body.

He had no doubt about that.

Nevertheless, she didn't attack him but instead sent Frey back upstairs.

Her reaction didn't make any sense.

There was no trace of hostility at all.

She hadn't even sent someone to follow him.

'Is it because she can kill me at any time?'

No.

That wasn't it.

That wasn't the feeling he had gotten from her reaction.

But could there be any other reason?

Frey replayed his memory of the scene.

'Leyrin was surprised to find Indra's divine power in my body.'

That was understandable.

But then she panicked.

...Why did she panic?

With Leyrin's power, she should've been able to overpower him easily.

It would be even easier for her to kill him.

Even if he had reached 8 stars, it was still impossible for him to win in a head to head clash with an Apocalypse.

'Did she see my stage?'

Had Leyrin realised that he was also an 8 star Wizard?

No, that wasn't possible either.

Even if he didn't know much about divine power, he knew that it was impossible for Leyrin to have sensed the mana he was concealing.

"..."

That was not it either.

Frey kept thinking.

Questions popped up one after another.

All of his previous assumptions were wrong. This meant that he had taken the wrong step from the start.

Frey closed his eyes.

Since he couldn't reach a conclusion, he needed to change his approach.

He diverted all his energy to thinking.

A drop of sweat rolled down Frey's face.

If he had the brain of a normal person, this sort of repetitive thinking would have already burnt it out by now.

Since his previous assumptions were incorrect, he relentlessly calculated and narrowed down the possibilities.

After an unknown period of time, there was only one thought left in Frey's mind.

...What if it wasn't that she didn't *want* to take action but that she *couldn't* take action?

"Avatar."

He opened his eyes.

It was an avatar, not Leyrin's true body.

A being who only had a small portion of the main body's power.

It was strong enough to wipe out tens of strong fighters, but it was not strong enough to defeat the current him.

In general, there were only two reasons why a Demigod would use an avatar. When it was trying to hide its power and when it could not move its main body.

Frey believed it was the latter.

It would make the most sense if the Leyrin he had met was just an avatar, not her main body, and it would also mean that her main body was unable to move at that moment.

After all, she was either weakened or had limited strength.

He couldn't be sure, but Frey believed it had something to do with the other Apocalypses who were fatally injured.

She wasn't confident.

She wasn't confident that she could perfectly deal with Frey in her current state.

That was why she sent him back.

She was trying to buy time by pretending she didn't notice.

"Hmm."

That last part was particularly important.

Leyrin wanted to buy time.

He didn't know why, but that fact was obvious.

If so, it meant Frey had to move faster.

'I have to completely revise my plan.'

Frey left his room.

Before long, the entire Blake family would be overturned.

Probably by his own hands.

Before that, there was a man whose position he had to confirm.

* * *

The Livindak Mountains.

Located near the Silkid Desert, it was one of the most rugged alpine regions on the continent.

Even monsters, known to be able to survive even the harshest of conditions were nowhere to be seen as this place consisted mostly of barren, rocky mountains where vertical cliffs of dizzying heights were endless.

It was a barren land where not even weeds grew.

Atop the mesa(1) on Mount Roxeo, there were transcendent beings.

Kooo.

Not one but four. A skeleton, a ball of flame and a scorpion.

The one thing they shared in common was their enormous size that seemed to surpass imagination.

And standing in the center of these huge beings was one whose body was devoid of any common features.

White light constantly flowed from this featureless figure and illuminated the surroundings.

Lord.

And the three Demigods who had been severely injured by Riki.

[...]

The white light that was exuded from Lord's body was slowly being absorbed by the other three.

He was sharing his divine power.

An ability that only Lord had among all the Demigods.

Riki.

The power of the sword.

In this world, there was nothing that couldn't be cut by a sword wielded by him.

This was clear by the fact that he had even been able to cut the barrier Lord had created.

If it wasn't for Lord's help, these three would have already died painful deaths.

It was then.

Leyrin appeared beside Lord.

She solemnly watched this scene of divine power being transferred.

'...if it wasn't for this, I wouldn't have had to use my avatar.'

There was only a small amount of divine power left in her body at that moment because Lord had extracted most of it and infused it into the bodies of the other three.

If Leyrin had been at full power, then it would have been a simple task to capture Frey, who she'd found in the family, and extract information.

But it couldn't be helped.

After all, she couldn't just ignore her siblings who were on the verge of death.

"Lord."

[Leyrin, what's the matter?]

When she heard his words, Leyrin couldn't help but sigh.

“There’s a problem.”

[Those words aren’t pleasant to hear.]

Especially in the current situation.

[Tell me.]

‘An enemy appeared in my lab.’

[An enemy?]

“A man with Indra’s lightning energy. No other details are known, but he is currently a threat.”

[...Indra’s lightning.]

Indra was one of their kind who had died already.

In fact, Riki had killed him while he was hibernating due to his Apostle’s death.

Lord’s eyes appeared.

[He is connected to Riki.]

“That’s right.”

[Don’t kill him. Capture him.]

“...that would be best, but it’s not as easy as it sounds.”

Leyrin’s grumbling was natural.

The opponent’s strength was unknown, and she was currently in the weakest state she’d been in in centuries.

It was impossible to make a move hastily.

‘If I were to leave this place...’

This was truly an absurd situation that she’d never experienced, even in her thousands of years of life.

She couldn’t make a move.

Lord was also aware of Leyrin's current crisis

He spoke calmly.

[I will send some of the others.]

Leyrin's eyes lit up.

"How many will you send?"

[...There are three of our kind near the Kastkau Empire. I will send them.]

Three Demigods.

That way, even if the man with Indra's lightning could overpower a single Demigod, he would still be captured.

"That's more than enough. How long will it take them to get there?"

[None of them know how to use Space-Time movement, so it will take about three days.]

"...three days."

Leyrin's expression darkened once again.

This was because even three days felt like an eternity for her at that point.

After all, this wasn't a situation that she could stall by running away.

The Blake family residence was the place where the research on Illuminium was steadily progressing.

If it was destroyed now, it would cause a huge disruption to the mass production of the Illuminium when they were currently only a few steps away from continental domination.

In addition, her own Apostle, Leita, was there.

'Is he aware that Leita is my Apostle?'

She wasn't sure, but... the chances were very high.

When Leyrin had grabbed Frey's arm in the basement and he realised that she had sensed the lightning in his body, the first place he looked was towards Leita.

She was certain that if she made a move at that moment, he would have immediately killed Leita.

'Did he find out from Riki's Apostle?'

She thought about the masked man who had been standing behind Riki during the meeting not long ago.

No, now that she thought about it.

Lord himself had gone to kill that man.

After he returned, Lord hadn't said anything, but Leyrin didn't believe that a single Apostle would be able to escape from Lord.

Moreover, Demigods' powers could not be replicated.

Except for Lord, there were no Demigods who could use two powers.

The same was true for Apostles.

That said, it was possible that Frey had learned of Leita's identity through his own independent investigation.

It was also possible that he was taking a gamble by aiming at Leita.

'Then is he the one Riki left just in case something happened?'

So he gave him Indra's crystal.

Leyrin clicked her tongue.

Indra's main body was dead.

This meant that the lightning power in that man's body was no longer borrowed power, but it had instead become his own power.

Only

With time and 'opportunity', it was possible for his power to go beyond the limits of Apostles.

And because he was a member of the Blake family, he also had the ability to use mana.

'This is difficult.'

Leyrin never thought that a creature born from her own actions could make her feel such a way.

It wouldn't be easy to endure the next three days.

Season 1 Chapter 124: When to Crouch (4)

Frey headed towards Heinz's room, and as soon as he knocked on the door, he heard a heavy voice from within.

"Come in."

He opened the door and headed in.

Heinz was sitting at his desk, leisurely flipping through the pages of a book.

He didn't appear surprised to see Frey.

"I came because I have something to say."

"...I see."

Heinz closed his book and pointed toward a chair in front of him.

Frey sat without any hesitation and looked at Heinz.

"..."

Looking at him like this, Frey immediately noticed the many similarities between him and Heinz.

If they walked down the street together, everyone would immediately know that they were brothers.

Frey shook his head.

He didn't come here for that.

There was also no need for him to be indirect.

He didn't have time for that.

Instead, Frey immediately said the main reason why he'd come to Heinz.

"From today, I will be devising a strategy to kill Leita."

Heinz's mouth became a thin line.

"Why?"

"Because she's Leyrin's Apostle."

Frey looked Heinz straight in the face as if he didn't want to miss even the slightest reaction.

There was no immediate response.

Heinz paused heavily for a moment before sighing.

"...I see."

"Did you expect it?"

"Naturally. My mother had always been one of the suspects. Even so, I always thought Father would be the Apostle... but how did you find out?"

"That's not important."

Frey crossed his hands.

"I came here to find out what your goal is."

"My goal?"

"What exactly do you want?"

Frey's question was quite natural.

Even now, he had yet to learn Heinz's goal.

At the moment, it seemed that he assisted the Circle by being a spy in the Demigods' camp.

But he had once advised Frey to not put too much trust in the Circle.

If he really was on the Circle's side, Heinz would have never said those words.

Heinz also knew just how big the ripple that would spread through the Circle would be if they learned that he could control divine power.

If that fact was revealed, he would have to be wary of violent backlash at any moment.

So was he a spy for the Demigods instead?

Frey believed that that was also unlikely.

After all, Heinz had no reason to cooperate with him if he was a spy for the Demigods.

Regardless of what his intentions were, as a spy, he would never bring Frey to the Blake family when Leyrin was in such a weakened condition.

Instead, he would have found any excuse to prevent it.

Frey could tell from Leyrin's reaction that it was never in their plan for Heinz to bring him back to the Blake family.

'If I had come to the house alone.'

He wouldn't have been able to meet Leyrin so easily.

Instead, he probably would have been suspected by Isaka and Leita.

It was only because Frey had returned with Heinz that he had been able to win their trust and subsequently be exposed to such vital information.

"...then, I would also like to ask a question."

Heinz then spoke in a heavy voice.

"Where is the real Frey?"

“ ... ”

Frey's expression didn't change.

After all, he'd expected that something like this would happen someday.

This was because he and Frey were too different.

Their personalities, values, habits and the steps he'd taken to reach this point.

If Frey had had any number of friends, or if he had many people who knew him, then he would have been suspected much sooner.

But few people knew the previous Frey.

Most of them had never even spoken to him. Instead, all they knew about him had been from what they'd heard.

This was why Frey's sudden change had never aroused any doubt.

However... family would always be different.

“...at first, I thought it was just a great awakening that caused you to change so much. After all, anyone would change given the circumstances. But... this isn't something that could be explained away with mere 'change'.”

“...”

“...answer me. Please.”

Heinz's voice gradually began shaking.

The same was true for his eyes.

His appearance was similar to a stone statue that was beginning to crack.

