

## **Great Mage 181**

### **Season 1 Chapter 181: Choice and Awakening (7)**

Her magic support had been severed. Anastasia realised that.

She could no longer feel the presence that had always been behind her up to that point.

‘What happened to Lukas?’

What happened?

She stared at Norn. She couldn’t afford to look away.

Doubts filled her head for a moment. She became nervous.

She wanted to look back, but she was in a situation where such an action was inadvisable.

Doing such a thing would be akin to suicide as the gap between the two sides was minuscule.

Even while she was contemplating deeply in her head, Norn was still attacking fiercely.

‘Dammit.’s

There was no finesse to her attacks. They were simple spear thrusts and swipes.

However, sheer strength did not need skill.

Even if it was a seemingly useless attack, it became a different story when the power behind it was enough to pierce a mountain. At that point, even a simple thrust became a lethal attack.

Dangerous attacks poured in like heavy rain from a passing cloud.

Anastasia was forced to defend.

'So this is close combat.'

Anastasia laughed inwardly.

Lucid and Kasajin. The faces of these two men who stood on the frontlines flashed in her head.

They were also this fierce. Compared to them, her skills were mediocre.

Even with her double output, it was becoming difficult for her to hold on. Moreover, she didn't have a lot of ME remaining.

Norn, on the other hand, was becoming faster and faster.

It was too bad.

If she'd gotten a little more used to her body, she would have been able to end this little game much earlier.

Almost as soon as she had that thought, she shook her head.

It was just an excuse.

Suddenly.

Norn pulled back her spear and stepped back.

Anastasia couldn't help but panic a little. Naturally, she didn't do anything.

Rather, it could be said that her situation was a bit dangerous. If that confrontation had lasted a bit longer, the momentum would have built up to her disadvantage.

She hid those thoughts deep within and glared at Norn.

"What's the matter? Getting tired?"

“Huht.”

Norn snorted and gestured behind Anastasia with her chin.

Wasn't it a trap?

It shouldn't have been. Demigods wouldn't use such low level tactics.

She could at least trust that point.

...But she was still nervous. The thought of not wanting to look back flashed in her mind, but she simply shook her head and looked back.

And she couldn't help but tremble at the scene that unfolded before her eyes.

“...Lukas.”

Frey was down.

And an ugly-looking boy was standing in front of him.

“That’s...”

“It seems to be one of our kind. This is my first time seeing him....”

Sunsir’s existence had been completely hidden by Lord, so it was also Norn’s first time seeing him.

However, she could tell at a glance that they were of the same race. She could also tell that his appearance had turned around what was slowly becoming a losing battle.

Norn smiled, completely relaxed.

“Your foolish struggle has ended.”

She was smiling, but her voice was still filled with anger.

But Anastasia’s eyes were still locked onto Sunsir. She saw him walk towards Frey.

She couldn’t be certain, but his intent was obvious. He wanted to kill Frey.

They were thinking about killing Lukas Trowman once again.

“Hah. Goddammit.”

Anastasia unexpectedly swore.

“It seems he’ll be dying a second time.”

Ignoring Norn, she charged towards Sunsir. It was an incredibly impulsive act.

Norn seemed shocked by the sudden action, but she didn’t miss the flaw that appeared.

She could feel Norn lunge towards her like a snake striking its prey. But she didn’t react to it.

She ignored the attack and continued to move as fast as she could. She would endure the attack.

Kujik!

There was a terrible sound.

As she hadn’t taken any defensive manoeuvres, her right arm had been torn off by the blade of Norn’s spear.

But Anastasia didn’t even flinch. She got in front of Frey and turned to face Norn and Sunsir.

She had sacrificed her right arm for this purpose.

“It’s been ripped off, so you won’t be able to heal easily.”

Norn spoke in a cold voice.

To be precise, she couldn’t afford to regenerate it. She needed to use her ME to stall for time rather than to regenerate one arm.

“There’s something I don’t understand.”

“What is it?”

“Though faint, the odds of your survival were obvious. For example, if you had run away after losing your right arm, I might’ve lost you.”

“...”

“But now, it’s different. You can no longer escape. You’ll die here.”

Anastasia didn’t deny it.

This seemed to affirm what Norn said. Which caused her to not understand even more.

“Then do you have a way to cure that man?”

“No.”

In any case, even if she had the ability, they wouldn't simply watch her do it.

“So the only reason you sacrificed your arm was to reach that position?”

“Right. You pointed it out perfectly.”

Anastasia smiled.

Norn looked at her with a puzzled expression.

“What do you mean?”

“As you said, my goal was to reach this position. To stand right here.”

Sunsir gave a sinister smile.

“You're just one more obstacle. Or are you saying you'd like to die first?”



She threw away her arm just to die first?

It was a way of thinking that they couldn't understand.

Norn was confused.

She couldn't understand why someone struggling to live just a moment ago would suddenly make such a choice.

"Huhu..."

Anastasia chuckled because she quite liked those words.

Die first.

Right. This time, she would die first.

'Are you watching, Lukas?'

Everything was different from 4,000 years ago.

Anastasia went into the stance for the Magic King Fist and said.

“This guy’s gonna get up soon.”

“That’s nonsense. He was poisoned with Ananta’s poison. It’s impossible to drive out his lethal poison with his human body.”

Ananta’s poison.

She knew full well how dangerous it was. It was a condensed poison that could make an entire forest rot with just one drop.

But Anastasia still grinned.

“You can only say that because you don’t know who my friend is.”

There used to be a saying that it was impossible to fight against the Demigods.

But Lukas didn’t accept it. He ignored it and kept moving forward. Then he made the impossible possible.

Thanks to him, she realised something. Things that were usually referred to as impossible weren’t really impossible.

So what if they said it was Ananta's poison?

He wouldn't have returned 4,000 years later if he was meant to die.

Anastasia could feel it.

Even at that moment, Frey's heart was pumping vigorously. No, it wasn't just that. Frey hadn't lost consciousness either. His eyes were closed, but he was still awake.

Nevertheless, he still hadn't moved yet. She didn't know why, but she was certain there was a reason.

'He might be preparing to do something big. Or he might be thinking of using the fact that he collapsed to strike the enemy.'

Anastasia's role wasn't large.

She just needed to buy him some time. The rest would be handled by her most trusted friend, as usual.

"You don't know this man."

'Lukas is a hero.'

No matter how desperate the situation was, even if they didn't know how to fight and defeat was imminent, he wouldn't give up.

When surrounded by a forest fire, he would look for a way to extinguish the fire rather than look for a way to escape.

It had always been that way, and it would continue to be.

'I have about 50,000 ME remaining.'

That was fortunate. She still had room to burn.

Anastasia called upon her mana.

\* \* \*

"Is it a Golem?"

Sunsir smiled at Norn's murmur.

"They were puppets the Dragons used to make. Somehow, these old weapons are still in use."

“This one is far more annoying than most Golems. In the old days, even when the Dragons were still around, there were never any like this one.”

“This is just proof that the humans are becoming more and more troublesome. Lord’s judgement was correct.”

Norn nodded at Sunsir’s words. Then she couldn’t help but turn and glance at him.

“No matter how much I think about it, I can’t remember you. But I’m certain you’re one of my kind.”

“Just forget about me.”

“Is that Lord’s will?”

“Right.”

“...understood.”

If Lord was behind it, then there was no need to question it any further.

Norn raised her spear. Now, it was time to accomplish her goal.

“I’m going to kill that gray-haired Wizard. Stay out of my way.”

From her words, he was able to understand her feelings, so Sunsir nodded lightly and said.

“Then I’ll take care of this scrap.”

“...”

Anastasia opened her mouth, but her voice didn’t come out. She suddenly had the thought that making the solution in the Golem body red like blood was not a good idea.

It was too glaring.

Even now, she wasn’t badly injured, but the fluid from her body had already turned the sand around her red.

Paak.

She was kicked in the abdomen.

Her body flew a short distance away before landing on the sand and rolling a few times.

Anastasia couldn’t get up. Because all her limbs had been cut off.

“If it’s a Golem... right, I have to break the core.”

Everything was blurry. She couldn’t even hear what he was saying.

Her ME had already been depleted, so it wouldn’t have been strange if she lost consciousness.

Sunsir approached Anastasia.

His hand twisted strangely before changing shape. It took on the form of a sharp blade. It was the ideal shape to cut and tear through Anastasia’s skin, flesh, and muscles in order to dig out her core.

“Hoh.”

But Sunsir withdrew his hand and muttered with a surprised voice.

“I never thought he’d get up again.”

She heard that clearly.

Anastasia turned her head.

Through her blurry vision, she could see Frey standing there.

“It’s really a miracle, but it seems he used all of his energy to get rid of Ananta’s poison. I can’t feel any power from him.”

Sunsir’s voice was full of ridicule as he spoke.

“This should be fun. Take a good look, Golem. At how Norn kills him.”

However, the moment he saw the scene unfold before his eyes, the smile disappeared from Sunsir’s face.

\* \* \*

Just as Anastasia thought, Frey’s mind had already returned to the real world. However, he couldn’t move immediately.

800 years of experience in the mental world caused a gap between his current body and the body he had then, so he needed time to adjust.

Moving his body could only happen after he’d familiarised himself.

‘I need more time.’



Frey thought.

But he felt Sunsir approaching him. It was an incredibly dangerous situation.

Sunsir wouldn't hesitate to kill him. At this rate, he'd lose his life in vain.

As soon as he began to worry about whether he'd have to force his body to move or not, Anastasia made her move.

He had not said a single word since he'd come back. They hadn't even made eye contact.

Nevertheless, Anastasia came to stall time as though she knew what he needed most at that moment.

'Schweiser.'

Right.

This was only possible because it was Schweiser. Because it was his best friend.

Then, Frey felt it.

Anastasia's fight with the two Demigods. No, it wasn't a fight. It was a one-sided act of brutality.

She threw up blood, her skin cracked, her bones broke, and her limbs were torn off. Nevertheless, Anastasia didn't even let out a single pained groan.

She knew Frey was awake. Although she didn't know the details, she still noticed that he was doing something.

So she swallowed her groans. Because she didn't want to break Frey's concentration.

And in the end, she fulfilled her task. She did a great job.

She had become a wreck, but she had prevented them from touching Frey.

“...”

Frey got up.

He'd finished perfectly adjusting to his body.

He turned to see Norn slowly walking up to him, a cold smile on her lips.

“It seems you found the power to stand. Good. It would've been meaningless to kill an unconscious guy.”

Frey looked at Norn.

Norn, the true form of the Nornir sisters. Now, he knew exactly what her power was.

“The power to see the past, present, and future. That is your power.”

Norn seemed surprised by his words.

“...who did you hear that from?”

There was no way humans would know the powers of Urd, Verdandy, and Skuld.

In fact, it was something only a few Demigods knew.

Frey continued casually.

“It fits. If you can see the future, then you’d be able to tell the effects of spells you’ve never seen before.”

“You must have heard it from Riki. But knowing wouldn’t change anything. You will still die here.”

Frey lifted a finger and pointed towards Norn.

Norn curled her lips.

This was an action she'd seen many times already.

"This again? I'm sorry to tell you, but neither the power of Absolute nor Indra's lightning would be able to touch me. As you said, I can see the future."

"This time, it will be different."

Lightning sparked on Frey's hand.

"Because you can't avoid it even if you know it's coming."

Norn tried to laugh, but in the next instant, her expression changed greatly. She hurriedly raised her spear, but something faster than that shot out of Frey's hand.

She knew. She'd already 'seen' it. That a lightning bolt would come out of his hand.

The problem was that the speed of this attack far exceeded Norn's expectations.

"Kuk..."

It was inevitable. She literally couldn't avoid it. She couldn't even try.

A spear of lightning pierced through Norn's body. And the pain that came from this attack stomped through her body like an angry bull.

It felt as if the bolt of lightning had cooked her whole.

Norn habitually looked into the future. And soon after, she felt two unfamiliar feelings at the same time.

They were regret and despair.

### **Season 1 Chapter 182: Beniang Argento (1)**

Norn grit her teeth.

Regret? Despair?

No, the emotion she felt most at that moment was humiliation.

'Bastard!'

She tried to roar. But she couldn't. Her tongue wouldn't move.

No, it wasn't just her tongue. Her entire body was motionless, trembling like a sparrow that had been soaked in the rain.

'Paralysis...!'

Her entire body was paralysed.

This was unbelievable.

After she returned to her complete form of 'Norn', her resistances had increased by several times.

Even if Indra himself had attacked her with his lightning, it should have been impossible to paralyse her so perfectly.

Frey was no longer looking at her.

Instead, he had turned his eyes to Sunsir, who was watching this scene from a distance with wide eyes.

Sunsir stepped back.

He was well aware of his own weaknesses. Direct combat should be avoided at all costs.

His true strength could only be displayed when he hid in the shadows and launched surprise attacks.

The ability to hide the aura of his divine power was a skill no other Demigod had, but this also meant that the amount of divine power he had was much less in comparison so as to perfectly conceal it.

'Something has changed.'

The power of the lightning that Frey had just displayed was strange.

Sunsir knew Indra. He had even seen him use his lightning power before as well.

That was why he could tell for certain. The lightning attack he'd just witnessed was much stronger than Indra's.

'This...'

How was something like this fair?

The lightning power that Frey stole from Indra was now stronger than Indra's?

He wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it for himself. In fact, he still couldn't believe it.

Frey didn't chase after Sunsir.

His body simply disappeared before reappearing beside Anastasia.

Sunsir almost died of shock at that moment. (TL: wanted to say 'almost had a heart attack' so bad)

He was several times more surprised than when he'd witnessed the lightning attack.

