

Great Mage 441

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Lukas decided to voice all the questions he had without holding anything back.

“It sounds like you’re saying the Absolutes will all pick a person or a group and will only watch on without participating.”

[That’s not so. The Absolutes are also allowed to participate. Of course, your power will have to be limited to an extent.]

“Then the faction that wins the competition...”

[Will at least be able to determine the fate of this universe.]

No one would object to this declaration.

Like Letip and Nodiesop, most Absolutes valued the words of the Rulers more than their own lives. Even if a Ruler ordered them to die, they would accept it without even a frown.

“Where will the qualifiers be held?”

[It’s already been created. It’s a personal space, an independent space that is completely separate from this universe.]

Personal Space.

It was a special space that could only be created by those who had the power of creation, which was rare among the Absolutes. However, for Rulers who stood at the pinnacle of Absolutes, creating a personal space was a simple task.

The Lightning God chuckled slightly.

[I'm sure it will be a very interesting space.]

No ominous aura could be felt from the Lightning God's laughter.

In fact, it felt like he was filled with innocent excitement as if anticipating a surprise.

Nevertheless, the words innocent and Ruler went together as well as oil and water.

“...”

Lukas couldn't help but feel a bit uncomfortable.

The entire situation had suddenly shifted in his favor for seemingly no reason. And this fact bothered him. Until just recently, he was still in a pretty bad situation.

The temporary alliance of the Demon King and Nodiesop was a great threat to him, so much so that he had been prepared to use his trump card.

Then Letip appeared as if he had been waiting for the perfect timing. He quickly mediated the extreme situation and took them to meet the Rulers.

And now, the Rulers seemed to be helping him overcome his desperate situation.

'The Great Game is about to begin...'

He didn't know what it would be like.

Among the Absolutes in this universe, it was clear that Lukas was at the greatest disadvantage. However, it was possible that the qualifiers for the Great Game could become the tool that would help him overcome his disadvantages.

This was why he felt uncomfortable.

[Suspicious?]

It was the Sun God. The feeling of having his inner thoughts read was certainly not pleasant. Nevertheless, regardless of how powerful the Rulers were, it was impossible for them to truly read his mind with just their wills.

Lukas turned to the crimson throne.

“Right.”

[You should know that we wouldn't go back on our word.]

“That's no reason to not be suspicious.”

[...you truly are interesting.]

The Sun God's deep voice carried a tinge of curiosity.

On the other hand, Nodiesop wasn't too pleased to see such a reaction.

He'd thought that all the Rulers were hostile towards Lukas, but the only one who actually expressed any hatred was the Black Horned Demon God.

The Lightning God had practically concealed this entire universe, concealing Lukas' exact location from the other Rulers in the process. And now, the Sun God, who was also a Ruler, was showing curiosity in him.

Of course, there was nothing Nodiesop could do about it.

He had no intention of expressing his dissatisfaction or questioning the actions of his master, the Sun God.

[Five. Not counting yourselves, select five persons who will represent you in the qualifiers. The entrance... Right, let's set it in the place you all are now. I will leave the door open for a week.]

Crackle.

Sparks of electricity began to bounce across the gold throne, filling the space with a strange sound.

[This should be enough time for you to think hard and prepare properly...]

Lukas couldn't help but think that this sound was similar to snickering.

* * *

All the Rulers left.

Or at least, that's what they thought. After all, the heavy presences that filled the temporary dimension had all disappeared.

The four Absolutes remained in that space for a while without saying anything.

They would have a four way fight during the qualifiers for the Great Game.

No one knew what the qualifiers would entail, but at the very least, the four of them were now enemies.

“They saved you.”

Nodiesop turned to Lukas as he said that.

He wasn't necessarily wrong.

If they were to continue fighting, Lukas would have had to risk his life.

Nevertheless, the thing that came to Lukas' mind at that moment was the image of a black haired girl, his daughter, who had been groaning in pain on the ground with most of her limbs missing.

As he recalled that scene, his head became strangely cold.

“I will never forget that you tried to kill Sedi.”

Perhaps his feelings were reflected in his voice. Or perhaps it was shown in his expression.

Nevertheless, Nodiesop noticed it, and a small smirk spread on his lips.

“I was only trying to show some mercy. Rather than that, I’d like to ask. Don’t you think you are insulting her too much?”

“Your justification is flimsy. Did it seem like Sedi wanted to die?”

“She didn’t. But her fall to mortality must have interfered with her way of thinking. So it’s not strange that she would be afraid of death now.”

“...”

Lukas’ expression twisted to one of disgust.

This kind of verbal back and forth was just pointless and annoying. Tiring arguments like this shouldn’t be carried on for too long.

With a sigh, Lukas decided to simply state his thoughts in a clear manner.

“Nodiesop.”

“What?”

“I will kill you in the qualifiers.”

“...”

The smile on Nodiesop’s lips became brighter.

“That’s something we can agree on. I pray that we will see each other soon.”

Shuk-

After saying his piece, Nodiesop left.

Even if they were to meet in the outside world, he probably wouldn’t attack Lukas anymore.

The next to come to him was Letip.

“Aren’t you glad you followed me?”

“What are you planning?”

“What do you mean?”

“Among the Absolutes, you are the only one whose goal is unclear.”

“...”

Before responding, Letip smiled slightly.

“What I want is what my master wants. So, for now, there are no conflicts between us.”

“...”

“It must be hard for you to think of me as an ally.”

“I don’t.”

“You will.”

Letip chuckled slightly as he said those words.

Lukas couldn’t help but feel that he was very similar to the Lightning God. He couldn’t speak for his appearance, but at the very least, Letip’s personality and speech patterns seemed to be heavily influenced by the Lightning God.

Letip then disappeared in a bolt of lightning.

He too had left.

Now, Kasajin was the only one left.

He spoke without looking at Lukas.

[The qualifiers will be a much longer and tougher battle than you think.]

“Are you giving me advice?”

[You can take it like that. After all, I don't want you to die at the hands of another Absolute.]

“...”

After saying those words, Kasajin fell silent for a while. As he stood there, clenching and unclenching his fists.

This was a habit that Kasajin displayed when he was struggling with something.

[...don't just base your selection on strength alone. Otherwise, you will miss this opportunity.]

“What?”

[It's too much to explain.]

Kasajin shook his head.

[I'm taking Kran with me. If you want him back, then you'll have to win the qualifiers. Then, I'll give him back to you.]

Shuk-

With that, Kasajin also disappeared.

Lukas was now the only one left in this vast space.

For a while, he just stood there, his eyes on the huge thrones that floated there. His gaze finally turned to a turquoise throne at a far corner.

The Seven Fanged Dragon God.

It was the throne that had been prepared for the last Ruler, who hadn't shown up.

“ ... ”

After staring for a while, Lukas finally left that space.

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“...”

A light smell and a gentle touch enveloped her body.

Min realised that she was lying on a bed.

‘Uhh...’

She couldn’t even groan in pain. It was as if her tongue had become hard like concrete. Her mouth was drier than a desert.

“Wa-, water...”

As soon as she painfully muttered that word, something cool touched her hand. Someone had given her a bottle.

Deciding to momentarily put aside the thoughts of who it might be, Min Ha-rin raised the bottle to her lips and greedily gulped down its contents.

“Cough...”

After drinking the cold water, it felt like her brain had awakened, and her confused mind calmed down. Min Ha-rin slowly tried to sit up on the bed.

“Ugh.”

Although she'd only raised her upper half a little bit, she felt an intense stabbing pain course through her entire body. It was similar to the pain one felt the day after overworking themselves during training.

Her torn muscle fibers fiercely insisted that Min Ha-rin continue resting.

As she took a moment to wipe the tears that formed at the corners of her eyes, she heard a gentle voice beside her.

“You can rest for a bit longer.”

“...”

She wasn't very familiar with it... but it was a voice she'd heard before. When she turned to her right, she saw Arid sitting on a chair beside the bed.

Despite just sitting on a simple chair, he created a beautiful and holy sight. Every time she saw him, Min Ha-rin couldn't help but feel a bit depressed.

Leo and Sedi too. She couldn't help but wonder why so many good-looking people were suddenly appearing around her.

"...this is..."

"A room in the Church of Eternal... no, in the Korea Branch Headquarters."

"A room... Ah."

Suddenly, her memories began to replay in her mind like a slideshow. Min Ha-rin raised her head to look at Arid.

"W-, what about Bishop Sleis?"

Arid's eyes darkened a bit when he heard her question.

"...he passed away."

"Ah."

It was only then that Min Ha-rin recalled the last of her memories.

A middle-aged man who seemed to control lightning suddenly appeared and tried to kidnap Arid. Slei, who seemed to have recovered his conscience to an extent, tried to stop him.

No, he didn't even get the chance to try. As soon as Letip made an expression of displeasure, Slei was struck by a bolt of lightning.

The deafening sound struck their eardrums and the blinding flash of light illuminated their surroundings.

When the light finally subsided, there was nothing left of Bishop Slei. Only a deep crater and a pile of ashes to show where he once stood.

At that sight, Arid screamed as if he'd gone mad before fainting.

Then, as he watched Min Ha-rin tremble at everything that happened so suddenly, the man grinned.

'Don't worry. I know you are one of Lukas' cards, so I won't kill you.'

That was the last thing Min ha-rin remembered.

'That man knew Master.'

That wasn't all.

She hated to admit it, but for some reason, he gave her a similar feeling to Lukas.

It felt like he was a being who could calmly look down on everything in the world. Like he had the freedom and dignity that came with being an absolute existence.

“What about the Demons?”