“What happened to my younger brother...?”

“He's dead.”

Frey gave a simple answer.

“What...”

“What do you mean 'what'? What are you trying to say now?”

Frey got up from his seat, approached Heinz and lifted him up by his collar.

Kwak.

Heinz's body was limp.

It seemed that his reaction to the news was genuine, but there was no sympathy in Frey's gaze.

Instead, his eyes seemed to burn brightly.

"Frey Blake is dead. Exhausted and distressed by the poor treatment he received from you and your family. In the end, he could find no salvation, and while struggling in pain and solitude, he killed himself."

Heinz's mouth opened wide.

Frey frowned slightly.

This wasn't it.

He didn't intend to blame Heinz for what he'd done.

What he really wanted to say was...

“What right do you have to mourn Frey’s death?”

“...!”

Shepard had said that Heinz was different.

He didn’t know if that was true, but in truth, it was none of his business.

No matter what his intentions were or how he’d felt while doing what he’d done, it wouldn’t change the fact that ‘Frey Blake’ had died.

If it was really Frey who was standing there at that moment, maybe he would’ve forgiven Heinz.

If you thought about his personality, the probability of that was actually really high.

But he wasn’t Frey.

Instead, he was just someone who was using Frey’s body.

That was why he didn't believe he had the right to listen to Heinz's explanation nor the right to forgive him.

For him, there was only one thing that mattered.

And that was the fact that Heinz Blake was one of the causes of Frey Blake's death.

This was the qualification which granted him the right to vent his anger at Heinz, who had helped drive that child to death.

Taht.

When Frey let go of him, Heinz lost his balance and fell to the floor.

'...'

Frey shook his head, annoyed.

He hadn't gone there to talk about this.

Instead, after confirming Heinz's true intentions, he had intended to persuade him and get his help in killing Leita.

However, when he saw the pathetic look on Heinz's face, Frey felt emotional.

His mind and body were both disturbed, and the thing that upset him the most was the fact that he felt sympathy for Heinz.

Of course, these weren't his own feelings.

'Don't do that, Frey Blake.'

Frey spoke to himself.

He could feel 'Frey' shouting within him.

Only

Something must have happened to his brother.

He wanted to hear his explanation.

...He wanted to forgive him.

'What a soft-hearted guy.'

Frey sighed as he looked down at Heinz's shivering figure.

Season 1 Chapter 125: Family Extermination (1)

"You're right."

Heinz staggered up from the floor.

His head was lowered, and there was a strange expression on his face.

"If Frey is dead, as you say, then I really don't have the right to mourn his death. Huhu."

He laughed blankly as if he had lost a piece of his soul.

"I just wanted to get Frey out of this hell."

"Hell?"

"Right."

Shuk.

Heinz took off his shirt.

Upon seeing this, Frey's eyebrows furrowed.

Terrible scars covered Heinz's well-trained body.

Cuts, tears and stitches could be found on almost every inch of his skin.

"A body which can contain and utilise both divine power and mana at the same time is, in itself, a rare sample. For the Blake family, I've always been just another test subject. Nothing more, nothing less."

After staying silent for a while, Heinz continued.

"It was the same for Mischael. He was also different before the experiments began. I wouldn't say he was a good person, but he certainly could have become one with the right education. But the intensity of the experiments became stronger and stronger with each passing day, and Mischael, who wasn't strong-willed, had no choice but to go in such a crooked direction just so he wouldn't break... as the 'chosen ones', we all had to go through these ordeals."

"..."

"When Frey was born... his smile was like that of an angel. I hoped that such a beautiful smile would never go away. I didn't want my precious brother to suffer in this cursed family. So... I purposely blocked his mana veins."

Frey frowned.

He clearly remembered the feeling of discomfort he'd felt when he first inhabited Frey's body.

He was certain that a third party had blocked the mana flow, and now, Heinz was admitting he was the cause.

"I thought it would be better for him if he wasn't in the Blake family. If he could go somewhere else. Like the academy, where he could stay with his peers... I believed they would get along."

"The Westroad Academy was just another hell for Frey Blake."

When Frey said these words calmly, Heinz bowed his head once again.

"...I didn't hear about any bullying in the school."

Of course, he wouldn't know.

All the students in the Westroad Academy were nobles.

Almost from the moment they could talk, they were taught the basics of politics.

Therefore, they were able to carry out their bullying in secret, without alarming the professors.

And because of Frey's timid nature, there was no way he'd tell someone about it.

That was why Heinz had never heard about his brother's treatment in the academy.

"...but given that child's personality, I suppose something like that was natural."

He was in a hurry, and he hadn't thought it through.

But such excuses were meaningless now.

Heinz bit his lip.

"And it was us who made him so weak. There's no excuse for it."

"So what will you do now?"

"...I don't know."

Heinz sighed.

"I really don't know. To be honest, I didn't expect Frey's death to have such a big impact on me."

“What’s done is done. Don’t think about it too much.”

Heinz’s expression became strange at that moment.

If someone else had said those words to him, he definitely would’ve gotten angry, but Frey’s voice seemed to be filled with experience.

Like the voice of someone who had overcome a situation even greater than the one he was going through.

“First of all, help me.”

“...help you?”

“There are still remnants of ‘Frey’ inside of me. Originally, I didn’t care about your story, and I didn’t intend to listen. I only did so because ‘Frey’ wanted to.”

“...Frey.”

“He wants to believe that there was a reason for what you’d done.”

Those words made Heinz’s expression clear up a little.

“Can you tell me more?”

“That depends on your choice.”

That reminded Heinz of what Frey had just told him.

In other words, he was forcing him.

“So... you’re asking me to cooperate with a mysterious being that took over the dead body of my little brother?”

“It doesn’t sound good when you put it that way, but yes.”

“...”

“I want to ask something first. Why did you join the Circle?”

When he heard that, a vicious light seemed to shine within Heinz’s eyes.

“To erase the Demigods from the face of the continent.”

They had left irrevocable scars on his body.

And because of them, he was constantly suffering from pain and anguish.

Why him? Why did he have to suffer like that?

Anger and resentment blossomed within his heart, and as time passed, they only grew stronger.

And then he'd realised.

The Demigods were the reason for everything.

Frey could clearly see the rage in Heinz's eyes, and for him, that was more convincing than any oath or promise.

This was proof that he could trust Heinz.

"Apocalypses. They are considered the strongest among the Demigods. We now have the opportunity to slay one of them."

"...by killing my mother?"

"Do you still consider them your parents?"

Frey's words caused Heinz to pause.

No positive or negative thoughts came to mind immediately. However, he was certain that he had no attachment to them as his family members.

But that didn't mean he was willing to kill them just because of that.

After all, weren't they the ones who gave birth to him and raised him?

"...I'm not sure."

"That's understandable."

That was a natural response that anyone with a moral compass would give.

This meant he couldn't ask for Heinz's help to kill Leita.

"Then I'd like to ask you for something else."

"What is it?"

“There is a metal called Illuminium.”

“Illuminium?”

“Right. Its features...”

Frey gave him a rough overview of the characteristics of Illuminium, and after hearing everything, Heinz nodded and asked.

“It’s stored somewhere in the mansion?”

“There’s a high probability that it’s stored in the basement.”

Heinz shook his head.

“There are many basements other than the one below the mansion.”

“There are?”

“Besides this one, there are numerous labs scattered throughout Pillat. I know a few of them, but I don’t know all of them.”

“Hmm.”

Frey pondered for a while before saying.

“Then focus on finding these hidden laboratories as quickly as possible. It would be better if we could find clues about the Illuminium.”

“Understood... then what about you?”

“...first, I’ll watch how the situation develops. If possible, I’d like to wait until Sheryl gets here before making a move.”

Frey thought for a moment before adding.

“And I think we need to call in for more reinforcements.”

Two days was not a short time. Especially in an urgent situation like this one.

Nevertheless, there was a reason why Frey had remained silent for two days.

One was that he was in the heart of the enemy’s territory.

No matter how powerful he was, Frey couldn’t completely ignore the strength of the Blake family.

The fighting strength of the Blake family wasn't a threat if Leita was excluded, but there was one variable that remained unknown.

"I don't know how strong Isaka's divine power is."

Even Heinz didn't know.

Isaka, the 7 star Archmage, was of no threat to Frey, but Isaka, who wielded divine power, was a different story.

He was someone Frey had to be mindful of.

The other reason, and in fact the decisive reason, was that Leita had disappeared ever since she had taken Frey to the basement.

Frey had scoured the entire mansion, but he was unable to find any traces of her.

At least, it was clear to him that she was no longer in the mansion.

'She evacuated her immediately after talking to me.'

Leita was her weakness.

At the same time, it was ironic because Leita was the main fighting force, but Leyrin had still chosen to evacuate her rather than use her as a deterrent force against him.

Heinz didn't return to the mansion either.

At Frey's request, he began searching the entirety of Pillat.

Thanks to that, meals in the house were only attended by Frey and Isaka.

Isaka simply moved his spoon with a robotic expression on his face.

And even after the meals, there were no conversations between the two of them.

After dinner, Frey returned to his room, and in the dark room lit only by the moonlight streaming in from the window, he found a blonde-haired girl.

"Sheryl"

"Did you call for me, Master?"

Master?

Frey tilted his head slightly at the unfamiliar title but decided not to say anything about it.

“I called you because I need your help.”

“Please give me your orders. Your wish is my command.”

It was said calmly, but her word filled him with confidence.

After all, Sheryl Roland was second in command of the Phisfounder Armlets and also the Contractor of Lilith, one of the Five Demon Archdukes.

She also had her abilities as a vampire and hundreds of years of experience, so she was sure to be a great help to him.

“I want you to track down Leita.”

“...do you mean the Lady of the Blake family, Leita Blake?”

“Right.”

“Understood.”

Sheryl nodded without asking any more questions.

It seemed she was also preparing to go look for her immediately.

Seeing this, Frey warned her so that she would take the proper precautions.

“She’s an Apostle.”

Sheryl’s expression changed to one of shock.

“An Apocalypse’s Apostle at that, so you have to be careful.”

“Don’t worry, I’m used to being discreet.”

Sheryl smiled and disappeared into the shadows.

His basic preparations had all been completed.

Heinz and Sheryl were both trusted allies. And the reinforcements...

He, or they, would only arrive before dawn.

'Then.'

The time to lay low had finally come to an end.

Frey left his room and walked down the dimly lit corridor.

Alexandro, who was patrolling the halls, spotted him, and when he saw Frey, he flinched slightly and bowed his head politely.

He then tried to pass by Frey quickly without greeting him.

Frey knew that the servants in the mansion were usually busy dealing with various things, and Alexandro was no different from them, but this time was different.

He blocked Alexandro's path.

Seeing this, Alexandro displayed a frightened expression and quickly lowered his head even further.

Frey shook his hand, his powerful mana erupting.

