

Great Mage 741

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Lukas didn't ask about the exact timing of the meeting. This fact meant two things.

That meeting the Beginning Wizard no longer had as much significance to him, and that life in the castle was so comfortable, he almost forgot what his goals were.

Nevertheless, Sedi answered without needing to be asked.

"There is still a while until the meeting."

He just nodded roughly.

Inwardly, he didn't really care whether the meeting would be the next day or in a few years.

Lukas stayed in the castle and did nothing. Most of his time was spent idly.

He hadn't forgotten his burdens. But there was a thought in his heart that it would be fine even if he didn't do anything like this.

He spent most of his time talking to Sedi. Whenever he talked to her, his mind felt at ease, and a calm smile spread across his lips. Sweet happiness welled up inside of him like a spring, and for a moment, he forgot the tiresome headaches and goals that made his heart heavy.

[...if...]

[...are you doing? ...in...]

At some point.

The voices in his head began to fade away.

The voices of the 'Lukases' that Lukas had absorbed. Those voices began to disappear. It was an unexpected but happy change.

'I don't need to meet the Beginning Wizard any more.'

The solution had been so close.

Just by stabilising his mind and body, he was able to obtain an unexpected harvest. For the first time in this world, Lukas found rest in the truest sense.

"Sedi."

"Mm?"

"You have times when you work."

"I do."

Sedi, who was laying on the bed, as usual, replied.

“What do you usually do then?”

“Not much. I just sit and listen to reports. My role isn’t to identify the problems or solve them on my own.”

She continued in a smug voice.

“A decision maker only needs to do two things. Look serious and listen to everything till the end, then nod or shake your head.”

“...”

It was clear that this was a crooked mindset, but Sedi seemed to be of the belief that this was true.

“Of course, if something big happens, I will have to step up, but that rarely happens.”

As if to show she had a bit of conscience left, she added.

“Considering that you only have to listen to reports, you seem pretty busy.”

Sedi only spent about half the day with Lukas. Even the longest periods were never more than half a day.

“Sometimes I have to listen to complaints, sometimes I have to go do inspections... I don’t have any specific work, but it really feels like I do a lot of chores. It’s really annoying.”

Surprisingly, the Twelve Void Lords had a lot of chores.

Sedi grumbled for a moment before her expression suddenly changed and she fell silent. Then, she got off the bed.

“...I should get going. Ah. Would you like to go on a city inspection with me tomorrow?”

“Inspection?”

“It’s just an inspection in name, I want to take a walk with you. I’ve never walked around the Pit with Father.”

Lukas nodded because that was true.

Since coming to the Pit, Lukas had not left the castle.

“District Z-17. That’s the busiest shopping district, and there’s a cafe there that sells that cheap coffee thing. It reminded me of Father.”

...Coffee.

Now that he thought about it, it seemed that he’d drunk it quite often when he was on Earth. This was because the sweet flavour surprisingly suited his tastes.

Although it felt bad that Sedi disparaged the drink as cheap, he nodded his head since he knew she had good intentions and probably wanted to introduce him to a decent store.

“Right. I’ll go with you.”

"It wouldn't be bad for you to wander around the city without me. This territory, I didn't really develop it, but there are many things to see. All of the members are demons, but it's not that much different from where people-"

Sedi's voice cut off. Then, she staggered a bit as if she'd lost her balance.

"Sedi?"

Lukas jumped up from his seat when he saw her perilous appearance. He tried to help, but Sedi pushed him away with one hand.

"I'm fine."

Frowning, she grabbed her head.

"Sorry. I'm just a bit dizzy."

Just as Sedi smiled bitterly, a bit of blood dripped from her nose.

"...!"

When he saw this, he couldn't help but feel even more surprised than when she'd stumbled.

The blood dripping from Sedi was black. Seeing Lukas' hard expression, Sedi waved her hand.

"Ah. Wait. There's no need to get worked up. This happens sometimes."

She wiped her nose offhandedly.

"Why...?"

"Was it backlash from not fully digesting the power of the 0th Demon or something like that? Anyways, it's not a big deal."

Despite the fact that she spoke in an insignificant manner, Lukas had a strange feeling.

Then, they heard a knock on the door.

"Excuse me."

It was one of the Apostles who made an appearance. He didn't remember its name, but it was a being with the head of a snake.

"Am I interrupting?"

Slurp, its split tongue shot out of its mouth and its yellow eyes flashed. It was an eerie sight but it wasn't threatening. Instead, this attitude came because of tension. The Apostles were very afraid of Sedi.

"No. It's fine that you came. What's wrong?"

"...that, a guest has arrived."

"A guest?"

That was not an easy word to hear in this place. When Sedi frowned and urged it to speak more, the Snake Apostle spoke with an expression that didn't hide his apprehension.

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"...it's the Beginning Wizard."

Lukas and Sedi's eyes met.

* * *

"The hospitality towards guests is pretty poor."

When meeting him personally for the first time, Lukas recalled the description Kasajin had given him.

His entire body was covered by an auburn robe, and his face was covered by a hideous mask that was reminiscent of a sickly old man.

The only part that wasn't covered by his robe was the hand that held a twisted staff, but even then no flesh was exposed.

'He's alone.'

Surprisingly, the Beginning Wizard had not come to the Pit with anyone else. He also didn't seem to release any pressure. Even when he was in front of him, it felt like he was looking at a ghost. If he closed his eyes and didn't focus his senses, he couldn't sense his presence at all.

"...I'd thought so before, but the Lord is really different in person."

The strangest part was his voice. It was impossible to guess his age or gender from his voice.

It sounded like several overlapping voices, so it felt as if several people were talking at the same time without a single error.

"Nice to meet you. New 0th Demon, Sedi Trowman."

"Your first impression is the worst, Wizard of the Beginning."

"Did I do something wrong?"

"To call me by my full name at the first greeting is very unpleasant to me. It feels like you have grasped something about me, and it's freaking disgusting."

The Beginning Wizard didn't seem to take offence to her rough remarks.

Or at least, that was how it felt.

'What is this...?'

From the moment he first saw him, Lukas had been feeling strange. He could see the blue eyes behind the mask, and every time he saw them, his chest fluttered.

Almost instinctively, a question arose within him.

'I... do I know this person?'

"Why did you come here? Do you want a war?"

Sedi spoke with a provocative smile, but from her perspective, it was probably not something she really thought about before saying.

But, instead of denying it, the Beginning Wizard nodded.

"You catch on quick. That's right."

"What?"

Pop!

It was as if the nod of his head was a signal.

The body of the Apostle standing beside Sedi, the Snake Apostle who had guided them to this room, exploded. Flesh and blood splattered in every direction.

"Isn't it always refreshing to hear that popping sound?"

"...!"

There was probably no one who could have foreseen this situation. At the very least, Lukas hadn't. He couldn't foresee what trick the Beginning Wizard had done. The reason for his delayed response was because he was thinking about the reason. Perhaps that wasn't the only reason...

Nevertheless, Sedi was different. She was the same as Lukas in that she was unable to predict the situation, but she regained her composure faster than anyone else there.

Crackle

Black energy rushed out of her clenched fists. Sedi's entire body became dyed black.

Perhaps feeling an unusual omen, the Beginning Wizard retreated with a flutter of his robes. But Sedi was able to close the distance much faster than that.

Papapak!

In the blink of an eye, she landed dozens of consecutive blows. The Beginning Wizard's body fluttered like a scarecrow being swept by a typhoon.

Sedi's gaze became cold. None of her previous attacks had any effect.

"Let's all calm down a little."

There was a hint of amusement mixed in with the Beginning Wizard's voice.

"Shut up."

"Why are you so angry? It was just a greeting."

"Killing someone without saying a word is a greeting? Then let me try it too. That kind of greeting."

Smiling ferociously, Sedi began to raise her aura, but she didn't release it.

"Uh... huhh...?"

The sudden voice made Sedi freeze. She turned around.

Just now.

The Snake Apostle, whose shattered flesh and blood had scattered, was now standing there.

Perfectly intact.

"Like I said. Calm your agitation."

The Beginning Wizard spoke in a soft tone.

"Agitation narrows your vision, makes it dark. In times like that, taking a deep breath makes you feel better. It might sound simple, but it really works."

"...you... what the hell did you do?"

"Instead of a simple greeting, I showed you a bit of magic. Did you enjoy it?"

Magic.

Lukas' fists subconsciously clenched at that word. He was still staring at the Beginning Wizard with wide eyes while lost in his thoughts.

Just now.

He had confirmed the death of that Apostle. It wasn't an illusion. The Snake Apostle had died without a doubt.

And yet, he was revived... No, was he revived?

'I don't know.'

He didn't even know what method he'd used.

All he knew was something beyond his cognitive ability had happened.

"Your expression still doesn't look so good. Mm. Then, perhaps I truly was disrespectful as you said. I apologise. However, that was absolutely necessary for me."

"Hoh. I wonder what the deal behind that is."

The Beginning Wizard looked around before speaking.

"It's not difficult to tell you, but there are too many ears around."

"Fine. Let's go to my office. I won't allow the others to enter. You and I will have a long talk alone."

"I like your hot temper."

Before leaving, Sedi winked at Lukas. This meant for him to leave it to her. After hesitating for a moment, Lukas nodded.

Suddenly, the Beginning Wizard turned his gaze towards him.

“You are comfortable, young man.”

When his attention turned to him, it felt like he could hear his voice more closely.

Lukas once again had an indescribably strange feeling.

“Life is a series of struggles. As long as you live, you will have no choice but to keep fighting. All that changes is the subject of the fight.”

“...what are you talking about?”

“I thought you needed some advice, was I wrong?”

“Hey. Don’t talk nonsense.”

As Sedi growled threateningly, the Beginning Wizard burst into laughter and walked past. After a while, his figure, which was getting further away, eventually disappeared.

But even after he left, Lukas was unable to move from that spot for a while.

* * *

Lukas returned to his room. But he couldn’t stop thinking about the Beginning Wizard.

The biggest question he had was the face behind the mask. He kept feeling like he might know it.

It was strange. The more he thought about it, the more clouded his mind felt.

Suddenly, the door swung open.

When he was alone in his room, there were only two beings who would open his door as they pleased. And one of them was probably still talking to the Beginning Wizard at that moment.

Lukas looked at the man who appeared through the open door.

“Kasajin.”

Kasajin nodded slightly and said.

“An important guest arrived.”

“...”

“The Beginning Wizard. I saw it from a distance, but I could tell. He hasn’t changed.”

He wasn’t saying that he hadn’t changed.

Kasajin was saying that the being he’d seen in the past and the current Beginning Wizard was the same person.

Kasajin looked into Lukas' eyes as if he was trying to see what was inside, then, he suddenly asked.

"Are you satisfied with the current situation?"

...This wasn't the first time.

Lukas had been asked this question several times by Kasajin.

Even when he didn't have anything to talk about, he would suddenly appear and ask those few words that he could never figure out the reason for.

"If you have something to say, say it."

"..."

"You... by chance, are you looking down on me?"

Lukas looked at Kasajin.

"Because the 'Lukas Trowman' you knew wasn't like this? Because I passed my responsibilities to someone else and leisurely took a break in my room?"

His voice gradually rose. Lukas himself probably realised this before Kasajin.

"Are you dissatisfied with me because the Lukas you knew wasn't like this?"

Kasajin didn't say anything. He just kept looking at him with his dark eyes. At that moment, Lukas couldn't help but feel pathetic.

What was the difference between him and a child who was getting excited because of his own guilty conscience?

"It's not like that, Lukas. I have nothing to say to you because I don't deserve to. I just... I want you to realise."

"You want me to realise? Realise what?"

"It's not my place to tell you. However, you already have a clue. You just don't want to think about it too deeply."

"..."

"Stop ignoring it. That's all I want to say."

After saying that, Kasajin opened the door and left.

Lukas, who was left alone, thought about chasing after him but suddenly had a deep feeling of incongruity.

—Since the day he first arrived at the castle, Kasajin had visited Lukas without fail. Most of the time, there didn't seem to be any reason for it.

Of course, one didn't need to have a reason to meet a friend, but this was Kasajin. Even if he had been completely emptied and refilled with something else, it didn't change the fact that he was, in essence, Kasajin.

He was never a guy who would commit a meaningless act.

Then?

Why was such a serious guy coming to him so often?

'...to let me know.'

To inform him of something.

He felt the warmth on his fingertips gradually fade. Of course, it was just an illusion, but Lukas' heart was already ice cold.

...It felt like he was missing something, something crucial.

And when he had such doubts, he knew how to find a clue.

Lukas calmly went back to the drawing board.

He had come to the Pit to find a method to get to the Magic Planet, and he had a semi-forced meeting with the Lord of this place, Sedi. At that time, Lukas had been reluctant to meet her.