'Sp-, space-time movement?!'

How did a human use an ability that only a select few Demigods had managed to master?

'He's too dangerous.'

He had to kill him. He had to kill him right on that spot no matter what. This was all Sunsir could think of at that moment.

" ... "

Frey looked down at Anastasia. Anastasia looked up at him.



Suddenly, she grumbled.

“You sure took your time to wake up.”

“...was I late again?”

Frey looked down at his best friend and muttered bitterly.

She couldn't even stand because she didn't have limbs, but there was a bright smile on her face.

“It's not irreversible.”

“Thank you. For protecting me.”

“You can chat with me after you've dealt with them.”

“I will.”

“As you can see, I can't be of much help.”

“Don't worry about that.”

Frey lifted his gaze to look at the Demigods.

“Because they’re no longer a problem.”

The two Demigods grit their teeth with humiliated expressions, but they couldn’t refute his statement.

It was at that moment that Anastasia realised that there were many changes within Frey’s body.

“You progressed again. Did you awaken during the period before death? In such a short time.... You really are an amazing guy. You-”

“It wasn’t short.”

Frey shook his head.

Right. It wasn’t short at all.

“You look tired. Why don’t you get some rest for now? I’ll handle the rest.”

“...I should. My eyelids have been heavy for a while now.”

Anastasia’s eyes slowly closed as she mumbled those words.

Frey raised his head again.

Sunsir, who was slowly approaching him after concealing his aura, froze.

This was because Frey's eyes had landed perfectly on his body. It was definitely not a coincidence.

The moment their eyes met, Sunsir got goosebumps.

"How..."

It was a question that didn't need to be answered. In fact, he wouldn't have been convinced even if he had heard the truth.

That Frey was using Milled's clairvoyance.

"Uahhh!"

Norn suddenly roared.

She'd finally overcome the paralysis. However, she was well aware that the crisis had yet to end.

If Frey had wanted it, she would have already been dead.

“How dare you show mercy on me!”

It was completely unacceptable for her. To receive the mercy of a human was much worse than being annihilated.

She never expected that she would feel such a sense of humiliation after returning to her true form.

“Calm down, Norn.”

Sunsir hurriedly tried to get Norn under control.

She would definitely not be of much help if she were to get lost in her emotions.

It took some time, but he finally acknowledged Frey’s strength.

“From now on, don’t treat him like a human. Right, it would be better... if we treated him as something even stronger than the Dragons.”

He used the name of the only creatures who could be considered their opponents in the past.

Norn grit her teeth, but she had no choice but to accept his words.

This man might not be a Dragon; but he was far more threatening.

“Do you have a way?”

“You just have to actively use your power.”

There was one more poisoned dagger that he'd brought as insurance.

Of course, he knew that this man had driven out Ananta's poison once. But it had taken a lot of time to do so.

If he could create this gap once again, he would no longer drag his feet, and he would immediately end his life this time.

“...understood.”

This was not an easy decision to make.

Because they were Demigods, no matter how powerful an enemy was, they never joined forces. But Norn looked down at her trembling hands and steadied her resolve.

As much as it would damage her pride, this man had to die.

Then she read the future.

“Huh?”

When Norn had three personalities, that is to say, when she was still the Nornir sisters, it was the youngest sister, Skuld, who had the power to see the future.

Throughout her long life, she'd seen many futures. That was why she knew.

The future was not set in stone. It was fluid. It constantly shifted and constantly changed.

Of course, the subject was always herself. Every time she made a judgement, the future changed.

That was why Norn had never seen such a future before.

It was completely dark.

Then she saw a pure white light, that contrasted with the future vision Norn had seen, swallow her.

It didn't pierce her; it swallowed her.

It was different from the lightning spear from before.

The size, power. No, the light wasn't even lightning.

“ ... ”

When the light disappeared, Norn's upper body was gone. The lower half that was left then fell to the ground with a thud.

Even up to the moment she died, Norn didn't realise that the future she saw was an inevitable death.

“ ... ”

Frey looked down at his fingertips.

There was no problem using his fingers like he had before. He liked the fact that there were no side effects.

He had simply expressed his will to the divine magic power he just released.

‘At a speed that no one can perceive, eliminate anything it touches.’

That's what he thought, and it actually happened.

'If it hits something with a stronger will than me, it won't make it disappear.'

As he had this thought, Frey turned to look at the remaining Demigod, Sunsir.

He was staring at Frey in disbelief, his entire body trembling.

When his eyes met Frey's, a thought seemed to suddenly pierce through his fear.

'Lo-, Lord...?'

In that instant, Frey's face overlapped with Lord's.

It was ridiculous. It was utter nonsense.

How could he see Lord's shadow in this mortal?

Sunsir was shaken by his own insolence.

"No!"

Sunsir buried his fear with anger.



Then he charged towards Frey.

Sunsir didn't have the ability to see the future. But as the distance between him and Frey narrowed, he seemed to see his final moments.

\* \* \*

He'd killed two Demigods in an instant.

Yet Frey didn't feel proud of this in the slightest. He knew he would win even before the fight started.

At that moment, Frey realised he'd transcended the 9 star stage.

'Is this 10 stars?'

He wasn't sure.

However, the power he had now was no longer limited to the field of magic.

What was it truly like to reach 10 stars in the first place?

Frey knew that Cairo and Diablo held some clues regarding this matter. So he decided that he'd go find out some more details after dealing with this situation.

"..."

He could see the crystals left behind by Norn and Sunsir.

These were already things that he no longer needed. The thing that had the greatest influence on divine magic power was the will of its wielder.

No matter how powerful he was, even if he somehow gained infinite power, he would not be able to use it if his mind was broken.

It would be better for him to devise a way to strengthen his mental power than to increase his divine magic power.

However, it was too dangerous to leave the crystals lying in a place like this, so he'd collect them for now.

Then he looked down at Anastasia.

Seeing how thoroughly her body had been destroyed, Frey couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

Eventually, he let out a heavy sigh.

“Because of your appearance, I really feel like it would be a crime to let you die.”

It wasn't that he would have done so, but if Anastasia still had Schweiser's appearance, Frey wouldn't have felt so guilty.

He couldn't help but hate Hector a little.

Fortunately, her core was still intact. This meant that as long as she had sufficient ME, she could heal herself.

Woowoong-

1 million ME.

It was an almost unbelievable amount. Even for Frey, it was quite a burden.

Anastasia didn't regain consciousness immediately, but her wounds started to heal. At the rate she was healing, it seemed she'd be in perfect condition in only a few hours.

He got up from his seat.

It wasn't over yet.

“Agni.”

Frey said the name of the most threatening being in the entire Amakan Desert.

Then he recalled Riki’s advice.

He’d told him to hurry.

At first, he thought he was talking about Anastasia, but now, it seemed that he wasn’t talking about just her.

“...”

Frey suddenly got an ominous feeling.

\* \* \*

About an hour earlier.

‘It’s hard to breathe.’

Ivan thought, gasping.

One of the most basic of basics for the Warrior King's Fist was breathing control. Also, it wasn't easy for Ivan, who had almost reached the stage of Warrior King, to lose his breath.

But even if a Warrior King were to participate in the fight, they might not have been able to keep their breath under control. (TL: what about Nora?)

The soaring pillars of flames, melting sand, and rain of fire from the sky all contributed to create a truly hellish scene.

'The others can't even stand here.'

In fact, as soon as this happened, half of the warriors who survived the first attack collapsed, and their defenseless bodies were covered by the flames and turned to ashes.

"Incoming!"

Someone shouted.

Then he saw a giant fist of flames soaring towards him.

Booom!

He threw himself away to avoid it, rolling a few times because of the force of the impact.

His skin was burning. He was sure the attack didn't touch him, but it didn't feel like he'd avoided it.

'We can't endure this much longer.'

His thoughts felt drier than the desert. He had sweated too much.

As a creature who relied on the moisture in its body to live, he would not be able to survive more than half an hour in this hell.

Ivan grit his teeth.

Ever since he'd started being tortured by Nora—no, even before then, Ivan's life had been a series of struggles.

Fighting, fighting, and more fighting.

There were times he won and times he lost. Few of those fights were easy. But even though they happened, they didn't remain in his memory for very long. All Ivan could remember were the bloody, difficult battles.

In all of those fights, he never once swung his fist with the thought of losing.

But now, while facing Agni, Ivan couldn't help but feel that way for the first time.

Maybe this day next year would be the day of his memorial service.

### **Season 1 Chapter 183: Beniang Argento (2)**

Nora was probably the one who was analyzing the situation with the most level-headedness. Among those present, she was the one who had the most experience fighting Demigods.

Of course, Agni's strength was still beyond her imagination.

Nora's eyes quickly swept over the surroundings as she analysed their situation.

Only a few of the hundreds of Warriors were left standing. And among them, those who had the power to do anything could be counted on two hands.

The opponent wasn't good. Numerical superiority had absolutely no tactical effect on the fight with Agni.

The power of Agni's ranged attacks was particularly formidable among the Demigods. And when he utilised his power, he basically changed the landscape, transforming the battlefield into a chaotic, hellish scene.

In all honesty, there were times when even Nora was almost caught up in the chaos. The only reason she and the others were able to move around freely was because of the two reinforcements Frey had sent.

Fwoosh!

Agni's flames once again tried to cover the area. Then someone jumped into these flames.

Nora didn't try to stop her. Even a Fire Spirit might not have been able to withstand these flames, but this red-haired woman was different.

Fwoosh!

"Kuk..."

The red-haired woman, Nix, gulped audibly.

Normal flames would not even be able to even leave a mark on her body, but Agni's flames were different.

If he truly wanted to, Agni had the power to burn her to a crisp.

'...in the first place.'

Agni couldn't kill Nix.



That was why she was doing her best. If it hadn't been for the fact that she was his Apostle, Nix would have probably been the first Phoenix to be killed by fire.

Crack!

A spear of ice shot towards Agni from behind. Agni felt it and swung his arm.

A tidal wave of flames shot up from the ground and swallowed the spear. But the ice spear was not melted by the flames and instead stabbed into Agni's body.

[...]

It had little effect. The spear of ice also melted soon after.

Nevertheless, the fact that the wave of flames couldn't melt the spear made Agni uncomfortable.

'Elliah's power.'

It was annoying.

Moreover, the divine power possessed by that man, Isaka, obviously surpassed that of an Apostle.

If a Demigod other than him had encountered him, they might have been in danger.

Crack!

Agni felt pain.

His body lost its balance, and he stumbled. His left leg had been destroyed by someone's attack.

The missing foot was quickly regenerated from the flames, but that attack was clearly quite fierce.

"Mmm..."

Nora clenched her fist, which had been badly disfigured by the burn she suffered. The pain was unimaginable.

The bandage that had been meticulously wrapped around her fist had also been destroyed.

'Even the bandages Cairo made for me became like this. His body is hotter than lava.'

It was absurd.

She couldn't believe that the one who attacked ended up suffering more. At this rate, it would be impossible for her to launch many attacks.

Her fists would melt before Agni died.

Then Agni shot his flames towards Nora. It was too late to avoid them.

She clenched her fist again, preparing to block it, but Ivan appeared.

He shook his lion-like mane and said.

“Did you get sluggish after we hadn't met for a while?”

Martial King Fist. Wind Wave.

The pressure from his fists pushed the flames back.

‘He's better than I expected.’

Nora felt proud of her student's achievements, but she spoke with an expressionless face to keep her dignity as a teacher.

“I guess my ‘discipline’ was sluggish. Since you dare to say such bullshit to me.”

“...that’s not it.”

Ivan scratched his cheeks meekly when he heard her words.

Nora almost burst out laughing at his reaction.

‘He’s gotten a lot stronger.’

Not only his body but his willpower was also much stronger. She felt that he’d reached a level where she probably wouldn’t be able to guarantee her victory if they were to fight.

Ivan was almost certainly aware of that fact too.

Nevertheless, when they finally reunited, he accepted Nora’s angry punches without any thought of avoiding or blocking them.

This was proof that Ivan still considered her his teacher.

In fact, Ivan considered Nora as more than just his martial arts teacher. She was his benefactor.

To him, Nora was a being whose grace he’d never be able to repay in this lifetime. If he hadn’t met her, he would have already become a cold corpse from fighting in the streets.

That was the reason why Ivan would never forget to show the proper respect to his teacher. As the years passed, he became more and more arrogant, but his attitude towards Nora would always remain the same.

Looking at Ivan's strong body, Nora said.

"Ivan, your defense is probably higher than mine."

"It's natural for a young man to be tougher."

"Young? Are you mocking me now?"

Ivan grumbled.

"Let's skip this part. For a bit longer."

"Hmm. In any case, I think my attacks are still a bit stronger."

"I agree."

As if by habit, Ivan cracked his knuckles.

“What’s the plan?”

“Get Agni’s attention. I’ll try to attack his core.”

“Will that work? His regenerative powers are enough to make a troll cry; it wouldn’t be hard for him to create a new flame body.”

“This is a good opportunity. I’ll show you the secret of the Martial King Fist, so make sure you keep your eyes peeled and look carefully.”

“...”

Ivan’s expression became serious.

“Did you not say you’d only teach me the secret techniques when you were about to die? No way, Master...”

“Don’t make such a dumb expression... I’m not going to die just yet.”

“...ah, really. Even though I’m worrying, you’re still being such a pain in the ass.”

“Huhu. Don’t swear.”

Nora chuckled.

Ivan also smiled and said.

“You must not die.”

“Yeah.”

“Because I still have a lot to learn from you, Master.”