“There’s no need to worry. Everyone has already left. At the very least, there is no longer anything in the area that can threaten us.

“All left...”

Just as Min Ha-rin muttered these words with a confused expression, the door to the room swung open, and someone rudely walked in.

“Would you look at that. You really are awake. I thought you were gonna die.”

It was Sedi’s voice, and she was speaking in the same insufferable tone as always.

As soon as she raised her head to shoot something back, Min Ha-rin forgot what she wanted to say.

“...yo-, your injuries.”

“What about them? I’ll tell you upfront, I don’t want your sympathy.”

Sedi’s entire body was covered in bandages, and she was walking with the help of crutches. Even for Min Ha-rin, who knew nothing about the medical field, Sedi’s right arm and leg, both of which were in casts, looked very serious.

“Miss Sedi! I told you you should stay in bed!”

“So noisy. Who do you think you’re ordering around? Do you want to die?”

Sedi responded in an annoyed voice before turning away from Arid and looking at Min Ha-rin.

“Both of you, follow me. Father wants to see you.”

“...”

“Ah, and I’ll tell you in advance. You should prepare your minds while on the way.”

Sedi yawned slightly before continuing.

“The things you’re about to hear are hard for mortals to handle.”

* * *

“Ah...! M-, my younger siblings!”

Min Ha-rin suddenly screamed as she finally thought about her two younger siblings.

Her heart pounded heavily in her chest.

She was so foolish...! No matter how confused or injured she was, how could she forget about her two siblings who were more important to her than her own life?

She was disappointed and angry at herself.

She hurriedly turned to look at Arid.

“Hey! B-, by chance, have you seen my younger siblings? Uh, they kinda look like me. As for their ages...”

“Min Ha-min and Min Ha-yun, right?”

“Ah. Yeah.”

Arid smiled gently.

“Both of them are fine. They were a bit hurt, but they’ve already received treatment and their lives are not in danger. They are just resting now.”

Those words relieved Min Ha-rin so much that she almost collapsed on the bed again.

“Th-, thank you. Thank you so much.”

“It was nothing.”

Arid scratched his cheek slightly, his face red.

Sedi, who was being treated to this sight, couldn’t stop her cheek from twitching. Rolling her eyes, she spat out.

“I’ll be outside. Hurry up and get dressed.”

Then, she left the room without looking back.

Arid watched as she disappeared behind the door before opening his mouth.

“Has Miss Sedi always been like that?”

“I haven’t known her for that long, but her personality has always been... unique.”

A more vulgar expression had tickled the tip of her tongue, but what she said in the end was much milder. It was incredibly hard to say vulgar things in front of such an innocent expression.

Arid smiled with a naive expression that seemed to say ‘it certainly is unique’. Then, he turned to look at her again.

“Are you feeling tired, or sore?”

“A bit. How long has it been since I passed out?”

“About two days.”

“...two days.”

It was a time that couldn’t be called too long or too short.

“Ah.”

Suddenly, the image of Neil Prand, the President of the Hunter Association, appeared in her mind.

Min Ha-rin didn't have any feeling of reverence or awe towards him, but she had a strange sense of responsibility after the conversation she had with Joanna before they left.

Arid smiled slightly as he saw her expression.

"Are you worried about the Association President?"

"Yeah. How did you..."

"I heard about it from Mr. Lukas."

Lukas.

That was her Master's real name. He knew his real name instead of the pseudonym 'Frey' ...

It seemed that many things had happened while Min Ha-rin was unconscious.

"Then the Association President..."

"Is no longer at risk of dying. He is an incredibly tough man, so he should be out of his bed within the week."

“I see.”

In other words, their initial goal for coming to the Korea Branch had been achieved.

Then what did Lukas want to talk to them about?

‘...prepare our minds.’

The tone that Sedi had said those words in made her feel a bit anxious, but she decided to put it aside for now and get out of bed.

Arid also stood to his feet.

“I will wait outside as well.”

“Ah. Yeah.”

Min Ha-rin, who was now alone in the room, washed her face and undressed before changing into a new set of clothes and leaving the room.

Surprisingly, she found Sedi waiting outside the room with a calm expression.

From the impression she had of Sedi's personality, Min Ha-rin thought she would have been banging on the door as if she was going to break it and screaming for her to hurry.

'This brat seems to be a bit upset.'

This was pure intuition.

As she looked at Sedi's face, it felt like she was looking at her younger siblings trying their best to not pout. Of course, she didn't say this out loud.

If she did, then this ferocious little girl might try to kill her.

"You took so long."

"Sorry."

"Whatever, just don't fall behind."

After saying that, Sedi limped forward. It was clear that her injuries had yet to heal.

Nevertheless, it was a bit strange. She was clearly limping, but she was moving so quickly it was as if invisible wings were attached to her feet. Her black hair, which was as dark as ink, fluttered in the wind.

On the other hand, Min Ha-rin, whose legs were both fine, was struggling to keep up with her. Only after adjusting her pace slightly, to something closer to a jog than a brisk walk, was she able to catch up.

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Now that she was more relaxed, Min Ha-rin began to look around as they moved.

A cold wind blew inside the building.

This couldn't be helped.

After all, a large section of the building had been destroyed by the Demon King's attack.

It seemed that they were preparing to repair the damage, but it was so extensive that it would take at least a few years to fix it completely.

This left a bitter taste in Min Ha-rin's mouth. Even if it had changed a lot, this was still the place she was born and raised.

"Branch President Jung Ho-min is in charge of the headquarters now."

Min Ha-rin nodded slightly at Arid's words.

She was glad that Jung Ho-min had survived. She was well aware of his leadership skills and charisma. As long as he was present, she was certain that the Korea Branch would be able to return to its former state, even if it would take some time.

Among those who were helping with the repairs were a few familiar faces. They were the believers of the Church of Eternal Life.

Min Ha-rin even saw Kim Min-chul.

“How did you manage to persuade the believers?”

It was a sensitive question, so Min Ha-rin lowered her voice and spoke carefully. Arid had previously tried to persuade them, but he was only subjected to unfair violence as a result.

But Arid didn't seem affected by the experience as he responded indifferently.

“My Grandmother helped.”

“By grandmother, do you mean...”

“The person who was known as the Saint instead of me.”

It seemed that Arid was talking about the woman who had white hair like him.

She didn't look like someone's grandmother, but after meeting so many unique people lately, Min Ha-rin didn't find it strange to meet someone whose appearance didn't match their age.

Suddenly, Sedi stopped walking.

"We're here."

Min Ha-rin fell silent as she looked at the door in front of them.

Without knocking, Sedi opened the door and stepped in.

Lukas was standing inside the room. He had been standing by the window, looking down at the ruined city below, but when the door opened, he turned his head.

"You're here."

"...Master."

Min Ha-rin didn't know why, but she suddenly felt like she hadn't seen him in a long time.

She was happy to see him, but her face burned with embarrassment. The last time she saw Lukas, she'd been determined to unravel the conspiracy surrounding the Korea Branch on her own, and she had even told him that directly.

At that time, although she had been nervous, she was still filled with confidence.

But now that she thought about it, she only felt like she had been too proud and overconfident. To the extent that she overestimated herself.

After all, in the end, Min Ha-rin hadn't been able to do anything here in Korea.

Nevertheless, her Master, Lukas, didn't say anything about that.

"Are you feeling better now?"

"Yeah."

"I'm glad."

Lukas gestured to a chair in front of him.

"Have a seat. Arid, you too."

Listening to him, Min Ha-rin and Arid took their seats. Sedi leaned against the wall and seemed to want to cross her hands in what would have been a cool pose, but her casts made it look awkward instead.

"Sedi, how much did you tell them?"

“I didn’t tell them anything.”

“...then I guess I’ll have to start from the beginning. For starters, I think I’ll have to tell you who I am.”

This caused Min Ha-rin to lift her head.

“Uh... Is it okay for you to tell us?”

She’d always wanted to know Lukas’ true identity, but he never seemed to want to talk about it.

Of course, she had never asked him directly, but she remembered the conversation they’d had with Nina and Lee Jong-hak not so long ago.

“The balance of this universe has already been severely disrupted. So I can reveal some things to a certain degree. However, Arid’s presence is the most decisive reason... Arid.”

“Yes.”

Arid nodded before turning to Min Ha-rin.

“Can you lend me your hand for a moment?”

“Ah, yeah.”

Lukas watched on silently from the side.

Arid’s Brilliance was a very versatile power.

Its power of communication was able to reach any being in the entire multiverse, its power of salvation could save even those on the brink of death, and its power of reinforcement could help even those without the power to do anything, stand up for themselves.

Among these powers, the one that surprised Lukas the most was the power of communication.

Through that power, Slei and Reika, who were mere mortals, were able to learn of the existence of ‘Absolutes’. This was a truth that couldn’t be accessed even by souls who had reincarnated for hundreds and thousands of years.

No, even if they could learn of it, their souls would simply be incapable of handling such a vast amount of information, and they would instantly lose their minds.

However, it seemed that Brilliance was able to suppress those negative side effects.

Arid might even be able to directly communicate with God one day.

“Mmm...”

Min Ha-rin gently touched the back of her hand, which was being held in Arid’s. Her hand felt warm as if it had been dipped in warm water, and that warmth soon spread to her entire body!

Flash!

When the light faded, Min Ha-rin looked down at her body curiously, but she couldn’t find any noticeable changes.

Nevertheless, as if he was waiting for this moment, Lukas slowly opened his mouth.

“I was a human in another universe.”

“In another universe?”

“Right. Now, I’m a being that can’t be called human anymore.”