Alexander quickly raised his head, realising that his body was now floating in the air.

“W-, what is...”

Alexandro squirmed and writhed in the air.

Frey then made dozens of Flame Arrows, all of which were pointing at him.

Fwoosh

“H-, huk...”

Alexandro’s face became pale when he saw the many arrows aimed at him.

He turned to Frey with fearful eyes.

“Yo-, Young Master Frey, t-, this...”

“I will only ask you once butler. Where is Leita?”

A look of horror overtook Alexandro’s expression.

Frey was the third son of the Blake family, but in truth, he was like the son who had been abandoned by the family.

However, after his return, all of his actions had been shocking.

He had defeated the eldest son, Mischael, in a duel and won the recognition of his parents, and even the Third Princess of the empire, who visited the family on occasion, seemed to admire him.

In this short time, Frey's status in the family, which had been below even that of the servants, had shot up at an astounding rate.

Since then, Alexandro had made sure to pay particular attention to his behaviour in front of Frey.

But he couldn't help but think right then.

Wasn't this too much?

Even if he might have wronged Frey before, he was still a butler who had served the Blake family for decades.

But threatening his life like this?

In the Blake family mansion, no less?

If he was in a calm state, then his anger would have soared at that moment, but he wasn't even able to think.

"If you would like to expose your guts to the world, you don't need to answer."

"That..."

The moment he saw Frey's eyes, his hair turned white.

Frey's eyes were so cold that for a moment, he could not even feel the heat from the Flame Arrows.

Alexandro realised immediately.

If he didn't give the right answer, he would die there.

"M-, Miss Leita said she was going to the capital!"

"The capital? What for?"

"I don't know..."

"..."

“I’m telling you. Please believe me...”

Alexander had a desperate expression on his face as he said those words.

Frey looked at him closely. Then.

Thump.

“Huk...”

Alexander’s body fell to the floor.

He was sweating profusely, and his body was shaking, but Frey simply ignored him and left the mansion.

Then he flew into the air.

He flew up to a height where he’d be able to see every detail of the property with a glance, then he looked down.

The information that Leita was going to the capital was almost certainly false. She had probably spread the false information, hoping he would chase after her.

However, it was true that she wasn't in the family home at that moment. Frey believed that she was monitoring the situation from nearby.

'Sheryl is tracking her.'

His role was to affect Leita's composure as much as he could.

And in order to do that, he would need to take some drastic measures.

He needed to do something large enough for Leita, who was monitoring the mansion from afar, to notice.

"Hyper Bolt."

Chichichik.

Hyper Bolt, a 6 star spell.

A powerful sphere of energy shot from Frey's hand to the annex to the west of the main building.

Boom!

In an instant, the 5 story building was smashed to pieces.

There were no people there as the annex had just been a decoy to hide the underground lab, so Frey didn't hesitate.

Next, he aimed at the eastern annex.

Just as the energy sphere formed in Frey's hands once again, the figure of a person soared into the sky from the main building of the mansion.

This figure, which exuded a fierce aura, rushed up towards Frey before stopping.

"You bastard... what are you doing?"

It was Isaka Blake.

He was glaring at Frey with a grim expression on his face.

"I am rebuilding the Blake family."

"Nonsense! Can destroying a building be called rebuilding...?!"

Only

“Of course.”

Boom!

Once again, a Hyper Bolt was fired.

The eastern annex was destroyed, and smoke began rising.

Looking at this sight, Frey spoke simply.

“Before we start over, we should clean up first.”

Season 1 Chapter 126: Family Extermination (2)

“Rebuild the family? You?”

Mana surged within Isaka’s body.

He was the head of the Blake family, as well as a Tower Master and a well-known 7 star Archmage.

“I guess you learned some tricks, and now, you can no longer see things clearly. Who do you think is standing in front of you right now?”

“Then I will ask you the same. Who do you think I am?”

Frey’s quick response made Isaka pause for a moment.

“What? What nonsense...”

What a load of crap.

Isaka was just about to say that, but he was unable to.

“...!!”

Isaka’s body suddenly shook, and his eyes widened considerably.

‘My mana...?’

It wasn’t responding to him.

Isaka began falling from hundreds of meters in the air.

While his body could not be compared to that of a warrior, he was still stronger than ordinary people, yet if he was to fall from such a height, his entire body would be crushed like a tomato and he would die instantly.

He couldn't use magic, so he had no choice but to rely on another source of power.

Isaka hurriedly unleashed his divine power.

Chak.

A platform made of ice formed below him, preventing him from falling to his untimely demise.

After firmly standing on this platform, Isaka turned back to Frey.

"You... just controlled the surrounding mana. That's not possible for someone below 8 stars..."

Although Isaka himself was the one saying those words, the expression on his face showed that he didn't believe it.

But Frey simply gave him a cold smile.

"You know it well."

“D-, don’t be ridiculous. That’s impossible with your mana sensitivity and talent...”

Isaka was the one who knew the most about the condition of Frey’s body.

For Frey, not to mention 8 stars, it was almost impossible for him to even reach 5 stars.

However, the destructive power of the Hyper Bolt, the ability to control all mana within a certain range and most importantly, the deep, abyssal gaze that seemed to look at his very soul were constantly suggesting that ridiculous possibility to Isaka.

“A-, answer me, Frey! What kind of trick did you just do?”

“Trick? Do you think it’s possible to take control of mana with a trick?”

“Th-, that...”

“You said it yourself. It’s not possible for someone below 8 stars.”

“I don’t believe you could have reached that stage at your age...”

Isaka’s confusion was natural.

This wasn't 6 stars or 7 stars.

This was 8 stars!

A level that transcended normal Archmages.

Even on the entire continent, the number of Wizards who had reached that level could be counted on one hand.

'8 stars? Frey is 8 stars?'

He couldn't believe it.

No, he wouldn't believe it.

Isaka had reached 7 stars 10 years before, and even up to that point, he was still on the same level.

But that didn't mean that he'd progressed a lot within that time.

To put it bluntly, there was barely any difference in his skill between then and now.

His proficiency and accuracy when using his power might have improved a bit, but the increase was insignificant.

This didn't mean that Isaka had neglected his study and training of magic.

He still meditated for more than three hours per day, and he read every magic book on the continent that he could lay his hands on.

He also didn't forget to regularly meet and have exchanges with Wizards on his level either.

Nevertheless, he still saw no hope of advancing.

He didn't even find a single clue as to how to advance to the next stage.

The 8 star stage wasn't something that could be reached just with some talent and effort.

Therefore, Isaka, who had been regarded as a genius since childhood, remained unconvinced.

But now, his third son, the one who he had thrown out because he lacked talent, had returned after a few years as an 8 star Wizard?

Isaka felt like he was having a nightmare at that moment.

“The power of ice? I thought you’d have wind because of Leyrin’s personality, but I guess not.”

Isaka felt like those words were mocking him for abandoning magical science and relying on divine power.

“Shut up...!”

He felt inferior at that moment, but Isaka would never admit that he felt such a way because of his own son, especially when it was Frey.

A shard of ice formed in his hand before shooting towards Frey.

Clang!

Frey could have avoided it, but he let it hit his barrier.

This was so he could judge how strong Isaka was.

As the shard of ice struck the barrier fiercely, Frey narrowed his eyes and thought for a moment.

‘7 stars.’

This much wasn’t threatening at all, but he was unsure if it was Isaka’s full strength.

...Besides, Isaka wasn't the only enemy he had to face,

Rooooaar!

Something shot out of the ruins of the annex, and upon closer inspection, Frey realised that it was a grotesque monster that seemed to be a mix between a bug and a human.

But its body was much larger than Frey's.

'Demigod's Creature.'

This was a special creature that was born purely from experimentation rather than physical transformation.

It was many times stronger than normal creatures. (TL: I guess there are many creatures? strange)

"Kyaaaak!"

The monster roared loudly and spat out some kind of fluid.

Frey didn't know what it was, but he knew it was dangerous, so he erected an ice barrier.

“Frost Wall.”

Suddenly, the ice barrier in front of Frey disappeared.

“...!”

Though confused, Frey quickly used Blink, but his reaction was a bit slow and some of the fluid managed to touch his shoulder.

Crackle.

Immediately after, his robe began dissolving.

Frey quickly took off the Salamander’s Robe.

It had only been a slight touch, but before long, the entire Salamander’s Robe was dissolved.

‘...magic tools created by Schweiser aren’t so simple.’

If that fluid touched his body, he would have to immediately cut off whichever part it touched.

No, but the most important thing was to figure out why his Frost Wall had disappeared so suddenly.

“Huhu...”

Isaka let out a laugh.

Then he gave Frey a mocking smile, as if he had won something.

“Even if you’re an 8 star Wizard... you won’t be able to use ice in front of me.”

“Thanks for the kind explanation.”

Frey immediately fired back a response, but inwardly, he couldn’t help but feel that the situation was becoming a bit tricky.

Fire and ice magic were his specialties.

This was because he had consumed the Frozen River and Torkunta’s heart, which caused the power he could display to far surpass that of Wizards on the same level.

But now, one of them had been sealed.

‘Can he cancel it even if I use 8 star spells?’

He wasn't sure.

Nevertheless, Frey was certain that Isaka wouldn't be able to simply get rid of it like he had the Frost Wall.

He wanted to try.

However, the creatures constantly pouring out from the ruins were a bit troublesome.

Even for him, he still needed time to cast 8 star spells.

Frey clicked his tongue and decided to use one of his favorite spells.

Flame Ball.

He could create many in a short time, and they were all considerably powerful. Moreover, because it was a 5 star spell, he didn't need to shout a chant to cast it.

Fwoosh.

Dozens of fireballs appeared behind Frey before shooting down towards the creatures below.

Boom boom boom!

A long series of explosions sounded out.

At first glance, it appeared as though his attack had been successful, but Frey clicked his tongue instead. A skilled Wizard could tell the extent of his attacks by the size, sound and smell of the resulting explosions.

Frey was the same.

Even though he'd used a 5 star spell, it didn't have much effect.

It was much more serious than he thought.

This meant that these creatures' magic resistance was much higher than Frey expected.

However, since Leyrin was the one who created them, it made sense that their magic resistance was so high.

After all, didn't the undead that Oydin, a half-Apostle, made show tremendous power?

Frey glanced at his bracelet.

The Great Sage's Staff.

If he used it, his magic power would increase several fold, but Frey still had no intention of taking it out.

'Leita is probably watching from afar.'

Because of that, Frey didn't want to show his hand.

This was also the reason he hadn't summoned Asura yet.

However, there was still a power that Leita knew about at his disposal.

Indra's lightning.

Frey's body suddenly became covered in lightning.

Crackle.

"Kiiieek!"

The creatures cried out sharply.

This reaction was quite surprising, considering the fact that these guys hadn't even flinched after being hit by his Flame Balls.