“You already know what you’re lacking. I think tears might really come from my eyes when I see that my poor snot-nosed student has finally grown up properly.”

“Hmph....”

Ivan turned around.

If they continued this banter, it was possible that they would lose their tension. In battle, a certain level of tension was necessary.

Draw attention.

It sounded simple, but it was not easy with an opponent like Agni.

'I have to make him focus his eyes on me.'

So that he would no longer pay any attention to Nora.

However, Agni's field of view was high. If one was to look down on the battlefield from that height, it was easy to tell the battle situation with just a glance.

Unless he caused a ruckus, it would be very hard for him to get all of his attention.

'I have to do something loud.'

Ivan murmured to himself before kicking off from the ground. Snow then appeared beside Ivan, who was rushing forward.

She drew her sword and said.

"Which side?"

"Left?"



“Then I’ll take the right.”

They exchanged glances for a moment before splitting off to the two sides.

Ivan then called out to Isaka, who was constantly sending out shards of ice.

“Uh. So... old man who looks like Frey, can I ask for your support?”

“My name is Isaka.”

Although Isaka replied in an unpleasant tone, he didn’t hesitate to support Ivan.

He had already realised he couldn’t defeat Agni with his own powers.

‘Is it because of the difference in mental strength?’

He thought about it for a while before eventually shaking his head.

That wasn’t it.

Regardless of whether he controlled fire or ice, the results would be the same. The amount of divine power that the two sides could handle were just too different.

Among the Demigods, the Apocalypses were on a completely different level. He once again realised this fact.

Fwoosh!

Pillars of fire shot towards Ivan. Isaka managed to use his ice to neutralise several of the pillars, but he wasn't able to block all of them.

Ivan crossed his arms towards the pillars.

Warrior King Fist. Rock Shield.

Mana wrapped around Ivan's body as he activated his ultimate defense technique.

In this way, Ivan forcibly broke through the pillars of flame.

[...]

Agni turned to Ivan and raised his right hand. His fist, which had been clenched, slowly opened, and flames poured down from his palm.

Kwaah.

“Hah...”

Ivan couldn't help but gasp slightly at the scene that unfolded.

Hundreds of flames poured down from the sky, each one giving off an aura that made one feel like one's end was nigh.

At that moment, he couldn't help but wonder if this was what it felt like to face a meteor with his bare body.

'Goddammit!'

He didn't have time to get lost in such a frivolous sentiment.

Ivan hurriedly rushed across the burning ground to escape the flame bombardment. The flickering flames made it almost impossible to see the surroundings.

Ivan moved his body purely on his instincts.

His senses were astonishing, so he was able to avoid most of the flames. But it was impossible to avoid everything.

Boom!

“Kuk!”

The flames engulfed his left arm. The pain was so terrible that for a moment, he felt like cutting off his arm.

Ivan had been burned countless times by that point, but this was the first time that his body and mind had actually cried out in agony.

It was like his soul itself was being burnt.

“Dammit!”

But he couldn't afford to stop because of the pain.

Ivan just swore and continued running.

‘Not being able to breathe properly is the worst thing ever!’

The inability to control their breathing was fatal for Magic Warriors who had to constantly move their bodies.

Since air wasn't being properly supplied to their bodies, there were some deficiencies in their ability to manage their mana, which, in turn, made it harder for them to properly use their martial arts.

When the distance to Agni was narrow enough, Ivan kicked off from the ground and leapt into the air.

His body flew up like a cannonball, and in an instant, he appeared in front of Agni's waist.

Considering the fact that Agni's giant body almost reached the clouds, the power behind this leap was clear to all.

Guuuuuk.

Ivan put most of his mana into his fist. This caused the defense from his Rock Shield to decrease, and his entire body began to burn.

It couldn't be helped.

After all, he wouldn't be able to do much damage to Agni in one shot unless he used a large amount of mana.

Warrior King Fist. Iron Fist. (TL: wanted to call it Tekken so bad T~T)

Boom!

Ivan's fist struck Agni's abdomen.

Considering his size, such an attack should have been like a mosquito bite, but the power behind that punch was unimaginable.

The wind pressure from the punch temporarily halted the pillars of fire burning around them.

Agni's body tilted once more.

'Did it work?'

Just as Ivan made this hopeful observation.

[I suppose I should end this.]

Agni muttered softly.

His body, which had collapsed, returned to its original shape as if he'd reversed time.

Fwoosh!

In fact, the flames around him burned even brighter.

Regeneration? Or was it the effect of his power?

Ivan wasn't sure.

He looked up at Agni with a bewildered expression.

[I thought we'd had enough control over the development of intelligence over the past few thousands of years, but it seems we didn't. You all were growing endlessly in the dark. And in the end, you became much more troublesome than we expected.]

Right. He had no choice but to accept it now.

They posed a threat to the Demigods. They had already reached this level.

If the mortals in front of him had decided to target another Demigod, any Demigod other than the Apocalypses would certainly die by their hands.

Therefore, they were unlucky.

[It is your bad luck to have met me here.]

Just as Agni was about to release his hottest flames that even rivaled the sun's core.

<Stop.>

[...]

This voice was probably heard by everyone on the hellish battlefield.

More surprising than that was the fact that Agni's body actually obediently followed this command.

Agni was stunned.

'This feeling...'

It was something he'd felt in the past.

Even though it had been thousands of years, it was such an unpleasant sensation that he was unable to forget it. The unique power of the continent's overseers that even the Demigods were unable to avoid.

[Dragontongue.]

He could feel who the caster was.



Agni's eyes turned to a woman standing far away. A green-haired woman.

Looking at her, he couldn't help but feel some doubt. She was certainly not a Dragon.

He could tell with just a glance. She was a far cry from the beings who could be called the Demigods' only rivals in history.

The same was true for her use of Dragontongue.

It would last three seconds at most. After that, Agni would regain his freedom.

She was not a Dragon.

He was certain that there were no more Dragons on the continent.

Half...

'Right. She should be a Half Dragon.'

[I see.]

Despite her flimsy appearance, she was definitely the most troublesome one there.

Agni had found the most difficult one of those gathered.

“Hup.”

Upon receiving Agni’s burning gaze, Beniāng’s face turned pale and she took a step back.

Her legs shook.

She was afraid. She wanted to run away.

What had she just done?

Was it that she’d done something bad?

She should’ve just stayed still....

Beniāng froze.

She felt a warm sensation in her head. It was the warmth she’d felt at that time.

That voice. Those gentle eyes.

He said... he believed in her.

“...”

Beniang's expression changed.

Then, she took a big step forward before raising her head and looking directly at Agni's face.

[...]

Agni's eyebrow's furrowed.

Dragontongue was a power that most Demigods would have a hard time countering.

Even though her skills were lackluster, as long as it was used at the right time, even Lord could be in danger.

So for the sake of the future, this woman had to die here.

**Season 1 Chapter 184: Beniang Argento (3)**

Dreadful Flames. Flames that could end the world.

Agni's power was the control of these destructive flames, but Silkid was not a very good place for him.

There was nothing he could burn in the desolate desert. Most of the buildings were made of stone or sand, and trees or buildings made from wood were extremely rare.

However, this didn't mean that Agni's powers weakened. His flames would continue to burn even if there was nothing to burn.

Taht.

He heard the sound of someone kicking off from the ground.

It was Snow.

Agni noticed her posture. It reminded him of Riki.

This caused him to suddenly feel an intense wave of displeasure. This wasn't because it felt intimidating but because it reminded him of Riki.

He didn't like this flimsy imitation of Riki.

This thought took him by surprise.

Did he still consider Riki as his kind?

Boom!

Agni swung his left hand to Snow, who hurriedly raised her sword to block it, but it wasn't a good block.

Without being able to negate the force of the attack, she was sent back to the ground at a much faster speed than her leap.

Boom!

Snow's body crashed into a watchtower. After that, the momentum kept carrying her as she bounced and rolled across the floor a few times.

She only managed to stop after rolling over a dozen times.

Smoke rose from her body. This was proof that each and every one of Agni's attacks was accompanied by terrifying heat.

'He's a monster.'

Snow grit her teeth. As an Ice Elf, Agni's Dreadful Flames had a particularly terrible effect on her.

Using her sword like a cane, Snow finally rose up from the ground. Then she glared at Agni, forcing herself to ignore the pain from her burns.

[You're terrible.]

"What are you talking about?"

[You don't deserve to use Riki's swordsmanship.]

It was a voice so cold that it was hard to imagine it came from a literal body of fire.

Snow couldn't help but shudder at those words.

[You must be Riki's real Apostle. Now that he's dead, you should have even more control of your divine power. But look at your swordsmanship now. Do you think you can be a threat to me?]

"...that-"

[You didn't accept Riki's power into your body.]

Snow didn't refute his words.

This was because she knew it was true.

'Perhaps...'

Of all the people participating in the fight, it was possible that she was the least useful. This gave her a sense of helplessness that Snow had never experienced before.

For Snow, it was harder to get over the feeling of uselessness than to get angry at Agni.

Agni reached out to her.

He'd changed his mind. He decided to kill Snow before Benieng.

It was at that moment that Nora made her move.

There was a red aura around her body, but it wasn't Agni's fire.

Warrior King's Fist Secret Technique. Flame Spirit.

Nora shot forward, leaving a long red trail like a meteor falling in the middle of the night. She'd only lightly tapped her foot along the ground, but she instantly reached Agni's face.

[...!]

Agni was also surprised by this fact.

He hadn't thought it was possible to jump up to such a height without the use of magic. She had jumped twice as high as Ivan.

But he was only surprised for a moment.

Agni opened his mouth wide, and blue flames erupted from his throat.

Nora loosened her bandages and spun them around like a whirlwind. (TL: Primary Lotus?!)

Agni's flames were sucked into the bandages.

'These bandages are not ordinary.'

Even if he felt a bit apprehensive at the sudden attack, Agni wasn't worried. Instead, he stopped breathing fire and swung his arm.

Despite his giant size, he was able to move at an unimaginable speed. This was because Agni's body was made entirely from flames.



But this time, Nora was faster.

Nora kicked her foot against the empty air. Her fist connected with Agni's chin.

Crack!

Agni stumbled backward, losing his balance again.

At first, it seemed as though half of Agni's face had been blown off, but Nora didn't let down her guard.

She'd already seen what happened after Ivan's attack. This kind of wound wouldn't have been fatal to him, nor was it too big of a threat.

Above all, she didn't feel like she'd hit his core.

Nora continued sending her fists forward.

Every time her fists landed, a large part of Agni's giant fire body collapsed. This caused the small number of survivors who were watching her offensive to feel a bit hopeful.

This was because this was the first time Agni was being attacked without the ability to retaliate.

“...”

However, Nora’s expression wasn’t good.

She started feeling anxious and swung her fists even more fiercely as if to erase that feeling.

Agni didn’t fight back.

As if he’d lost his ability to fight back, his body simply shook as he took each of Nora’s attacks.

After this situation continued for a while, the faces of the hopeful survivors who thought Nora had the advantage gradually became stiffer and stiffer.

‘It’s not like there is no effect.’

Nora had this thought.

Just because Agni didn’t fight back didn’t mean he couldn’t. However, Nora’s offensive did have some effect.

The problem was that as mentioned early, she was unable to attack his core.

This level of attack only served to pressure him at best. It wasn't enough to actually finish Agni off.

'I can't reach Agni's core even with Flame Spirit?'

Just as Nora felt true despair, the giant being of flames suddenly disappeared.

It was as if Agni's body had evaporated.

"Wha-, what's going on?"

"Is it over?"

This caused a stir to spread through the Warriors on the ground.

The heat that had been engulfing the area up to a moment ago had suddenly disappeared. It even had the illusion that cold air was blowing.

"Don't let your guards down!"

Just as Nora shouted a warning in a loud voice.

Boom!

There was suddenly a huge explosion. A body of a warrior who was close to the explosion was sent sailing through the air.

This warrior crashed into a nearby building so hard that his body became a meat pile, no longer recognisable as a human.

“Wh-, what?!”

“What just happened?”

While the Warriors were trying to figure out what happened, more explosions happened one after another.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

To Nora, who was still in the air, these explosions were like the footsteps of an invisible giant.

The target wasn't the survivors. Those who were killed by the explosions were the unfortunate ones who happened to be in the explosions' path.

These explosions were steadily heading in a certain direction. And when she realised where these explosions were headed, Nora's expression changed.

“Beniang Argento!”

“...”

Beniang also felt that these explosions were getting closer to her. However, at her current level, it was impossible for her to avoid or block them.

There was only one thing that Beniang could do.

Dragontongue.

Just as she was about to call upon this power again.

“Kyah!”

Ivan grabbed her and escaped the range of the explosions.

He then spoke in a blunt tone.

“I owe you for a while ago. If it weren’t for you, I’d be dead.”

“A-, ahh. Yes. I’m glad you’re okay.”

Ivan glanced back at the explosions persistently following Beni-ang and moved his legs faster.

The explosions weren’t very fast. In addition, Nix and Isaka began to stop their advance.

And when they thought they’d finally stopped, the explosions transformed into a firestorm.

Kooo-

Agni reappeared once again in the storm.

The terrifying heat covered the area once again. And everyone felt despair when they saw his newly healed form. (TL: he’s like the worst kind of rpg boss)

‘Did Master’s secret technique have no effect?’

Nora was the strongest attacker among those present. But it seemed that even her secret technique had made no difference.

‘...so be it.’

He wasn’t prepared to give up like this. So it wasn’t the time to have unnecessary thoughts.

She has to use that. Instead, he turned to Beni-ang with a stiff expression and said.

“It seems he is determined to get you.”