Lukas did his best to explain his situation and the crisis this universe was currently facing in as concise a manner as possible.

For the parts he didn’t think were necessary, he directly left them out.

For example, he didn't think it was necessary to include how he became an Absolute, his life as Frey Blake, or his struggle against the Demigods.

It was enough for them to know that he was once a human, was now a human and traveled around the multiverse to save humans.

As he spoke, Lukas couldn't help but feel a bit strange.

-Then, he realised that this was the first time.

The first time that he'd explained his situation to mortals and humans.

"..."

"..."

When he finished speaking, neither Arid nor Min Ha-rin spoke for a while.

This couldn't be helped.

Lukas had summarised his story as much as he could. If he had explained everything in detail, it would have probably taken three days and three nights to finish.

Nevertheless, his audience felt like they'd learned a lot.

It was only a small fraction, but they felt like they could understand Lukas.

His mission which was like a shackle, his lifelong sacrifice, his tenacity which bordered on obsession.

...And most importantly, his immense love for humans.

'Lee Jong-hak.'

Min Ha-rin couldn't help but recall the way he had been rudely talking to Lukas not so long ago. To be honest, at that time, she had thought that he was being a bit excessive, but she still felt like she could understand the contempt he showed to Lukas to an extent.

Not anymore.

Now, she felt like she wanted to hit over the head.

'...he didn't know anything.'

Rage bubbled inside her. She wanted Lee Jong-hak to apologise to Lukas.

Watching humans die must have hurt Lukas more than anyone else.

Lukas spoke in a calm voice.

“I’m sure this all must be difficult to accept.”

Min Ha-rin came back to her senses. This was not the time for her to vent her anger at Lee Jong-hak. Licking her lip slightly, she turned to look at Sedi who was leaning against the wall.

“Then Sedi...”

“Is a former Absolute. Who was demoted to a mortal.”

“...I really don’t like the word ‘demote’.”

Sedi spoke with a blunt tone, but Lukas ignored her and continued.

“The reason I told you all of this is because I would like to take you to the Great Game’s qualifiers.”

“Where will this qualifier be held?”

“It is being held somewhere that even I am not aware of. It may be extremely dangerous, and I cannot guarantee that I will be able to keep you safe. Not to mention you, even me and the other participants will all be at risk of losing more than just our lives.”

“At risk of losing more than just our lives...?”

She didn't understand what that meant.

It was Sedi who gave her the answer.

“It's more than just the destruction of your soul when it comes to battles with Absolutes.”

Min Ha-rin blanched slightly at those words.

Sedi smiled mischievously as though she enjoyed her reaction.

“Instead, your very being will be erased from existence. There won't be any traces left, as though you never existed in the first place.”

Min Ha-rin took a deep breath. Then she spoke after a short while.

“...what about you?”

“Huh?”

“Are you going to participate in the qualifiers?”

Sedi shrugged.

“If I don’t go, who will?”

“...”

She couldn’t refute that. Of all the people that Lukas could choose, Sedi was by far the strongest.

Lukas walked up to Min Ha-rin and patted her on the shoulder.

“I won’t force you. There are still three or four days to spare, so think about it seriously before giving me your answer.”

“...”

Min Ha-rin hesitated for a moment before nodding.

She was ashamed of herself for not being able to immediately give a definite answer, but she was grateful that Lukas was considerate enough to give her name.

It was at that moment that Arid opened his mouth.

“I don’t need to think anymore.”

His expression was more serious than she’d ever seen it before.

Lukas had given a similar offer to Arid two days ago while Min Ha-rin was still unconscious.

At that time, he had also asked for some time to think about it.

Lukas nodded as he turned to him.

“What have you chosen?”

“Please take me with you.”

Arid lowered his head slightly before muttering the last word.

“...Master.”

“...”

Min Ha-rin looked back and forth from Arid to Lukas with a bewildered expression on her face.

“It must not have been an easy decision to make, thank you.”

Lukas thanked Arid with a calm voice, but he still blushed in embarrassment.

Sedi, at the back, muttered as she folded her fingers one after the other.

“So that leaves three more people... No, two more. Since you said that Leo or whatever brat will also be coming.”

“Ju-, junior brother too!?”

Min cried out in surprise. That was a name she hadn't expected to hear.

“Right. That brat didn't hesitate at all. It was almost as if he was waiting for something like this.”

“...”

Ignoring Min Ha-rin, whose face had gone pale from shock, Sedi asked Lukas.

“Who will you choose for the other two spots?”

“ ... ”

Lukas tried to think of the few remaining candidates.

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“...told you before, Rose.”

A soft whisper echoed in a dark cave.

“There wouldn’t be a second time.”

“K-. uk...”

Followed by a groan from another person.

These unpleasant sounds served as the alarm clock that slowly brought Kran back to consciousness.

“You should be grateful for the King’s mercy. If he hadn’t forgiven you, you would have already disappeared from this world without even a corpse left.”

“...I’m... eternally grateful for your mercy. Your Majesty.”

Hearing the voice of a woman who seemed to be struggling to endure great pain, Kran slowly opened his eyes.

He didn't feel good at all. It felt like his intestines had been twisted together before being battered repeatedly. He almost wanted to throw up.

'Kuh...'

Instinctively, he tried to move his arms, but he soon realised that he couldn't. In fact, he couldn't move at all.

It was as though his arms, legs, and neck were bound by invisible restraints. Whatever it was had an incredible binding force.

Even if he was in a weakened state, with his strength, Kran could easily break free from steel chains, but whatever it was that bound him didn't even budge despite him using all his available energy.

'Why am I bound here?'

Firstly, he decided to calm down, cool his mind, and adjust his breathing.

Then, he slowly recalled his last memories.

He had been fighting Sipakna with Sedi.

Then he had come up with a foolish but workable plan and had run towards Sipakna to carry it out.
Then...

...He didn't remember anything after that.

'Did Sipakna get me?'

No. That wasn't it.

He was not dumb enough to not notice an attack coming from the front.

Realising that a third party had probably interfered in the fight, Kran decided to check on his condition.

'...I have no demonic energy at all.'

His condition wasn't just bad, it was the worst it could possibly be.

It would be impossible for him to demonise himself in his current state.

Deciding to give up on getting out of his restraints, for now, Kran looked up.

And his expression immediately hardened. This was because he found himself inside what appeared to be the hall of a large building which seemed to give off an antique feel.

Unfortunately, he knew exactly where this was. Images of this hall had been among the materials Ringo had given him in the past. This was the Palace of Versailles, a world-renowned landmark that was located in the city of Versailles, France.

Of course, in the current era, it was much more well known for its new title, 'The Demon King's Castle'.

In this hall, Kran saw four beings, each exuding a startling amount of demonic energy. There was even one he knew. Sipakna.

Just like him, the two beings beside him were probably also members of the Five Dukes, an extremely pale man, and a woman bleeding as she kneeled towards the end of the room.

In that spot, a huge being sat on an enormous throne.

Despite not moving a finger, this being's presence easily engulfed the entire room and suppressed everyone within. It was the Demon King.

[It seems you've awoken.]

After Kasajin opened his mouth, the Five Dukes all turned their attention towards Kran.

Nevertheless, Kran wasn't startled as he found himself the focus of these immensely powerful beings, instead, he let out a laugh.

"Your underlings were shouting so loudly right next to my ear. It would be a miracle if I didn't wake up. I'd appreciate it if you could pay a bit more attention to your pets."

The expression of the pale man, Azazel, became cold.

"Instead of bluffing, you should pay more attention to your situation. Maybe then you'll be able to keep your insignificant life for a bit longer."

"Hmph. You're the one that's bluffing."

"What are you talking about?"

Kran coughed a couple times. It felt like something was built up in his lungs. Soon afterward, he felt something warm rush up his throat.

Blerk-

After vomiting up a mouthful of blood, his stomach felt a bit better.

Kran then spoke in a much more relaxed tone.

“If you could’ve killed me, you would’ve done it by now.”

“ ... ”

Azazel narrowed his eyes.

“Right. As you said, I can’t kill you. But I can do anything else to you.”

As he said those words in a dangerous tone, he slowly stalked towards Kran.

“Since you’re a hybrid, you probably won’t die if I ripped your tongue out, right?”

[Enough.]

Kasajin only muttered a single word.

But Azazel immediately stopped moving and knelt towards the king.

[I have no intention of harming you. I’m sure you feel much better now. But you ‘could use a bit more rest’.]

“Ha. What the hell...”

Kran, who was about to retort, suddenly felt a burst of fatigue fill his body.

An unknown power was forcing him back into unconsciousness.

Just before he finally passed out, Kran managed to squeeze out a few words.

“You bastard...”

After his head had fallen to rest on the floor once again, Kasajin slowly rose from his throne.

As he looked down at Kran, he couldn't help but mutter.

[He has matured a bit, but it is still far from enough. Kran needs to grow even stronger.]

“May I ask what you mean, My Lord?”

Kasajin answered without thinking about it.

[We'll go together.]

* * *

“Ah...”

Nina Rednikova blinked.

The darkroom was only lit, dimly, by a single candle that sat in the far corner.

This was the sight that she'd missed so much, but she'd never thought she would be able to see again.

“It would be best for you to keep your eyes closed as much as possible. You should also avoid any place with bright lights, and make sure to wear sunglasses when you truly have no choice.”

“Am I really... really healed?”

When Nina asked this question with a stutter, Arid smiled gently.

“As long as you take good care of yourself, your sight will return to the way it used to be.”

“...”

Nina fell silent after receiving his reply, speechless.