And at the same time, Kasajin had tried to stop him from meeting her.

"...!"

At that moment, there was a flash of thunder in his mind. It felt like he'd finally remembered something he'd forgotten.

Sedi hadn't forgotten about Lukas. Instead, she'd achieved victory in her first fight with Kasajin, who was the [0th Demon] at that time, and therefore succeeded in perfectly maintaining the 'Sedi Trowman' that Lukas knew.

'...'

He finally realised what was missing, what he'd ignored.

Sedi hadn't forgotten Lukas.

Naturally, this meant that reuniting with her would have no negative impacts. And that was actually the case.

But if that was the case, then why?

Why did Kasajin try to stop him from meeting Sedi?

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'I need to investigate.'

He wasn't exactly sure what he was looking for, but Lukas couldn't shake that thought. His heart pounded in his chest and his lips became dry. Anxiety filled his entire body, making the peace that he'd experienced so far seem like nothing but an illusion.

Lukas remembered all of his conversations with Kasajin. If he was looking for clues, he should first look for them in his conversations with him.

Kasajin had probably been trying to teach Lukas from the moment they'd first met.

Then he remembered.

A place that had the highest potential to answer his questions.

'...the bottom.'

The end of Demonsio.

The lowest and darkest place.

And the place where the two battles that determined the fate of this territory took place.

There might be some clues there.

* * *

Two Apostles stood in front of the office.

When they saw Sedi and the Beginning Wizard approach, they began to tremble.

"Lord?"

"That one behind you is..."

Sedi replied without even looking at them properly.

"The Beginning Wizard."

"O-, one of the Twelve Void Lords...!"

The bodies of the two Apostles stiffened. But Sedi didn't seem to notice their reactions.

"Move aside. I need to use my office. Don't let anyone get close to this place till our conversation is over."

"Are the two of you going to talk alone?"

"What was that?"

"...you can't."

"Please reconsider."

The Lord could not be left alone to talk with one of the Twelve Void Lords. This was a statement made of pure loyalty.

There was no way that Sedi didn't know that. Perhaps if she was in her usual, relaxed state, she would have appeased them with a blunt but clear tone.

But at that moment, Sedi's displeasure was already reaching its peak.

"I can't? I should reconsider? I don't think I heard you clearly, are you two giving me orders?"

"That's not it. However, the other is one of the Twelve Void Lords. You should be prepared for any situation..."

"At a time like that, we can serve as your shields."

A corner of Sedi's lips curled up.

"That's a lot of self praise, you two."

"Huh?"

"Against that monster, do you think you guys could even serve as shields?"

"...!"

The bodies of the Apostles trembled. But the twisted smirk on Sedi's face didn't change as she continued.

"I will say this one more time. If you are next to me, you will only get in the way, so leave."

Shattered pride, humiliation, and the misery of hearing such an insult from none other than their own Lord silenced the Apostles.

Just as Sedi ignored them and grabbed the handle of the office door.

"My Lord. Then please allow me to accompany you."

It was the Snake Apostle standing behind her that said those words.

"You know the power of this Uros. I'm sure I will be of help in a time of need."

"..."

Sedi's eyes narrowed coldly.

But Uros, the Snake Apostle, faced her with a face that said he wouldn't back down.

"...tch."

Clicking her tongue, Sedi looked away.

Realising that her attitude meant permission, the faces of the Apostles brightened at the same time.

* * *

“I’d like a cup of tea please.”

“You should shut up before I pour it directly into your face.”

Sedi shot back fiercely. She didn’t sit down because she didn’t want to lose even the slightest bit of tension.

On the other hand, the Beginning Wizard sat down, placed his staff across the table, then leaned back into the chair as if he was trying to bury himself in it.

Uros, the Apostle who had succeeded in joining their talk, couldn’t help but think as he looked at him.

His body was filled with openings.

It felt like it would be extremely easy to smash that hideous mask, snap his neck, or grab his heart through his robe and crush it.

Right. This was something that even Uros, who had just experienced death from a mysterious attack, was feeling. So the Beginning Wizard’s current defencelessness went without saying.

However, at the same time, a sharp instinct was warning him.

It would never be that easy.

That point was easy to see. After all, he still couldn’t figure out what kind of trick this guy had used. Without knowing that, their side would be at a tremendous disadvantage if a fight truly was to break out.

“I have no intention of fighting you.”

As he said this in a relaxed tone, the Beginning Wizard picked up a teacup. The teacup was filled with clear, bright liquid, which had steam coming out of it as if it was freshly boiled.

Sedi’s expression hardened. Naturally, she hadn’t served any tea. On the contrary, there weren’t even any teacups, teapots, or even tea leaves in this office.

And yet, a cup of hot tea had appeared on the table.

Slurp.

“Hmm. The taste is very stable.”

Click. Sedi didn’t remove her gaze from his mask until he put the tea back down.

“...is this your goal?”

“What do you mean?”

“To keep playing dirty tricks and keep my guard up. Clearly, it’s working pretty well. If I’ll be honest, I still haven’t figured out what tricks you’re really using.”

“...!”

Uros was startled by the last remark.

Not knowing how he attacked.

Confessing that was not a good tactic. What would they do if he were to attack in that way again?

'Unless...'

Had she grasped some of the mysteries of that man's magic?

Still smiling, the Beginning Wizard spoke.

"It's a small habit. It's always a Wizard's job to create a sense of mystery."

"That's different from the Wizards I know."

"Fufu. Those that you know can't be called Wizards. It would be more accurate to call them Magicologists."

"..."

Sedi didn't reveal her own distinction, but the Beginning Wizard spoke as if he knew everything.

The feeling that she might not have even noticed her own mistake made her stomach turn. What was even more annoying was that she didn't think this bastard was wrong.

It was just her speculation, but it felt as if the Beginning Wizard knew exactly what Sedi's definition of Wizard was.

"Why did you let Uros come with us?"

Sedi asked about this first.

"Didn't you want us to talk alone?"

"It doesn't matter if it's just one. It's fine if he's here, it's fine if he isn't."

"..."

"I'm surprised you didn't just go straight to the point. Of course, I'm a chatterbox who prefers private conversations, so what can I do? Would you like to continue talking about trivial things like this?"

Although he said it in a roundabout manner, the Beginning Wizard's suggestion was clear.

Let's get to the point.

"Right. Let's carry on."

Sedi immediately rejected his offer.

Then, she plopped onto the chair in front of the Beginning Wizard and raised her chin in an arrogant manner.

"Are you going to drink tea on your own? I have a mouth too?"

"...kukuku."

A chuckle crept out from the Beginning Wizard's mask. Then, the moment he snapped his fingers, the tea in front of him split in two.

It was as if its cells had been divided.

Just as Sedi touched the teacup.

"My Lord...!"

Uros raised his guard. They didn't know what was in that cup!

But Sedi drank the steaming tea all at once. Naturally, she didn't burn her tongue.

"What's this made of?"

"Corn."

"No wonder it was somewhat savoury."

Just as Sedi twisted her lips.

Crunch, the teacup in her hand twisted like a dry leaf before becoming powder and scattering.

"Talking about trivial things, carry on. I'm interested."

With a gesture of her chin, she crossed her legs.

It was as if she was giving an order to a subordinate, but the Beginning Wizard still spoke in a bright tone.

"I visited Flower Mountain before coming here. Before that, I met the 'Sinking Man', so, in order, you are the last one."

"Did you travel all over the west? The Magic Planet's Void Lord sure is lucky."

"It's not just the west. Demonsio is just the last area I visited. Before coming here, I met all of the Twelve Void Lords in the North, South and East."

"..."

"Well I say visit, but it was a bit different from that. Because I had a clear goal."

"To meet the Twelve Void Lords?"

There wasn't an immediate answer to this question.

Instead, the Beginning Wizard stared down at the remainder of his tea. The blue eyes behind the mask seemed to shine exceptionally brightly.

"This is like the opposite. I said we should talk about trivial things and you brought up such a heavy topic."

When Sedi said this with a snort, he responded after a while.

"For me, this is trivial."

“Meeting all of the Twelve Void Lords? So sitting here and having a conversation with me now, from your perspective, is trivial?”

“That’s right.”

When he nodded his head in a cool manner, Uros could no longer restrain his killing intent. Sedi stopped him with just a glance before saying.

“Then I suppose you didn’t come here to see what the new [0th Demon] looked like.”

“I visited each of the territories because I was looking for something. And I got results in a few places. To be exact, in five places.”

The Beginning Wizard spread his fingers.

“Utopia, Dump Site, Grigorison, Flower Mountain, and finally.”

He pointed his index finger, which was still outstretched, towards Sedi.

“Demonsio.”

The eyes behind the mask drew into a curve.

“What these areas have in common, I’m sure you know-.”

The Beginning Wizard was unable to finish his sentence.

A black thorn that shot out from Sedi, pierced his neck.

* * *

He fell endlessly into a pit which didn’t seem to have an end.

As he sank into the darkness, Lukas couldn’t help but think.

It was strange in the first place.

When Kasajin had become the [0th Demon], he should have been strong enough to surpass almost all Absolutes.

After that, he wandered the World of Void and devoured other ‘Kasajins’, so his strength would have continued to exceed his limits.

...The Twelve Void Lords.

Even if it was in the past, the weight of that name would not have been much different from now.

Was it possible for Sedi to defeat such a Kasajin in one round?

‘It’s impossible.’

Even if the modifier ‘Absolute’ was added in.

It would have been impossible for the former Absolute, ‘Sedi Glaston’, not to mention the fallen ‘Sedi Trowman’.

Lukas felt ridiculous. How had he not even had the slightest doubt?

'...no.'

He bit his lip.

Kasajin was right. It wasn't that Lukas hadn't had doubts. It wasn't that he hadn't had such thoughts before.

He had been aware of this in a corner of his mind. He'd had that lingering suspicion.

But it was none other than himself that had prevented that doubt from rising to the surface and instead forced his mind to think about other topics.

Taht.

He reached the bottom of the Pit. Lukas looked around.

"..."

The battlefield where the first Oth Demon and Kasajin

And Kasajin and Sedi had fought.

The black ground was engraved with countless scars of those times. He could feel the traces of Kasajin. He could also see the fragments of stone statues scattered across the area.

Each of the statues contained Kasajin's memories, and it would have been possible for Lukas to sympathise with many of them.

However, there was something that drew his attention away from all of that.

Something which boasted an overwhelming presence was embedded in the middle of the area.

It was a long, sharp material that seemed even darker than the darkness that engulfed the surroundings.

"..."

His fists clenched tighter. Lukas could not take his eyes off of it.

This trace.

It was something that shouldn't be in this place.

* * *

"Cough..."

With a groan, the Beginning Wizard coughed up a mouthful of blood.

It had happened so suddenly that he hadn't been able to react to it. Even though his face was covered in a mask, his robes were visibly getting wet with blood.

Twitch, twitch. His body shook from time to time before finally going still.

“...you are certainly an annoying being, Beginning Wizard.”

As she said that, Sedi got up from her seat. Not noticing the way her tone had changed, Uros called out to her.

“M-, my Lord... what the hell is-”

At that moment, Sedi turned to look at Uros.

“...!”

The moment he saw her pitch black eyes, Uros’ voice was blocked.

“You didn’t see anything, right?”

“J-, just now, that...”

“Do you need me to say it twice?”

“M-, my Lord... B-, but... that power, that thorn...”

“Ahh?”

Sedi spoke cheerfully.

“That look... I see. You know about my power.”

“...”

“Amazing. No. I’m really impressed. You are quite knowledgeable. But didn’t you know? Being smart isn’t always a good thing, Uros.”

“H-, huh?”

“Firstly, relax your expression.”

A smirk spread across Sedi’s lips.

“It’s not that surprising that I’m using the power of the Black Horned Demon God.”

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It was a voice she’d never forget.

[Lukas Trowman is alive.]

“...”

Sedi turned around. Standing there staring at her was a lion with a black mane. No emotions could be felt from its black eyes. But the moment she faced it, her heart dropped.

“What the hell...”

She paused, unable to finish her sentence, then, she bit her lip slightly.

“...what are you talking about?”

In the end, the words that came out of her mouth were filled with politeness. Sedi hated that she was speaking in such a way, but it was like she could no longer control her tongue.

...No.

She clenched her fist and shook her head.

It wasn't her tongue. She couldn't blame her body.

It was her mind that was giving in. The being in front of Sedi had great influence on her inner self.

After all, this black lion had once been the Master whom Sedi had given her everything to.

She resented him. Detested him. She quivered at the sense of betrayal.

However... she still had lingering feelings.

And after meeting him face to face, she came to realise that there were complex feelings she had been avoiding all along.

[He is in a place that cannot be reached easily.]

The Black Horned Demon God didn't repeat what he said. In the first place, he wasn't that kind of person.