“Yes. It seems so.”

Beni-ang nodded.

Frey had always told her that her Dragontongue ability would be vital to defeating the Demigod.

She didn’t doubt those words, but she did doubt whether she’d be able to play the role he said or not.

However, she had used her Dragontongue and forced Agni to stop.

For three seconds.

“Can you stop him again?”

“Huh?”

“I want to give that guy a punch.”

Ivan clenched his fist as he said this.

Beniang nodded.

“It’s possible.”

“Good.”

Ssss-

Ivan took a deep breath.

First, it was Nora, followed by Snow, Nix, and Isaka. Then, the Great Chief Tuarik, Berserker Guarus, and Twin Blade Urha stood in front of Ivan.

They also understood that Beniang was Agni’s target.

Even at that moment, Agni was looking at her.

[How annoying.]



Agni muttered honestly.

He wasn't exaggerating. He had already used a considerable amount of force to get rid of this group; though, it couldn't be said that he'd gone all out.

Nevertheless, it still wasn't enough. It was possible that their potential far exceeded his expectations, but...

Agni turned to look at Nix.

In the end, the biggest obstacle was this woman. If it wasn't for her, his Apostle, he would have already used Heart of the Sun to turn this entire area into a sea of fire.

He looked around. The number of mortals who were struggling against him had decreased greatly.

Agni felt that any formations they could create would be much smaller, so there was no need for him to keep this appearance.

Agni originally had absolute confidence in this form, but after the fight with Riki, he couldn't help but change his mind slightly.

Riki had overpowered him, Ananta, Leyrin, and Nozdog while in a human form.

This small and fragile appearance had its own advantages. Especially when it was necessary to control his power.

Fwoosh.

Flames engulfed Agni's body, and he gradually began shrinking to a size similar to that of the humans.

However, his entire body was still burning fiercely like an incarnation of fire.

As his size grew smaller, the overwhelming aura and heat that he exuded gradually calmed. But none of the people watching relaxed.

Agni shook his hand.

Fire roared up from the ground. This time, it wasn't a pillar of fire like he had used before.

Instead, it took the appearance of a snake. This fire snake then wrapped its tongue around Nix and pulled her into its mouth before anyone could react.

"Kuk!"

Nix struggled fiercely, but the power of the snake's jaws were beyond imagination. She couldn't move at all.

Then she heard Agni speak in a dry tone.

[If you try to force yourself out, your body will break in two. Regardless of whether you're a Phoenix or not, you will not survive.]

"If I die, won't you die too...?"

[I won't kill you. I'll simply absorb you. Don't you see? You're already in my hands.]

Nix bit her lip.

Agni enjoyed the sight of her struggle.

[I don't know if it will work or not. But you're welcome to take the gamble. I'm curious regardless of the outcome.]

Agni's dry tone seemed to stem from confidence.

Nix couldn't even lift a finger. If it was true and she struggled to escape despite the risk of death, then it might just speed up the death for the others.

'Indeed. It feels like my powers have concentrated.'

Agni nodded with a satisfied expression.

It felt like he had an easier time making minor adjustments and his control of his power was more comfortable than in his original form.

It was only at that moment that he slightly understood how Riki was able to overpower them despite being in human form.

Nora and Snow quickly narrowed the distance to Agni. But neither was in good condition, which meant they wouldn't be much of a threat to Agni.

Boom!

They weren't able to do much before they were struck down.

Nora was buried into the ground, bleeding.

Did he crack her skull?

The duration of Flame Spirit had already ended, and it was difficult to hit Agni in her current state.

She knew this. Nevertheless, she couldn't back down.

Snow was the same. In fact, she was even a bit more desperate than Nora was.

'...if only I could use Riki's divine power.'

If so, she would have been able to cut his flaming body.

In truth, Snow had a bit of a repulsion towards divine power. She also had pride in her own swordsmanship.

At least, she never thought she could ever be so useless. It was such that her power was unable to contribute at all.

Nothing would change even if she was to leave the battlefield right at that moment.

She infused her divine power into her sword once again and charged at Agni.

Agni didn't pay much attention to her.

She wasn't actually using the power; she was simply covering her weapon with divine power. Her method was completely wrong.

An explosion occurred once again.

Snow was sent flying with blood covering her entire body.

[Pathetic.]

Agni looked at Snow with contempt.

The more they fought, the more his displeasure increased. This woman needed to be burned to death immediately.

As soon as he made up his mind to attack, he felt a huge wave of power.

It was Ivan.

Agni could feel powerful, condensed mana pulsating within his body.

It felt rough and dangerous, like a volcano that could erupt at any moment. Nevertheless, Agni didn't seem worried at all.

Kooo-

Ivan drew back his fist, which was pulsating with mana.

The secret techniques of the Warrior King's Fist were not passed down. Instead, every successor created their own technique.

This was something that occurred after they witnessed the previous successor's secret technique.

Ivan had only witnessed Nora's Flame Spirit today, but he had been thinking about his own secret technique for a long time.

Nora's secret technique was Flame Spirit. It involved changing the property of her mana to fire and then using that fire mana to explosively amplify her own strength.

It was an extremely powerful technique, but Ivan had realised with just a glance that it didn't suit him.

'I prefer one punch.'

He had deliberated upon it for a while.

For him, a special move was a single lethal attack.

Nora's secret technique was one that truly deserved admiration, but it did not match Ivan's ideology.

All of the mana in Ivan's body gathered in his fist. It was literally filled with mana.

The pure and enormous amount of mana was compressed over and over as much as he was able to. The explosive force in his face was completely incomparable to the Iron Fist he'd used before.

But it wasn't enough. He also knew for a long time that it wouldn't be enough.

So there must have been a reason for him to have this idea.

The desperate situation he was in.

The shock of seeing the defeat of his master, who he considered even higher than the heavens.

The overwhelming aura of Agni himself.

And, most importantly, his lack of confidence.

'This won't be able to do it.'

His opponent wasn't one who could be defeated simply because he'd compressed his mana to the limit.

As Nora had said, she was a bit better when it came to offense.

So what should he add?

What could he do to make up for the shortcoming?



Except for his mana, there was nothing else that a Magic Warrior could...

'Ah.'

Ivan felt like a lightning bolt had struck his head.

'My thoughts.'

His thoughts, his feelings, his beliefs.

Couldn't he put those in too?

"Kuhaha..."

Ivan burst out laughing.

Right. That was it.

He wasn't sure why it took so long for him to notice something so simple.

He blinked.

At that moment, Ivan was no longer standing in the Amakan Desert. Instead, he was standing in the empty space known as his mental world.

He was the only one standing in this place.

Fwoosh!

Then a stream of flames suddenly shot up. These flames were so powerful that it seemed as though they would burn Ivan's mental world to ashes.

Ivan understood.

This was Agni. He was the one who made Ivan feel such a way.

To put out those flames, he would need a typhoon. Weak winds would only make the flames stronger.

Instead, what he needed was a powerful typhoon that would sweep away everything in his way.

Ivan was a true genius.

The scene before him was the path that Kasajin had taken in the past, and it was a sign that he was at the gateway to the Warrior King stage that Nora was still pursuing.

Kugugu-

His body pulsed, and an explosive aura erupted from within him.

[...!]

Danger.

For the first time since they'd started this battle, Agni had this thought.

A typhoon seemed to have appeared from this seemingly fragile human body. That alone made him feel a sense of crisis.

He couldn't let it go.

Agni's body began to swell once again.

He'd already captured the Nix, who was the most troublesome one of the group. So now he could just wipe out the entire group with Heart of the Sun.

<Stop.>

It was at that moment that Beniang's Dragontongue froze Agni's body once again.

Sparks of rage seemed to flash in Agni's eyes.

[Dragon-!]

It was at that time that Ivan made his move.

The speed he moved at wasn't particularly fast. But it didn't matter.

Agni was in a situation where he couldn't move. Three seconds were more than enough for him.

Ivan's body was so close to the ground that he was almost rubbing against it.

In that state, he looked up at Agni's chin.

'My arm... no, my entire body is creaking.'

It was his first time doing this. His condensed mana was stirring inside of him, begging to be released.

Right. Stir to your heart's content.

Ivan laughed and punched upwards.

He didn't have a good naming sense, so he decided to keep it simple.

Warrior King's Fist. Ivan's Punch.

Crack!

A storm of mana suddenly erupted in the Amakan Desert.

**Season 1 Chapter 185: Beniang Argento (4)**

"Can't you not go?"

Beniang looked at Osel as she said this.

Osel turned to his daughter. And just by seeing her bright, innocent eyes, a bright smile spread across his face.

"Are you worried?"

“...it’s an Apocalypse. I heard that they’re monsters, completely different from the other Demigods. How could I not when it’s a being like that...”

“Of course, I’m scared too.”

Osel spoke in a soft tone.

“In my heart, the desire to run away is very strong. Ah, this is something the other circle members should never hear.”

“...you can do that.”

“Don’t you know that I can’t do that? It’s not a problem that can be solved by running away.”

“...”

It was clear what Benieng was worried about.

Osel would have been lying if he said he wasn’t scared. But it was fine.

He could still laugh sincerely.

“Demigods are certainly scary beings. But there are things that are more frightening than they are.”

“Like what?”

“Losing your family.”

Osel’s gaze settled on Beniang.

“Having no home to return to.”

“...I’m also afraid of losing my father.”

“Haha. That’s another reason why I should come back. Don’t worry. Rezil has designed a splendid operation. If everything goes according to plan, there should be no problems.”

If everything goes according to plan. Even at that time, Beniang knew how ridiculous that statement was.

Their target was an Apocalypse-class Demigod. A true transcendent being who could single handedly wipe out a country.

There was no way they would be able to take down such a target without anything going wrong.

I love you. And I’m sorry.

He had smiled as he said those words.

She couldn't accept it at first. Rather, she was angry at Osel and Eizek for not keeping his promise.

And she cried after realising how pointless such behaviour was. She cried as if the world was ending.

After her emotions settled, she was overcome with depression, self-doubt, and loneliness.

Even then, time continued to pass. Slowly but surely.

Over time, her emotions gradually became diluted. At some point, Beniangu became able to talk about Osel with a smile again.

However, from the moment she heard his will to now, there was one thing she was never able to understand.

How was he able to look in the face of his own death and smile?

\* \* \*

Ivan stumbled.



The life seemed to have been sucked out of him. He didn't even have the strength to move his body.

Ivan had put all of his mana, mental strength, and even his vitality into that punch.

He wanted nothing more than to collapse at that moment. If he could close his eyes, even for a moment, there would be no greater happiness.

But he couldn't.

Ivan forced his eyelids, which seemed ready to close at any moment, to stay open.

'I touched it.'

It was clear.

According to Nora's words, his fist had touched Agni's 'core'. It wasn't just a touch either.

It was quite a formidable blow. He was certain.

It was his first time fighting a transcendent being like Agni, but he knew his punch had landed solidly.

Nevertheless, Ivan's expression wasn't good.

"Shit..."

Ivan's fist had literally created a sandstorm. However, this artificially created sandstorm soon dissipated as the force behind it disappeared.

The dust gradually settled, revealing Agni's body.

His upper half was missing, and the flames on his body flickered dangerously, like a dying bonfire.

It wasn't a joke. This proved that Ivan's thoughts had been right.

His punch was effective. In fact, it might have even been a fatal injury.

But in the end, it still failed to kill him.

[I didn't expect something like that.]

Agni spoke in a harsh tone.

There was no chance for him to say any more.

Crack!

An awl made of ice suddenly shot towards him.

Puk.

The ice awl stabbed into his body, but Isaka's expression was not good. The ice soon melted.

Isaka grit his teeth.

Did this mean he couldn't do anything with his ice even when Agni was so badly injured?

"Monstrous bastard."

[It would be better for you to watch your mouth. Unless you want your soul to disappear.]

Even though he spoke sharply, Agni's condition was also not very good. Ivan's fist had actually touched his core.

It would have been really dangerous if the Half-Dragon's Dragontongue was stronger or if the Magic Warrior had more mana.

It was possible that he would have died in this place.

When he had this thought, Agni was filled with rage, but he forcibly suppressed his emotions.

He didn't have to get excited.

He could tell from their conditions. That last attack was the last hidden card they had.

They should have killed him with that last attack. Failure to do that meant that the result wouldn't change.

"...shit."

Ivan's body inevitably collapsed.

In the end, all he could do was glare at Agni. The fact that he didn't immediately pass out on the spot was admirable.

It was Nora who prevented him from falling.

It was a bit ridiculous to see such a large man being held up by a little girl, but there was only a heavy atmosphere.

“Stop being such a crybaby.”

“...Master.”

“That aside, that last punch was really good.”

Nora smiled and stroked Ivan’s head.

Ivan grumbled discontentedly.

“Why are you doing things you never did before?”

“I don’t know.”

Nora murmured to herself before she seemed to remember something.

“What is the name of your technique?”

“...Ivan. Ivan’s punch.”

“Huhu. How tacky. But calling it that name isn’t too bad. Hmm. And it seems you’re only a short step away from reaching the Warrior King stage.”

Nora’s voice was light, and her expression was bright. But this appearance caused Ivan to feel uneasy.

“Ivan Dolgar.”

Ivan’s expression hardened.

His real name, which even he had forgotten after so long, had come out of Nora’s mouth.

Nora smiled as she looked at her student’s face.

The years of her life flashed before her eyes. She’d stopped counting after the 200th year, but quite a long time had passed.

It was too long. At least, for humans, it was a very long time.

It was a boring, hard, and lonely time, but looking back, it wasn’t a bad life.

She could think this way because of this student of hers, who accompanied her during her later years.