'...has my power increased?'

Frey felt that his divine power was now twice as strong as when he'd fought Sheryl.

Does it get stronger the more I use it?

It hadn't been very long since Frey had gotten the divine power, but it was already equivalent to 7 stars.

However, even if the power of his lightning had increased, the creatures' reactions had been too pronounced.

'They have no resistance to divine power.'

The creatures that were created by the Demigods had no resistance to divine power.

At first glance, this might have seemed like an ironic situation, but in truth, it was quite understandable.

After all, the enemies these creatures were created to fight were those who used mana.

It was safe to say that they would never be able to fight against the Demigods themselves, and in the event that some of them might become rebellious, a resistance to divine power would cause them quite a lot of trouble.

Of course, the most important factor was that there were very few situations that would cause these creatures to have to fight enemies that used divine power.

That said, it was quite clear what kind of power Frey had to use.

Crackle.

A pale bolt of lightning began dancing over Frey's hand, and a thunderstorm seemed to be brewing in his eyes.

* * *

That night turned out to be the night of the full moon.

For vampires, the full moon was the time when their blood seemed to boil.

Of course, Sheryl Roland, who had the blood of vampire sovereignty in her veins, was able to maintain her composure and not get swept away by her instincts.

'It's a good night.'

But that didn't mean that the excitement would disappear completely.

Her lips pulled back into a bright smile, revealing her sharp fangs.

No, no. She couldn't get excited.

After all, she had been given a mission by none other than the Great Mage himself.

Mistakes or failure would not be tolerated.

It was nighttime.

More importantly, it was a full moon.

All the conditions were in place to maximise her vampiric powers.

Sheryl slipped into a dark alleyway in the town.

After looking around for a while, she found several large sewer rats.

“Find Leita Blake.”

Squeak.

These sewer rats then wiggled their noses before turning their little bodies around and disappearing into the darkness.

The abilities that a high ranking vampire had were truly unbelievable.

No matter how weak rats were, to communicate with such a large number of them was simply unthinkable for normal vampires.

Pillat was a very large city. Because of this, even though she was getting the sewer rats to help her, it still took her some time to find her target.

It was then.

“...”

She felt a surge of dense divine power.

Sheryl frowned.

'Is it a trap?'

She couldn't help but think so.

The Blake family had been under the control of the Demigods for decades, perhaps even longer than that, yet they had still managed to hide it perfectly.

Had it not been for Heinz's information, she would not have noticed it at all.

Sheryl felt that this showed the thoroughness of the Apostle, Leita.

However, such a careful woman was now acting in a very open manner.

It was too suspicious.

Squeak.

The sewer rats' bodies went stiff.

They were beasts with low intelligence, so they wouldn't be of much help anymore.

Sheryl sighed.

“I have no choice but to move directly.”

Her body then melted into the shadows.

It would be a bit risky, but it was still manageable.

The full moon in the sky and the darkness in the city were perfect for her. Even if the Demigods themselves were to arrive, they would not be able to discover her easily.

It was still possible for her to escape if the situation became too dicey.

Leita’s hiding spot appeared to be deep underground.

Sheryl moved quickly in the shadows.

Ssss.

It didn’t take long for her to reach her destination.

It was a basement that was connected to the sewers. In this place, the scent of blood, drugs and decaying bodies were overwhelming.

It was disgusting.

Sheryl slowly looked around the basement, frowning.

The floor was moist with blood, and there was a decaying body lying in a corner. From what she could tell, it hadn't been long since the person died.

Sheryl continued to go deeper.

There, she found a large magic circle, painted entirely with blood.

At the same time, she saw a bunch of bodies piled up upon an altar.

Sheryl's expression hardened.

"This..."

Human sacrifice.

Was it evil black magic, a curse, or necromancy?

It was clear that she was trying to enhance the efficiency of the ritual by using living humans as a sacrifice.

Because it was so unethical, this practice had been banned by the Wizard Association as well as the Kastkau Empire, also known as the Magical Empire.

Leita stood in front of the altar.

“Hurry, hurry...”

She was staring at the magic circle with an impatient expression on her face.

Sheryl assessed the situation as she watched on.

‘The ritual is almost over.’

That was why there were no longer any living beings on the altar.

What sort of magic did she want to cast at the expense of so many human lives?

Woowoong.

Suddenly, light erupted from the magic circle.

Sheryl retreated deeper into the darkness in order to remain hidden.

Flash~

The intensity of the light increased momentarily before a man walked out of it.

It was a young-looking man with a solemn expression.

“M-, Mr. Apep!”

Leita almost screamed with joy.

“I’m glad you made it!”

The man, Apep, looked down at the altar with an expressionless face.

“...Hmm. I was curious as to how you would warp a transcendent being like me. Indeed. Did you use human sacrifice to maximise the efficiency of the Warp?”

“That’s right!”

It had only been a few hours.

In those short, few hours, hundreds of humans had been sacrificed.

Nevertheless, there wasn't even an ounce of guilt on Leita's face.

It seemed the only thing she could think about was the fact that she was now safe.

"The other two were relatively close, so they should arrive by dawn."

"I see."

Only

The man named Apep muttered in a low voice.

"Frey is probably creating a mess right now. Mr. Apep, please deal..."

"There's no need to hurry."

"Huh? But..."

Apep turned to look at the shadows.

To be precise, he turned to look at Sheryl, who was hidden in the shadows.

“Let’s start by getting rid of the rats first.”

Season 1 Chapter 127: Family Extermination (

‘How many times did I come to this place?’

Heinz looked around the messy laboratory as he had this thought before shaking his head.

In any case, he knew that it wasn’t less than twenty times, and counting it wouldn’t change anything anyway.

Heinz had believed he had an idea of the true scale of the Blake family, but now, he realised it was only an illusion.

‘I didn’t expect it to be this much.’

The scale and influence of the Blake family had far surpassed even his most absurd assumptions.

Moreover, he had expected that they’d be so deeply embedded and widespread throughout the city.

Luckily, it hadn't been too difficult to find the various research labs. This was because, though they were all in different places, they were all connected in some way.

They were researching the same things and frequently exchanged information, so they knew each other quite well.

This meant that just by knowing a few, he was able to figure out the locations of the rest.

And this place was the lab that Heinz had just besieged.

From the information he'd gathered, Heinz had learned that this laboratory was one of the three largest in the city of Pillat.

In particular, it was the site where the research of Illuminium was progressing particularly quickly.

Heinz looked down at the documents lying on a desk before picking them up.

These documents detailed the complete production process of Illuminium.

'So complicated.'

The first thing he noticed was that the process was completely different from the usual way of making alloys.

To manufacture this metal, one needed not only an extensive knowledge of metals but also the capabilities of a leading alchemist together with knowledge of magical science not below the level of a Magic Tower's Floor Master.

'It takes a long time to make.'

But this was only because they weren't yet familiar with the process.

As time passed and the researchers got used to it, the speed of production would almost certainly increase.

Suddenly, Heinz's expression hardened as he was looking through the documents.

This was because he had turned to the page that detailed the materials required to produce Illuminium.

"Did they really use something like this... as an ingredient?"

He couldn't believe it.

Was his family truly rotten to such an extent?

Crunch.

Heinz roughly crumpled the documents in his fist.

* * *

There was a limit to the number of creatures that could continuously pour out of the ruined annex.

Frey was certain that their numbers were dwindling as he'd already burned hundreds of creatures to ash.

After killing so many, he could see the end was near.

Isaka attacked him with ice whenever he had the chance, but it had little to no effect.

He wasn't an Apostle.

Although he could use divine power, it was still weaker than Oydin, who was just a half-Apostle of Nozdog.

If Frey had to compare him, he'd say that Isaka was similar to Lukes.

"Huk... huk..."

Isaka panted.

The constant use of divine power had exhausted him. His complexion was pale, and a film of cold sweat covered his entire body.

“Impossible... even your divine power is stronger... what the hell...”

At that moment, lightning flashed once again, burning the last of the creatures Leyrin had created.

Frey clenched his fist.

Crackle.

Pale lightning danced around him.

Although he had been fighting for so long, he still had divine power to spare.

It seemed that not only had his divine power become stronger, his capacity had increased as well.

The growth rate of his divine power was so abnormally fast that even Frey himself couldn't help but feel a bit scared.

Frey shook his head.

It was undeniable that divine power was strong and attractive, but for someone like Frey, who had lived his entire life as a pure Wizard, it was still possible to resist its allure.

He turned to look at Isaka, who was panting and staring at him.

'He said he could seal ice magic.'

Frey wondered if he would be able to seal an 8 star ice spell.

'I'd love to find out.'

8 star spells were so powerful that even Frey would have to pay a certain price to use one, and since he wanted to remain in the best condition to fight Leita, Frey decided to be patient for now.

Then, he saw a man approaching from the ground.

It was Heinz.

Frey adjusted the space so that Heinz could use mana to come up to him, and he asked him as he drew near.

"What did you find out about the Illuminium?"

“...I found it. I think this is everything.”

As he said this, Heinz handed a bag to Frey. (TL: once again, ‘bag’ refers to ‘subspace bag’ which can contain many things)

This bag contained most of the Illuminium the Blake family had managed to produce, as well as the research information.

Frey put away the bag.

Then he observed Heinz’s expression, which was not in its usual, blank state.

“What happened?”

“...I learned the ingredients needed to create Illuminium. Frey... did you know them?”

Heinz spoke in an angry voice. Frey shook his head.

“I only know about Harkon. I don’t know anything else.”

“I see.”

Heinz took a deep breath before continuing.

“I want to ask one thing. Why was the Blake family trying to make Illuminium? What power does this metal have?”

Frey glanced at Isaka.

Although he had not lost his fighting spirit, Isaka had exhausted almost all of his divine power, and even his mana had been sealed. In his current state, he wouldn't be able to hurt him even if Frey went to sleep in front of him right at that moment,

“I'll explain it briefly.”

Then, as he said, Frey briefly explained about the penalty the Demigods had to face. That they were under the threat of extinction by the laws of the world if they violated its rules and that Illuminium was the only way for them to escape said punishment.

There was no need to hide it.

Instead, it was the Demigod's only known weakness, so it was better if it was known by more people.

After hearing what Frey had to say, the anger on Heinz's face became even more pronounced.

“So in the end, ‘Illuminium’ is just a tool for the Demigods to act as they please on the continent.”

“That’s right. But what made you so angry?”

“...the human heart is among the list of ingredients.”

“What...?”

It was the first time Frey had heard of it, so he couldn’t help but ask in a confused voice.

“It said that in order to make 0.1kg(1) required about 100 human hearts. And...”

Crunch.

Heinz grit his teeth.

“I found more than a few tens of kilograms of Illuminium in the lab.”

“...!”

Heinz’s ferocious gaze then turned to Isaka.