That attitude gradually cooled Sedi's head as well.

“...you mean he's in another universe?”

It was one of the highest possibilities that Sedi had considered.

“But why can't I go there? Is it because I'm a fallen Absolute?”

[I said it is a place that can't be reached easily. And if you're asking if you're qualified to go there or not, I'll give you an answer. Out of all the beings I know, you have the highest possibility of being able to enter that place and maintain your existence.]

“...that means”

[Because you experienced your own existence flowing into that world once before.]

Sedi wasn't stupid. Nor was she ignorant. If it had to be said, it was just that her head was on a strange tangent.

So she was able to easily understand.

“...the World of Void. Are you saying he went there?”

[It was only speculation a while ago, but it is now a certainty.]

“How?”

[In this situation, the reason isn't important, Sedi Trowman.]

...Shit. Sedi cursed inwardly.

Her heart throbbed when she heard Trowman, the last name she'd always been insisting on, come out of the mouth of the Black Horned Demon God.

[We conducted many experiments in parallel to gain an understanding of that world. Many things are still unknown to us, but the things we know are steadily increasing. The biggest harvest we obtained was learning the conditions to go there, and finding an entrance.]

"..."

[Then, we created a world. It is not very special compared to the rest of the multiverse, but there is one difference. It was designed so that the beings here would go to the World of Void when they die.]

The Black Horned Demon God spoke.

[I'm talking about this world, the place that was prepared for the Great Game's preliminaries.]

"...!"

She was unable to hide her surprise.

The thought that this world was much too large for just the preliminaries had crossed her mind several times. Nevertheless, she hadn't found it too strange.

Because they were Rulers.

For them, it wouldn't be difficult to erase an entire continent just because a fly bothered them.

"...I don't understand. How did you connect death here to entry into the World of Void?"

[One by one, we each created a world we knew best. The Black Earth, Heavenly Realm, Thunder Gorge, Giant Field... All the beings that lived there are real people. We peeked into the multiverse's records and successfully produced puppet copies of them. Of course, this wasn't a difficult task either.]

"...puppets?"

[The puppets were made with very little difference from the original person so it's a bit awkward to call them copies. Naturally. Every single minute cell was made to the same standard. Of course, they can't be called the exact same either. This is because they have different souls. At that time, there was nothing we could do about that... but that turned out to be the difference we sought after.]

Sedi was beginning to have trouble understanding the Demon God's words.

The story was gradually progressing to a perspective that exceeded her level of comprehension.

[Even though they are fundamentally the same, they are still different. This is the prerequisite we were looking for, and it is the key to opening the door to that tightly closed world.]

"What do you mean, that..."

[It allowed the World of Void to mistake the beings living here as 'abandoned possibilities'.]

This wasn't a conversation. It was the Demon God's one sided rambling.

[But our plan couldn't progress to the next level. It was possible to send them to the World of Void, but that was the limit. Soon after entering, the beings were unable to withstand the power of the surging emptiness and their very existence perished.]

"..."

[This is probably because they aren't beings who have been forgotten. The power of emptiness exists everywhere in the World of Void. If they are unable to withstand it, it is impossible to avoid death. However, you are different, Sedi.]

The Demon God continued.

[You can maintain your existence there. There is just one condition.]

"Condition?"

[Accept my power.]

Sedi's eyes became cold.

[The Seven Fanged Dragon God fought a being in the World of Void called the Twelve Void Lords and was defeated. It was surprising, but it turned out to be an acceptable result. We cannot exist in that world in a clear state. Because we cannot hold our breath forever. It is possible for us to stay for a while, but the longer we stay, the more of a burden it becomes.]

"..."

[So we changed our plan. We decided to select a representative, who would play the role of oxygen tank, to enter. The first experiment was already a success.]

"..."

[You are the best candidate. Beings who fall under the category 'Absolute' cannot enter the World of Void. You may have fallen, but you possess overwhelming strength when compared to other mortals. That factor will be of great help in the World of Void.]

She could feel her nails digging into her palms. Feeling her head grow colder, Sedi spoke.

"What if I meet Father there? Don't you hate him?"

[I do not hate him. He is simply an annoyance.]

"If you intend to use me to deceive and kill him..."

[Deceive you? I do not lie. I'm sure you know that.]

"..."

[I have no intention of breaking up the relationship between you and Lukas Trowman. Naturally, that means I will also not interfere with your reunion. The role I want you to play is extremely simple. Relay information about the World of Void. And act as my representative.]

"You want me to be your tool again."

Sedi was sure that her expression was as cold as her voice.

[You understand perfectly.]

“Ha.”

[You seem angry. Is there a problem with my proposal?]

“A problem? There is. It’s full of them.”

[What are they?]

“You abandoned me.”

Her voice fell even lower. But it was no longer cold.

Instead, it was mixed with scalding heat as if it was burning.

“After taking my power away, you want to take advantage of me again? You want me to be your representative? Do you think I’d accept that offer?”

[Then will you refuse? To protect insignificant pride?]

She was speechless.

“What...?”

[This isn’t the time to raise your pride. I don’t understand. Is that really what you should be focusing on right now?]

The Demon God continued to speak in a flat voice.

[Is it uncomfortable to borrow power from a being you followed in the past? Does it hurt your pride? Do you feel humiliated? I’m just asking if you can’t even tolerate that much.]

“...”

[Has your focus shifted from reuniting with Lukas Trowman to protecting your own pride? Is this all your obsession towards your goal amounts to?]

“...No, I.”

[There is no need to distinguish between means and methods to achieve a goal. Cause, justification, and righteousness only matters after.]

“...”

[Or is it perhaps that you still have lingering feelings towards me? If you accept my power again, you won’t be able to go back-]

“Shut up.”

Sedi interrupted.

The Demon God, who was currently in the form of a lion, looked at Sedi with black eyes. His eyes seemed to gleam for a moment.

Sedi wasn't scared.

Instead, she smiled as she spoke.

"If your goal was to provoke and tempt me, then I'll have to tell you that you've succeeded."

Right, fine.

She could do it. She would do it.

Some of the words that the Demon God used in the conversation this time touched her heart the most.

There is no need to distinguish between means and methods to achieve a goal.

* * *

Sedi stumbled back to the room.

'I, I don't think that was me.'

Even her basic ability to think felt like it had been paralysed. Her heart felt tight and her head throbbed. She panted as if she had been sprinting, and her body was filled with heat.

She wanted to sleep. Otherwise, she felt like she would pass out at any moment.

She couldn't do that. She couldn't show any weakness.

Leaning against the wall, she breathed heavily and calmed her body.

And she remembered.

...Lukas.

She could feel it just by looking at his eyes. Just how much Lukas relied on her.

She was glad. After all, it was none other than Lukas.

The fact that he regarded her as his daughter, loved her, and relied on her filled her with an irreplaceable sense of fulfilment.

But she wasn't satisfied. Her thirst and greed grew uncontrollably.

More, more, more.

She wanted him to rely on her more, depend on her more, and lean on her more.

So that he wouldn't care about anyone else, so that he'd only look at her.

In order to do that, she couldn't show any weakness. She had to show a perfect and strong appearance.

...But she'd made a big mistake not so long ago. She'd stupidly failed to manage her own condition and had spilled blood in front of Lukas.

She'd managed to gloss over it in her own way, but the other side was Lukas. He might have already noticed something strange.

So for the time being, she intended to play the role of the perfect innocent daughter without making even the slightest mistake.

'...The Beginning Wizard.'

That motherfucker had arrived at the worst time.

Of course, since he was bothering Lukas, she had intended to kill him eventually, but it was too soon.

"...huh."

She managed to stabilise herself.

Her headache was gone, her heartache had ceased.

Walking through the long hallways of the castle, Sedi wiped cold sweat from her face.

Then she slammed the door of the room assigned to Lukas open.

"I'm back."

Fortunately, her voice didn't falter.

"...father?"

Lukas was in the room.

But she didn't receive an answer.

He wasn't sitting on the bed, he was standing in the middle of the room, looking at her.

"What's going o-"

"What about the Beginning Wizard?"

Lukas interrupted Sedi. Perhaps it was just a feeling, but there felt like there was a hint of chill in his voice.

Flinching at the cold, Sedi responded.

"He just, left after talking."

Why did she lie? That was a lie that was bound to be discovered one day.

Although she questioned herself inwardly, Sedi continued to look at Lukas' visage.

Something was wrong.

Lukas' attitude, his voice, his expression. And the atmosphere in the room...

"I was comfortable."

"Huh?"

“After coming here, I was able to spend the most peaceful time of my life. All thanks to you. So thank you very much for that.”

Originally, she would have been happy.

Lukas had softened a lot, but he had never spoken so straightforwardly before. That was probably something he’d never told anyone before. Just having this thought would have filled Sedi with overwhelming happiness.

However now... it was different.

“Why are you saying that all of a...”

Sedi stopped talking.

Then she spoke in a stiff voice.

“...you know.”

“...”

Lukas’ silence was an affirmation.

“How? No, what did you see? Was it the thorn? Or...”

“The bottom.”

That one word was enough.

He caught me. He caught me.

Father caught me.

Did he know everything? Then what did he think of me? Then what am I supposed to do?

Stunned, Sedi opened her mouth. Tens of thousands of thoughts swirled in her mind.

Then, a voice that added to the chaos sounded in her ears.

“Sedi, I’ll be leaving this place today.”

“Le-, leaving?”

“Right.”

Lukas spoke in a calm tone.

“I cannot continue like this. I can feel myself growing weaker. This is natural since I was relying on you for everything.”

“What’s wrong with that? It’s not a bad thing to rely on someone.”

“Someday, it will get very bad. After all, there are some things that cannot be entrusted to others. There are things you can only do on your own.”

"I'm not 'others'. We are family."

"I know. And I still feel that way."

"...n-, no. Fa-, Father doesn't think so."

Sedi's voice was beginning to quiver.

Rumble.

As if it was resonating with her, the surrounding space began to tremble as well.

"...Sedi?"

"No. No. No. No. Not this."

Sedi began to shake and mutter to herself.

And pukpuk, pukpuk, she began to scratch her head till her skin started bleeding.

"Sedi...?"

"I, do I disgust you? Huh? Do you feel betrayed, deceived, and contempt because I accepted the power of the Black Horned Demon God again...?"

"That's not it."

It really was.

As if to prove it, Lukas had not directly made mention of the Demon God even once.

"I know it was all to meet me. I'd be lying if I didn't say I didn't have a bit of regret, but I'm so much more grateful than that..."

"Lies!"

Sedi shouted like she was getting a seizure.

Boom. Like an explosion, a shockwave rippled through the air. The table and bed were flipped upside down, and the vases were broken.

"Stop lying! You wouldn't want to leave if you didn't think I was disgusting!"

"If I stay by your side..."

"You'll get weak? What's wrong with that? If there's anything you can't solve because you're weak, I'll solve it for you! No matter what it is, or who it is! I just have to destroy and kill them all!"

"...Sedi."

"No. Not this, Father. Father's thoughts right now are wrong. So..."

Sedi shook her head vigorously and paused.

"...huh. You just need to think a bit more. With me."

Lifting her face, she showed a bright smile.

“I have a good idea. Stay with me until you change your mind. I don’t have anything to hide anymore, so I’ll always be by your side. Uh, but I still can’t let you run away, so I’d better cut off your limbs.”

“...”

“You’ll be fine. It won’t bleed, and you won’t die. It might hurt a bit, but Father can withstand that much, right? Even if you look like that, I’m sure you’d be much happier by my side. So...”

The smile transformed into something dangerous.

“Stay with me until the day you die.”

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

Season 2 Chapter 444

He didn’t want to fight. That was the first thought he had.

But, contrary to his wish, he knew there was no way to avoid a confrontation. Lukas reached up to touch his carotid artery.

...He had no idea what kind of power she’d use.

He knew about her fighting style in the past when she was an Absolute and after her fall. But Sedi would probably show a completely different fighting style now.

‘Because she couldn’t have defeated Kasajin, who was the [0th Demon] with the power she had at that time.’

He could feel tension begin to seep in from his head to his toes.

Lukas hadn’t seen her fight. He regretted that. If he knew something like this would happen, he would have tried to accompany her somehow when she went to fight Pale.

Of course, this wasn’t the time for regrets.

Instead, his mind drifted to Lee Jong-hak.

To be precise, he thought of the Lightning God hidden within Lee Jong-hak.

Ssss-

He could feel darkness wriggling all over Sedi’s body. At first glance, it seemed like the darkness was moving secretly, but in truth, the darkness had no intention of hiding its presence.

Did she not want to attack?

Or did she think it didn’t matter if he noticed or not?

In the next moment, he realised it was the latter.

Paak!

The darkness shot to Lukas in the shape of a thorn(1*). It moved at a speed that was physically impossible. (*:Previously 'horn', explanation below.)