“Make sure you look carefully.”

Nora walked towards Agni.

After she used Flame Spirit, she had no mana left. But it wasn't impossible to use magic martial arts without mana.

This was also the decisive difference between a Wizard and a Magic Warrior. After all, Magic Warriors were those who paid more attention to their bodies.

'Ivan is still a step away.'

In other words, he needed more time.

No matter how much talent, instincts, and bloody hard work he put in, Ivan would never be able to overcome the obstacle of experience that was built up over time.

He needed someone who could show him that final step. That was what his teacher, Nora, believed.

A smile blossomed on Nora's face.

There was even the best opponent at this moment.

"What are you doing?!"

Ivan screamed and squirmed, forcing himself up. However, after he'd raised his body halfway off the ground, he collapsed face first in the sand once again.

He had no strength in his legs.

Nevertheless, he didn't stop struggling. He clenched his jaws so hard that his gums started bleeding.

He knew what Nora was thinking. He could feel it.

"Don't do it! Don't..."

Ivan coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Pieces of his organs which had been damaged by his attack could be seen in the blood.

"Please... please don't..."

Nora's footsteps didn't stop.

Seeing her crying disciple reminded her of the time when she first took him in.



Ivan, at the time, was very innocent. She recalled the pure and naive look in his eyes.

Her once cute disciple had grown to become a disgustingly giant man. But this also meant that she raised him well.

'Huhu.'

-Her stray thoughts ended there.

Nora's expression changed.

Before she knew it, she was right in front of Agni. Then she recalled Ivan's Punch.

It was an attack that contained the full potential of a Magic Warrior.

She slowly clenched her fist and stretched it forward. Doing martial arts without mana was the same as using a bow without any arrows.

Those looking on might think it was useless. However, that wasn't entirely true.

She could at least show him the motions. She could teach him the most ideal posture.

Ivan watched this scene with tear-filled eyes.

Despite his sorrow and helplessness, he watched his teacher's final moments with wide eyes.

Agni was also looking at Nora.

'What is she doing?'

He couldn't feel any power in this human in front of him. This meant that she wasn't a threat to him.

Even the smallest of his embers could still burn her to death. He was certain of this.

But he still couldn't move just yet.

No, he didn't want to move.

This wasn't like the Dragontongue. He wasn't moving because his 'heart' didn't want him to move.

Something about Nora's appearance at this moment made him not want to make a move.

'Reverence.'

Was a Demigod like him feeling reverent towards a human?

Nora's clothes were covered in blood and sand, but her upright posture seemed to carry a sense of purity and holiness.

Nora clenched her fist.

Ivan realised immediately.

That movement, that posture, that fist.

She was imitating the secret technique he'd just used.

No, it wasn't an imitation. She was fixing the shortcomings, reconstructing, and developing it to perfection.

It was Nora's last lesson.

She extended her small, thin fist.

Tok.

This fist hit Agni's body with a weak sound.

“...”

[...]

It happened in an instant.

The Dreadful Flames spread to Nora’s arm. Then, the flames covered Nora’s entire body.

Hellfire. Nora’s entire body was engulfed in hellfire.

She heard Ivan’s grieving cry.

Nevertheless, she didn’t open her eyes. She didn’t even open her mouth.

She didn’t want to show her student the unsightly appearance of her screaming during her last moments.

She wouldn’t allow it.

....

....

It was strange.

For some reason, she didn't feel any pain.

Was she already dead?

Was she burnt to ashes before she could even feel it properly?

No. That wasn't it.

Nora opened her eyes.

### **Season 1 Chapter 186: Beniang Argento (5)**

At first, the goal was to buy time until Frey came.

However, the fact that he sent the two reinforcements, Nix and Isaka, over meant that he would not be able to join them immediately. It was possible that he wouldn't be able to come at all.

Nevertheless, she failed to overcome her weak thoughts. She had tried to simply hold him back and leave everything to Frey, but she shouldn't have.

This opponent wasn't one who could be faced with a weak will.

She would destroy him here. She would definitely kill. Even if it meant losing her life.

...If she had fought with this determination from the start, then the results might have been different.

Maybe she was the one who caused it to end up like this.

'The result.'

Beniang closed her eyes.

It felt like she could see the end of this battle.

"Beniang."

Nora was looking at Beniang in disbelief.

Beniang instead looked at her missing arm.

This was a natural result as she'd touched Agni's body with her bare hand.

“Your right arm.... I’m sorry. I was too late.”

“That’s fine. That’s not important.... Were you the one who saved me? How?”

“I used Dragontongue.”

“...isn’t that something you can only use twice a day? Did you manage to increase the number of times you can use it?”

“No.”

Beniang shook her head calmly.

It was at that moment.

“Urk...”

Her expression became one of pain as she coughed up a mouthful of blood into her hand.

“Beniang?”

Nora moved to help her with a shocked expression. But Beniang shook her head to signal she was fine, despite the fact that her other hand was tightly clasping her robe.

'This is a warning.'

Her body was warning her directly. It was strongly urging her not to use Dragontongue again.

Beniang also knew. She could feel it instinctively.

Just what would happen if she tried to use Dragontongue any more.

Hector's words were accurate.

She could only use Dragontongue twice per day.

She had only used it one more time, but it already felt like a knife was being stirred around in her intestines.

But it was fine.

She could still talk. She could move. She might have been able to use magic as well.

She was still alive.



The terrible feeling inside her body was the best proof of that fact.

“Beniang...?”

“I’m fine.”

Beniang spoke calmly as she looked at Nora with a pale expression.

“This subjugation has failed.”

“...”

Everyone knew this, but it wasn’t something anyone wanted to hear. And she didn’t expect to hear it from Beniang of all people.

Nora remained silent and listened to what Beniang had to say.

“It appears that Agni is incapable of moving right now. He probably couldn’t resist the full effects of Ivan’s punch.”

She agreed.

It was clear that he was recuperating from his injuries at that moment. However, he was still using the last bit of power that he had left to protect his body.

It was a wise move.

After all, there was no longer anyone who could threaten Agni among those present.

Isaka was constantly using his ice to slow down Agni's recovery, but he was unable to deal a truly fatal blow.

'Even if we tried to use this chance to escape.'

It would be meaningless.

Agni was a Demigod who had mastered space-time movement. Even if they were to scatter and run in different directions, it would not take him very long to kill all of them.

"He can't move right now!"

"Now is our chance!"

"Let's go! Warriors of Silkid!"

The surviving Warriors all raised their weapons and charged at Agni. They were no better than moths flying into a flame.

Their weapons failed to reach Agni. Instead, Agni's flames spread and consumed them one after the other.

Beniang looked at this scene and opened her mouth again.

"...I see two paths that we can take right now."

"Paths?"

"Perhaps this is the crossroads... it's probably the scene my father, Osel Argento, saw back then."

Beniang murmured confidently.

She had witnessed it in person. Just why these beings, who were a rank higher than the other Demigods, were called Apocalypses.

They were truly beings who could destroy the world. Or, at least, they were able to directly cause catastrophes with their power.

It was the same in the battle against Nozdog back then.

Nozdog, who had the power of death, was a Demigod on the same level as Agni. And it was generally impossible to escape from such existences.

If so, then how did so many people survive in the battle against Nozdog?

'Father.'

Osel Argento.

Her father had defended everyone. He took himself as the sacrifice and defended the rear.

Beniang wasn't there, and she didn't know the details, but she was certain about what Osel would do.

'That's why he was able to laugh.'

It wasn't that he wasn't afraid of death. Anyone with intelligence would be.

However, it was different when it was a path you choose for yourself. As long as it was a choice they made by themselves, humans could laugh in the face of anything.

The consequences of these actions no longer mattered at that time.

" ... "

Nora, who was looking at her from the side, couldn't help but be speechless for a moment.

Beniang was smiling.

She had a smile on her lips that greatly resembled that of her father, Osel.

"It's better for one person to die than for everyone to die."

Nora's expression became strange when she heard her mutter this strange phrase.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm saying that I will hold down the fort."

Krrr.

They heard a magnificent sound. Then everyone watched on as the fire around them gradually gathered to Agni's body.

He had finished recovering. He would make his move soon.

As if to respond to Beniang's thoughts, Agni's body gradually swelled.

Boom!

With a huge explosion, Agni returned to his true form.

Three Warriors who were closest to him were incinerated instantly.

"U-, uahh!"

"Kuk...! He's a monster!"

[...]

Agni spread his arms without saying anything.

He didn't want to talk to these annoying insects any longer. He wanted to end this quickly.

"A-g-ni-!"

Nora flinched, her body subconsciously trembling.

She wasn't the only one. The bodies of everyone in the surroundings stiffened. Even Agni was no exception.

"Be-, Beniang...?"

Nora shuddered even more when she realised that Beniang had overpowered him with just her voice.

Beniang herself hadn't realised it. The fact that she had initiated Dragon Fear even though she was just a Half-Dragon.

It was their enemy, Agni, who had the best grasp of the situation.

[That's too much power for a Half-Dragon.]

He murmured but was still not able to move at that moment.

He frowned.

His body had recovered, but his divine power had still been exhausted. Because of this, he could not resist the effects of this Half-Dragon's Dragon Fear.

Beniang turned to Nora and said.

“Please tell Frey. Thank you, and I leave it to you.”

It was only then that Nora understood Beniang’s intention.

She hurriedly spoke up with a stiff expression.

“Stop. You don’t have to sacrifice yourself. Are you listening to me, Beniang? You-”

<Leave.>

The survivors of the desert battle disappeared. One by one, they were sent out of the Amakan Desert.

When they opened their eyes, they would be in the safest place.

“Wait, Beni-.”

The last one to disappear was Nora. She urgently called out to Beniang, but she wasn’t able to finish her words.

Soon, Beniang and Agni were the only ones left in the desolate desert.

Agni was surprised as well. He hadn’t expected that even Nix, who he had captured, would be taken from his hands.



However.

[It's meaningless.]

Although Agni said this, Beniang smiled and asked.

“What do you mean?”

[Everything you just did. You sent them somewhere with your Dragontongue. It might be more troublesome than magic, but do you think I can't track them down?]

Agni shook his head.

[It changes nothing. I will kill you. Then I will kill the rest.]

“You can't.”

[Hoh. Why's that?]

<Disappear.>

The faint traces left began disappearing.

Agni's flame body shook slightly.

She used Dragontongue again?

"Gurk...!"

Beniang vomited violently.

The amount of blood she coughed up was enough to soak her robes.

She sat on the ground and looked up at Agni. A smile was still present on her lips.

"Now. All the traces have disappeared. How are you going to track them?"

[...it's not too late. No matter how powerful Dragontongue is, it won't be able to completely erase all of the traces. As long as I leave immediately...]

"Don't you understand by now? I stayed here to prevent that from happening."

Beniang let out a laugh that sounded like a quiet breeze.

Now that she thought about it, she didn't have a deep relationship with any of those people. There was only Nora, who she'd seen a few times when she was younger.

That's why she was curious. Why did she choose to give her life for those people?

'You've done well. And you will do even better in the future. I trust you, Beniarg Argento.'

He'd said he believed in her. And Beniarg wanted to live up to that belief.

She wanted to prove that his trust was not misplaced. If they were to be reunited someday, she wanted to be able to open her heart and confidently ask.

'I wasn't too bad, was I?'

"Haha."

Beniarg raised her head.

She couldn't feel anything but pain, but for some reason, her heart was relieved. She could finally understand her dead father.

That person who was still able to laugh before his death.

'You've changed me. Great Mage.'

Thanking her, patting her head with pride, and comforting her with all his heart.

That was why she could stand here.

[You can be proud, Half-Dragon. You are more persistent than any Dragon I've ever faced. But you should already know, don't you? Dragontongue is something that even real Dragons cannot take lightly.]

Agni looked at Beniang's body.

[Your fragile body has already surpassed its limit. However... your vitality is surprising. If you were a pureblooded Dragon, I'm certain you would have died by now. Because they have a faint obsession towards life. How interesting. You can survive so long because of your inferior human blood.]

She'd crossed the limit.

Agni's words made Beniang laugh.

"Do you think I don't know that?"

It was her body. Naturally, she knew her condition best.

It didn't matter though.

She could still hold on. She could still laugh.

“Being a Half-Dragon is only part of my identity.”

[...]

“My name is Beniang Argento. Circle Master of the Trowman Rings and the Great Mage Lukas Trowman's...”

Beniang paused at the end of her words.

Could she call herself that?

Perhaps she was just being greedy.

However.... Right. Since these were her last moments anyway, she was allowed to be this greedy.

“I am his disciple.”

She laughed lightly.

“That’s what I’m proud of.”

[...]

It was impossible to talk to her. This woman would tie him down till the end.

Agni was certain of this.

He couldn’t delay any further.

Agni lifted his arms. His giant arms of fire caused a hot breeze to blow across the desert.

Seeing this scene, Benieng spoke.

The last Dragontongue word she’d say in her life.

<Stop.>

Agni’s body stopped at the command.

For the first time, he simply looked at Beniag without impatience.

Was she trying to stall until the end?

It was a futile struggle.

One second.

Two seconds

...Then three seconds.

Urk.

Blood flowed from Beniag's eyes, nose, and mouth at the same time. It didn't take long for her face to be covered in blood.

There was no need for him to use his own hands.

Agni lowered his arms.

[Your heart just exploded. Even if you drink an elixir right now, you wouldn't be able to recover. Right. You managed to earn three seconds with your death. Are you satisfied?]

His indifferent words continued.