Min Ha-rin, who stood at the side, also watched on in amazement.

'...amazing.'

She knew just how strong the curse that had been used to blind Nina was.

It was a powerful curse that even an Archbishop of the Catholic Church had been unsure of how to heal. But Arid had completely cured it in less than half an hour.

"...thank you. Thank you so much."

Nina sobbed in gratitude, but eventually, she fell unconscious.

At that moment, her appearance didn't match her title 'Leader of the Iron Blood Army'. She appeared fragile.

Arid quietly got to his feet and said.

"She must have used a lot of energy to heal herself. Her body is currently in an extremely weak state. She will probably regain consciousness in a few days."

"...Arid, you are really amazing."

When Min Ha-rin decided to put her admiration into words, Arid could only scratch his cheek bashfully.

“It was nothing.”

This was probably one of the habits he displayed when he felt shy.

However, he coughed to regain his composure before speaking in a serious voice.

“By the way, Senior Sister, please speak comfortably?”

“Huh?”

“I’m also one of Master’s disciples now, Senior Sister Min became a disciple much earlier than I did, so you are my senior.”

“...hey, Arid, how old are you?”

Arid then responded with a somewhat stern expression.

“If you keep asking me politely, then I won’t answer you.”

This was said in a stubborn voice.

She'd always thought he was a bit weak-willed, so she didn't expect him to have such a stubborn side.

Min Ha-rin had no choice but to change her words.

"...Arid, how old are you?" (TL: It's kind of hard to differentiate polite and casual in english... just know that the sentences are slightly different T~T)

Her tongue felt strange after saying those words. It felt like she'd done something wrong.

And that guilt only grew when she heard Arid's answer.

"I'm twenty-nine."

"..."

This was a ridiculous moment.

Min Ha-rin felt awkward about speaking informally, but Arid had a smile on his face as he got what he wanted.

"How old are you, Senior Sister?"

“...twenty-two.”

“Wow.”

His innocence and curiosity didn't match his age.

At first, it was awkward and uncomfortable, but as they continued talking, Min Ha-rin finally came to terms with the situation and began to act more naturally.

Then, she asked her new Junior Brother the question she wanted to ask the most.

“Arid, why did you become Master's disciple?”

“Because I wanted to.”

Arid responded immediately, seemingly not having to think about it. But probably feeling that his answer was a bit lacking, he decided to add an explanation.

“There were probably many reasons. But the most important one was definitely the fact that I'll never meet someone like Master again.”

“...”

“I felt that, if it was Master, I would be able to understand and learn how to use this power I was born with.”

Innate power.

Arid’s innate power was extraordinary. There were probably no more than five people throughout history who had been born with such a rare talent. And it was these special talents that stimulated people’s desires.

Although Arid could smile brightly and appear carefree, he had already been deeply scarred.

Nevertheless, he didn’t show it, instead choosing to move forward.

To be honest, it was a bit blinding.

‘What about me?’

Min Ha-rin asked herself.

What do I want to do?

Originally, her goal was to completely eradicate all the Demons in the world. She thought that if she could get rid of them, the peace from the past would be restored.

But after hearing Lukas' story, she realised.

The road to peace was long and rough. In all honesty, she felt like it was something that was much too great for her to handle, which caused her to shrink in on herself.

She recalled the reason why Lukas had made her his first disciple.

Her Master was expecting to hear the answer to a question that even he couldn't solve.

She felt burdened.

But at the same time, she didn't want to disappoint him.

Perhaps that was the reason. The reason that she'd tried to deal with everything at the Korean Branch on her own.

And as a result, she had achieved absolutely nothing...

"And it might be a bit late, but I'd like to say thank you."

"Huh?"

“For my Grandfather.”

By grandfather... Did he mean Bishop Sleii?

“In the end, he tried to protect me. You must have convinced him, didn't you?”

“N-, no. I didn't do anything. Your grandfather tried to protect you of his own free will.”

She meant it.

Min Ha-rin had even thought about killing Sleii. If he had been indifferent after witnessing Arid be subject to unfair violence, she might have done it.

Arid shook his head slowly.

“That's not possible... I know my Grandfather. He's not the type of person who would change his mind just because he suffered a few setbacks.”

“...”

“I'm sure that Senior Sister did something to influence my Grandfather in some way. So for that... Thank you.”

After saying those words, Arid bowed to her.

“To be honest, I had almost begun to hate my Grandfather... But after seeing him at the end, I felt a lot better.”

“...”

Min Ha-rin listened to Arid’s thanks and suddenly thought about Leo. She now had two junior brothers who called her senior sister and listened to her.

But when she thought about them, and the way they had chosen to risk their lives without hesitation, she couldn’t help but feel that she wasn’t doing her job as a senior sister.

Maybe it was some other reason. Or maybe it was her pride as a senior sister.

‘It doesn’t matter.’

But regardless of what it was, what mattered was that her hesitation was now gone.

At the very least, Min Ha-rin had chosen to take full responsibility for her choices.

And one thing was clear.

If she didn't participate this time, she would regret it for the rest of her life.

Of course, she was afraid of losing her life, of losing her soul.

This fear was made worse because she knew Lukas' personality. Her Master would never lie to her. This battle would certainly be an incredibly difficult fight, and the risk of death would be high.

Nevertheless.

"I'll go too."

"Huh?"

When Arid tilted his head at the sudden statement, Min Ha-rin repeated herself in a clear, determined voice.

"The qualifiers, I will participate as well."

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"I'm serious."

Joanna's eyes were bloodshot. Her hair was a mess and her skin looked dry and lifeless. It looked like she had been awake for more than two nights straight.

Shaking her head, she continued in a low voice.

"The Association President isn't in Pilsky Tower right now. I thought you would know where he was, but..."

Lukas remained silent.

Neil Prand.

Lukas had intended to choose this man, the President of the Hunter Association and arguably the strongest human, as his final team member.

Of course, he knew that Neil's twisted mindset was not something he could easily fix. However, he thought that he would be able to change it slightly with a bit of teaching, and he'd believed the qualifiers would have been the perfect opportunity to do so.

It was that thought that brought him to North America, but he found that Neil Prand had already disappeared from the Association Headquarters.

"Did he say anything before he disappeared?"

“If he did, we wouldn’t be so panicked right now. We checked the surveillance cameras in the room... Look at this. Up until the moment he disappeared, he had been laying on the bed.”

Joanna pointed at a monitor, upon which was the footage from Neil’s sickroom.

After being treated by Arid, there was no longer any risk of him losing his life, but he had still been unconscious. And he should’ve remained in that state. According to Arid, he would need about a week before his condition was completely stable.

But suddenly,

Neil’s upper body raised like a puppet being controlled by strings, and his head turned to look in a certain direction for no apparent reason.

—Or at least that’s how it appeared to anyone other than Lukas.

“He continued to stare blankly in that direction for a while before he got up, walked out of the view of the camera, and disappeared.”

“...”

“...of course, this isn’t the first time he has disappeared on his own. But I’m worried because he’s not in the best condition right now.”

‘I see.’

Lukas clicked his tongue as he looked at the footage replaying on the screen.

He had been a step too late. This was the thought he had as he stared at the sparks of electricity bouncing in the direction Neil was staring.

'Letip.'

He'd come for Neil a step ahead of Lukas. In all likelihood, he probably intended to take him into the qualifiers with him.

He'd lost a potential member. Lukas felt discouraged for a moment, but he soon thought of another of his potential candidates. His gaze turned to Joanna, who continued to express her concern for Neil despite her tired expression.

She was one of the other candidates he'd thought about. Joanna was a talented Wizard and she even had the potential to become one of his disciples.

But it was only then that Lukas realised. If he did choose Joanna, then he would have too many backline fighters.

Lukas, Arid, Min Ha-rin, who he was confident would participate, and Joanna...

That would mean four backline fighters.

Of course, Min Ha-rin was technically a Magical Swordsman, but it was still not a good match to put her on the frontline together with Sedi and Leo.

‘The talent I needed the most was Kran.’

He had a similar power level to Sedi, a lot of combat experience, and his secret ability to demonise himself. If he had been able to take it, it was obvious that he would have been the perfect helper for Lukas along with Sedi.

However, he had been kidnapped by Kasajin. So Lukas had no choice but to come for Neil. But even he had been taken away by Letip.

‘...Nina is still suffering from the after-effects of her injuries.’

With a sigh, Lukas thought of his last candidate.

That man was unlikely to obey his orders, but at this point, he didn’t have much of a choice.

* * *

South Hwanghae Province, Korean Peninsula.

Not so long ago, this was a land that had been filled with Demons and Demon Beasts, but recently, the demonic energy in the area had become much less apparent.

This was because a group of Demon Hunters had recently begun cleaning up the area.

“Busan was attacked.”

While battling a Demon, he heard a voice.

Usually, they wouldn’t have conversations during battle, but the fight was already coming to an end.

“Roar!”

Crack!

He stabbed his sword into the neck of the Demon, who continued to struggle despite losing all of its limbs, causing its blood to splash on his face.

Wiping the blood roughly with the back of his hand, Lee Jong-hak replied.

“Are you talking about the rumors that the Five Dukes appeared?”

“That’s right.”

The Sword Saint, Jong Ho, nodded as he returned his sword to its sheath.

“I thought those rumors were probably false, but...”

“But?”

“Not long ago, I felt a great disturbance in the sky.”

Jong Ho let out a laugh.

“Can you read the heavenly ki too?”

“Of course I can’t. What I felt was closer to intuition.”

“Ah... you’re talking about back then.”