Nevertheless, Lukas had completed his preparations. Opinions about whether those preparations were enough or not would probably differ, but he didn't act carelessly.

Sedi's first attack lacked decisiveness. Instead, it was more of a check or probe. He could easily tell that much.

There was definitely a difference in level between the two of them. However, if it was an attack that was only intended to probe, it could be handled without difficulty.

Or at least, it should've been.

Puk.

"...!"

He felt a sharp pain in his abdomen.

Unable to withstand the force, Lukas was sent flying backwards, blood spewing from his mouth. The wall did nothing to stop his flying body. Instead, Lukas broke through dozens of walls with his back, and before long, he appeared outside of the castle all together.

This castle was like a bat stuck to the ceiling. The only place to stand outside of it was the small piece of land in front of the entrance.

What unfolded for Lukas, who had broken through the walls of the castle, was the view of a long fall.

But Lukas' body didn't fall. This was because the thorn that pierced through his body was firmly holding him in the air.

"Kuk..."

The pain of the thorn piercing his body was quite formidable.

The power of a Ruler.

It was said to be the next stage of external force, the power that the Lightning God used was called [Thunder]. This thorn probably contained the same kind of power as the Lightning God's 'Thunder'.

Sedi was freely using this power.

'...a power that directly opposes Void.'

Once his body was attacked with this power, he would essentially be helpless afterwards. So the minimum condition to win this fight would be to not touch the thorn at all.

Lukas grit his teeth.

Void.

He was unable to use the power he devoured countless Lukases to obtain.

“Cough!”

Unable to suppress the blood rising up his throat, he coughed it out. The blood was the colour of burnt ashes.

This thorn that had pierced him... was dangerous.

It felt as if it wasn't just his body, but something more important that had been pierced and held in place. It also felt as if the thorn was sucking his energy out.

Lukas grabbed the thorn with both hands. Then, he tried to break it forcefully. His void might not be available, but his current physical ability was nothing to scoff at.

He could probably fold a thick steel bar five times with just his grip.

But the thorn was unmoved. There were no signs of it breaking.

Lukas realised.

He would not be able to break this thorn. It was impossible for him to even bend it or interfere with it in any way.

Tap tap-

On the thorn that pierced Lukas' body, a girl could be seen walking from the castle.

“What are you going to do when you're so weak?”

Her long hair swayed back and forth as she walked.

“Father, did you know, I changed my view of humans.”

At the sudden remark, Lukas coughed up blood once more before opening his mouth.

“What...?”

“Father is a human who couldn't live and can't die. Humans as individuals are weak like bugs, but the higher their numbers go, the greater the synergy they create. They are the race with the greatest potential in the Three Thousand Worlds.”

Her quiet, muffled voice approached.

He'd lost too much blood. His consciousness was fading.

Being unable to use void meant that the ability to recover from injuries had also been lost. Nevertheless, Lukas forcibly focused his blurred vision. Then he looked directly into the eyes of Sedi, who had drawn near.

Sedi's gaze darkened.

“I hated humans. I thought that they were so united because they were all weak. But it wasn't like that. I was actually envious of them. Although they were weak, they acknowledged their weakness, and joined together to make up for their weaknesses with their strengths.”

“...”

“I acknowledge that fact now. And I’ve come to fully understand the human race. Relationships built on relying on each other... It’s amazing. I thought Father and I could have a relationship like that.”

Then she looked at Lukas with anticipation filled eyes. But in the same instant, her gaze became one of disappointment instead.

“...there is no response. I thought Father would be happy if I said this.”

She had twisted it.

Lukas couldn’t help but think so.

The current Sedi, she didn’t understand the beauty of humans at all.

She was just trying to force a concord. In truth, it was a very obsequious way of speaking to bring up topics that one had no real interest in.

Even with his blurred vision, Lukas could see that much.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Did I say something wrong?”

“...do you rely on me?”

“Of course not. But just looking at Father gives me a lot of strength. I feel like I can do literally anything.”

“...that’s not what it means to rely on someone.”

Lukas continued to speak in a faint voice.

“You’re forcing me to be your father.”

“...”

“Your only goal is to receive an extremely selfish satisfaction from it. Because you need to truly care about someone to fully understand.”

He looked at the thorn piercing his body.

“Your actions don’t show that at all.”

“-then what if I had cared for you?”

Sedi’s voice rose sharply.

“Is it considered caring if I’d let Father go when you said you were leaving? When I don’t know if we’d ever see each other again? I...”

Her face became distorted and her hair began to flutter.

Then, her raised voice took on a dark tone.

“I gave up everything, and I came here for what I gave everything up for!”

“...Sedi.”

“It’s not like that. You’re wrong. I’m not being selfish. It’s Father.”

“...”

“Right, right I understand now. That is also a possibility. Now that Father is weak, your mind and body can’t be separated. Because Father is weak. Huh. And it’s not strange for the weak to be wrong about things.”

...It was different from Lee Jong-hak.

‘Sedi Trowman’ was the one who was currently in control of her body.

He could feel the Black Horned Demon God’s power, but not his consciousness.

While it might seem fortunate that she was able to keep her mind, in truth, it might be even worse.

Sedi’s mind now... had been tainted.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

Sedi smiled brightly.

“I don’t like that look.”

At those words, a thorn extended from his index finger and stabbed Lukas’ right eye.

Puk.

“Kuk...”

As his vision darkened instantly, Lukas couldn’t help but let out a groan.

“As expected, Father is amazing. This thorn can stimulate your nervous system to the maximum, and the pain is usually thousands of times more than normal. If it was a weak person, just a stab to the finger would probably be enough to melt their brain and make them die of shock. Isn’t that interesting? Kikiki.”

Sedi spoke in a blissful voice.

“And yet Father barely groaned. This proves that your mental strength far surpasses the level of Absolutes. Nevertheless, it’s time to put a stop to this, isn’t it? You lost a lot of blood, so your consciousness is probably blurred.”

“...”

“Get some sleep. And leave everything to me. Then everything will be fine.”

He couldn’t lose consciousness.

It would be dangerous to lose consciousness right now.

Nevertheless, his eyelids were becoming heavy. And his consciousness was gradually fading to darkness.

Lukas’ head dropped.

* * *

He felt moisture.

Drip.

And a cold feeling.

...Was it a drop of water?

Lukas opened his eyes. To be precise, he only opened one eye.

'This place...'

It was very dark. There was only a flickering lamp in the corner of the room that seemed like it would go out at any moment. The overall scene was reminiscent of a dungeon.

The iron bars were strangely cold as if they were covered in a desolate aura.

Rustle-

Instinctively, he tried to move his arm, but he couldn't.

That wasn't all.

"..."

He had no hands... or feet.

Lukas' arms had been cut off from the forearms, and his legs had been cut below the thighs.

"Kuh..."

It was only then that he noticed the horrific pain. The pain was so severe that even Lukas, who had an extreme tolerance for pain, couldn't help but groan.

He realised.

The thorn that had pierced his eye, his limbs had probably been cut off with the same thorn.

He had once shown Sedi his power of void. That wasn't all. It was none other than Lukas who had healed her wounds after her fight with Pale.

The amputation of his limbs had probably been done while keeping void in mind.

But, in truth, it was an unnecessary measure.

The current Lukas couldn't use the power of void.

"...why?"

A cracked voice leaked out.

'Why can't I use void?'

He asked the voices that had always been screaming annoyingly in his head.

[...]

[...]

But all he received was silence.

At some point, the voices had disappeared entirely and he could no longer hear them.

“...haha.”

Lukas let out a dry laugh.

‘Why were they no longer here?’

No. That wasn’t it. Lukas ridiculed his attempt to ignore reality.

This was the result of his own actions, and it was the karma that Lukas had to pay.

They hadn’t abandoned Lukas.

It was Lukas who had broken his promise to them.

He was the one who chose to throw away his responsibilities first.

‘They didn’t want me to play that kind of role.’

He wasn’t supposed to entrust his responsibilities to anyone, even Sedi, who said she was his daughter and who Lukas considered to be such.

Because they were all Lukas.

Even though they had all lived different lives, had different values, and had different personalities, they were all undeniably Lukas.

‘Had I really been convinced?’

He hadn’t.

It was as Kasajin said.

He knew. He knew everything.

And yet, he pretended not to know.

He’d wanted to stay a bit more ignorant.

He knew all too well that not knowing would make him happy and knowing would make him unhappy.

...He didn’t want to wake up.

The brief dream in the castle had been so sweet.

He was so comfortable and happy that he could cry, so he ignored his discomfort. He ignored the warnings.

And this was the result.

Creak-

Then came the sound of the iron door opening.

Tap tap, he felt someone enter this space.

Lukas looked through the iron bars with his one remaining eye.

“How are you, Father?”

Tap tap, tap.

“...”

Lukas looked at Sedi for a moment.

Then, his gaze turned to something she was holding in her right hand. Holding like it was a package.

Of course, it wasn't a package.

“Looking at your face, you seem fine. Did you just wake up?”

“...what are you holding?”

“Ah. By the way, not a lot of time passed. In our concept of time... it should be about half a day.”

“What are you holding?”

“I wanted to come right away, but I had some things to take care of, so-”

“Sedi Glaston.”

Sedi, who had been talking with a bright smile, stopped.

The air seemed to freeze.

But Lukas continued in a heated tone.

“What are you holding?”

Sedi looked at Lukas with a blank expression, then she opened the iron door and walked into the cell.

Clang, creak...

Then, she rolled the thing she was holding in her right hand over to Lukas.

Clatter-

“It's the result of the purge. I came here as fast as I could. Father knows, right? Corpses in this world disappear quickly.”

“...”

That head.

That head, which had come to a stop right in front of Lukas, had a very calm expression.

The furrowed eyebrows and closed eyes allowed one to feel this guy's characteristic stubbornness.

A face he could envision even while asleep.

It was Kasajin's defenceless face.

"I clearly warned him. I told him not to speak nonsense, it was this guy who broke it first."

Lukas looked up.

"So, I killed him."

He was looking at the severed head of his best friend, the Magic Warrior King, Kasajin.

Shwaa-

Then, right before Lukas' eyes,

Kasajin's head disappeared as if it had evaporated.

"He was kinda annoying."

Sedi smiled sadistically at the stunned Lukas.

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

Season 2 Chapter 445

...It felt like his head was covered in thick fog. His body felt heavy. Dizziness seemed to swallow not just his mind, but his entire body.

And yet, in the midst of that, a fact that couldn't be ignored pierced its way to the forefront.

'He's dead.'

Kasajin was dead.

Although he had been reduced to a pitiful being who didn't even know if he could call himself Kasajin, and his appearance had changed greatly, that man, who was able to share memories with Lukas, was now dead.

His heart sank.

So vainly.

He'd died at the hands of a being he never would have expected.

'The water in a canteen is the essence.'

Those were the words Pale had said to Kasajin in the past.

The canteen was just the shell. The liquid it contained was the essence.

Death in the World of Void was like breaking the canteen. But just because the canteen was broken didn't mean the liquid in it disappeared.

It just scattered.

The spilled water would wet the ground, and it would be impossible to collect it again. In a sense, it could be described as returning to nature.

That was what death in this world was.

The void that made up the body would scatter into the atmosphere. It was close to impossible to revive someone even if all of the scattered void was collected again.

So it could be said that Kasajin was truly dead.

“...”

He didn't realise.

He'd felt the way he was feeling now before.

When he'd finally escaped from the Abyss and entered the body of Frey Blake.

At that time, he hadn't fully recognised the weight of those 4,000 years, and the fact that most of the things he knew were dead or forgotten. At that time, too, his brain had trouble accepting it.

That was still the case.

Lukas had seen Kasajin's severed head, but he still hadn't fully accepted his death.

Perhaps it was because of the fatigue, but his head throbbed.

Suddenly, he felt like he wanted to fall into a very deep sleep.

* * *

“-that's why. I'm gonna kill that Diablo guy.”

It was like reporting your daily routine to your parents.

Sedi spoke in a relaxed voice.

“I'm not going to attend that meeting. So how will I get to kill him? There has to be a way. That skeleton is in the Dump Site, so maybe I can go there myself and...”

It seemed that Sedi intended to get rid of all of Lukas' obstacles first. But her voice didn't reach his ears. She didn't receive a proper response. He just stared blankly with dead eyes.

And Sedi didn't like that unresponsiveness.

Paak

“Kuk...”

His abdomen sank. Sedi had kicked Lukas.

“Father, I'm talking to you.”

“...”

“Say something.”

Puk, puk.

She was engrossed in beating him as she tried to get Lukas’ attention or see some kind of reaction. There were times when she wouldn’t say anything and would just unleash violence all day.

“Why aren’t you smiling, Father?”

“...”