Isaka could never have imagined a day when Heinz would look at him in such a way.

“Answer me, Father. Just how many humans have you sacrificed so far?”

“K-, kuku... right. So you betrayed the family too, Heinz.”

Isaka laughed as he realised this fact from Heinz’s cooperative attitude and the conversation the two of them had before.

Then he stopped and stared at Heinz with a contemptuous gaze.

“I never could have imagined that you’d turn your back and hit the parents who raised you instead of repaying our kindness. And it wasn’t even Mischael... you’ve truly disappointed me, Heinz.”

“Stop saying nonsense and answer my question.”

“Huhu. Didn’t you just say it? It takes about 100 hearts to get 0.1kg.”

Isaka gave a twisted smile.

“To make dozens of kilograms, it would have taken as many hearts.”

Heinz trembled.

“...where did you find that many people?”

“It wasn’t difficult. Our family has Warp Stones. All that was left was to find slave traders, but that was also simple if we used contacts who dealt in the dark.”

“You mean you bought slaves from other countries?”

“For the most part, yes. Of course, there were also enemies that the empire captured. Also in the slums of Pillat, there are many parents selling their children for a single silver coin. Because they’re even lower than commoners, it was easy to do it quiet-”

“This scum!”

Heinz couldn’t take it any longer.

He rushed toward Isaka in an instant with a roar and lifted him up by his collar.

“You said we only had to make necessary sacrifices!”

“This... was a necessary sacrifice...!”

“Bullshit...!”

“K-, kuku... you’re a hypocrite... all the prosperity... the Blake family was able to enjoy... was because Leyrin was behind us...! All the luxuries you’ve enjoyed... are all thanks to her...!”

“I never asked for such luxury...!”

At that moment, Frey grabbed Heinz’s shoulder.

“That’s enough.”

Heinz wanted to say more, but in the end, he bit his lip and stepped back.

As he did so, he muttered.

“What had I been thinking all this time? This was evil from the start... ah! I couldn’t see the darkness of the family because of the mask of my parents...”

Isaka coughed a few times before giving a dirty smile to Frey.

“It must’ve been you who tricked Heinz. I have so many regrets. Instead of kicking you out, I should have killed you. In the first place, you... were someone who never should’ve been born.”

This was something that parents should never say to their children.

Even if it was someone with formidable mental power, if you were to hear those words from your parent's mouth, you would certainly be shocked.

But Frey's mental power was something that couldn't be shaken, and even if it wasn't, he had never considered this man to be his father in the first place.

"Where is Leita?"

"Do you think I'd tell you that?"

"No. But I know a few ways to make you talk. I don't really like torture, but it's effective for situations like this."

"Hahaha...! I am a 7 star Wizard...! Do you intend to torture an Archmage?"

"That's exactly what I intend to do."

After saying that, Frey stretched out his hand towards Isaka.

Shuk.

Suddenly, something shot up towards Frey at a tremendous speed from the ground.

Frey was just about to dodge, but when he saw what it was, he could no longer do so.

Thud!

“Kuk...!”

There was a heavy impact then Frey looked down at the figure in his arms which turned out to be a girl.

It was Sheryl, gasping for breath and covered in blood.

She was so severely injured that it wouldn't be strange if she lost her life in that same instant.

She looked up at Frey with difficulty.

“So-, sorry... I was... caught...”

“You were caught? By Leita?”

“N-, no. He...”

Frey didn't listen to the rest of Sheryl's words.

Instead, he looked down at the ground with a stiff expression.

To be precise, he was looking at the man who'd thrown Sheryl at him.

"Rounder Sheryl? What the hell..."

"Heinz, please take care of Sheryl. Also, keep an eye on Isaka for me."

"What about you?"

Frey didn't respond. Instead, he gestured towards the ground with his chin.

The moment he saw the man with the gloomy expression, Heinz's face became as stiff as stone.

"...Demigod."

"Right. This should be what Leita was waiting for."

Just as Frey was about to go down to the ground, Sheryl grabbed him by the arm.

"H-, huk... huk... Master."

“Don’t speak. Focus on healing your injuries.”

“There is... something you need to know...”

This little pain wasn’t a problem.

Although she’d come back with her life seemingly hanging by a thread, there was still some information she had to deliver.

“Tell me.”

“That Demigod’s power... is darkness...” (TL: no wonder)

“Darkness?”

“That’s right... that’s all... I managed to see. I don’t know... what happened.”

By the time she’d realised what was happening, her body had already become a mangled mess.

However, she could still remember the very darkness that she was hiding in suddenly attacking her.

Sheryl spat out a mouthful of blood before delivering something that was even more important.

“And... he said that two more Demigods would arrive... before dawn.”

“...!”

No matter how calm Frey was, his heart couldn't help but shake slightly when he heard those words.

Not one, but two more?

So didn't that mean that together with the guy below, there would soon be three Demigods in this place?

'I have to resolve this quickly.'

The Demigod, who was staring at him from below, was a very formidable existence.

Frey felt uneasy within, but he didn't show it. After all, he couldn't let Heinz and Sheryl become anxious.

Instead, he nodded calmly.

“I understand. You just rest up.”

“P-, please be careful...”

Frey nodded and began to formulate a plan as he slowly descended.

His odds of losing were much higher than his odds of winning.

Even if this man below him was the weakest Demigod, he was still someone that an 8 star Wizard couldn't hope to defeat on their own.

If it was an ordinary 8 star Wizard, that is.

Frey took a deep breath.

‘Just for a time like this.’

Frey had learned everything that could help him even if it was just a little.

Warrior King's Fist, Spirit Arts, Contracts, even Divine Power.

Only

He didn't know how helpful they would be, but he intended to make use of everything he'd learned since becoming 'Frey'.

Light emanated from his bracelet.

'Today, I will defeat a Demigod.'

By himself.

Frey landed on the ground while gripping the Great Sage's Staff tightly.

Season 1 Chapter 128: Family Extermination (4)

Leita watched Frey slowly descend from the sky. His indifferent face and fluctuating mana intimidated her greatly.

She felt confused.

'What's going on?'

Frey Blake. Her third child, who she didn't want to admit was hers.

Her first son, Mischael, had been as expected, and her second son, Heinz, was even better than expected.

Therefore, Leita had high hopes for her third son, Frey.

Maybe, he'd have a talent that was even better than Heinz, and if not Heinz, at least a talent equal to that of her first son, Mischael.

But from the start, Frey, a child born from a Wizard Family, had a lower mana sensitivity than children born to commoners.

This fact had become an intolerable disgrace for Leita.

Frey was suspected to be an illegitimate child, which naturally led people to mock her behind her back.

Naturally, there wasn't anyone foolish enough to do so to her face, but the fact that such rumors were in circulation in the first place humiliated her greatly.

So she stopped caring for him.

When Mischael vented his anger at him, when Isaka didn't treat him like a person, not to mention a child, and even when their servants mistreated him.

To call him an eyesore would be an understatement.

Even the sight of Frey wandering around the mansion annoyed her, which is why she agreed to send him to the academy.

After that, she intended to stick him in some unassuming magic tower and leave him there so he would not cause any trouble for their family.

Then, Frey suddenly became stronger and returned.

When he'd easily overpowered Mischael and displayed a different side to himself, Leita had finally accepted him as her child.

But now, she began to doubt.

Was this child... really hers?

Taht.

As Frey landed on the ground, his eyes turned towards Leita.

In fact, he had only just noticed her presence. This was because he'd been completely focused on the Demigod.

When their eyes met, Leita spoke in a cold tone, ignoring the unknown fear that had crept into her heart.

"You did it quite splendidly."

“ ... ”

“I can’t believe you managed to turn Heinz traitor... What exactly did you tell him?”

Both Leita and Isaka appeared to trust Heinz greatly.

Frey shook his head.

“Heinz was never on your side from the beginning.”

“Nonsense.”

“You can keep thinking that.”

“Hmph.”

Leita snorted coldly.

Then the man beside her spoke.

“Is this the guy? The one Leyrin considered an enemy?”

“That’s right, Mr. Apep.”

Disappointment filled Apep’s gaze.

“Hmm. Just a Wizard.”

The Wizards were the ones who had opposed the Demigods the most over the years.

He didn’t know why. But he guessed that it had something to do with the incompatibility between mana and divine power.

Yet strangely, Magic Warriors didn’t seem to be that opposed.

Nevertheless, their conflict had been going on for thousands of years.

Thanks to this, the number of Wizards that Apep had killed personally had long reached tens of thousands.

Naturally, he was very familiar with the way Wizards fought. In fact, he didn’t consider it threatening at all.

In the first place, Apep wasn’t the type who was very interested in fighting.

However, he couldn't help but feel disappointed after hurrying to Leyrin's assistance only to find a single Wizard.

'It seems Leyrin was weakened by a lot.'

As one of the strongest Demigods in existence, she had actually felt threatened by a single human.

This was something that Apep never thought possible... well, it didn't matter anyway. He'd just kill this guy and be done with it.

Just as Apep stopped thinking about that and prepared to use his power, Leita spoke.

"I'll assist you."

"Don't interfere."

"Huh? But..."

"Do you need me to say it again?"

Leita hurriedly lowered her head when she saw Apep's annoyed expression.

"Ah, I understand."

Frey's eyes shined slightly.

A Demigod, who could basically be called a lump of pride, would never accept help to kill a single human.

Instead, there was even a high possibility that a Demigod would reject help even at a critical moment.

Of course, this wasn't always certain, but Apep had already drawn the line.

No one could interfere.

So naturally, a 1:1 match had been established by the Demigod.

Frey couldn't help but feel fortunate. After all, Leita was not as easy to handle as Isaka was.

Fighting them together would be too much for him.

'The power of darkness.'

As with all Demigods, one could never imagine what kind of fighting style they would display after hearing their simple power.

In particular, Apep's power was quite abstract, similar to Nozdog's power of 'death'.

In Frey experience, these kinds of powers had many applications, but knowing that didn't give him any real advantage.

It was accurate to say that every Demigod was a completely independent individual. This was because their appearance, size, habits, abilities and fighting styles were completely different from the others.

In the past, he and his teammates had fought against a Demigod and won, but when they used the same tactic in the next fight, they were almost annihilated.

Wizards, on the other hand, were different.

Even if the spells they used might be slightly different, it was impossible for them to escape the classic Wizard combat method.

This was simply because that was proven to be the most efficient and powerful method.

'That's why it's important.'

The other abilities he'd learned as Frey would show their usefulness in cases like this.

In fights between Warriors or Knights, the weaker one was usually the one to move first. This was because they couldn't withstand their opponent's pressure and were forced to make the first move.

But for Wizard fights, it was different.

For them, it was the speed of their chanting and casting that were the most important.

So Frey was the first to show his hand.

He stomped his right foot down heavily.

Crack!

Instantly, an awl made of ice shot out of the ground towards Apep.