Two terrifying presences had flown across the sky in the blink of an eye. They flew beyond the clouds so they couldn’t even catch a glimpse of what these beings looked like, but one of them reminded Lee Jong-hak of something.

The Duke he met in Africa.

And the other was a being that was even more powerful. So much so that they were on a completely different level.

At that time, even Lee Jong-hak had trouble breathing as he felt the terrifying presence fly past. A few of the weaker hunters even directly fainted, foam dripping from their mouths.

“They came from the direction of Busan.”

“Hmm...”

Jong Ho stroked his chin slightly.

Suddenly.

They felt an enormous presence appear in the sky above them.

Jong Ho looked up at the sky and sighed slightly.

“...that’s a frightening amount of pressure. However...”

“Yeah. That’s not a Demon.”

Nevertheless, neither of them relaxed or removed their hands from their swords.

However, when the owner of the immense pressure in the sky revealed himself, their expressions had no choice but to change.

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It was the second day since Min Ha-rin had announced her participation and the final day of preparation for the qualifiers.

Lukas, who had disappeared not so long ago, returned to the Korea Branch Headquarters with the final team member.

Min Ha-rin was probably the most surprised out of all members in Lukas' team. This was because she would never have expected to see this man with a calm expression standing there.

“The Human Dragon, Lee Jong-hak...”

It was Leo who muttered these words in a voice that carried a hint of admiration.

Lee Jong-hak's fame had spread not only throughout Asia but also Europe and North America.

He was the idol of almost every person who threaded the path of martial arts and was one of the heroes that people wanted to imitate the most. From his attitude, it was clear that even Leo, who usually didn't pay much attention to such things, was no exception.

"Huh, it seems a famous person has arrived."

It was Arid, whose fame was in no way lesser than Lee Jong-hak, who said those words. In his eyes, there was also a spark of admiration.

Min Ha-rin didn't find this strange. As had been stated many times before, Lee Jong-hak was one of the most famous and well-liked heroes of this world.

However, the reaction that surprised her the most, was Sedi's.

After staring at Lee Jong-hak for a while, Sedi actually nodded her head slightly, as if to indicate that she was satisfied with what she saw.

"This one should be a bit useful."

Although it seemed as if she was just inspecting a piece of art, Min Ha-rin, who knew Sedi's strength and origin, knew just how generous those words were.

Of course, Lee Jong-hak wasn't sure how to react.

This was natural. After all, a little girl, whose head barely came up to his chest, stared at him as if she was measuring his worth.

Just as he opened his mouth to say something, Min Ha-rin spoke.

“It’s been a while.”

Lee Jong-hak hesitated a bit before nodding slowly.

“...right. It seems you’ve been well.”

“Yeah. You too.”

“...”

It was a very awkward feeling.

They had once risked their lives together to escape from that place, but now, there was a cold distance between them.

Min Ha-rin couldn’t help but wonder if there was an edge to her voice. After learning of Lukas’ true identity and goal, a feeling of dislike for this had developed in her heart.

Nevertheless, Lee Jong-hak was a helper that Lukas himself had brought.

So she couldn't just openly display that kind of attitude.

'More importantly.'

No matter how upset she was, she would never deny that Lee Jong-hak was powerful. At the very least, he was much stronger than she was, so he would be a great help.

"I never would have expected you to accept Master's offer."

She wasn't being sarcastic, she genuinely meant that. She thought that Lee Jong-hak hated Lukas.

"I owe... that man. I owe him more than just my life."

Recalling Jong Ho and the other hunters that had been sent to the Korean Peninsula, Lee Jong-hak continued.

"And my thoughts from that time changed long ago."

That certainly seemed true.

In fact, Lee Jong-hak's attitude seemed to suggest that he held great respect for Lukas.

“How much did Master tell you?”

“Only that a battle which would affect the fate of this world is about to begin.”

So he hadn't been told everything.

Now that she thought about it, Arid hadn't been with him. Without his Brilliance, Lee Jong-hak would not be able to learn the truth of the universe.

Min Ha-rin couldn't help but feel a bit strange.

She couldn't tell if she was happy that he didn't get to learn the truth about Lukas, or disappointed that he didn't know just how wrong he was.

“I don't mean to interfere. But I would really like to help. Will you accept me?”

“That's not for me to decide.”

Min Ha-rin shook her head as she said those words.

It was at that moment that Leo, who seemed unable to wait any longer, stepped forward.

“My name is Leo Freeman. I’ve long heard the name of the great Human Dragon.”

“Lee Jong-hak. I’ll be in your care for a while.”

“...yeah.”

Then, Arid smiled and introduced himself too.

“I’m Arid.”

“I’ll tell you my name later. Father, shouldn’t we leave now?”

“...father?”

Lee Jong-hak couldn’t stop the surprised expression from spreading across his face as he heard the unexpected title. Ignoring his question, Lukas nodded before looking over at the people he’d gathered one last time.

Min Ha-rin, Leo, Arid, Lee Jong-hak, and Sedi.

He couldn’t help but feel that at the present time, there was no team better than this one.

“Let’s go.”

Time was running out. The Lightning God had said he would leave the entrance to the qualifiers near Korea, and it didn’t take Lukas very long to find it.

In the middle of the sea, not so far from Busan, was a huge whirlpool.

However, unlike normal whirlpools, the center of this whirlpool was black, similar to a black hole, or the gaping maw of an enormous monster.

The five candidates, floating in the air with the help of Lukas’ magic, all looked at this scene with differing expressions on their faces.

After a while, Min Ha-rin couldn’t help but ask with a hint of trepidation.

“...are we really supposed to go in there?”

“W-, we won’t die will we?”

“In theory, I don’t think we will die.”

“U-, uhh.”

“...idiots.”

Sedi shook her head as she looked at their pathetic expressions.

Lukas on the other hand remained as expressionless as ever. He knew that even though their expressions were like that, each of them had already strengthened their resolve. For a moment, he considered whether he should say something to comfort them, but he didn't think he had to.

Instead, Lukas looked down at the dark vortex for a while before speaking.

“Let's go.”

And with those words, he released the spell that was holding them aloft.

This caused the six bodies to slowly fall into the dark whirlpool at the same time.

* * *

Ssss-

The surroundings buzzed incessantly as though it was alive. Light and color slowly began to blend and take shape, and before he knew it, Lukas found himself standing on solid ground.

Whoosh-

A heavy wind blew over.

Lukas looked around.

The world he found himself standing in was barren and colorless. Large rocks floated in the sky, and there was nothing on the dry, cracked ground.

It felt like a world that was only at the beginning stages of creation.

'Is this the battlefield created for the qualifiers?'

No matter how eccentric the rulers were, he didn't think they'd be this laid back for something so important.

Just as he had this thought, a voice sounded in his head.

[Welcome, Participant, to the Qualifiers for the Great Game.]

It was a cold, inorganic voice.

'What did it mean 'welcome'?'

Lukas couldn't help but lower his head as he felt numerous doubts appear at the same time.

He wondered whose voice this was. At the very least, it didn't seem like it belonged to any of the Rulers.

[Before proceeding to the Qualifiers, you will first participate in a tutorial.]

...Tutorial?

Just as Lukas narrowed his eyes in confusion, the voice continued.

[The tutorial is a necessary process for us to objectively measure the power level of each participant. So we will ask you to please do your best.]

[Additionally, any injuries you might suffer in the tutorial will be reset before you enter the main game.]

[This reset applies even if the participant receives an injury that would otherwise lead to certain death.]

Reviving the death was not a task that was particularly difficult for Rulers. Nevertheless, Lukas couldn't help but wonder why this process was necessary.

[We will now begin the tutorial.]

[Stage 1]

Paht.

With a weak flash of light, a group suddenly appeared in this empty world.

It was a monster, one that filled Lukas with a sense of nostalgia.

Short, green-skinned, bipedal beings, with thin arms, protruding stomachs, and sharp, hooked noses. Each of them wielding a shabby weapon in their hands.

Goblins.

“Keruk, keruk.”

“Kerker.”

They looked at Lukas with eager gazes.

* * *

[You have cleared Stage 1.]

“Huff...! Huff...!”

Leo panted heavily.

This was the first time he'd ever encountered these monsters, but they weren't that strong. At best, they were only comparable to the lowest-ranked Demon Beasts. Nevertheless, the reason why Leo was panting so hard was because this was only his second real battle.

'It's fine. I can handle this much pressure.'

Leo clenched his fist.

Maybe it was because these monsters looked very different from Demons or Demon Beasts. Or maybe it was because he couldn't sense any demonic energy from them.

But when it came to these monsters, he didn't feel like he would have much trouble dealing with this amount of pressure.

He had never slacked off in his training. And he could even be called a bit talented.

So there was no reason for Leo to lose to a dozen or so goblins.

However, these guys were only the first stage.

He wasn't sure how this tutorial was structured, but he was almost certain that it would get more difficult with each passing stage.

He couldn't help but wonder if the others would be okay.

'...this isn't the time to worry about the others.'

As soon as that thought appeared in his mind, Leo shook it out of his head.

No matter how he looked at it, he was probably the weakest of all the participants on his team.

[Stage 2]

A bright light flashed as he heard the mechanical voice once again.

Leo's eyes burned with fighting spirit.

Out of habit, he recalled Lukas' advice.

Just because a flower blooms later than others, doesn't mean it will be any less beautiful.

His flower hadn't bloomed yet.

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[You have cleared Stage 4.]

“Mm...”

Lee Jong-hak slowly rolled his shoulders, which were gradually becoming tense.

The two-headed monsters that he'd just fought had been quite strong.