“Smile. Like you used to. And call my name. Stroke my head.”

Sedi’s mind was no longer normal. It had been barely stable before the truth was discovered, but it seemed to have collapsed completely after the discovery.

First of all, Lukas had no hands to stroke her head with.

Jurk-

One time, Sedi coughed up black blood. When he first saw it, it poured out from her nose and mouth, and in the end, it even flowed from her eyes.

It looked like she was vomiting black mud from her eyes.

“...that’ll be all for today.”

When that happened, Sedi hurriedly wiped her face and left the dungeon.

Lukas gradually came to realise that she would leave when she began to bleed black blood.

* * *

Even in this situation, he was able to grasp the approximate passage of time.

It had only been about three or four days since he’d been imprisoned in this place. But it felt like it had been tens of times longer than that.

“That must hurt.”

He heard a voice.

At first, he thought it was a hallucination. This was because he couldn’t sense anyone else, and the voice was so faint as if he was hearing it in a dream.

“That must be painful.”

When he heard it again, he thought it might be the Black Horned Demon God. Because it was likely Sedi’s mind and his intention that had caused him to be locked up in this place.

“How are you feeling now?”

But the third time he heard, Lukas realised that wasn’t the case.

He opened his eyes... That voice. He'd heard it somewhere before.

With his lone eye, he looked ahead. In his dim vision, a certain being could be seen.

It was a frog.

He saw a frog standing there while moving its head.

Hop.

The frog jumped through the bars of the cell and stopped about two steps away from Lukas.

"Kukuku..."

A low but cheerful voice rang out. It had definitely come from the frog.

But it was strange.

He could hear the voice from the frog, but the frog's mouth remained firmly closed. It didn't seem to be using any sound projection or telepathy technique either.

As if it didn't care about Lukas' curiosity, the frog continued to look at him with its characteristically emotionless amphibian eyes.

...A frog in this situation. Had he finally gone crazy? Or was he simply hallucinating? It didn't really make a difference which one it was, but he wasn't sure.

The current Lukas lacked acuity.

"The loud voices ringing in your head. They weren't necessarily a bad thing, young man."

The moment he heard those words, Lukas realised who the frog was.

"Beginning Wizard."

"You are a living witness. This is what happens when the voices disappear."

The frog chuckled.

"They were constantly awakening your mind. Of course, you wouldn't think so. You must have simply wanted to get rid of the voices."

"..."

"But is that really possible? After all, they are all 'Lukas Trowman'. They eagerly handed their responsibilities over to you so that you could fulfil their unfulfilled wishes on their behalf. There's no way those people would interfere with your work, is there?"

He hadn't thought that far.

He hadn't expected the voices to have that kind of effect. That meant the reason Lukas' mind was so foggy now was because the awakening effect they had given was gone.

"There are certain thoughts that you can only have in such a state."

“...what do you mean?”

“There was a time like this when you couldn’t move, wasn’t there? At that time, you didn’t even have a body, and you couldn’t get anyone’s help, so if you just judge from the situation, I think this one is better.”

He felt his mind clear up.

The time the Beginning Wizard was talking about was when Lukas had been locked away in the Abyss.

Lukas looked at the frog.

“Wh-, who are you?”

The frog’s eyes seemed to shine strangely with brilliant blue light.

“How do you know about me? By chance, are you from the same universe...”

“Show me what you’ve already shown me time and time again. Don’t let me down.”

His manner of speaking changed.

“Think about revenge. Vent your hatred on the person who made you like this. Even if it’s dark and negative, it’s fine for you to use it. In this situation, it’s a useful factor for maintaining a broken mind.”

“...are you another Lukas?”

The frog didn’t reply.

But Lukas somehow had the feeling that he was smiling faintly.

“Come to the Magic Planet whenever you want. I have a lot of gifts for you.”

“...”

Hop.

The frog jumped out of the cell.

* * *

-Hatred and rage. Revenge.

That’s what the frog... no, the Beginning Wizard said.

The more constrained the situation was, the more unorganised and rough emotions could be transformed into the most efficient driving force.

But the current Lukas’ hatred had lost its direction. He could not direct it at Sedi. He knew it in his head. She was also a victim. Although she had killed Kasajin, although she had tricked him and tortured him, that was probably not what Sedi wanted to do.

‘Demon God?’

In that case, could he direct his hatred towards the Demon God? Of course, Lukas hated the Black Horned Demon God. However... it wasn't enough.

He couldn't vent as much rage at him as he had when he was trapped in the Abyss in the past. This was a matter of emotions. While it was possible to control them to an extent, it was impossible to control them completely.

And.

'-ah.'

Lukas suddenly realised.

His heart had felt stuffy ever since he'd returned to his home universe and realised his existence had been forgotten. An unresolved resentment. It was like he was suffering from an insatiable thirst.

The reason had become clear.

Lukas had no being that he could focus all of his hatred and rage on. He had been toyed with by fate, accidents, or laws, but never by a specific being. From a more human perspective, it was like being swept away by a natural disaster like a typhoon or tsunami.

'...driving force.'

Lukas pondered those words.

In the end, he was the one who knew himself best.

* * *

In front of Sedi, he still acted as if he'd lost all of his energy. As such, the level of violence that Sedi unleashed gradually increased, but he didn't care.

When she left him alone, Lukas would get lost in his thoughts and he often meditated.

'It's been a long time.'

It had been a long time since he'd focused on meditation. At least, since becoming an Absolute, he had never immersed himself in meditation with the goal of development. Because he was already mentally complete.

But it was different now.

Lukas was now realising his own imperfection.

-There are certain thoughts that you can only have in such a state.

The Beginning Wizard's voice lingered in his mind strangely.

...There were thoughts that he could only have when he was like this.

That meant there were also 'things' that he could only do in this state.

But Lukas had no clue how he could escape his current situation.

'I would just rather die.'

His lips twisted into a sneer at the sudden thought. It was in mockery of himself.

He didn't think of dying to be more comfortable.

Lukas was simply suffering from the desire to start over.

'Trash.'

He stopped to swear at himself.

You want to die and start over? So what, would you kill yourself? There was still the question of whether he'd even be able to regress this time.

In itself, the thought was an insult to life.

Life was only beautiful because you only had one which meant you'd always do your best.

If you could have two, three, or even more lives.

If you could undo as you please, revert as you please, and repeat as you please.

Then you would probably regret every choice you made. It would reach a point where you could only be satisfied with a perfect judgement, and that compulsion would eventually devour you from the inside. It was a self destructive choice.

Lukas respected life. He respected the dignity of a single life.

To want to kill himself because of the possibility of starting over?

It was an insult.

A clear insult to the path he'd walked so far.

'I have no intention of killing myself.'

There was no point in doing that.

This perspective.

In a situation where he couldn't use void.

In a situation where Kasajin was dead.

In a situation when all of his limbs had been cut off and he was struggling to find a way to reverse this situation.

Sss-

A bluish aura appeared within Lukas eyes.

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

Season 2 Chapter 446

He had no arms. He had no legs. He only had one eye left. At every moment, he felt pain in the cross section of his wounds and his empty eye socket as if they had been set ablaze, but that didn't really bother him. Lukas knew how to handle pain.

Clink.

Even if he wanted to, he couldn't move around because his severed limbs were bound in chains.

But even with all of this, he was still granted some freedoms.

He could still close his eye. He had no problem controlling his rate of breathing, and he could continue to think. Therefore, he had no problem creating the conditions needed to concentrate.

—Meditation.

An absence of thought was required for mediation. The only time this wasn't needed was when one's mind was free from distractions in the first place. But that wasn't the case for Lukas now. On the contrary, his mind was more active than it had ever been before.

"Huuuu..."

He slowly let out a breath.

The fog in his head seemed to escape through his mouth. It was faint, but it was clear that his mind was slowly regaining its intelligence.

There were two things that he had to think about at this point.

What he had to do.

And what he could do.

'What I need to do is...'

The first thing he had to do was regain his body's freedom. If possible, it would be good if he could regenerate his limbs. It was difficult, but not impossible. There was certainly a way, if he could succeed.

"Father, it's time for dinner."

Sedi opened the cell door and walked in. She was holding a single piece of jerky the size of a knuckle in her hand.

...Sedi didn't want Lukas to die. What she wanted was to keep Lukas' presence by her side and have complete control over him.

Even if she had lost her mind. No. Even if her mind was broken, that goal only made her obsession stronger. And in this world, if you didn't eat, you would eventually begin to disappear from the tip of your toes. It was an unannounced death that was twice as terrifying than normal starvation.

Sedi gave Lukas the jerky. Lukas opened his mouth and bit the jerky before chewing slowly and swallowing. He felt the barest amount of energy return to his body.

This made it possible for him to 'exist' for the time being.

Sedi smiled contentedly.

“You’ve become a bit more obedient. That’s enough. Huh.”

“...”

“Later, when Father can really make good judgements, I’ll even let you regenerate your limbs too. So stay calm. Alright?”

Sedi left the dungeon without waiting for an answer. Gradually, she was beginning to spend less and less time in this place. Was she working on something? Or...

Lukas shook his head. He couldn’t afford to think about what Sedi was doing now.

He waited until he could no longer feel Sedi’s presence, and her footsteps could no longer be heard.

When he was convinced that she had left completely,

Twet.

Lukas spat the beef jerky out of his mouth. The beef jerky, which had been carefully cut by his molars, glistened with saliva.

Pale had said that in order to maintain one’s existence in the World of Void, one had to eat before the sky changed colour five times, but that wasn’t the complete answer. There were subtle differences depending on the individual.

So when Sedi gave Lukas jerky for the first time, she had no choice but to feed him a larger amount than usual. This was because, if Lukas were to disappear because she didn’t give him enough jerky, that would be the worst.

At first, she gave him two pieces. As soon as he ate them, one of his arms had regenerated. When that happened, Sedi had frowned before cutting it off again.

“Now that I think about it, there’s one more thing I need to break.”

After saying that, Sedi pierced Lukas’ mana room with a thorn that she produced from somewhere. The small bit of mana he had replenished disappeared once again, and the amount of jerky he received from that point was reduced by half.

After she realised how much was needed for Lukas to barely maintain his existence, from that day onward, Lukas’ meal was a single piece of jerky. But that turned out to be a trick.

In fact, Lukas only swallowed half of the jerky that he took into his mouth. It was a method that took some finesse, acting skill, and a fair share of luck, but in the end, he still succeeded.

‘This is far from enough.’

It would take at least ten pieces of jerky for him to fully regenerate his limbs. If he were to swallow all of the stored jerky at one time, he would be able to heal all of the wounds on his body.

‘Eight more times.’

Lukas would need to have eight more meals in the future. It was a gamble because there was still a chance that he could get caught, but he couldn't think of a better plan.

Lukas forcibly moved his severed leg to cover the jerky.

* * *

He'd collected five pieces of jerky in total.

He'd received a total of five meals.

At this point, Lukas agonised inwardly.

'This won't do.'

Even if he ate the ten pieces of jerky and regenerated his body, that didn't necessarily mean he'd be able to break free from the chains restraining him. Not to mention escaping from the dungeon.

And what about after that?

If Lukas managed to escape, Sedi would probably still be able to recapture him again with ease. Even if she only noticed his escape after a long time, that would still be the case.

He didn't know if he'd be safe if he went to the territory of another of the Twelve Void Lords, but even the closest one was very far away from this place. And even if he did arrive at one of their territories, there was a very slim chance that one of the Twelve Void Lords would fight Sedi for Lukas.

'I have to fight.'

His options narrowed. Running away was pointless.

To overcome this crisis, he would need to defeat and subdue Sedi.

—But, how?

He couldn't use void. He'd been trying to use that power for a long time, but it remained silent.

The most powerful, almighty and dangerous powers that Lukas had used before. Mana, divine power, divine magic power, and of course, the Absolute's external force were nothing compared to it. At the very least, in the World of Void, void was the power that was closest to the concept of invincibility.

When he'd gained the ability to use that power, Lukas realised that he had entered a higher level.

He felt the sense of loss once again.

...Then, what did he have left?

Subconsciously, Lukas checked his mana room.

"..."

His mana room had been pierced by black thorns. Naturally, there wouldn't be any mana there. The mana that was regenerated when he ate the jerky quickly fled through the gaps.

A mana room without mana was still called a mana room. Lukas smiled twistedly as he thought of the pun. He couldn't. It wasn't a mana room, it was just a space in his body.

He scoured every inch of that space. It could even be said that he turned on a light to look for even the thinnest residue. Seeing himself like this was ridiculous. It was no better than going to a lover you'd abandoned and kneeling down to beg for forgiveness.

Nevertheless, Lukas was desperate.

He was so desperate, he searched for even the slightest hint of mana in his body. It didn't matter how little.

His mind became hot and his consciousness ignited.