Apep's eyebrows furrowed when he saw that.

'Motion Magic.'

It was a technique that used movement to unleash spells, rather than casting or chanting words.

Frey's usual manifestation by swinging his arms was also a form of motion magic.

Theoretically, this was a technique that could be used by 6 star Wizards and higher, but it was rarely used because of its inefficiency.

However, Frey's motion magic was different.

Be it in terms of power or speed.

'Better than I expected.'

Apep smiled coldly and raised his right hand, darkness hanging from the tip of his fingers like a curtain.

At the same time, the places that had been previously dark seemed to have become a bit brighter.

Frey was momentarily speechless. It might've sounded strange from a Wizard, but what Apep had just done was truly magical.

"..."

Crack.

The ice awl shattered without leaving even a scratch on the dark curtain hanging from Apep's hand.

'What is it?'

The darkness hanging from Apep's hand looked like a black streak of paint hanging in the air.

Paht.

This time, he slowly lifted his left hand.

The darkness then broke apart like drops of water and moved forward.

'That's dangerous.'

Frey's instincts sounded an alarm in his head.

Although he had the lightning barrier surrounding him, he was certain that it wouldn't be able to block those dark droplets.

Instead, Frey used one of the spells stored in the Great Sage's Staff.

Solid Barrier.

Papapat.

The black water-like droplets clung to the whitish barrier.

Crackle.

And in an instant, the barrier became covered with cracks.

At first, Frey thought the barrier caused physical damage, but that wasn't the case.

The black drops were actually corroding the barrier, and the cracks were formed from those corroded parts.

If he did not do something, the barrier would be destroyed in no time.

“Lava Blast.”

Boom boom boom!

Lava Blast shot from Frey's fingers and shot towards Apep with vicious momentum.

But Apep didn't move. Instead, he once again lifted his right arm.

Ssssk.

And once again, a curtain of darkness hung from his fingers and blocked the Lava Blast.

It was perfect.

He couldn't even scratch Apep's body, not to mention inflict actual wounds.

Frey's expression hardened.

'He can block 7 star spells easily.'

They were the same spells that had done damage to the Demigod, Hydra, even though she had been weakened at that time.

Crackle.

In the meantime, his barrier was still being destroyed.

First, he needed to increase the distance.

Frey used Blink to move backwards, and Apep didn't pursue him.

He just slowly lifted his left hand once again, and it was the black droplets that followed Frey.

Swoosh.

The droplets moved at a surprisingly fast speed. Moreover, they were so dark that he was unable to see them clearly, and there was a large number of them.

Frey couldn't avoid them unless he blocked them with a barrier or kept using teleportation. He would probably need to have physical ability similar to Ivan or Snow in order to avoid them.

In other words, it was impossible for him.

Frey used Blink continuously.

His mana wasn't a problem. Even at this rate, he could continue doing it for another three days and nights.

However, it didn't make sense to just avoid it constantly.

When dawn came, two more Demigods would arrive.

“Haha.”

Frey stopped with a laugh.

He actually had a time limit in a fight with a Demigod.

‘But I have no choice.’

First of all, he needed to figure out just how much defense that dark curtain had.

Since even the 7 star spell, Lava Blast, was unable to do anything to it, he would have to resort to 8 star spells.

‘The power of darkness.’

Those black water-like droplets and curtain reminded Frey of black magic.

He didn’t think that simply because of the dark power within them. Instead, it was the strange attack and defense that almost matched it perfectly.

So Frey decided to try a simple solution.

‘It’s not mainstream, but...’

He would use white magic. (TL: yes, 'white' not 'light')

“ ... ”

He began chanting a spell.

Woowoong.

White light began fluttering around Frey's body. The spell hadn't been released. He was simply chanting, but signs already began appearing.

Apep's expression changed for the first time.

He stretched his hands out and controlled the black droplets.

“ ... ”

Frey didn't stop casting, and instead, he knocked his staff against the ground.

Thud!

The ground shook, and a huge earth wall was erected. It wasn't very sturdy, but it was thick.

Apep frowned upon realising that.

'Did he already notice the nature of my droplets?'

His droplets could eat through any obstacle, but the rate of corrosion was fixed.

This meant that the powerful barrier he'd just created and the simple wall of earth would both be corroded at the same rate.

In other words, this meant that this simple but thick wall of dirt would hold out much better than the thin barrier.

The black droplets pierced through the wall at a snail pace, and by the time Apep diverted some droplets to circle around the wall, Frey's chanting had ended.

"...Holy Breath."

Woowoo.

White particles poured from Frey's mouth. Well, they were too big to be called particles.

The white particles appeared to be moving slowly, but they appeared before Apep in an instant.

The Holy Breath made contact with the dark curtain.

Boom!

There was an enormous explosion, and all the nearby buildings collapsed, unable to withstand its shockwave.

Frey was inwardly shocked. He had never expected an explosion to occur.

‘Was the explosion caused by the collision between the Holy Breath and the dark curtain?’

It was an unexpected effect, but its power was terrifying. He was certain it had to have caused some damage.

The dust cloud eventually lifted, and Apep’s figure was once again revealed.

There was now a hole in his stomach about the size of a fist. Any ordinary person would have certainly been killed by such an injury.

No, even if it was a Demigod, an injury like this was not easy to deal with.

However, Frey's expression wasn't happy.

This was because there had been no change to Apep's expression at all.

He didn't seem to be worried or agitated at all. That wasn't all. No viscera or blood could be seen from his wound. The only thing there was darkness.

Apep rubbed his abdomen and said.

"It's been hundreds of years since I was last injured to this extent. Indeed... you are quite skilled."

It was then.

The surrounding darkness flowed like a mist, and it was sucked into Apep's abdomen.

Krrk, Krrk.

There was a strange, grotesque sound, and his injury began regenerating at an astonishing rate.

It was an unbelievable sight.

Even Trolls couldn't regenerate so quickly. In fact, such a feat was impossible unless it was an artificial lifeform created through magic engineering or a Golem that had a simple structure.

“What did you just do?”

“It’s not difficult. Especially on such a dark night.”

Frey narrowed his eyes.

At first glance, this was a power that transcended common sense, but he had managed to spot a few flaws.

Recalling that fact, he observed Apep’s surroundings.

“...the darkness around you has faded. It was the same when you created the dark droplets and the curtain.”

“Hoh. You’re quite sharp.”

Apep spoke with sincere appreciation.

He had also easily admitted that Frey’s speculations were correct.

He spoke in a carefree tone.

“You’re right. I can’t use my power recklessly. The more I use it, the more I consume the darkness around me. Of course, I consume divine power as well.”

“...”

“Are you wondering why I’m telling you this? That’s simple. It doesn’t matter if I tell you or not.”

In other words, it was because of his arrogance.

Frey forcefully suppressed his disgust and stared at Apep.

Only

“The night is particularly dark today.”

At that moment, the clouds covered the moon, making it much darker.

“My power grows stronger the darker it gets. In truth, when the sun is up, I can’t even use half of my strength, but my companions will arrive by dawn.”

Upon grasping the situation, Frey’s expression hardened.

“It is often said that it is darkest before sunrise. But there’s no way you will survive when the darkness gives way to light.”

Apep seemed to enjoy his expression while saying.

“Come, Wizard. What are you going to do?”

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In fact, Apep had no intention of waiting till dawn.

The man before him was 8 stars at best. While that may have seemed quite powerful to humans, from a Demigod’s perspective, he was just a bit more troublesome than a normal human.

Apep was confident he could deal with this man even if they were to fight in the middle of the day.

‘He’s a bit stronger than normal 8 stars.’

But that didn’t matter. A large bug was still a bug in the end.

Apep looked at Frey’s face.

The reason he'd explained the situation in such detail was because he wanted to savour the look of despair that would bloom on his face.

But while Frey's expression was stiff, he didn't look the least bit afraid.

'Definitely 8 stars.'

Apep smiled.

He was all but certain now.

The higher a Wizard's level rose, the stronger his mental power became. At 8 stars, he would have already reached the stage of calmness and tranquility, and most things wouldn't affect the wizard.

This was good.

It wouldn't be fun to play with a toy that broke so easily.

"..."

Frey realised that Apep wasn't going all-out.

So far, the only powers he had revealed were the black droplets and the curtain, and while these were tricky to deal with, they certainly weren't all Apep was capable of.

'Hooo.'

Frey took a deep breath.

Although he had been shocked by Apep's words, he didn't think his situation was hopeless.

Demigods weren't invincible. While they were classified as transcendent beings, that was not an absolute fact. They were absurdly strong beings, but they were still beatable.

Before fighting a Demigod, there was one thing that had to be kept in mind.

Of course, the power that Apep had displayed so far wasn't his true power. Someone who was unaware might despair at that fact, but for Frey, it was an opportunity.

The fastest and easiest way to deal with a Demigod was to fiercely attack during the time when it was looking down on you.

Frey looked up at the sky.

Did he say that it was darkest before sunrise?

Now that the moon had disappeared behind the clouds, the night sky had become dark as if one was looking into an abyss.

Dawn was only a few hours away. Frey had no time to relax.

Pff.

His figure disappeared.

Soon after, countless black droplets filled the spot he had been standing. He had avoided them in an instant using Blink.

First of all, he chose to run again.

He then observed Apep from a distance,

At first glance, Apep's power appeared to be perfect, but Frey had found a flaw.

At that moment, Apep was lifting his left hand, and with his direction, the black droplets were rushing towards Frey.

Not so long ago, he had lifted his right hand to block the Holy Breath.

'Does he need to use his left hand to attack and his right hand to defend?'

It was subtle, but it meant that he needed to move before using his power.

Then what would happen if Frey prevented him from lifting his right hand to use the dark curtain?

Would that also prevent him from using his power?

'But...'

He'd already seen how amazing Apep's regeneration was.

Even when the Holy Breath had broken past the curtain and created a large hole in his body, which would have been fatal or near fatal for any other being, Apep had repaired the wound with his ridiculous regenerative ability.

Breaking through the curtain was already a monumentally difficult task, but even if he did, the damage could still be fixed in an instant.

Apep was clearly a Demigod who focused on defense more than attack.

And in a race against time like this, he was more annoying to deal with than someone who was aggressive.

'Originally, the best strategy would've been to fight this Demigod during the day.'

It would have been much simpler to deal with Apep while not being surrounded by darkness.

He was almost certain that the power of the droplets, curtain and regeneration would be greatly reduced during the day.

But two more Demigods would be arriving at dawn.

It was quite literally a dilemma.

'...hopefully, my reinforcements come.'

Frey clicked his tongue softly while recalling the reinforcements he'd requested two days ago.

He had persuaded them as much as he could, but whether or not they truly came was entirely up to them.

He would have tried harder to persuade them if he'd known three Demigods were coming.

Ssk.