Their skin was quite tough, and their physical strength had reached a level that even he had to admire. When three of these monsters appeared, it hadn't been easy to deal with them, even for Lee Jong-hak.

“That was stage 4...”

Power flowed through the hand which was holding his sword.

At first, he'd been relaxed because this was only the tutorial, but now, he felt like he should pay a bit more attention.

* * *

[You have cleared Stage 9.]

She was bored. So bored that she felt like dying.

While this thought floated in her mind, Sedi calmly shook the blood off of her hand. She didn't like the feeling of these low-level beings' blood covering her body. This was why her scythe was so useful. Whenever she took an enemy's life with her scythe, she never had to worry about being splashed with their blood.

When the qualifiers truly began, she would have to do her best to find a weapon.

"How much longer do I have to do this for?"

When she grumbled these words in an annoyed voice, she received an unexpected answer.

[The tutorial consists of ten stages, and for Participant, the next stage will be your last.]

"Ah. Right."

So there was only one left. That was good to hear.

A bright smile spread across Sedi's face as she waited for the final stage to begin.

* * *

[You have cleared Stage 10.]

[Congratulations, Participant, for clearing all of the prepared stages.]

[Based on the information gathered from the tutorial, we are now able to objectify the participant's body information.]

[Please wait for a moment.]

[...]

[...]

Lukas' hand shook slightly as he looked at the monster corpse in front of him.

It belonged to a gigantic monster that was shaped like a wolf and was quite strong.

'None of them would have been able to clear Stage 10 except Sedi.'

Lukas had a good grasp of the different strengths of the people who entered the qualifiers with him.

Lee Jong-hak's limit should be the eighth stage, while Min Ha-rin and Leo should have stopped around the fourth or fifth stage.

As for Arid... he wasn't too sure. The power of his Brilliance was certainly great, but he had little to no combat experience.

With his strength, he could pass the tenth stage, but it was also possible for him to lose even the first stage.

Arid might benefit from this experience even more than Min Ha-rin or Leo.

[The objectification process has been completed.]

[To view it, say 'Status Window'.]

"...?"

Lukas tilted his head to the side before muttering.

“Status Window.”

* * *

“What... is this?”

Min Ha-rin, who had cleared the fifth stage, stared at the translucent screen that had appeared in front of her.

[Min Ha-rin]

[Level: 27]

[Title: Snow Flower, Great Mage’s Disciple]

[Occupation: Magic Swordsman]

[Race: Human]

[Skills: Magic(Lv.5), Swordsmanship(Lv.6), Magical Swordsmanship(Lv.1)]

“...the Great Game.”

It really was like a real ‘game’.

Then she heard the voice again.

[The tutorial has ended.]

[Proceeding to the ‘Great World’.]

Flash!

A bright flash of light enveloped Min Ha-rin. Then, she felt a sense of weightlessness similar to when they’d first entered this space.

Her surroundings, which were gradually revealed, were filled with a variety of vibrant colors, completely different from the colorless world she’d just stayed in.

“Ah...”

But when she saw her surroundings clearly for the first time, Min Ha-rin’s mouth fell open, and for a moment, she forgot how to speak.

* * *

Lukas looked around.

He found himself standing alone in a dark cave.

He could hardly feel any movements around him. Cold wind whistled continuously through the cave, creating a deep, ominous sound.

'I'm alone.'

Lukas couldn't help but wonder if he was the only one separated from the group.

Or was it that everyone had been separated randomly?

He hoped it was the former, but it was more than likely the latter.

He didn't like it, but he wasn't worried.

Even if there was a gap in strength, all five of the people who had joined him this time were equally resolved. All of them were willing to risk their lives to accomplish their task.

Nevertheless, they would survive, he knew it.

'And...'

Lukas currently wasn't so relaxed as to worry about others.

His gaze was drawn to the end of the cave. There, he saw a faint light coming in. That was probably the exit. Just as he was about to slowly move towards it...

[Welcome to the 'Great World'.]

He heard the mechanical voice again.

[The condition to win this challenge is to acquire all four of the 'most special statues'.]

[Numerous quests exist in this world. All of which provide clues, large and small, to help the participants find the statues.]

Lukas didn't stop walking as he analysed the information he'd just received from the voice.

The four most special statues.

Quest.

The information given by the voice left much to be desired, but he couldn't really complain in his current situation.

Perhaps, the information given at the beginning was the same for all of the participants.

[The Participant's current level is well above the average in the 'Great World'.]

[Your level and skills will be greatly restricted.]

[These restrictions can be lifted using special items obtained in the 'Great World'.]

[In addition, there are many special items in the 'Great World' that might be of use to the participant.]

[These items will not disappear even after the participant returns to the original world.]

The restrictions on his power were expected.

At first glance, it might seem like he was at a disadvantage, but that was not the case.

'The other Absolutes here too.'

Nodiesop, Letip, Kasajin.

Their powers would also be heavily restricted. After all, the Rulers were the ones who created this Great Game. No matter how powerful they were when compared to other Absolutes, they could do nothing in the face of the Rulers' power.

In the original world, Lukas was the only one whose power was restricted, so a situation where everyone else was also restricted was not bad at all.

'I should carefully decide the order.'

The special statues, or the items that would help him break free from his restrictions.

He needed to decide which of the two he would go after first.

Even if he managed to grab the statues, he might not be able to keep them if he didn't have the strength to do so.

And there was the last message as well.

The items they collected would not disappear even when they returned to the original world.

Perhaps this was why they called it the qualifiers.

The numerous items that existed in this world were likely to have a huge impact after the Great Game truly began in earnest.

Of course, Lukas was in a position to stop a full-fledged game from starting.

[Participant is currently in a field that belongs to the 'Heavenly Realm'.]

[We wish the Participant the best of luck.]

...

After saying those words, the voice was not heard anymore.

It was just in time, as Lukas felt a light breeze softly tickle his hair. It was coming from outside the cave.

Nevertheless, Lukas' gaze was locked onto a single location. It was a nearby cliff.

It seemed a bit precarious, but if he stood there, he would be able to see all of the surrounding areas in one glance.

Without any further delay, Lukas headed over to the cliff.

“ ... ”

And he instantly became speechless.

It was refreshing.

Clean and fresh air created by a land without the slightest bit of pollution blew strongly against his face.

Most of the land on 'Earth' had been deeply impacted by the corrosive demonic energy, and the air there was nothing when compared to this. Nevertheless, that wasn't the reason why Lukas was so speechless.

It was because beneath the cliff lay a huge ocean. However, that didn't mean he was standing on an island or even near a beach.

He was at least a few kilometers away from the ocean. The clouds beneath him were the best proof of this.

In other words, the ground upon which he was standing, rested high above the sky.

'The Heavenly Realm.'

As he recalled the name the voice had announced to him, Lukas had a vague idea of where he was at that moment.

This place was literally floating in the sky, a Floating Island.

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Lukas found that the cave was in the middle of the mountain. That was why he was able to see the other side from the cliff.

The view before his eyes was unlike anything he'd ever seen before.

A forest made of large, majestic trees, a crystal clear river which shined like a jewel in the sunlight...

Lukas suddenly wondered where the river on this floating island in the sky came from. With that thought in his mind, he decided to climb down and walk along the river.

Villages and cities were usually built in places where freshwater was easily accessible. So following the river had the highest probability of allowing him to encounter people.

Of course, this was just an optimistic thought.

After all.

There was no guarantee that there'd be intelligent lifeforms in the Heavenly Realm.

'This might get annoying.'

The lack of people to communicate with meant that it would be relatively difficult to gather any information.

However, judging from the keyword 'statue', Lukas assumed that there was at least one race in this world intelligent enough to practice carving or sculpting.

Lukas decided to stop thinking about it. This was because, at the present, any speculation beyond this would just be a waste of time.

Instead, it would be much wiser for him to check his physical condition first.

'I can't use any spell beyond 7 stars.'

His power had been restricted. Nevertheless, this situation was very similar to what he experienced back in the outside world.

However, there were a few positives.

The tolerance of this created world was beyond imagination. So as long as he was able to regain his power as an Absolute, Lukas would be able to exert his full strength without having to worry about any consequences.

'Of course, it probably won't be the same as usual.'

He wouldn't be able to increase the mana he could utilise simply by training. Lukas' magical power hadn't disappeared, it had only been restrained by invisible chains.

Perhaps, as the voice said, the only things that would be to break through these chains were the 'items' scattered around the world.

He couldn't use his divine magic power, endtongue, or even his external force.

The same went for his Demigod abilities and other high-level spells.

Lukas Trowman had truly become a '7 star Wizard'.

This reminded him of the old days.

At that time when he'd suddenly opened his eyes and realised that he'd exited the abyss, and now possessed the body of 'Frey Blake'.

At that time, Lukas had been able to reach 5 stars in an instant by relying on the residual energy trapped within that body.

'Is this better than back then?'

After all, he was two levels higher than he was at that time.

Nevertheless, Lukas decided to shake these unnecessary thoughts out of his head.

There was a lot of work to be done.

His ultimate goal was to obtain the four statues and win this game.

But before that, he had to go find his other team members who had scattered to different places, and if he could afford to, get an item or two that would help them.

“...”

Lukas stopped walking.

Similar to his expectations, there was a city sitting at the edge of the river.

Tall, clean white walls wrapped around this city and the buildings that could be seen above it had a certain architectural beauty that showed they weren't built by clumsy hands.

As he slowly approached, he spotted a figure sitting beside the river.

It was a skinny, middle-aged man. His reddish skin and mismatched clothing caused Lukas to almost mistake him for a scarecrow.