[It was only three seconds. It changes nothing. Right. I'll admit that I can't kill them right now, but how long will they be able to survive? I swear on my name. No matter where on the continent it is, as soon as I receive any clues about them... they will receive the death that you postponed.]

Agni laughed.

[Your death is just a dog's death.]

A dog's death.

That wasn't true.

Beniang wanted to say that, but her lips didn't move.

Her body slowly collapsed. Even the pain felt faint. Instead, a feeling of coldness seemed to replace it.

It was a severe cold that she had never experienced before, and her body shuddered uncontrollably.

'...it's too bad.'



She couldn't help but think this.

She'd finally gained the confidence to lead the circle better. She'd even started liking herself, who she hated more than anything. She felt she'd finally managed to achieve something.

That's why she couldn't help but feel that it was a pity.

Then she realised.

Death was always filled with regrets.

'...I hate it.'

She didn't want to die.

Tuk.

She collapsed, but it wasn't onto the sandy ground.

It was soft.

As though someone had caught her broken body.

'Ah...'

She felt warmth.

Beniang thought she was hallucinating.

Since it was the thing she wanted the most right before she died, her brain allowed her to experience it.

But it didn't matter.

Even if it was just a hallucination, she was happy that she could see his face right before she closed her eyes for the last time.

It was too bad.

She really didn't want to die.

\* \* \*

Beniang closed her eyes.

Frey looked down at her.

He'd taught many people. However, he'd never accepted many disciples.

There were many times when people claimed to be his disciples, but Frey... had never thought of them as his disciples.

What he wanted from a disciple wasn't the best talent or an excellent brain. Instead, he wanted someone who understood his teaching and empathised with his thoughts and beliefs.

In other words, someone who had the potential to be a better person.

...Beniang Argento was Frey's-

No. She was Lukas Trowman's first disciple.

Frey had realised this fact too late.

Deep sadness filled his heart.

And as soon as he gently put down her body and stood up, this sadness became intense anger.

“Because she only managed to obtain three seconds, you called it a dog’s death. Then your death will be even less than a dog’s death.”

[...!]

Agni stepped back.

Emotions that he didn’t realise he could feel swept through him like a storm.

It was a very unfamiliar feeling. And it was a feeling that he never expected an Apocalypse to feel.

“Because you won’t even be able to get three seconds from me.”

Agni felt fear.

**Season 1 Chapter 187: Turbulence (1)**

Agni’s reaction was excellent.

At the least, it was much better than Norn’s and Sunsir’s who died before him.

Of course, the most important factor to this reaction was the fact that his perception towards mortals had already been changed by the previous fight.

He had acknowledged the fact that they were threats to Demigods.

A pillar of fire erupted from Agni and surged towards Frey, engulfing his body in an instant. But Agni knew that his fire wouldn't even leave a scorch mark.

A spear of lightning broke through the pillar of fire and reached Agni in an instant.

[Kuk!]

Agni twisted his body immediately.

No, he'd reacted even before he saw it.

Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to completely avoid the attack. The bolt of lightning bit Agni's shoulder like a hungry beast.

Rather than the terrible pain, Agni was more surprised by the attack that was faster than a thought.

In his Fire God form, Agni was able to move his body almost immediately in response to his thoughts.

Had it not been for Beniang's Dragontongue, Ivan's attack would never have been able to touch him.

Yet, it was this same Agni who couldn't even react in time now. In fact, he had only managed to avoid the attack by luck.

Flash.

Agni's eyes, which had dimmed considerably, suddenly flashed white.

He no longer dared to hold back any of his powers. More importantly, his current situation was anything but good. He had used too much divine power in the last battle.

White flames poured out of Agni's mouth.

Heart of the Sun.

The flames that would never go out finally appeared in the Amakan Desert. The power of these flames far surpassed any he had used up to that point.

Paht.

But it was these flames that also disappeared as soon as he released them.

White light from Frey's hand had pierced into the heart of the sun. And the heart of the sun, which had just swelled, popped with a ringing sound.

Agni stared at this sight with a blank gaze.

His mind had gone blank for a moment. His brain was unable to process what had just happened.

In the meantime, Frey appeared before Agni.

Agni flinched.

'What the hell?'

Wasn't this man a Wizard?

He had no reason to come so close....

No. This could be his only chance.

Agni tried to use the Heart of the Sun again. At this distance, it would be unavoidable.

But before he could do that, Frey flicked Agni's face with his finger.

Pop!

And with that simple move, Agni's head exploded.

At the same time, the little divine power he had left flowed away like an ebbing tide.

He'd lost.

Agni had this thought as he collapsed to his knees. His head, which had been destroyed, slowly regenerated, but Frey didn't stop him. He also knew.

It was only Agni's shell that had regenerated. Agni had already lost most of his divine power, and the remnants would soon disappear.

[...are you really human?]

Agni spoke in a soft voice.

His will to fight had completely disappeared.

Frey had killed quite a few Demigods, but he was the first to respond in such a way.



...No. He wasn't the first.

There was Riki.

[I can't believe it... even though I can see it for myself.]

A simple finger flick without any skill had managed to reach his core.

Was it because he didn't have any more divine power and he was already weakened from the previous battle?

He felt like it would have been different. However, he didn't think he would've been able to win even if he was in his peak condition.

As Agni accepted this fact, the last of his power dissipated.

His spark of life went out.

Agni's body fluttered as though he would disappear at any moment. He looked down at Beniang.

'Truly... worse than a dog's death.'

Beniang sacrificed her life to save dozens of people. If it wasn't for her, they would have all been annihilated before Frey arrived.

On the other hand, his death was meaningless.

Agni closed his eyes.

At that moment, he recalled Leyrin's face.

He shook his head. He wouldn't regret it.

It was the decision he'd reached before he came to this place. He decided to accept everything Lord had done.

'I'm not like Riki.'

That was why he was worried. He felt regret.

Right. It was probably what he should have done before he died. His role should have been to pass on 'the word'.

Agni should have told Lord.

'Lord, you're acting strange now.'

He wasn't sure how Lord would have taken it. However, he felt that it was necessary to say it.

The current Lord was very strange. He was different from before. And he wasn't sure how that would affect the Demigods.

However, when he thought about it, he was overcome with anxiety for some reason. That was probably the reason why he had subconsciously stopped himself from thinking too deeply.

...If Agni were to die, then the presence capable of restraining Lord would be gone as well. Because Ananta and Nozdog would obey Lord's will without question.

And the words of the mortals would never get through to Lord.

'It wouldn't matter unless a Demigod said it.'

Of course, he couldn't imagine how Lord would react to it. Riki's face then appeared in his mind.

'Did you realise this, Riki?'

Agni shook his head at this question that suddenly appeared.

Then, the last flame burning in the desert went out.

\* \* \*

Lord paused. Then he turned around and said.

[Agni is dead.]

[...What did you say?]

Nozdog asked in a surprised voice.

Ananta frowned fiercely.

“That fool! I told him to deal with his Apostle...!”

[It had nothing to do with his Apostle. Agni was directly defeated by the humans.]

Ananta’s mouth fell open.

He shook his head fiercely as if he couldn’t believe it.

“That’s... ridiculous. Agni is like us, a being not even the Ancients could kill.”

Among the Dragons, the particularly powerful beings were called Ancients.

The Demigods, classified as Apocalypses by humans, were all beings who could dominate the Ancients.

Agni was in no way inferior to Ananta or Nozdog. But Lord had no reason to lie to them.

Ananta forcibly suppressed his rising anger and said.

“Is that human still in the Amakan Desert?”

[Yes.]

“Then I will go and kill him myself.”

Lord shook his head at Ananta, who was about to use space-time movement right away.

[Stop.]

“Why?”

[You cannot defeat that human.]

“...kuh.”

He felt humiliated, but he couldn't refute it. If the human was truly powerful enough to defeat Agni, then the outcome would not change even if he went.

Ananta turned to look at Nozdog.

“Then I will go with Nozdog.”

[You still wouldn't win.]

“What do you mean?”

[...]

Although Ananta asked this, Lord didn't respond.

Crunch.

Ananta, who gritted his teeth roughly, shouted out as if he was possessed.

“Then...! Lord! You can go with me! Since he’s dangerous enough to kill Agni! We should cut this bud as soon as possible!”

[I agree with that. But still, no.]

“Why not?”

[Because we wouldn’t win even if I go.]

“...!!”

[What... did you say...?]

Even Nozdog, who was doing a good job of controlling his emotions at that moment, couldn’t help but react in shock.

He was several times more surprised than he had been when he learned of Agni’s demise.

“Wh-, what do you mean? Lord, are you saying that you couldn’t kill that human with your power? There’s no way that a human is-”

[If I was to give an approximation of my chances of winning, then it would be 60%, but, right, I also won't deny the fact that if anything went wrong, I would lose.]

[That... what the hell...]

They were speechless.

They had never thought that there could be something on the continent that Lord couldn't defeat.

Lord gently gestured to his people.

[I watched that man fight. He's no longer a Wizard.... No. He's no longer a human being. He has obtained the power of the source.]

"The power of the source?"

[The power of origin which has endless possibilities.]

Such a power existed?

It was their first time hearing it.

Ananta narrowed his eyes.



Lord seemed to know about it. So why had he never mentioned it before?

On the other hand, Nozdog was furious at the fact that a human had obtained a power that even Demigods didn't know existed.

[A being who appears once every tens of thousands of years has appeared among the humans.]

[...if that's true, then how the hell would we deal with a human like that...]

[There's no need to worry, my comrade.]

"...do you have a plan?"

[That's right. If I get my hands on what I want, then it won't matter even if that human has the power of origin. We don't have time to waste, so let's set off immediately. Please lend me your strength.]

[Set off? Where are we going?]

Lord swung his arm, tearing the space in front of them.

The view was a silent answer to Nozdog's question.

It was a place where screams could be heard nonstop. A place with purple earth, a sun that burned black, and where countless rivers of blood flowed.

It was a land where the aura of death could be felt more strongly than anywhere on the continent.

It was Hell. Another name for the Demon World that was usually used by the Demons.

\* \* \*

“I wonder how long it’s been since we last saw each other.”

Beelzebub, the King of Gluttony, spoke with a voice that sounded like numerous flies buzzing.

It was truly an amazing occasion. The six Lords of the Demon World had all gathered together.

Naturally, some of them were hostile to each other. For example, Lilith and Asura.

Nevertheless, the reason why they didn’t show their hostility to each other was because of the man sitting in the middle and giving off a terrifying aura.

The only person in the world who had the authority to gather all the Demon Lords in one place.

“If you called me here for something useless, I won’t let it go, Lucifer!”

Barbatos spoke with a harsh tone while staring at Lucifer with a burning gaze.

“Huhu. There’s no way the ruler of the Corrupted Hell would call us out for nonsense.”

Lilith responded in a seductive tone.

Then Lucifer, who had been silently observing everyone, finally spoke.

“Prepare for war, Lords of Hell.”

“...”

Silence filled the room.

The first one to open their mouth was Zepar. He spoke directly without concealing his displeasure.

“You’re not declaring war on us. So what do you mean?”

“The Demigods will come to this world.”

“The Demigods? Ha. You’ve completely lost your mind.”

Barbatos mocked him openly.

Zepar, on the other hand, spoke in a rational tone.

“The Demon World holds no value for them. I’m certain that Lord knows what we’re capable of. I don’t think they’d willing accept such heavy losses.”

“Are you saying that conquering the continent isn’t enough for them? Hmm. Very well. I always wondered what the Demigods tasted like.”

The hall instantly became filled with noise. The Lords of the Demon World were all belligerent.

Even the calmest among them, Lilith, had a vicious smile on her face because she disliked the Demigods.

Lucifer looked around and nodded inwardly.

‘It’s as I expected...’

His gaze then turned to the only being who had sat in his seat without saying a single word so far.

Whether he felt Lucifer's gaze or if he had finally had enough, this being finally broke the silence.

"You fucking retards."

"..."

The heated atmosphere subsided as though cold water had been poured onto it.

It was Asura who had frozen the group with his cold voice.

### **Season 1 Chapter 188: Turbulence (2)**

One of Asura's heads turned to look at Barbatos.

"Barbatos, you idiot. Use your brain. Is that thing on your shoulders empty?"

"What did you say? You son of a bitch...!"

Barbatos released a red puff of air as his demonic energy surged.

But Asura simply smiled without feeling intimidated at all.

“Did you find the ones who dug up your Despair Hell?”

“I haven’t found them yet. But why are you suddenly talking about those bastards...”

Barbatos’ voice suddenly faded.

He might have had a fiery and brash temper like a volcano, but he wasn’t stupid.

This was natural.

After all, he would never have been able to become a powerful Demon Lord if he was just strong. He was an old monster who had experienced countless hardships.

His expression flickered.

His fiery gaze turned to Lucifer, seemingly forgetting Asura’s insulting remarks.

“Was it you, Lucifer?”

“Hmph...”

Asura snorted.

Barbatos was also partially at fault in this matter. This was because he didn't care too much about what happened in his territory.

Thanks to his negligence, the Despair Hell was the land most suitable for the word 'hell' out of all the territories in the Demon World.

That was the reason why he had been unable to notice Lucifer and Iris' actions in the Despair Hell.

Instead, it was Asura, a third party, who had realised it first.

Lucifer didn't answer.

Just as Barbatos grit his teeth heavily and was about to speak.

Asura beat him to it.

"Lord Lucifer, you have the greatest power, influence, and territory in the entire Demon World."

His words caused the expressions of the Demon Lords sitting in the room to become strange. Even Barbatos, who was about to explode just a moment ago, was the same.

They all knew how arrogant and proud the ruler of the Slaughter Hell was.