Meanwhile, a corner of his head gradually cooled down.

'What is the reason?'

When he had been using void to fight in the past, Lukas... hadn't used the fighting style he was most familiar with. It would have been entirely possible for him to do so because void was an infinitely applicable ability.

He could have used magic.

But he didn't.

Instead, Lukas used weapons he was unfamiliar with, and sometimes even resorted to hand to hand combat. Of course, there was no discomfort in that behaviour because he had the memories of the countless 'Lukases'.

But it was by no means his strongest fighting style.

'What was I afraid of?'

He asked himself.

It wasn't that he couldn't use magic. He chose not to use it. And the reason for that lay within him.

He had to ask. He wanted to know for sure.

Why the hell did he hesitate, what exactly was he afraid of.

"-ah."

His voice leaked out without him realising it.

A bit.

He felt like he could sense a bit of mana now.

He had sensed a reverberation. Nevertheless, the reason it took him so long to realise it was because the trace didn't come from within Lukas.

The frog.

The hint of mana he'd sensed came from the spot where the Beginning Wizard had stood.

"..."

Lukas hesitated again.

Even though he'd found the mana he desired so much, he couldn't reach his hand out to it so easily. However, this wasn't the time for hesitation. He couldn't expect the mana to remain there forever.

...He focused his attention.

He approached it with utmost respect and caution, and also with the slightest hint of fear.

'Please come here.'

And the mana.

As if it had been waiting, it began to approach Lukas.

"..."

Tears threatened to escape.

Lukas clenched his teeth, his expression unsightly.

In his head, he understood. This was nothing more than a simple reaction.

Mana was just energy, it did not have a will of its own. Therefore, for a Wizard as talented as Lukas, it would not be difficult for him to make it do his bidding even if it was further away. In fact, it could be considered a natural phenomenon.

Nevertheless, he was so grateful that it had so willingly answered his call that the faint touch of mana warmed him enough to bring tears to his eye. Lukas had a hard time keeping the tears at bay.

There was only a bit of mana.

There was so little that it would almost be used up if he cast even a 1 star spell. It was far from enough to reverse his situation.

But it was by no means useless.

This mana allowed Lukas to take the first step. It gave him hope.

So what he had to do now was the simplest but also most difficult thing.

That was to be patient and move forward slowly, step by step.

But, of course, that was one of Lukas' specialities.

* * *

The Corpse Ghost had said.

-Because there is a high chance that the Beginning Wizard is a higher level version of you.

He'd said that after seeing Lukas use void.

-Of course, the effects and direction are a bit different. But at least, you are not a perfect pioneer in that power of Void.

In other words, the Beginning Wizard could use void, just like Lukas. Probably more perfectly than Lukas, too.

But when the Beginning Wizard blew up the Snake Apostle, he hadn't felt any activity of void.

'No. At that time I'd already been rejected by void, so I might not have been able to notice.'

If that was the case, then he'd have to change the direction of his question.

How had the Beginning Wizard left mana in this place? Mana was not a part of the World of Void's atmosphere. In other words, it couldn't remain here. He now knew that it wasn't just the case for mana, but for other types of energy as well. The power of void erased everything it touched.

[The ignorant call anything they can't understand 'magic'.]

Suddenly, he heard a voice. At the same time, he felt the mana, which had reached almost to the front of his nose, melt like a candle.

Lukas was surprised, but he soon calmed his surprise as he grasped the situation.

'The Beginning Wizard.'

This was all that man's arrangement.

He'd left the mana here, then set a certain spell that would activate once certain criteria were met.

[It's ironic that the thoughtless remarks of these people are infinitely close to the true essence of magic. Because magic in its truest sense is something that cannot be understood by anyone.]

The voice continued to make remarks that were difficult even for Lukas, the Great Mage, to understand.

[Magic is not a field of study. Or rather, it shouldn't be a field of study. If there are hundreds of Wizards, then there should be hundreds of different kinds of magic.]

Nevertheless, Lukas was deeply focused on that voice.

[The nature and interaction of mana? Structured teaching and discipline? That is all false. It's the same for the word magicology. In fact, that word in itself is a contradiction.]

[Create your own world in your head. Do not be understood by anyone, and do not share with anyone. You have to be outrageously self righteous. Remember. The moment your world is understood by someone else, your identity as a Wizard fades.]

[The knowledge of a Wizard is self righteous.]

The voice stopped there.

In the cell, Lukas became lost in his thoughts.

He'd come to realise after talking to the Beginning Wizard.

He... For some reason, he seemed to favour him. He couldn't tell if it was a lie or calculated behaviour.

What was clear was that he had a certain reason for leaving this arrangement.

"...self righteous."

Lukas slowly rolled those words around in his mind.

The Wizards from Magic Planet.

They were completely different from the Wizards Lukas had known before. It wasn't that they used an energy that was completely unrelated to mana, but they didn't seem to use the system of magic that he knew before.

Was that the answer?

Was the magic they were seeking and using right?

He could not even guess how powerful the Beginning Wizard was.

Sedi had said she'd killed the Beginning Wizard. But he'd appeared before him in the form of a frog, and there hadn't seemed to be any urgency in his voice. To put it simply, this meant that he was safe and without injury.

In other words, that meant that even Sedi, who had borrowed the Black Horned Demon God's power, had not realised that the Beginning Wizard's death was fake.

'A being superior to me in the field of magic.'

His heart beat strangely in his chest.

For the first time, Lukas looked forward to meeting, or reuniting, with the Beginning Wizard, for a reason other than Jacob.

This was a crossroads.

He could see two choices before him.

He could either take the Beginning Wizard's words as a lesson or simply dismiss them as simply advice.

But that thought didn't last very long.

"...!"

Lukas raised his eye.

"This..."

A voice that could not hide the surprise he felt leaked out of his lips.

The presence of mana had suddenly appeared in the void around him.

No. That wasn't it. It hadn't suddenly appeared. Lukas focused his gaze a bit more.

Then he realised.

“The void... is changing into mana.”

It felt like a current passed through his brain. Like a scholar who had gained a glimpse of the truth, Lukas looked at this scene with a wide mouth.

Eye wide, Lukas made sure to capture the entire scene in his gaze.

And he had a thought.

If he could fully understand what was happening at that moment, he might have a chance to obtain clear victory in the fight against Sedi.

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Season 2 Chapter 447

Sedi's assaults gradually lost a reason. Lukas was well aware that this behaviour was simply venting anger.

Paak, pak, puk.

She mainly used her hands and feet. The only thing Lukas could do to defend himself was to twist his body as much as possible to avoid blows to his vital points, but the order was a bit mixed this time.

A sharp kick stabbed into Lukas' solar plexus.

“Kuk...”

Lukas' eye widened as he let out a gasp.

On the other hand, Sedi's mouth stretched into a bright smile.

“Mm. The feeling in my hand* just now was good. No, I kicked you just now so I guess I should say the feeling in my foot instead.” (*: Feeling in the hand/taste of the hand is just an expression to emphasise the touch or feel of something or the effort that went into it)

Something seemed to be wrong with her expression. Sedi chuckled as Lukas coughed a few times before he looked up at her with a blank expression.

Sedi stopped laughing.

“Is there something you want to say... urk.”

Sedi staggered, clutching her head.

The dizziness. It was becoming more frequent. She was probably more aware of that fact than Lukas was.

“...are you okay?”

Without realising it, Lukas mumbled those words. Sedi, who was wiping away blood, shook.

“...what?”

Their eyes met.

But Lukas didn't repeat himself. Instead, he simply looked into her eyes.

There was no trace of Sedi's unique red colour in those black eyes.

"Did you just show worry for me?"

"Right."

"Ha, hahaha. Is that something the current you can do?"

Sedi's lips twisted into a sneer, but she was unable to stop the cold sweat that flowed,

"With your whole body wrapped in chains. Who should worry about whom?"

"What does my miserable state have to do with worrying about you?"

"What?"

"Even if I was on my last breath, and you were in your healthiest state, I would worry about you."

Sedi paused.

"...is that your answer?"

"Right. That's my answer."

Lukas smiled faintly.

"The answer for this relationship that I found."

Paak.

He received a kick to the face. The inner flesh of his cheek ripped.

A stream of blood flowed, but Lukas didn't groan or flinch.

He only looked at Sedi with his still attitude and expression.

It was Sedi who became more anxious at this reaction.

"Cough, cough."

Sedi coughed up a mouthful of black blood. But, unlike before, she didn't leave. Instead, she simply stared at Lukas with evil eyes.

"Late, late, late! It's way too late! I don't want that anymore! At least, now I...!"

Pak, pak.

Lukas' entire body creaked.

Sedi became excited like a predator before its prey. The violence made her lose control. Because of this, Lukas' body was completely destroyed.

“Huff, huff...”

Sedi panted heavily. It was only then that she realised what she'd done. She licked her lips several times as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she always closed her mouth again.

Then, she finally managed to squeeze out a voice.

“...there is only one role I want Father to play. You know the theme.”

“...”

“Just continue to be an outlet for my emotions like this. Forever and ever.”

With those words, Sedi left the dungeon with unsteady steps.

Lukas simply smiled tiredly.

* * *

How did he transform void into mana?

Lukas had completely captured that scene in his mind. He had focused not only on the phenomenon itself but on even the smallest details.

Mana and void.

Firstly, it could be said that he understood these two types of energy to an extent. Of course, Lukas saying that he understood them to an extent meant that there was less than 0.1% that he didn't understand.

If he had to give an opinion from a position that fully interpreted the basics, it was structurally impossible to convert void to mana. This was something that went beyond common sense or stereotypes.

‘Even if it was possible, there is no point in simply transforming void into mana.’

It wasn't that Lukas didn't want to hold on to mana. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to let it go. Because he could feel the deep limit of the energy itself. Mana could not keep up not only with the Twelve Void Lords, but the other powerful beings who ruled over this world.

That was why he gave it up and turned to void, and as a result, he was able to become stronger.

If he were to use mana again because he could no longer use void, it wouldn't be progress, it would be a regression.

Nevertheless, there was a reason why Lukas had felt happy.

The Beginning Wizard.

That Wizard, who was clearly stronger than Lukas, had shown him a phenomenon of changing void into mana. There had to be a clear intention behind this act.

It wasn't simply transforming void to mana.

Something... There had to be something else.

Lukas didn't stop trying to find a clue.

Then, he suddenly had a question. It was a thought that he'd had before.

'How did the mana stay in the atmosphere?'

Void, which was prevalent in the atmosphere, tolerated the existence of mana. That was absolutely impossible.

He considered hundreds of possibilities at the same time. Then, he gradually removed the ones that weren't even close one after the other. In this case, the method of elimination was the most effective method.

When the possibilities had been narrowed to ten, Lukas noticed one possibility that bothered him more than the others.

'...if it wasn't changed.'

If the void wasn't changed to mana but was simply imitating it... It was a ridiculous hypothesis, but the speculations to support it bloomed one by one.

The void hadn't transformed into mana. It had simply imitated the colour, characteristics and movements of mana. And after some thought, he acknowledged that it wasn't impossible.

The applicative ability of void far surpassed one's imagination. It was possible for it to imitate not only the molecular structure but also the inherent properties of any form of energy.

...He understood that.

Of course, it would take some practice to apply and use it, but that wasn't the problem.

The problem was that to carry out this experiment, he would need to be able to use void.

His mind cooled in an instant. It felt like he'd started climbing a mountain without hesitation and had arrived at a sheer cliff face.

...Using void.

Was impossible for the current Lukas.

* * *

'...ten pieces.'

He'd collected ten pieces of jerky.

He had reached his target quantity.

'I can't delay it for too long.'

As the quantity of jerky increased, it would become more difficult to hide. He could barely hide ten, but as the number increased, the chances of being caught would increase exponentially.

However... it was still not enough.

If he were to eat all of this jerky, he could break free of the chains and escape the dungeon, but it was not enough to help him face Sedi head on.

'...void.'

A sigh escaped his lips.

Lukas had tried over and over again to control that power to no avail.

He never heard the voices that had completely disappeared again. The Lukases didn't respond to his attempts at conversation.

'...it can't be helped.'

Since that was the case, he had no choice but to make a risky gamble.

Just as Lukas was about to eat the jerky.

"Ah. Are you going to eat it now?"

He was shocked after hearing a sudden voice.

Lukas turned his head to look to the side.

No one should've been in that place, but he'd clearly heard a voice from there.

"Sedi."

When he called out to the owner of the voice, smoke rose from the wall of the prison. Shaaaa, Sedi appeared from the black smoke.

"It's as I expected. Father wouldn't have given up, wouldn't have quietly let yourself be imprisoned. I was certain you were planning to escape."

"..."

"To be honest, I thought you'd show a more innovative method, but I guess you were too restricted."

From the way she spoke, she knew from the beginning that Lukas would try to escape.