Nevertheless, a heavy-looking club hung from his waist, and he held a fishing rod in his hands, its hook floating in the river.

The man didn't seem to care about Lukas' presence, but when he narrowed the distance to three feet, the man finally looked up at him.

His eyes were bright yellow, and his pupils were slit like a cat.

'He isn't human.'

Just as Lukas had this thought, the man rose up from his seat.

"What are you doing here?"

His voice was cold and sharp.

In his expression, there seemed to be a mixture of vigilance and hostility.

"You aren't from the Heavenly Realm. Are you from the Thunder Archipelago?"

"..."

The man's voice was indifferent, but Lukas could feel the undertones of disdain contained within it.

Lukas simply responded without hesitation.

"Where is the Thunder Archipelago that you mentioned?"

"Quit pretending. Right. I don't know how you got into the Heavenly Realm, but I can't let a guy like you roam around as he pleases."

As the man said that, he removed the club from his waist. It was literally a club. It was a thick stick with a blunt end that exuded an aura of primitive violence.

The hostility in the man's expression was clear. There was no way for him to avoid this fight.

Woowoong-

So Lukas also called upon his mana.

He had been weakened to a ridiculous level, there was no way for him to know just how strong his opponent was, and death here would probably lead to complete soul annihilation.

But there wasn't even the slightest hint of tension on Lukas' face.

* * *

“...I lost.”

The man lowered his head in despair.

His voice and attitude both showed that he had completely lost his will to fight.

Lukas was certain that the man wasn't playing any tricks. He'd realised it as he fought. This man in front of him wasn't the wicked or treacherous type. Rather, he seemed to be the type to prefer fair duels.

Lukas slowly calmed his man before looking at the man whose head was still bowed.

‘This is a good world to use magic.’

That was because mana could be found everywhere in this world. Even if he were to use the same spell, the one he cast here would be twice as strong as the one cast on Earth, and the channeling time would also be much faster.

‘It'll be fine to use a staff before reaching 9 stars.’

Staves and wands increased the efficiency of spell casting and mana concentration. They were weapons that Lukas didn't usually need, but it would be a great help for the 7 star Lukas Trowman.

Lukas turned to the man once again.

This man, who continued to look at the ground with a defeated expression, was by no means weak.

His use of the club and mysterious martial art together with his combat experiences gave him the ability to win even if he met opponents stronger than himself.

It was just that his opponent this time was too strong.

His martial arts hadn't been enough to shock Lukas, and no matter how deep his combat experience was, it would always be shallow when compared to an Absolute like Lukas.

"...you are very talented at sorcery. So you really were a Lightningman from the Thunder Archipelago."

"I'm not."

"It doesn't matter, in the end, I still lost."

The man shook his head as if he didn't believe him, then his voice became firm.

"Kill me."

“What?”

“Do you intend to do it with your hands instead of sorcery? I’d rather not die by strangulation, but... I suppose the loser doesn’t have a choice. I’ll have to accept it.”

It was only then that Lukas realised what the man was talking about.

“I have no intention of killing you.”

“What are you talking about...?”

The man’s eyes went wide.

“Don’t all outsiders kill us Dragonmen? There’s no way... You are really not from the Thunder Archipelago, are you?”

“Haven’t I already told you that many times?”

Lukas’ voice carried a hint of aggravation.

“Mmm...”

The man lowered his head in thought for a while before finally speaking.

“I see. Since you don’t want to kill me then there’s no helping it.”

“What?”

The man suddenly fell down to one knee and bowed his head.

“I hereby swear allegiance to you. My Lord.”

Season 2 Chapter 149

Lukas was shocked. Was this guy joking? That didn’t seem to be the case.

Then what was he up to?

Lukas looked down at him for a while before speaking.

“Stand up first.”

“Yes.”

“...what’s your name?”

“Bargan.”

It was at that moment.

[You’ve earned the loyalty of wandering Dragon Man Fighter, ‘Bargan’.]

[Current Loyalty: 51]

Once again, the mechanical voice sounded in his ears. What did it mean for him to hear the voice at that moment?

More importantly, could he trust it?

Lukas thought for a moment before finally opening his mouth.

“Why are you swearing your allegiance to me?”

“I am a wandering Fighter.”

“What does that matter?”

Bargain tilted his head to the side at those words.

“...do you not know about Dragonman fighters?”

“I don’t know anything.”

“I see. Mm...”

After contemplating for a while, Bargain turned to him and said.

“Before I speak, may I ask for your name?”

Lukas thought for a moment.

He wondered if he should use his real name or a pseudonym.

Each had its own pros and cons.

A pro of using his real name was that all the members of his team would be able to find him if this news spread.

A con would be the fact that those rumors might attract his enemies as well.

“Lukas.”

In the end, Lukas decided to stick to his real name. His team needed someone to serve as the central point, and he was the only one who could fill this role. He had to do it even if there was a bit of risk.

“May I ask where you are from, My Lord?”

“Do I have to tell you that as well?”

“You don’t. However, if you tell me where you are from, I will be able to summarise everything better.”

“There’s no need to summarise. Explain everything in detail.”

“Understood.”

Bargan nodded and started talking.

“This place is Combat Island, one of the Seven Floating Islands.”

“Combat Island?”

“Yes. All Dragonmen here are natural-born Fighters, and we all enjoy fighting.”

“...”

Fighters.

Lukas knew a bit about those who called themselves Fighters. Those who only took defeat to mean death. Bargan seemed to be a particularly extreme case, but they were all somewhat similar.

Lukas nodded before deciding to state his purpose.

“I’m looking for a statue.”

“A statue...? What kind of statue?”

“They were called the four most special statues. Do you know of them?”

“Mm...”

Bargan closed his eyes and seemed to scour his memories for a while, but he eventually shook his head.

“I’m sorry. I fear this is also my first time hearing about them.”

Lukas wasn’t disappointed. After all, he never expected the statues to be easy to find.

Bargan then continued.

“However, someone in ‘Herui’ might know something.”

“Are you talking about that city?”

“Yes. It’s a Fighter City. There are many skilled blacksmiths there, so you might be able to get some clues if you ask them.”

That made sense.

Of course, the only thing blacksmiths and sculptors had in common was the fact that they made things. However, they were more likely to know more than the random Fighter.

“...unfortunately, the blacksmiths in this area are rather snobbish. Unless one is a powerful Fighter, they won’t even bother to talk to you, let alone make a weapon. Of course, if they knew Lord’s true strength, their attitudes would certainly be better.”

It would be better to deal with such problems in person, so Lukas decided to not waste time.

“First things first, let’s head to Herui. But won’t I be barred from entering? You were able to immediately tell that I was an outsider.”

“That’s because your skin is too pale and your complexion is unique. Nevertheless, there are quite a few outsiders here on Combat Island... Mm. Once we get into the city, the first thing we’ll do is get you some new clothes. No matter how you look, there should be a bit less suspicion if your clothes don’t stand out as much.”

Of course, before then, there wasn’t really anything they could do.

Bargan then added something.

* * *

At first, the city guards all looked at Lukas with suspicion, but their expressions soon changed to surprise and awe.

“Did this outsider really defeat ‘Headmasher Bargan’?”

“I really can’t believe it. He’s so skinny that it doesn’t look like he could harm a fly.”

Bargan didn’t show any displeasure at their words, he simply shook his head and said.

“It was a complete defeat. So, can we enter?”

“Of course you can. Herui always welcomes new Fighters.”

Suddenly, the guard standing to the left spoke with a suspicious expression on his face.

“Are you really sure he’s not from the Thunder Archipelago?”

“Of course, if that were the case, I never would have sworn allegiance to him.”

“That’s true.”

The guards all nodded before looking at Lukas with much friendlier expressions. Thanks to that, Lukas was able to successfully enter the Fighter City of the Heavenly Realm, Herui.

After passing through the gates, he was immediately greeted by the sight of an enormous city.

The first thing he saw was a large road. This road was so large that ten carriages would easily be able to pass side by side. The buildings stood on either side of the road in an orderly manner, creating a clean image. These many stores were all of different kinds. From restaurants to clothing stores, to weapon stores.

The people walking on the street all looked different. Especially their skins.

There were people with black, brown, yellow, and even some with reddish skin like Bargan.

But after observing them for a while, Lukas realised that Bargan was right.

There were hardly any people with white skin in the crowd.

Finally, his eyes landed on a large building at the end of the road. In fact, it was this building that drew most of his attention after he entered the city.

“This way.”

Nevertheless, following Bargan was his current priority.

“Headsmasher Bargan. It seems you’re pretty famous.”

“Among the wandering Fighters in the city, I am a bit famous.”

Bargan replied calmly.

“The easiest way to prove yourself on Combat Island is to be strong. Lord has managed to make me submit, that in itself is some proof.”

“Where is the Thunder Archipelago?”

For some reason, everyone seemed to think that Lukas came from that place. A bit of emotion appeared on Bargan's otherwise expressionless face.

It was the same disdain he'd displayed when they first met.

"There is an in the heart of the Great Ocean when thunder and lightning continuously strike without ceasing."

"It seems that you all don't get along with people from that place."

"They're just a bunch of garbage with no respect or honour. One day, we will wipe those bastards out."

Lukas nodded for a moment before pointing towards the large building in the distance.

"What's that?"

"That's the arena. Its value and importance are almost unparalleled in the entirety of Combat Island. We should probably go there soon."

As he said, the first place Bargan took him to was a clothing store.

There, Lukas was able to buy clothes similar to Bargan's. The clothes were large and loose. In particular, the way the sleeves flapped with every movement bothered him greatly.