Of course, Lucifer was the only one in the Demon World whom Asura actually recognized, but he would never admit such a thing so openly.

After all, Asura was also one of the Archdukes of Hell. His position was equal to Lucifer's, and he was aware of that.

"However, it cannot be said that you are the ruler of the Demon World. You are just the Demon Lord with the most influence."

"I know that."

Lucifer nodded as if it was obvious, and Asura laughed.

"You know? Then why are you acting like that?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"...you're making even the handful of respect I had for you disappear, Lord Lucifer. I wonder if you're going to disappoint me further."

Asura's voice became colder as he said this.



As the other Demon Lords pondered over their conversation, Beelzebub couldn't help but speak out, his eyes turning.

"Asura, are you saying Lucifer is involved in the Demigods' invasion?"

"He's not just involved. Lucifer is basically the one who gave them a reason to invade the Demon World."

"What are you talking about?"

Barbatos' burning gaze then settled on Lucifer once again.

"Is that true?"

"Right."

Lucifer nodded without denying it.

Instead, it was the other Demon Lords who were lost for words at his blatant admittance.

Lucifer looked around.

"What?"

“It’s true that the Demigods came to the Demon World due to my actions. But it was something that would have happened eventually. I just pushed it forward a bit.”

“Do you expect us to believe that?”

“Believe it or not, that’s up to you. But I want to ask you a question. Let’s assume the Demigods invaded the Demon World not now but in the future. What if they asked to negotiate and talk, saying that they had no intention of fighting? Would you accept it?”

“No.”

Asura spoke firmly.

“As long as any Demigod takes a single step into this world, they will die by my hand.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

At Lucifer’s words, Asura’s faces twisted into expressions that truly showed his demonic bearing.

“I refuse to be a pawn on someone else’s chessboard.”

With those words, Asura’s aura changed.

Churk.

His six weapons shook as he rose from his seat.

The expressions of the other Demon Lords changed. This was because this was the first time Asura had ever spoken to Lucifer in such a way.

“One thing is clear. The thing that I find the most annoying right now isn’t the Demigods but you. So pick up your weapon, Lucifer.”

Asura was serious.

It was possible that his chances of winning were less than half. But he didn’t care.

He was a War Demon. He had survived countless battles with even worse odds.

This bloody fight would be no different.

“...”

Lucifer also stood up from his seat with a firm expression, maybe because he sensed the determination in Asura’s voice.

The other Demon Lords didn't seem to have any intentions of stopping them. Rather, it seemed as though they were eagerly anticipating the fight.

If these two Demon Lords were to be weakened because of this fight, they could use the opportunity to increase their own influence.

After all, Demons were greedy beings.

Knowing that, Lucifer's next actions were all the more surprising.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Asura's lips twitched. He was looking at Lucifer with disbelief.

The oldest Archduke, Ruler of the Corrupted Hell. He was looking at the being, who was arguably the strongest in the Demon World, now bowing to him.

"If it was unpleasant, I apologise. I'm sorry."

"I asked what you're doing."

“...I have no intentions of fighting you, Asura. Lord has brought the greatest strength at his disposal to the Demon World. This means that if even a single one of the Demon Lords is lost, we wouldn't be able to beat them.”

“...”

Asura's suspicions subsided. Lucifer's apology was sincere.

His aura, which had begun billowing, calmed once again.

Retaking his seat, he was silent for a moment before saying.

“A giant Dragon is buried in the Despair Hell. That's what the Demigods are after.”

“That's right. The Dragon Lord's body. That's their goal.”

Zepar frowned.

“...Dragon Lord? Was there such a thing?”

“It's an ancient being that you don't know about. 5,000 years ago, he lost a fight against Lord and was sealed in the Demon World.”

“Why the Demon World? Aren’t Dragons from the continent?”

“More than that. The Dragon Lord is connected to the continent. If the Dragon Lord dies, it would cause an unstoppable catastrophe, and the continent would eventually become a land of death. Lord intentionally sealed the Dragon Lord in the Demon World in order to sever that connection.”

“...so he wanted to use the miasma in the Demon World to confuse the connection. Using an absurd amount of time to achieve the goal. Ignorant but effective.”

Lilith muttered, frowning.

“But why do they want to obtain the Dragon Lord’s body now?”

Lucifer didn’t answer. It seemed that he didn’t intend to say anything further.

Zepar furrowed his eyebrows, his discontent clear.

He didn’t like the fact that Lucifer was obviously keeping secrets.

As if he noticed this, Lucifer opened his mouth again.

“If we win this fight, I will step down from my position as Archduke.”

“Wh-, what did you say?”

“...are you serious?”

All the Demon Lords looked at him in disbelief. But Lucifer continued with an unwavering voice.

“I swear on my name here and now. After the battle ends, I will withdraw my title as Lord of the Corrupted Hell, and my territory will be divided equally among the five Demon Lords gathered here.”

Most of the Demon Lords were pleased by the unexpected declaration.

Beelzebub tilted his head to the side.

“I don’t need it.”

And Asura refused without needing to think about it.

Instead, he trained his sharp gaze upon Lucifer.

“However... okay. I will put off our fight for now. I’m not sure what deal you made with Iris Phisfounder, but I’ll get rid of the Demigods first and worry about that after.”

“That’s all I ask.”

Asura looked at the nodding Lucifer and couldn't help but recall his last conversation with Iris.

When he told her to not touch his area, she had agreed that she wouldn't.

'You really didn't mess around in my territory.'

Instead of the Slaughter Hell, Iris had shaken the entire Demon World. (TL: THE END!... I wish...)

\* \* \*

Degul-

A brilliant red bead lay on the ground, burning brightly as if it contained lava.

Frey glanced down at the bead.

It was a Demigod crystal. And the fact that he could see it meant that Agni had truly been destroyed.

Frey looked away from the bead and went towards Beniang. Her body was still warm.

However... it was just warm.



The fact that Beniang was already dead could not be changed.

Frey was once again filled with intense sorrow.

'...if I had been a little faster.'

Just as he was about to reach out to Beniang's body, Frey stopped.

"..."

Instead, he pulled back his hand and turned around.

Chwak.

As soon as he looked back, a huge crack in space appeared. It was as though a gigantic creature was opening its mouth.

From the dark space, two familiar faces appeared.

Iris and Dro, who had suddenly disappeared.

Iris looked at Agni's crystal on the floor and said.

"You defeated Agni."

"..."

Frey didn't respond.

He couldn't help but feel a bit cold at Iris who had only appeared now. He couldn't help but think that if Iris or Dro had participated in the battle... Beniang wouldn't have died.

But he shook his head.

He was just venting his anger. These two were not Frey's allies.

Suddenly, Dro, who had been looking down at Beniang's body since they arrived, finally spoke.

"Is she a Dragon?"

"Half-Dragon."

"...I see."

Dro nodded before carefully walking up to Beniang's body.

Perhaps it was because he had never shown any true emotions before. But the solemn and sorrowful expression he was showing now felt extremely powerful.

"If it's not a problem, would you leave her funeral to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to return her body to nature."

Naturalisation.

It was a word that could only signify the death of a Dragon.

But Frey shook his head without needing to think too deeply.

"No. You don't have to. I will take care of Beniang's body."

Beniang's awareness towards her Dragon side was very faint. This was natural as she'd never gotten the chance to see her parents.

Frey considered Beniang a human. And her family was not the Dragons but the Trowman Rings.

Frey felt that he was obligated to show them her body.

Dro stepped back without pressing any further. However, he couldn't help but look at Beniang's body in disappointment.

Woowoong-

Frey put Beniang's body in his subspace. (TL: not sure if the author is talking about his bag here or not, since they only use 'subspace' instead of 'subspace bag')

He didn't want her body to be damaged any more than it already was.

Then he looked at the purple haired woman in front of him.

"Iris."

"Yeah."

"...I want to talk to you."

“You already are.”

“That’s not what I mean. I want to hear what you’ve been doing and thinking for the past 4,000 years.”

Iris tilted her head.

“Why do you want to know that?”

“Maybe if I understood...”

“You’d forgive me?”

Iris had a soft smile on her lips and spoke in a gentle tone.

She looked perfectly calm. But Frey could tell.

Iris was getting angry.

“I don’t believe that, Frey.”

Though she spoke softly, it felt like she was shouting.

“But you’re right. Sooner or later, you will know everything. I don’t know what kind of judgement you’ll make after that. However... the point is that now is not the right time.”

Iris licked her lips slightly.

“...I said more than I intended. You can talk to him, then.”

Iris smiled gracefully until she disappeared in space.

Frey sighed and turned around.

‘Are you running away?’

She didn’t show it, but he knew. Knew that his words had shaken Iris.

But that was all Frey could know. He had no way of knowing more than that.

What exactly it was that he’d said that shook her. Or what she was thinking at that moment.

Iris had spent a long time beside Lord.

She must have witnessed the deaths of hundreds of thousands or even millions of mortals.

No, it was possible that she even helped.

'That's not true.'

Frey felt that he knew why she didn't want to tell him at that moment.

Iris didn't want Frey's sympathy or comfort.

Then Dro spoke.

"Were the two of you lovers?"

"...no."

Frey shook his head a little while looking at him, seemingly embarrassed. (TL: 4k gv...)

"Then?"

"She's an old friend."

“...”

When he heard that, Dro seemed to think about something.

Frey picked up Agni's crystal from the ground and said.

“What did you do while you were with Iris?”

“I was told. About who I am and what I am meant to do.”

“Aren't you the Dragon Lord?”

“It doesn't seem like it.”

“...”

Frey hesitated for a moment before saying.

“Iris is Lord's Apostle. Do you believe all of her words?”

“Hmm. You're wrong about one thing.”



“What?”

Drew continued in his indifferent voice.

“Iris Phisfounder isn’t Lord’s Apostle.”

**Season 1 Chapter 189: Turbulence (3)**

“What do you...”

Frey couldn’t but mutter in a perplexed voice.

Dro looked at Frey with his uniquely emotionless eyes and said.

“Your relationship isn’t the kind of thing that other people want to interfere with.”

“You seem to know something about Iris.”

Those words seemed to make Dro sigh heavily.

“As I said, I have no intention of interfering. It would take too much effort. Forget I said anything.”

“This isn’t something that you can just drop like that. Especially to me. Tell me, what is she planning?”

“...”

Dro kept his mouth shut as though he had no intention of answering.

Frey clenched his fist.

The other wasn't someone who would respond to threats. There was no way he'd be able to hear it unless he wanted to tell him.

In the end, it was Frey who was forced to compromise.

“...please tell me. Are you sure Iris is not his Apostle?”

“Right.”

“...”

“Most of the Demigods, including Lord, went to the Demon World.”

He changed the subject. Quite blatantly in fact.

Frey had wanted to maybe coerce him into saying more, but the words that Dro said were too important to ignore.

“Is it to retrieve the Dragon Lord?”

“Right.”

“What is Lord’s goal? I can’t guess what he’d do after he retrieves it.”

“I wasn’t told about that.”

All of his questions couldn’t be answered.

That was what Dro said.

‘Is Iris manipulating the scene?’

When they were teammates, he would have been reassured by this fact, but that was no longer the case.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

Dro thought about something for a moment before saying.

“Iris said that this is an opportunity.”

“Opportunity?”

“Right. Regardless of the reason, the six Demon Lords are in no way inferior to the Demigods.”

He recalled the fate of the Demigod he’d sent to Hell to face Asura.

“It’s certainly a good opportunity.”

From this perspective, it was a good chance to blow his nose without even touching it. This way, the Demons, a third force, would join the fight against the Demigods.

No matter which side won, he wouldn’t suffer any losses. It would be better if the Demons won, but even if they lost, the Demigods would surely suffer significant damage.

Frey was aware of the fact that his power currently transcended most Demigods’. Even though he had already been weakened, he still killed Agni without much trouble.

He didn’t think he would lose to anyone other than Lord. This went for Nozdog and Ananta as well.

But he still couldn’t guarantee his victory.

His explosive growth in strength was also part of the problem.

The Demigods had been in the position of strength for a very long time. Regardless of who their opponents were, they were usually able to press forward with overwhelming force, their formidable powers allowing them to recklessly advance.

That's why they didn't progress. Since they didn't learn any new skills, they didn't go any further.

But now, it was different.

The crisis they were currently facing was the first one of such magnitude that they had encountered in their thousands of years of life. They would also learn about Frey's strength.

As long as they weren't foolish, this would certainly raise an alarm.

Living things usually made the most radical and startling evolutions when their very existence was threatened.

This was the one thing Frey was worried about.

'How would the Demigods, who were finally feeling a sense of crisis, react?'

Just by thinking about Riki, it was easy to see how terrifying Demigods could become if they were to recognise their flaws and move forward.

Of course, it was impossible for them to become as strong as Riki in a short time, but just the change in mindset would be enough to affect the battle significantly.

For example, if most of the remaining Demigods decided to band together and attack Frey, no matter how talented he was, he was bound to suffer at their hands.

More importantly, the Demigods still had Lord. Unless he was killed, this long and tiring war would never end.

“Since they went to the Demon World, this is our chance to reduce their power.”

Frey muttered as he thought about the two remaining Apocalypses, Nozdog and Ananta.

They could be considered as Lord’s right and left arm now.

“We have to get rid of their Apostles.”

“That’s right. If we could kill both Nozdog and Ananta’s Apostles, the power Lord could make use of against the Demons would drop by at least half.”

It was only then that Frey realised the opportunity might have been even greater than he expected.

If the Demigods' strength dropped significantly, it would naturally increase the Demons' chances of winning.

'No matter how strong Lord is, he can't defeat the six Demon Lords without Ananta and Nozdog.'