Nevertheless.

"...are you saying you deliberately left me alone?"

"Mhm."

"Why didn't you just stop me from the start?"

"This moment is good. This is the moment when you'd feel the most frustrated after feeling a glimmer of hope and expectation from carrying out your plan."

"..."

“Then you would have a better perception of reality. Of course, the best moment to break your mind would be just before you tried to escape... Then, the mental damage at that time would completely ruin your mind. Moreover.”

Sedi smiled brightly.

“I never underestimated Father. Nevertheless, I had a foreboding feeling that it would be troublesome if you were to eat the jerky and get your limbs back... Now. Then.”

Paak!

Something wrapped around his neck and he felt his head fly up.

It was a surprisingly flexible thorn. Sedi used this thorn as a whip and slammed Lukas’ head into the wall.

Just as he tried to turn his head away, he felt pressure on the back of his head. Sedi was stepping on Lukas’ head with her dirty feet.

“This place was pretty bright, wasn’t it? It was quiet, comfortable, and environmental factors that gave you the space to think. So it’s no surprise that came up with a crazy idea like escaping.”

“K-, uk.”

“Even if this is my territory, I can’t stay with you 24hrs a day, so I thought it would be a good idea to push Father a bit more so that you wouldn’t think about anything other than me. If the meeting will be held soon, I might have to leave for a while. So. Before that.”

Kkok.

The pressure on his head increased. Jujuk, juk. The wall began to crack.

Lukas’ face was half buried in the wall.

“Apologise.”

“Apolo-, gise?”

“Right. Tell me you’re sorry. Sincerely.”

Sedi’s smile widened.

“I like Father so much and I want Father to be with me forever. But Father tried to run away from me. That really shocked me. My heart aches. I feel like I will collapse at any moment.”

“...”

“So say it. ‘I’m sorry’, if Father keeps avoiding it, this broken relationship can never be repaired.”

—Broken relationship.

Lukas felt like he’d been struck in the head with a hammer.

“Shouldn’t the one in the wrong apologise so that the relationship can be fixed? That’s one of the principles I learned.”

...That was right. She hadn't said anything wrong.

So, Lukas apologised.

"-ry."

Sedi's smile became sadistic.

"What was that?"

"Sorry. I'm so sorry..."

"Be a bit more straightforward."

"It was my mistake. I... was in the wrong. So please, forgive me."

Lukas apologised. Sedi could see clear liquid streaming down his cheeks.

Right. He was crying. He was really crying. It was something she'd never seen before.

The way her father looked when he cried. It made a tingle course through her entire body.

He looked so adorable when he cried.

Every time she saw an image of her father that she'd never seen before, it filled her mind with an incredible sense of satisfaction.

She wanted to see*. She wanted to see more. She wanted to know every detail. She wanted to dig it all up. But she couldn't. She had to save it. She could, but she wouldn't.

It wasn't fun to take everything at once.

"Hah..."

Sedi let out a deep sigh, like a drug addict getting her fix.

"Right. That's it, Father."

There were no falsehoods in his apology.

Lukas now really believed he'd done wrong.

"Then from now-"

"Don't be mistaken."

A cold voice.

That voice immediately wiped away Sedi's smile.

"I'm not apologising to you."

"...what was that?"

Anger appeared on Sedi's face.

“Father and I are the only ones here.”

“Right.”

“So if it’s not to me, then to who?”

“[Lukas]”

As he responded, Lukas wiped his tears away.

Seeing this, Sedi couldn’t help but be confused for a moment.

“Uh...?”

The hand.

Lukas’ severed hand had regenerated.

When. How.

Clang!

The chains around Lukas’ body fell with a loud sound.

“I apologised to ‘Lukas’. For pretending to not hear, for pretending to not notice, for letting go of my responsibilities, for breaking my promise, and for focusing on my own comfort for so long.”

“What are you talking about...?”

“You were right. In order to fix a broken relationship, the one in the wrong should apologise first. That’s the start. Only then would it be possible to talk. And thankfully, they accepted my apology.”

“Why?”

“Because they...”

He could hear them.

[It’s okay.]

He could hear their soft voices.

[Sometimes you make wrong choices and end up regretting it.]

He heard the voices of the Lukases.

[Sometimes you end up showing a pathetic side that you don’t want others to see.]

The voices continued.

[When that happens, we will blame you.]

[We’ll be disappointed and angry.]

[We might even hate you.]

However.

[We'll still understand.]

[Everyone will understand.]

[No matter what, we will never deny you.]

[Because we are all...]

As his thoughts and the voices aligned, Lukas smiled.

Indeed, after a long time, he was able to show a refreshing smile because of their voices.

“-are Lukas.”

Fwoosh!

Blue light erupted from Lukas' body.

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

Season 2 Chapter 448

The atmosphere shook, and a feeling of pressure descended. And from the bluish energy... came a refreshing feeling.

The feeling of the mana naturally filled Sedi with a feeling of nostalgia as she remembered someone from the past.

Back then.

It reminded her of the time when she'd fallen from Absolute, given up on life, and met Lukas as everything became a mess.

It would be a lie to say she didn't long for that time again. But that longing had now become unpleasant. It was so unpleasant that it made her dizzy and nauseous.

Until just now, she'd felt like she was flying on a cloud.

It was fun, she was happy. She felt like she could do whatever she wanted.

But now, the entire thing disappeared as if it was an illusion.

“So what?”

Sedi grit her teeth.

“Do you think regenerating your limbs makes anything better? Don't tell me you already forgot. Who was the one that defeated Father before already.”

Lukas didn't answer.

He simply looked at Sedi, but it was like he wasn't really looking at her.

'What is he looking at?'

She was right in front of him, so what the hell was he focusing on?

Suppressed dissatisfaction and anger rose up from inside. The inside of her head seemed to be covered in pitch blackness.

Babump, babump. Her heart pounded so strongly that she could feel her pulse in her head.

This wasn't good. It was dangerous.

At this rate, to Father, she might really...

"...change your attitude right now."

"..."

"Say that you're wrong. Ask me to forgive you. Because Father can't beat me... Okay? Please."

Sedi squeezed her voice out.

"I don't want to kill Father with my own hands."

Then Lukas spoke for the first time.

"I'm really grateful to you."

"...what?"

"Because of you, I was able to be happy for a time. Life in the castle was really comfortable. I hadn't had such a comfortable time in my long, hard life. So thank you. You gave me some shade to take a break under."

A smile appeared on Lukas' face again.

At the same time, Sedi was filled with conflicting emotions when she saw his smile. The frustrating part was that she wasn't even sure what the conflicting feelings were.

"That's what I can't understand!"

So all she could do was shout out the darkness.

"Why are you just taking a break? You should keep resting. I heard about it from Kasajin. How Father lived while you were human. How much you struggled after you became an Absolute... Father deserves to rest."

"..."

Lukas closed his eyes.

-Lukas deserves to rest.

Now that he thought about it, Lukas had heard something similar from someone else.

-Why don't you ignore them? Is it so wrong to run away? You don't have to deal with all of their problems. Sometimes, you need to take a break. You... you are human too.

...They were similar.

Iris and Sedi. There were some similarities between them.

What was similar was that they knew things about him that most people didn't know.

They knew Lukas' weaknesses.

"What we need to do now is not have a conversation."

"...you want to fight?"

"Right. Try to subdue me again."

Lukas' expression changed.

"Didn't you say you liked moments like this? The moment when the feelings of hope and expectation become frustration?"

"..."

"Right now, hope is springing up from me like a fountain. If you make me frustrated now, I might really become the puppet-like Lukas you want."

His sarcastic way of speaking pissed her off.

...The current Lukas wouldn't give up so easily. He probably wouldn't stop struggling as long as he had the ability to move a single finger.

To subdue a man like this... would be incredibly difficult. So this time, she really might kill Lukas with her own hands.

'It can't be helped.'

If she couldn't get him in her hands.

Then she'd rather use her hands-

* * *

The memories of that time came to his mind.

The Lightning God and the Blue Knight.

The phenomenon that occurred when two beings of such strength clashed was rare even in the Three Thousand Worlds.

He hadn't been able to follow them with his eyes. He couldn't even hear them. All he could feel were the screams of the creaking space and the pounding of his own heart at the fear of the unknown.

The two of them disappeared and reappeared suddenly. And at some point, the match was already decided.

When the Lightning God had disappeared the first time, Lukas thought he was using an ability that was related to space-time. So he'd simply assumed that he was unable to respond to it.

It wasn't that.

'-a distant realm, beyond.'

It was simply that the Lightning God had been standing in a place so high that Lukas couldn't see him at all.

That's why Lukas had been helpless, and the Blue Knight, Pale, was able to respond to it.

The reason for that was simple.

Because she was in the same location as the Ruler.

'If that was the case, then what about Yang In-hyun?'

The question he'd had before, resurfaced.

Yang In-hyun's realm was not on the same level as the Four Knights of the World of Void or the Rulers. It was obvious that he was strong, but compared to them, he was definitely a few steps behind.

Nevertheless, Yang In-hyun was able to fight an equal battle with the Lightning God, who was using Lee Jong-hak's body and even managed to defeat him.

He felt like he could now see why.

'Strength might not be relative.'

That was his thought.

In a sense, Lukas had been thinking too narrow-mindedly. He'd thought he could solve everything simply by becoming stronger, stronger than everyone else.

That idea was only correct to an extent.

However, there would be no end.

Every time he thought he'd become the strongest, a different, stronger being would appear.

It was like that with the Demigods, with the Apocalypses, and with Lord.

And it was the same with the Absolutes, with the Rulers, and with God.

'There is no guarantee.'

If by chance...

Certainly, if Lukas became strong enough to look down upon all of the Rulers, there was no guarantee that a stronger being would appear.

But what would he do if it did happen?

Would he have to fight again? How long would he have to polish himself that time?

'There has to be a way.'

Right, there definitely had to be a way.

A battle against the strong would be endless, in other words, it was unclear if it would ever end.

A road without end was something that only people like Kasajin and Ivan would like.

However, Lukas was different. From the start, fighting against others was never Lukas' nature.

The one Lukas had always been fighting the most was himself.

'My object of comparison should be myself.'

To seek to overcome himself.

This was a truth that existed outside the concept of selfishness.

In all things, the most important thing should be himself.

As long as the subject of his consciousness was 'me', the value of his existence would be comparable to the entire Three Thousand Worlds.

"...haha."

A laugh sneaked out.

He finally understood. The reason Yang In-hyun wasn't pushed back in the fight against the Lightning God. That fight must have been gruesome, and the Lightning God probably had the advantage the entire time.

Nevertheless, Yang In-hyun won. He'd managed to win.

He knew. He knew his own value, and he had the confidence that the path he was walking wasn't wrong.

As long as one had those two things, the chances of winning against an enemy would never be zero.

It didn't matter what spells he used with mana, or how elaborate their formulas were.

Fwoosh.

Although Lukas was finally able to use void for the first time in a long while, there was no awkwardness.

This was true even on the verge of a battle where he would put his life on the line. He was shaking, but it was because of excitement.

"What's so funny?"

Swoosh. He felt thorns shoot towards him.

Lukas smiled and said.

"Magic Missile."

Paht.

The number of magic missiles that manifested matched the number of thorns. For a moment, Sedi was dumbfounded. She was aware of the concepts and stages of magicology.

'He's using a 1 star spell?'

Her vigilance rose as soon as she had this thought.

After all, her opponent was none other than Lukas Trowman.

If he was using a 1 star spell in this situation, there had to be a reason for it.

She analysed the Magic Missile for a moment. It then occurred to her that the essence of the spell might not just be a 1 star spell. So, he might just be confusing her with his voice while using a more grandiose spell...

'No.'

This wasn't the time to be lost in her thoughts.

The thorns had already reached Lukas' vicinity.

Clang!

And when the thorns were blocked by the Magic Missiles, Sedi wasn't surprised. Because she had already assumed that possibility.

'I have to be wary of every spell he uses.'

At least until she had determined his level of power, she would need to spend some time and effort to analyse things... But Sedi decided not to do that.

'He's awakened.'

She wasn't sure about Lukas' current state, but she was certain that he'd awakened a new power. In fact, he seemed to be a bit intoxicated by the new power he'd gained.

A mildly excited state.

So she couldn't give him extra time.

In that state, if he were to regain his normal coolness and become more proficient in using that power, this would go beyond the level of an annoyance.

So she decided to end the hand measuring with the next attack.

Paht.

Sedi reached her hand out. Crack crack, black thorns extended from her palm and lingered like a black cloud before taking a certain shape.

A scythe.

A scythe that was taller than her appeared. Sedi spun it a few times like a windmill before pointing it at Lukas.

“Don’t dodge. You might get even more hurt if I miss.”