“Do I really have to wear this?”

“If it bothers you, we could always get you a belt and some straps.”

“I would appreciate that.”

“Understood.”

After a while, a clerk from the clothing store returned with a black belt and some wrappings for the wrist and ankles. The forearms and thighs still flapped, but at the very least, it wasn't as bad as before.

The clothes that Lukas had been wearing when he entered this world were all sold to the clothing store. Nevertheless, since it wasn't the type of clothes that Dragonmen preferred, they weren't able to get much from the sale.

“100 eru. It should be 125 eru, but I'll give you a small discount for the weird clothes.”

“Thank you.”

This price was naturally paid by Bargan.

Lukas turned to him and said.

“I owe you.”

“Everything I have belongs to you. Would you prefer to hold the money instead?”

As he said that, Bargan shook the money bag he'd just taken out.

“Of course, I'm just a wandering Fighter who lives day by day. So I don't really have a lot of money...”

“...are all Fighters like this?”

“Huh?”

“All I did was defeat you once, but you truly intend to give everything you have to me.”

“You didn't just win, you also showed me mercy. From the moment you spared my life, it became yours.”

“...”

After hearing this response that Bargan said as if it was natural, Lukas became speechless for a while. Even if he expected their way of thinking to be different, this was too different.

Dragonman... Come to think of it, Bargan said he was a Dragonman.

Did that mean that all Dragonmen were like this?

‘There are so many things that I don’t know.’

This was a new world, so this was natural. And Lukas also had the bad habit of being curious about everything whenever he entered a new world.

“I think it would be better for you to keep the money. After all, I have no idea of how money works in the Heavenly Realm.”

“Understood. If you need anything, please don’t hesitate to inform me.”

After that conversation, they left the clothing store.

Lukas was immediately able to notice that the suspicious gazes he received were reduced by a considerable amount.

“I know a blacksmith near here. We should look for him first and find out about the statue.”

Just as Lukas nodded and moved to follow him, the street suddenly became noisy.

“It’s a Champion.”

“A Champion is here.”

Lukas was easily able to see the excitement in their eyes. Even Bargan was the same.

“The Champion is making her journey. Now that I think about it, she did have a match scheduled for tonight.”

Season 2 Chapter 150

Lukas turned to Bargan.

“The Champion?”

“It means Ruler of the Herui Arena. With her overwhelming power and win rate, she has completely dominated the arena.”

Lukas turned to look at the figure in the middle of the parting crowd.

It was a woman.

She had long hair and deep eyes. Only one sword hung at her waist, but the aura and killing intent spewing from her body couldn't be ignored.

Nevertheless, the first thing Lukas noticed wasn't this aura that was erupting from this woman's body.

Instead, it was her familiar face. No, to put it more bluntly, it was a face that he was well acquainted with.

Nevertheless, there were subtle differences when compared to the face that Lukas knew, so he couldn't help but wonder if it was just a similar looking person.

However, it didn't take long for him to realise that wasn't the case.

Because at that moment, the woman's gaze shifted to the side before locking onto him.

With a snap, she immediately stopped walking. Then, she looked over at Lukas as if she'd seen a ghost before muttering in a disbelieving voice.

"...Master?"

Seeing this, Lukas also became confident in her identity and called out to her.

"Ha-rin."

The Champion who was revered by the city was none other than his first disciple, Min Ha-rin. (TL: Ha, bet you didn't see that coming)

* * *

Lukas followed Min Ha-rin. He found that she was staying in a magnificent mansion near the center of the city.

This was the building that was gifted to the Champion.

Before entering, Lukas ordered Bargan to wait outside. While he appeared surprised that the two of them knew each other, he simply followed his orders without making a single sound.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Sitting face to face in the room, the master and disciple didn't speak for a while.

The reason Lukas was speechless was because of the intense emotion that covered Min Ha-rin's face.

Tears had welled up in her eyes, threatening to fall at any moment.

After a while, Min Ha-rin wiped her eyes before speaking in a very shaky voice.

“Master, I’m really glad you’re okay. Did something happen?”

“Right... You seem to have gone through a lot.”

“Yeah.”

Min Ha-rin’s mouth opened and closed for a while before she was finally able to calm herself.

“Where have you been all this while? I couldn’t find a clue even after searching the entire Heavenly Realm for you, Master...”

Lukas had a sense of incongruity from Min Ha-rin’s words.

It was the same feeling of incongruity that he’d felt when he first saw her in the street.

“Ha-rin.”

“Yes?”

“How long have you been here?”

A dim light shined in Min Ha-rin's eyes at the strange question.

"...I haven't been counting, but it has probably been around five years."

The sense of incongruity that Lukas felt finally began to take shape.

He then spoke in a heavy voice.

"I just arrived."

"Huh?"

In a way, this conclusion that he'd reached meant that things might be even worse than he initially expected.

Nevertheless, it was an issue that had to be clarified.

Lukas looked at Min Ha-rin for a moment before speaking.

"I don't think we all entered the Great World at the same time."

* * *

Min Ha-rin had been a bit startled by Lukas' statement for a while, but she eventually regained her calm.

Her appearance caused Lukas to feel a bit more maturity in her than before.

It was strange, on one hand, he was proud, but on the other, he felt a bit sad.

Five years.

That was a relatively short time for an Absolute like him, but during this time, Min Ha-rin had grown a considerable amount.

As her Master, Lukas couldn't help but feel a bit of regret that he hadn't been able to witness the process for himself.

No. That thought was a luxury in itself.

He should be grateful that he was able to reunite with even one member of his team.

“Did you hear any word about the others?”

“...I’ve stayed in Herui for about two years now. Before that, I traveled around the Heavenly Realm looking for you and the others.”

“...”

The memories seemed to have caused Min Ha-rin to become depressed as she wasn’t able to continue. From her expression, Lukas was able to understand a bit even if she didn’t say it.

It was then that he also understood why she had been so shocked when she saw him for the first time.

For Lukas, he was just reuniting with his disciple after a brief separation, but for Min Ha-rin, she had been searching for Lukas for more than five years.

‘And she hadn’t been able to find a single clue.’

No matter how positively she tried to think or how much faith she had in her master. After such a long time, it was only natural that she would begin to think the worst.

Just before seeing Lukas, Min Ha-rin’s eyes had been lifeless. Killing intent poured from every pore on her body, and she seemed to exude a sense of tiredness that was akin to a living corpse.

The five years that Min Ha-rin had experienced was probably something that Lukas wouldn’t be able to understand or repay her for.

“You did well.”

So, instead, he just told her his thoughts.

“...”

Min Ha-rin slowly lowered her head at those words.

She'd spent the last five years on her own, fending for herself in an unknown world.

A lot of things had happened in that time, and there were a lot of things within her that had changed as well.

This might have been one of them.

The current Min Ha-rin didn't want to let her master see her cry.

* * *

Min Ha-rin briefly explained to Lukas everything she had experienced in the past five years.

First of all, she told him that her starting point hadn't been Combat Island, but 'Untamed Island' located in the northwest.

“Untamed Island?”

“Yeah. There are a few Dragonmen there, and there are even Dragonling who have long since lost their intelligence.”

In the first month after her arrival, every day had been a constant struggle for survival. There were many kinds of Dragonlings on the island, and many of them could take her life in various ways.

There wasn't a single place where she could rest with confidence. To survive, she had to become stronger, and Min Ha-rin struggled desperately because she didn't want to die.

Then, after a long month of fighting.

Min Ha-rin was able to become slightly accustomed to life on the 'Untamed Island'.

“Soon after entering this world, I found that my magical power was constantly growing stronger. If it weren't for that, I wouldn't have survived the Untamed Island.”

“The mana density in this world is extremely high. This is the best place to increase and train your mana.”

Lukas nodded as he said that.

He didn't know how strong the Dragonlings who inhabited the Untamed Island were, but a month of constantly fighting for her own survival definitely had an explosive impact on her growth.

"The Seven Islands of the Heavenly Realm all have different sizes. The Untamed Island is among the largest. I'm not sure of its exact size, but the map I saw showed it was at least a few million square kilometers."

Millions of square kilometers.

That was truly an overwhelming size. In fact, such a size was comparable to a small continent. (1)

"I stayed on the Untamed Island for about a year."

After she got used to the environment, Min Ha-rin was able to catch her breath.

At the very least, she gained the ability to secure a safe place for herself, and she also learned which Dragonlings she couldn't face.

It was true that humans were extremely adaptable creatures.

This was proven by the fact that Min Ha-rin was able to gradually get used to living on such a dangerous island.

"Later, I also found what I think are mutated Dragonlings. I also ate many precious herbs and fruits. Thanks to that, I was able to become stronger much faster."

“Weren’t you afraid that you were putting yourself at risk by eating those unknown things?”

“The information window said that it was okay to eat them.”

Lukas couldn’t help but tilt his head at the unfamiliar title.

“...information window?”

“Ah, I forgot that you only just arrived.”

After saying that, Min Ha-rin drew her sword and held it in front of Lukas.

“If you pay close attention to this sword, something will appear.”

“...”

The sword that Min Ha-rin drew was much sharper than Lukas expected and seemed to have an extraordinary aura of its own. Lukas admitted that it wasn’t a famed sword, but it wasn’t too far from one.

Then he decided to do what Min Ha-rin said.

[Scarlet Killament]

[A one-handed sword forged from the fang of a mutated Dragonling. It seems to embody the ferocity and violence of the Red Dragonlings.

Once a day grants the ability to use 'Dragon's Roar'.]

Lukas raised an eyebrow.