At that moment, a droplet brushed past Frey's cheek, corroding the skin and causing blood to drip.

'They're getting faster.'

Were they accelerating over time? Or was Apep slowly revealing more of his power?

Either way, it wasn't good news for Frey.

He roughly wiped the blood on his cheek.

* * *

Heinz looked at Isaka.

His eyes were closed, and he was unconscious. Heinz had also frozen part of his body so that he couldn't move even if he was awake.

It hadn't been hard to overpower Isaka. He had already exhausted his mental power during the fight with Frey, and it seemed he was unable to use either magic or divine power.

Heinz, on the other hand, was in near peak condition, not counting the fatigue that came from staying awake all night.

He looked down.

He couldn't see very well because the moonlight was obscured by the clouds, but he was able to see Frey and Apep fighting fiercely.

'Amazing.'

Heinz was truly impressed.

While he knew that Apep wasn't doing his best, it was still amazing that Frey was able to have a 1-on-1 confrontation with a Demigod.

Who the hell was he?

Heinz couldn't help but feel his suspicions grow.

'...no. It's not the time to think about that.'

His attention was once again drawn to the fight.

As time passed, he couldn't help but feel that Frey was getting pushed back. If that was the case, it wouldn't be long before they would all be in grave danger.

Just as Heinz was about to join the fight.

“...hooo.”

Sheryl sighed.

She then wiped blood from her lips before saying to Heinz.

“I’m done, Heinz.”

“Are you okay?”

“Even if I’m not okay, I can’t continue lying down on the sidelines.”

Heinz, who agreed with Sheryl, turned to look at her.

When she had been thrown up to them, her entire body had been covered in blood, but now, it seemed her most severe wounds were mostly healed.

This would’ve been impossible if she wasn’t a vampire.

Sheryl looked down as well before biting her lips as she assessed Frey’s situation.

“...he won’t last much longer.”

“Yeah.”

“Heinz, I’m sorry, but can I drink his blood?”

Sheryl pointed to Isaka as she said this.

“You want to drink his blood?”

“Right. It’ll help me recover faster. Then, I can go help my Master.”

Master.

Heinz almost tilted his head when he heard the unexpected term.

Why was Sheryl, the Circle Rounder of the Phisfounder Armlets, calling Frey her master?

Her master should be Altan. (TL: Circle Master of the Phisfounder Armlets)

Perhaps this had something to do with Frey’s real identity.

Even a centuries old vampire had accepted this man as her master.

Heinz felt an even greater sense of unfamiliarity towards his brother.

...Of course, now wasn't the time to ask.

"Is there a point?"

"There is. If everything goes according to plan, it wouldn't be a dream to defeat this Demigod."

Heinz tilted his head at those words.

"If there is a way, why are you only using it now?"

"Because it would be impossible without Master's help."

"..."

It was strange, but Sheryl was not the type of woman to speak loosely.

Heinz nodded.

“Alright.”

As soon as Heinz gave his permission, Sheryl approached the unconscious Isaka. Then, she opened her mouth and bit into his neck.

After looking at her for a moment, Heinz turned away.

This wasn't because he had any psychological rejection or guilt over feeding his father to a vampire.

Instead, it was because an enemy had appeared.

Heinz observed the woman looking at him in the air.

“Heinz, don't listen to Frey's nonsense.”

Leita gave a gentle smile.

However, despite her soothing words, Heinz's expression remained as cold as ice.

“Nonsense? So you're saying Frey lied?”

“I am.”

“...no.”

Heinz grit his teeth,

“I wasn’t shaken by Frey’s words. I’d just refused to believe the truth that was laid out before me.”

“So you’re going to rebel against me?”

“Don’t be mistaken. I was never obedient to you, Mother.”

“...even you have disappointed me.”

“You were the one who disappointed me first.”

Leita sighed.

“You are important to my plan, so I won’t kill you.”

* * *

Sheryl wiped the corner of her mouth.

Then, she looked towards Isaka who had dried up like a mummy.

She'd taken more blood than she expected, but it didn't matter. At least his life wasn't in danger.

In any case, her physical condition had recovered to a certain extent. Sheryl was extremely glad she was a vampire. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for her to recover so quickly.

Flap.

Sheryl spread her wings before flying towards Frey.

Frey was struggling to deal with the black droplets, and he was surprised by Sheryl's appearance.

"Sheryl? Did you already recover?"

"Yes. I'm not in perfect condition, but I can fight."

"That's good to hear, but..."

Frey looked at Apep in frustration.

To put it bluntly, nothing would change, even with the addition of Sheryl.

“Master, there’s a way. It’s not impossible to deal with Apep if we do it properly.”

“What way?”

“We have to Warp Apep.”

“...Warp?”

“Yes.”

Sheryl nodded confidently, but it was hard for even Frey to understand her words.

After thinking for a moment, he shook his head.

“Even if it’s a long distance warp, all it would do is buy us time. Plus I’m not sure he would give me the time to do it.”

“Hm. I might have said it incorrectly. To be precise, it’s not Warp but a dimensional shift.”

“...what?”

Sheryl's words were sounding more and more obscure.

Frey set up an earth barrier to block the droplets before saying to Sheryl.

"Explain."

"Send Apep to the Demon World."

"To the Demon World?"

"Yes. Then we can ask the Archdukes to deal with him."

"..."

It sounded like a bunch of nonsense. Had it been anyone other than Sheryl who was telling him this, Frey would have immediately disregarded it as mad ramblings.

But this blonde girl in front of him was the Circle Rounder for the Phisfounder Armlets as well as the Contractor of Lilith.

She definitely had more knowledge than him when it came to black magic and demon contracts.

“Is it possible?”

“It is in theory. Only beings with transcendental mental power and physiques can travel across dimensions. Demigods meet all the requirements.”

That... was true.

Nevertheless, Frey couldn't trust Sheryl's words so easily.

As if she'd noticed Frey's suspicious look, Sheryl hastily continued.

“There are two reasons why it was never implemented before.”

“Tell me.”

“Yes, sir. The first is the combat power of my contracted demon. Lilith is not considered strong among the Archdukes. Regardless of if she is able to use her full power in the Demon World or not, there is no guarantee that she can defeat a Demigod. So I intend to borrow the power of Asura, who Master is contracted to.”

“So you want to send him to the Slaughter Hell.”

“That's right. If it's Asura, who's called the Fighting Demon King, it shouldn't be too difficult.”

Naturally, although Lilith and Asura were both Archdukes, Asura would always come out on top in a direct battle.

In the first place, one was a Fighting Demon, and the other was a Dream Demon. (TL: This one gave me hell, if anyone who knows chinese has a better translation for 鬪魔 and 夢魔, please tell me. I only just started learning so I'm particularly inept and mtl couldn't help...)

Even if they were on the same level, it was natural for them to have different combat abilities as their specialties were different.

“The other reason is that dimensional movement requires huge amounts of mana.”

He understood. It was quite clear now.

The Warp spell required far more mana than any other spell of the same grade, so he couldn't imagine just how much mana was required to travel between dimensions.

Generally, Contractors didn't use mana. This was the reason Frey had been so shocked when Oydin summoned Asura the first time.

The offensive ability of the droplets became fiercer, and Frey seriously pondered the situation while dodging them.

The mana that he would use to cast the dimensional movement was equivalent to two to three 8 star spells.

He had to decide.

Would he cast the dimensional movement? Or would he save the mana to cast 8 star spells?

‘Both are gambles.’

Only

...However, if he could really send Apep to the Demon World, Asura would definitely kill him.

On the other hand, even if he managed to hit him with one or two 8 star spells, Frey wasn't sure he could kill him.

Frey felt his choice shifting towards the dimensional movement.

‘Fine.’

He made his decision.

He then turned to Sheryl and opened his mouth.

“Let’s do it.”

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“First, we need to know the specific location of the Slaughter Hell.”

“Do you mean we have to ask Asura?”

“Yes.”

“There is a summoning circle already prepared in my room. It can be activated at any time, so go do that. It shouldn’t be a problem for you.”

“What about you?”

“I’ll hold his attention.”

“...understood.”

Sheryl nodded with a firm expression.

Frey hesitated for a moment before adding.

“Actually, I planned on defeating that Demigod.”

This caused a little playfulness to appear on Sheryl's face as she said.

"Defeat a Demigod alone? Huhu. That's hard to believe. Is that something that happened often in the past?"

"It is."

But it had been after he'd reached 9 stars.

Frey sighed.

At his current level, it would be difficult to defeat Apep at night.

He could try fighting some more and maybe think of another method, but right now, the only thing he could think of was to stall until sunrise.

'If it weren't for the time limit.'

If there weren't two more Demigods coming as reinforcements, Frey would have had more than enough time to take care of Apep.

And he had the confidence to easily defeat him when he was in a weakened state.

But it was hard to do so during the night.

‘...those are just excuses.’

Unfortunately, his pathetic excuses wouldn’t make a difference.

In the end, the thought of defeating a Demigod alone had stemmed from his arrogance.

Frey shook his head and said.

“Anyway. It didn’t go as planned, so thank you for your help. And please be safe.”

“Please leave it to me!”

Sheryl nodded firmly, trying hard to not reveal the joy she felt inside as she turned around.

‘I’m fighting alongside the legendary hero right now.’

She felt strange.

To be precise, a feeling of excitement that she hadn’t felt for a very long time blossomed within her.

Sheryl was excited.

She was excited because she was now on the same battlefield with the great hero who had bravely fought against the Demigods 4,000 years ago.

Even Sheryl herself was surprised by that fact.

She'd thought she'd gotten rid of such immature emotions centuries ago.

Like a girl in love, she tried to calm her pounding heart while thinking.

'This isn't weird.'

She admired Iris Phisfounder greatly, but she admired Lukas Trowman no less.

No, who wouldn't admire Lukas Trowman?

4,000 years had passed since his death but there was yet to be another person who was given the title 'Great Mage'. Not even one!

A name that could be used to represent all Wizards!

That was what Lukas Trowman was.

And now, that legendary Great Mage had returned, and she was even fighting against a Demigod with him!

This was something she believed could only happen in novels.

'...I started feeling doubt about our fight against the Demigods some time ago.'

Probably all the Circle members had struggled with similar thoughts.

Was it really possible for them to expel those transcendent beings from the continent?

It was nigh impossible.

This was something she'd felt for a long time. And that feeling had only become stronger after the failed battle against Nozdog a few years ago.

Demigods were insanely powerful.

But now.

'If it's Master...'

If she followed him, she believed they could achieve it. That seemingly unrealistic goal of defeating the Demigods.

She turned to the mansion.

Fortunately, unlike the rest of the property, the main building of the mansion remained intact.

Sheryl headed to Frey's room. There was no sign of the summoning circle.

Naturally, Frey must've hidden it. Sheryl swept the floor.

Shh.