Perhaps the Demigods would disappear so easily that they wouldn't be able to resist.

After thinking this, Frey turned to Dro.

"Do you know how many Demigods are left in Silkid?"

"There aren't any. They all ran away."

Retreat.

It was a word that had never been used by the Demigods.

"Then there is nothing more to do here."

"Several cities have been destroyed. The rest have either descended into chaos and ruin or are on the verge of it. Silkid has already lost the qualifications to even be called a country."

“It’s up to Silkid to settle this. As long as they are Warriors, they will not want outsiders interfering too deeply in this.”

“...”

Dro tilted his head. It seemed that he couldn’t understand the Warriors’ way of thinking.

Of course, Frey had no intention of kindly explaining.

“How much time do we have?”

“You can relax right now. No matter how strong Lord and the Demigods are, they won’t be able to defeat the Demons in a day or two.”

Frey understood. It was possible that the invasion would take a long time.

He couldn’t be certain, but he believed he at least had a month. Of course, that didn’t mean he could relax.

\* \* \*

Most of the punitive force had been exterminated. And Benieng was included in the deceased.



But Frey knew that not everyone was dead.

'Dragontongue.'

Beniang had used her power to protect some of them.

Where did she teleport them?

The traces were very faint. It seemed she'd used her Dragontongue again to erase them.

'To do so much with only a half's heart...'

Frey shook his head to remove the rising bitterness.

Then he focused on the traces left by the Dragontongue.

Dragontongue was certainly extremely powerful. It took him half a day just to find the right trail.

Shuk.

"..."

The place he arrived in was very familiar to Frey.

It was the Trowman Rings' hideout.

Before she died, Benieng sent them to the safest place she knew. It was a wise decision.

There was a magic barrier erected here. Even if Frey hadn't turned up, Agni would not have been able to track them down.

He looked around.

He could see the survivors that Benieng had sent away. There weren't even 20 of them.

"...Frey?"

Someone called his name in a broken voice.

It was Nora.

Frey's expression upon turning to her was still. Because he noticed her missing arm.

“Your arm...”

“More than that. Beniang... what about Beniang?”

She didn't have any energy, but she still asked in an urgent voice.

Frey shook his head without saying a word.

“I... see.”

Nora collapsed on the spot as though the little energy that was keeping her going had dissipated. Sorrow seemed to pour out of her.

“...she sacrificed herself because of me.”

“You don't need to blame yourself. I was the one who was late.”

That wasn't any comfort.

Nora smiled bitterly and asked.

“What about Agni?”

“I killed him.”

“...”

Nora froze for a moment, staring at Frey.

She had been too sad to realise it before, but she noticed that there was something different about Frey.

‘Why can’t I feel his mana?’

This was something that was impossible even for a 9 star Wizard.

Besides, he said he had killed Agni. But even though he was weakened, that shouldn’t have been an easy task.

Then she finally noticed Dro, who was standing beside Frey.

“Who is that?”

“That’s a bit of a long story. I will tell you later.”

Frey turned to Tuarik and the surviving Silkid Warriors. Tuarik felt his gaze and walked over.

“Silkid’s Great Chief, Tuarik.”

“Frey Blake.”

“...I’m not sure if I overheard correctly... did you really say you defeated Agni?”

When Frey nodded, Tuarik was lost for words for a moment.

“Could he be lying?”

“No... that shouldn’t be. But how?”

“He was very weak.”

“...”

At those words, Tuarik had similar thoughts to Nora, but Frey did not give him the chance to ask.

“You plan to head back to Silkid, right?”

“That’s right.”

“Tahadun is gone, so I’ll take you back to Al-Tarha. Is that okay?”

“Thank you for that...”

Tuarik nodded.

Paht.

Then, in the next instant, he and the other Warriors were standing in Al-Tarha.

“Wh-, what just...”

“Was that a Warp?”

“Mm...!”

It took the Warriors a few moments before they realised that they had returned to Silkid. However, most of them stared at Frey with incredulous expressions upon realising this.

Although they were Warriors, they still knew a bit about magic.

'To use Warp on his own and so easily despite carrying so many people...'

'He didn't even chant or say anything.'

'Is that even possible?'

Frey ignored their glances and said.

"There are no more Demigods in Silkid. However, the damage they dealt cannot be repaired in a short time. Of course, more serious problems remain."

"..."

"You won't be able to easily fix the emotional damage."

He was talking about those who had chosen to follow the Demigod. It was possible that there could be a civil war.

To put it bluntly, the real disaster for Silkid was only just beginning.

Tuarik also knew this, so he nodded with a firm expression.

“...that is also our responsibility to deal with. In any case, thank you. You are all Silkid’s benefactors.”

Frey didn’t respond.

The damage was far too great for him to accept any praise.

He returned to the Trowman Rings’ hideout.

Now that all the Warriors from Silkid were gone, the atmosphere felt thicker.

Nora, Isaka, and Nix could be seen in a clearing, their expressions gloomy.

“The rest?”

“Snow is locked in a room, and Ivan went into the forest.”

Nora was the one who answered with a bitter expression.

“I gave them a rough rundown of the situation. Would you like to meet them?”

Frey nodded before turning around.



He looked at Nix.

“I’m glad you’re safe.”

“...yeah.”

She looked restless, like a child who had been caught doing something wrong.

**Season 1 Chapter 190: Turbulence (4)**

Frey spoke in a firm tone.

“It wasn’t a wise idea to try and take your own life.”

“I-, I’m sorry.”

Nix’s face became red, and she lowered her head.

Frey sighed. There was a lot he wanted to say to her.

“We’ll talk about it later.”

First, he had to meet Snow and Ivan.

The first one he headed to was Snow. The room that Nora was referring to before was Snow's room in his house.

Standing in front of the door, he felt the presence of someone inside. He knocked, but he received no answer.

Did she want to be alone?

Normally, he'd give her some space, but...

Click.

Frey opened the door and walked in.

Snow was sitting on the bed.

The only thing out of place was the fact that she was wearing her mask indoors.

Maybe she had been crying by herself.

Frey sat beside her.

“What were you doing?”

“...thinking about what happened.”

“Stop blaming yourself.”

Snow twitched slightly at Frey’s words, and she turned her masked face to look at him.

After staring at him for a moment, she spoke angrily.

“I wish I could. Huhu. I’ve never felt this way before. I feel like I’m going to go crazy because I’m pathetic and useless.”

“...”

“...I heard that you defeated Agni. Tell me honestly, Frey. Would this Queen have been any help in your fight?”

“No.”

Frey answered honestly.

Her sword skills were certainly amazing. She had reached the highest level of mastery, and on the entire continent, those who were as skilled as her when it came to swords would not exceed ten.

However, that was not enough to hurt Agni.

'She must have encountered a wall.'

Snow did not have any experience fighting Demigods.

This event could be called misfortunate. If she had encountered and defeated a weak Demigod, she would not have fallen into such despair. Instead, she would have experienced a period of explosive growth due to the positive stimulation.

Unfortunately, her first opponent was an Apocalypse.

"...the way I am now, I won't be any help in the coming fights."

Her voice was still weak.

"You're right. If you want to quit now, I won't stop you. As you said, the current you would not be of much help."

Snow smiled helplessly at Frey's cold words.

“Huhu. What a cruel man. Seeing you talk in such a way without caring about a woman’s feelings reminds me of Riki. Right. Like you said, leaving...”

Frey left the room without listening to her response.

Snow shuddered at his cold attitude.

Then she wrapped her arms around herself and muttered.

“...looking for someone else’s comfort. You’ve really fallen this time, Snow De Predickwood.”

Then the door opened again.

It was Frey. The difference this time was that he’d returned with something in his hands.

It was a sword.

“That’s...?”

“This belonged to my friend. I will now give it to you.”

She didn't know what material it was made of. She didn't even know who made it.

But Snow was certain that it was an amazing sword. She could tell with a single glance.

This black sword was the best sword Snow had ever seen.

"...originally, that person would not have given someone else his sword. But Snow, I don't want you to give up like this. Because you are the woman whom Riki chose to be his disciple."

"..."

"As I said before, as you are now, you would not be of any help. So become strong. Become a Knight worthy of wielding this sword."

Snow received the sword with a bewitched gaze. She had become completely enamored with the sword, forgetting her previous depression.

Frey then put something on the table.

It was a bead that seemed to contain lava.

When Frey swept his hand over this bead, it then split in half. Frey took half and left the other half on the table.

“This is Agni’s crystal. I’ll give you half of it. Of course, that doesn’t mean it’ll be easy to absorb.”

“...”

“This is all I can do. Whether you choose to use the sword or the crystal is all up to you.”

When Frey turned around after saying those words, Snow hurriedly stopped him.

“Wa-, wait. There’s still something I want to ask.”

“What is it?”

“This sword... what’s the name of this sword?”

Frey was silent for a moment before responding.

“Deukid.”

“...!!!”

Snow trembled.

Frey left the room after saying those words, but she continued staring intently at the sword without even realising it.

She knew that name. There was no way she wouldn't know that name. There wasn't any Knight, no, any swordsman on the continent who didn't know that name.

Sword King Lucid.

The name of the sword that had accompanied him throughout his lifetime was Deukid.

Snow then muttered with a strange expression.

"Belonged to his friend...?"

\* \* \*

A loud sound shook the forest.

It sounded like something had exploded or like the footsteps of an incomparably large being.

Crack!



This sound grew louder and louder as he moved forward. And before long, Frey was able to find the culprit behind the noise.

Ivan was slamming his bare fists against the ground. He wasn't even using mana.

It was unclear whether he wasn't feeling the pain or if he just didn't care, but his fists were already red with blood. This was basically no different from self-harm.

Ivan grit his teeth.

He was ashamed. No, he was so disgusted in himself that he felt he was going to lose his mind.

Every time he closed his eyes, he couldn't help but think about Nora, who had lost her arm. And then Beni-ang's image would appear.

Beni-ang, a woman, had given her life to save his. It was an undeniable truth.

She had saved him. He owed her his life.

"Dammit! Shit!"

He swung his fists even faster. Every time they connected to the ground, it shook.

Soon after, Ivan collapsed, exhausted. He didn't even have the energy to lift a finger.

He just lay on his back, staring at the sunset. And after a while, tears began flowing from his eyes.

It wasn't funny.

Ivan was certain that he'd never had such a pathetic moment in his not-so-short life.

....

....

Ivan was finally able to pull himself together after the sky became dark.

'Today will definitely be the ugliest day of my life.'

In other words, he would never show such a pathetic appearance again.

Ivan sat up and wiped away his tears. Then he saw Frey, who appeared as though he'd been there for a long time.

Ivan wasn't surprised and spoke in a blunt tone.

“You saw something unsightly.”

“It was pretty unpleasant.”

“Never speak of this.”

“Right.” (TL: Bro code)

“...why are you here?”

“Did you find the Giant’s Belt?”

“I did.”

Frey nodded and took out the Tiger King’s Gloves that Dro had found.

“...that’s?”

“One of the three items left by Kasajin. The last one.”

“Right. So those are the Tiger King’s Gloves.”

He didn't seem particularly pleased.

"You will need them if you intend to surpass Kasajin."

"I see."

Ivan glanced at the gloves before laying down once again.

When Frey saw that, he couldn't help but think that this situation was better than Snow's.

Ivan didn't need any advice or hints. He already had the determination and willpower to overcome the wall.

This was because he had already walked a thorny path. It was possible that his mind was even stronger than his body.

"...I am weak."

Ivan muttered to himself, his eyes flashing.

"Next time, I will save them."

Regardless of who the enemy was, this was the last time he would be the one being saved.

Ivan swore it.

\* \* \*

Frey went to look for Nix.

It seemed she'd taken one of the empty rooms in the house.

When he opened the door, he saw a woman sitting on a chair. (TL: Bad Frey, not knocking before entering a girl's room)

Frey paused for a moment.

He recognised that expression. At that moment, she was no longer Nix—she was Torkunta.

“Why isn't it Nix?”

“She doesn't want to talk to you.”

“Why?”

“Hmph. It’s obvious. She’s probably scared of being scolded.... Kuk! Don’t yell at me! How else do you want me to explain it?”

Torkunta frowned and shouted.

Frey spoke in a quiet voice.

“Nix, I have no intention of blaming you.”

“...”

Torkunta, who had been silent for a while, suddenly made a strange expression.

Then she sighed and scratched her head.

“It would have been better to die than end up like this. Now, I’m like a shrimp who can’t even withstand a few waves. Dammit.”

Then she lowered her head, and her temperament changed.

After a while, she spoke in a softer tone.

“...I’m sorry.”

It was Nix.

Frey shook his head and said.

“Why did you choose to do that?”

“I couldn’t think of anything else. I thought it was the best option.”

Frey couldn’t help but feel a bit strange.

Nix’s appearance was clearly that of an adult woman, but her tone and expression reminded him of a child who was only a few years old.

But this was natural. After all, she had only gained her human appearance a few years ago.

“Can I sit?”

“Yeah.”

Frey sat in front of Nix.

Then, after a moment of silence, he opened his mouth.

“As I said, I didn’t come here to scold you or blame you. I just wanted to talk.”

“Talk...?”

“Looking back, all of our reunions happened unintentionally. We never had the time to have a proper conversation.”

Nix hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Frey’s soft tone caused her stiff body to relax considerably.

“I want to hear about everything after Torkunta died. Would that be okay?”

“Ah...”

Nix suddenly let out a soft giggle.

“Why are you laughing?”



“Because Torkunta just shouted. He said he wasn’t dead.”

Frey also laughed at those words.