Then, Asura's bloody summoning circle, which had been concealed, was revealed.

'It really is ready to be used at any time.'

All that was left was to actually do so.

Sheryl immediately activated the summoning circle.

Kugugu-

Asura appeared in the room. He was so large that the ceiling collapsed, and even the furniture in the room was smashed.

[...what, you...]

Asura's expression became hard.

He looked down at Sheryl before speaking coldly.

[Lilith's vampire Contractor? Where is Frey?]

At that moment, Asura's aura slammed down upon Sheryl, almost causing her to kneel subconsciously.

'He's completely different from Lilith.'

Asura, Lord of the Slaughter Hell. A vicious tyrant with six powerful arms.

She'd heard that he was the most vicious of all the Demon Archdukes.

Lilith had a wicked and twisted side, but she didn't give off such an overwhelmingly intimidating aura.

Of course, that could be because Lilith had somewhat of an affinity to Sheryl.

Sheryl struggled to maintain her composure.

It was unwise to allow yourself to be suppressed by a Demon.

"I summoned you at the request of your contractor."

[Do you think I'd believe that bullshit?]

"It's true."

[Then bring Frey. I will talk to him myself.]

"He's currently not in a position to talk to you."

[Not in a position? Don't play with me, girl. I will decide that myself.]

Asura's expression became murderous.

He hated Lilith.

In fact, his feelings for her had long surpassed simple 'hate'. So naturally, he would not have any good feelings for her Contractor, Sheryl.

Sheryl felt a deep sense of foreboding that Asura's six weapons would strike her down if her words weren't satisfactory, so she hurriedly pointed outside the mansion.

"Look outside. Then you'll understand what I'm saying."

[...]

Asura turned his gaze outside, where he saw Frey dodging Apep's droplets.

[That guy is fighting another Demigod? It hasn't even been that long since... In a sense, he's a pretty amazing guy.]

"Master is currently in a fierce battle with the Demigod. The reason I could summon you was because he prepared in advance."

[Hmph...]

Asura snorted slightly before speaking in a slightly softer tone.

[If you say so. Why did you summon me? Was it to help in the fight?]

“That would be great, but first, I need you to tell me the Slaughter Hell’s location.”

[Why do you want the Slaughter Hell’s location?]

“That...”

Sheryl briefly described her plan to Asura.

After hearing it, Asura seemed a bit displeased.

[So you want to send the Demigod to the Demon World and leave it to me?]

“...is that a no?”

Sheryl became nervous.

If Asura refused to help, then their plan wouldn’t be able to progress.

After being silent for a while, Asura spoke.

[I will help you this once.]

In the end, he wanted to fight a Demigod at least once.

After all, he had been treated badly by them numerous times.

“Ah...!”

Sheryl did not conceal her joy.

Then, Asura asked the question he was curious about.

[But is it possible? Dimensional travel consumes an enormous amount of energy.]

It wasn't the same as sending an avatar like he had done to come to the continent. The plan was to transmit the Demigod's true body.

But then, after thinking about it, Asura nodded.

[Nevermind. It's possible with Frey's mana.]

He knew just how dense and abundant his contractor's mana was.

If it was that guy, he would be able to activate the dimensional movement without difficulty.

[To travel between dimensions, one would need to have a transcendent level body and mind. But since it's a Demigod, that wouldn't be a problem either. Hmm. Interesting. It certainly is a different approach.]

He'd always wanted to fight against a Demigod, but he'd never thought about forcing one into a fight in such a way.

A fierce smile spread across Asura's face.

[Fine, vampire. But you don't know much about coordinates in the Demon World, do you? So how would I tell you the location of the Slaughter Hell?]

"The Black Dream hell is Lilith's territory. If you tell me the approximate location relative to there, then we'd be able to calculate the coordinates."

When he heard Lilith's name, Asura's expression became uncomfortable, but in the end, he sighed and said.

[The Black Dream Hell is to the southern end. My territory is in the opposite direction from that bitch's.]

"What...?"

Sheryl's mouth opened wide.

[Is there a problem?]

“...it's much farther than I expected. It would require much more computational power than I thought.”

No matter if he was Lukas Trowman or an 8 star Archmage, it would still be an enormous burden for him to carry out so many calculations. (TL: if only she knew)

[Besides that, I doubt the Demigod would get caught in the dimensional movement.]

“...”

That was also something Sheryl had thought about.

A magic circle was required to cast the dimensional movement.

‘A huge amount of mana will be released. Besides, it will take a while to cast.’

Unless the Demigod was a fool, he would surely move away from it.

That meant they would need to find a way to keep him from moving.

'At least for 5 seconds.'

It was a short amount of time, but when the target was a Demigod, the difficulty rose significantly.

Sheryl realised at that moment.

She had been excited by the atmosphere and proposed a strategy that turned out to be filled with loopholes.

The probability of success had already dropped below half.

She felt bad for making a fuss out of nothing.

'...but.'

She couldn't just give up.

She had already told Frey about it, and he had even thanked her for her help.

So Sheryl had to live up to his expectations, even if it cost her her life.

“I will start drawing the magic circle for the dimensional movement, so can you please explain the situation to Master?”

[Sure.]

Asura nodded and went to Frey.

Frey’s body was soaked in sweat. He still had a lot of mana left, but it required a high degree of concentration to avoid the droplets.

He glanced at Asura and said.

“Asura, you’re here.”

[I am.]

“What about Sheryl?”

[The vampire is drawing the magic circle for the dimensional movement. But there are two problems.]

“What are they?”

[One is to lure the Demigod to the place where the circle will be. The other is that you would need to restrain the Demigod for about 5 seconds while the dimensional movement is being activated.]

“...”

[And according to the vampire, the location of the Slaughter Hell is too far away, so it would require extensive calculations. No matter how much you...]

“No. I can do it.”

Frey spoke, interrupting Asura.

Then, after thinking for a moment, he added.

“There must be a better way. Asura, can you connect Sheryl to me?”

[This is really unpleasant. I’m not an errand boy.]

“I can’t leave.”

Even while they were talking, Frey was continuously dodging droplets.

[...hooo. You are the first contractor to make me do such a chore.]

Asura shook his head and contacted Sheryl.

“What is it?”

“Please explain the technique for the dimensional movement to me.”

“Huh?”

Frey spoke in a clear voice.

“I will draw the magic circle myself.”

* * *

‘I’m getting tired of this.’

Asep had this thought while looking at Frey.

At first, he’d found it pretty interesting.

He was pretty agile for a Wizard, and the timing, application and power of his spells were much better than other Wizards.

Most importantly, there were almost no 8 star Wizards among the humans for Apep to play with.

But after a few hours, he had grown bored.

Frey had only used that 8 star spell once. Apep wasn't sure if it was because his mana was running out or if he was just waiting for the right timing, but he had already grown tired.

Therefore, Apep decided to end this boring battle.

'That strange time-consuming movement is annoying.'

Apep slowly lifted both hands.

The darkness around him strangely shook. This was no longer a simple attack like the droplets.

Instead, the darkness around him began to take shape, becoming sharp thorns.

To someone who had grown used to the slow but unusual movement of the black droplets, these sharp thorns would pierce through him easily.

Apep was sure of it.

He wouldn't even know how he died.

Apep's smile widened considerably.

Pat.

"...!"

A huge beam of light erupted from the ground, causing Apep to pause momentarily.

This wasn't an attack. Instead, it was the manifestation caused when a large amount of mana was being used.

'Are these his death throes?'

He didn't know what kind of spell it was, but the range was enormous.

The light seemed to cover almost all of the Blake family's territory.

'I can't avoid it. Hmph... good.'

Perhaps this spell was his last-ditch attempt. There was no reason for him to meet it head-on.

Apep wrapped himself in the darkness he was just about to use to attack.

It was a complete defense. Literally.

The defense he was using now was many times stronger than what he'd used against the Holy Breath.

No matter how amazing the spell was, there was no way it could kill him.

'Regardless of what it is, when this spell ends, you'll die.'

It was then.

Woowoong-.

"...!?"

Suddenly, Apep felt like heaven and earth were being overturned.

That wasn't all.

He felt like he was floating, then sinking, then bouncing around.

It made him incredibly dizzy. He felt like vomiting.

Apep's head was spinning to the point where he could no longer tell up from down.

'Wha-, what is happening?!'

The cocoon of darkness was so thick that he could not see what was happening on the outside. However, Apep did not understand what was happening.

Was there something that could cause such dizziness even to Demigods?

His vigilance increased to the max.

Thanks to that, he hesitated in removing the cocoon.

When the tossing finally subsided, Apep slowly removed the cocoon.

And the scene that unfolded before him was something that Apep had never seen in his thousands of years of life.

Ahhhhh-

A terrible scream pierced his ears.

The pitch-black ground, purple sky, and disgusting stench that caused Apep to unconsciously cover his nose.

[I was dubious at first, but it really succeeded.]

“...!”

Then he saw a throne as large as a mountain, on which sat an equally large being.

It was a creature with two heads and six arms, and as he spoke, a red haze seemed to flow from his body.

[Welcome, Demigod, to the Slaughter Hell.]

Brrr.

Apep shivered without realising it.

Then, he was stunned by that fact.

'I feel intimidated?'

It was the first time he'd felt this way toward someone who wasn't of his kind.

Humiliation gripped him as he grit his teeth.

"Who are you?"

[I am Asura, Lord of this place.]

"This place?"

[Didn't I tell you? This is the Slaughter Hell.]

Asura let out a laugh before becoming serious.

[...hmm. By the way.]

He inspected Apep closely, his disappointment clear on his two faces.

[Looking at you here in the Demon World, Demigods don't seem that impressive. I'm not sure I could even enjoy you properly.]

"You... are you insulting me?"

[Did it sound like that?]

Even after hearing Apep's angry tone, Asura remained indifferent.

He simply looked down at him from his large throne.

Apep grit his teeth at the fact that someone was looking down at him.

"Don't look down at me."

[I could barely hear you from up here.]

Apep's face turned red.

He knew where the Slaughter Hell was.

The Demon World.

The place where the Demons lived. It was one of the six hells in this place.

He also knew that this place was very chaotic.

Apep wasn't sure why he came here, but he couldn't tolerate this scumbag pretending to be above him.

"Shut up! You're just a demon who's locked up in this world and acts like a slave to the humans! Do you know who I..."

[You're stupid. Don't you understand yet? Who are you to tell me to shut up?]

Asura laughed.

[This is my world, my territory, my castle.]

"So what? My strength hasn't changed! It will be the same as on the continent!"

"Mine isn't."

"What?"

Only

[I said my strength isn't the same as in that place.]

Kugugu.

Asura lifted one of his six arms, and the sword held in its hand was lifted as well.

It was a sword larger than a mountain.

[Do you know what that means?]

Apep stared at the sword with a blank look on his face.

[Here, you are less than a bug.]