Lukas’ smile also faded. Her aura hadn’t changed, but his instincts were warning him.

That scythe. Conceptually, it was similar to her soul weapon.

But the level and power were probably several times stronger than before-

“_”

Sedi disappeared.

—And time froze.

Lukas felt both of these facts at the same time.

His body slowed and his cognitive ability was significantly reduced.

He could predict where Sedi had gone.

[She must have entered the beyond space*.]

A space outside of the world that only a handful of beings were capable of entering, a transcendent world that the unqualified would never be able to enter even if they knocked on the door till their hands bled.

Those who could enter that space could one-sidedly interfere with those outside of it, In other words, the ‘beings on the outside’ could not reach them no matter how hard they tried. Even reacting was impossible.

[React.]

He heard a voice.

[Perceive.]

A voice on the inside.

[Block]

‘The voice of the Lukases.’

—No. He couldn’t refer to them as such.

This,

This voice now.

“...is [our] voice.”

His mind opened up.

For the first time, he felt as if all the voices combined.

Right. At that moment, their thoughts were his thoughts, and their will was his will.

Perfect unity.

His will, his voice, said.

[Move. Lukas.]

If hundreds of millions of people mutter the same thing at the same time, it would be an extremely loud cry, but it would never be noise.

Jujujuk!

The cry that was close to a roar forcibly broke Lukas free of the stopped time. He tore apart the frozen space.

Lukas boldly stepped forward and stretched out his arms.

Clang!

“...!”

Sedi’s eyes were filled with astonishment. The fact that the scythe had stopped in the air, to be precise, it was blocked by an invisible, intangible wall, filled her with deep shock.

It was different from when she shot the black thorns out.

Sedi’s scythe had been made from thorns. The external force that was condensed within it was the ‘next level of power’ that the Lightning God called ‘thunder’.

Using that power to the maximum, she swung the scythe with all her might, and it was blocked by Lukas.

“I can’t believe it... how...?”

Lukas didn’t look at the stuttering Sedi.

‘-ah.’

He shivered with deep ecstasy.

‘Ahh.’

He’d finally entered.

He couldn’t stop the light smile from spreading across his face.

It was a smile filled with many meanings.

Looking back, the many journeys he’d taken since becoming an Absolute may have all been to take this one step.

And he could finally see it.

The Rulers.

The place where those guys were standing.

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Season 2 Chapter 449

How did he react?

How did he stop it?

Sedi suppressed her rising doubts and calmed her agitation.

Then, she decided to judge the situation as calmly as possible based on the facts that were revealed.

The conclusion she reached was simple.

‘He got in.’

Lukas had entered the same world as her, and she could no longer guarantee victory against this being.

Her heart shivered with impatience. Her breathing became disturbed, and her vision began to fade. She could clearly feel her agitation.

‘I can’t.’

Kill him unintentionally.

There was a flash of lightning in her head. This caused a flowing nosebleed that forced her mind to awaken.

The mental burden was immense, but it was an unavoidable choice. Just now, Sedi was in a situation where her agitation was beginning to rise. Had she not forcibly broken herself from that condition, she would have faced the ‘worst situation’ that she feared.

She felt that she was ridiculous, and even more pathetic.

‘Can I really afford to be flustered right now?’

In fact, she was well aware.

Just how twisted she was now, and how many rivers she couldn’t uncross.

‘After coming this far, there’s no turning back.’

It was too late to turn back now.

So she had no choice but to carry on. Even if she knew that she was going deeper into the swamp, she had no choice but to keep using her legs.

“What’s with that look on your face when you’ve only just stepped into this place?”

Sedi grinned.

“Do you think you figured everything out? You must be getting drunk on the feeling of omnipotence and feel like you’re like a Ruler, but don’t get it twisted. Father is only standing at the very bottom. The peak of the mountain is not a place that you can see from the foot.”

That was her conclusion.

It was undeniable that Lukas had somehow managed to enter this world. However, that didn’t matter.

Experience, proficiency, and the being behind her. At this point, Sedi was superior to Lukas in every way. Although the ‘process of overpowering him’ would be more difficult, the ‘result’ that they would receive would not change.

“Going from 0 to 1.”

“...what?”

“That was the hardest part. After that, anything is fine. Even if the target number is a hundred, ten thousand, a thousand*, a hundred million, or an immeasurable number.” (*: Yes ten thousand before a thousand, left it cause it threw me for a loop)

“...”

It was a statement that should’ve made her laugh. After all, most people who said things like that didn’t know. They didn’t realise the weight of the number ‘one hundred million’. That was why they could say such nonsense.

But the one speaking was Lukas. It was none other than Lukas Trowman who said those words.

It was the person who had the closest connection to the words time, effort, challenge and mental power than anyone else Sedi knew.

After that, anything is fine.

‘He meant that.’

Lukas truly meant that he held no fear towards the long steps ahead of him. Instead, he would take one step at a time with a smile on his face. Instead of despairing at the fact that there seemed to be no end, he would feel satisfied that he was able to make steady progress one step at a time.

Over and over again without stopping, forever...

Lukas might really-

Kuuu-

The atmosphere began to shake. The prelude of a spell. Realising that, Sedi’s expression and aura also changed.

There was one thing that Lukas Trowman didn’t know.

The current Sedi wasn’t just carrying the power of the Demon God behind her.

By defeating the 0th Demon, one of the Twelve Void Lords who ruled over the World of Void, and taking his position, she could also wield a strong power.

Crunch.

But Lukas was fully aware of that fact as well. He cracked his knuckles.

It still felt like he was flying, but in truth, his odds were much lower.

Even if it was less than 4 percent. Nevertheless, a smile appeared on his lips.

After all, one thing was clear. Lukas always grew stronger while facing ridiculous enemies.

So he would use this fight to farm.

* * *

The phrase [the beyond space] was quite abstract.

Based on his own analysis and interpretation, Lukas had decided to call it something else.

The minimal time zone.

It divided the smallest period of time a human could perceive into thousands of equal parts. It was a world where a falling raindrop would remain frozen in the air for a short time.

One second in this place would be impossible to even perceive on the 'outside'.

—.

With every step that Sedi took, the stone floor shattered, but the pieces of stone didn't scatter. Instead, the fragments remained frozen in the air like sculptures. The world hadn't come to a stop, but it wouldn't be unreasonable to misunderstand it as such.

She swung her scythe. The difference between her and Lukas was about five steps.

Of course, this was a distance that could be narrowed at any time depending on how the fight progressed, but it was usually unexpected for a long range attack to be launched from such an ambiguous location.

Dozens of slashes flew forward.

There was no sound, and their presences were faint, but the force behind them was clearly formidable.

"Frost Breath."

A wave of cold air swept forward at Lukas' mutter.

The cold air spread from the tips of his toes and engulfed the entire area. The air was no exception.

Crackle...!

The rushing slashes froze in the space and hung in the air. Frost Breath was only a 4 star spell that lowered the temperature of the surrounding area, but the power it was displaying now easily surpassed that of an 8 star spell, albeit with a limited range. Even Sedi's feet were restrained for a moment.

Crack!

Of course, it was only for a very small time.

Sedi quickly broke free from the ice and continued forward. But there was an expression of displeasure on her face.

She was annoyed that her feet had been restrained for a moment with just a 4 star spell.

As she expected, there was something different about the magic that Lukas was using now. However... it wasn't enough.

That alone wasn't enough to change the situation or defeat Sedi.

At that moment, Sedi's figure in the frozen time increased speed.

"...!"

Lukas clenched his fingers for a moment. He looked at Sedi, who approached him in an instant. Sedi, who had only shown certain movements in the minimal time zone until now, suddenly increased her speed by more than five times.

'What is the principle?'

He was sceptical, but he didn't have the time to consider it. Instead, his eyes were drawn by the scythe that was swinging towards him.

Then Lukas' mouth fell open at the sight in front of him.

The scythe.

It wasn't a weapon that could display subtle or complicated methods of attack. Its lethality had nothing to do with the user's proficiency. Its structure was like that. It was for this reason that some experts regarded scythes as ornaments or tools for execution instead of weapons.

That cynical interpretation was by no means wrong.

However, in all things, there were always exceptions, and the scene Lukas was currently witnessing was something that could be considered an exception among exceptions.

The unpredictable and subtle movements of the scythe were as cunning as a snake. However, it was like a snake with a hundred heads. It truly felt as if such a creature was swaying its head in front of him at that moment.

The wickedness and strangeness it exuded was suffocating. For a moment, Lukas felt as if his body was surrounded by hundreds of sharp thorns that were inches away from piercing his skin. The thorns gave him a feeling of pressure as if his entire body would be pierced if he were to move even a little bit.

What level of proficiency with a scythe had Sedi reached?

'No.'

It wasn't comprehension, proficiency, or maturity.

Her skills had long surpassed those concepts. It wasn't a level of being one with her weapon. In the first place, Lukas had a negative opinion of such a state.

In his opinion, weapons were just weapons and should never be considered as one with the body. There was no point to that. In the first place, the reason for using a weapon was to make up for the inadequacies of the bare body.

The sharpness, firmness and range were all things that soft flesh would never be able to achieve.

'...fussy.'

And kind of unpleasant.

This was probably the first time Lukas had such a feeling while watching someone wield a weapon.

Fwoosh!

The gushing blood came from Lukas. A scar appeared from his shoulders to his chest. Naturally, he was unable to heal them with the power of void. Sedi's scythe was imbued with the Demon God's external force.

'I lost the fight.'

He graciously admitted this fact, but there was still a feeling of resentment somewhere deep in his heart. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to accept it. The scar on his chest was the best evidence.

He'd sent dozens of spells to Sedi as she approached, but none of them worked.

As long as she had that scythe, Lukas wouldn't be able to gain an advantage in a head on fight against Sedi.

He probably had ten thousand or more tricks. But even with the means that Lukas had, he couldn't envision a destruction method. Even if he ran simulations till his brain burned, the only result Lukas could find was his defeat.

Sedi twisted her waist heavily. Hundreds of afterimages merged into one. She held the scythe in both hands.

There was a short silence, something was coming.

Boom! Of course, there was no sound. But Lukas felt the illusion that he'd heard a similar sound. It was just as the scythe smashed into his body like a black flag. Unable to withstand the shock, his body was sent flying. This was dangerous. If his response had been lacking in even the slightest bit, his entire body would have been separated with that blow.

'Moreover.'

This time, he wasn't the only one. Sedi's body also staggered. She also felt a sharp pain in her chest.

So that was the case. He had launched a spell just before he was sent flying.

This meant that he had the ability to cast spells without chanting, saying the name, or using gestures.

“You should have been a bit more decisive at that moment.”

Sedi chuckled as she bled.

“Is that it? Huh? Is that the end!”

Breaking through one wall after the other, Sedi chased after Lukas, who was still flying away. As his blood splattered, Lukas sent spell after spell at Sedi. All kinds of missile spells flew towards Sedi.

Some missed, some hit. And most were blocked by her scythe.

Small wounds covered Sedi’s entire body but they were just that, small wounds.

“Not enough, that’s far from enough! How much longer will you be bound by magic?!”

When Lukas heard her cry, he replied inwardly.

Right. He couldn’t be bound by magic forever.

...It was possible to treat void like mana. It was a different concept from simple substitution. On a fundamental level, the power of void couldn’t change, so it was merely an imitation.

In other words, it was possible for it to imitate other forms of energy.

When Lukas stretched his hand out, purple liquid burst out of his hand. Sedi, who was chasing after him, narrowed her eyes and swung her scythe like a windmill.

It was about one drop. The purple liquid splashed against the edge of Sedi’s cheek.

Sizzle-

And her skin immediately became discoloured and melted. Wiping it away roughly with her sleeve, she muttered.

“...poison?”

“The power of Hydra.”

Divine power.

As he expected, it was possible for him to imitate this power with void. Sedi’s movements paused for a moment.

This was because she became a bit wary of this new kind of power that wasn’t magic. That gave Lukas enough time to gather his bearings.

He stopped his body that was flying through the air. Just like when Sedi had pierced his body with a thorn and pushed him out of the castle, Lukas once again found himself floating above Demonsio.

And after a short while, the world that was only being shared by the two of them regained its flow.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

There was a tremendous explosion.

As if compressed energy had been released in every direction at the same time, a formidable shockwave tore through Demonsio.

The castle, which exuded a sense of majesty, was destroyed almost instantly. Stalactites that hung from the ceiling fell like rain, and fires could be seen erupting in dozens of cities across the pit.

The space shattered like a broken mirror and a completely different world was almost visible beyond it. Time and space showed signs of collapsing completely.

This was the aftermath of a battle between two beings who had entered the minimal time zone.

In fact, they hadn't even fought with all their might. This was the result of just a probing battle.

Sedi's face showed that she didn't care even when her territory was reduced to such a state.

"Do you have a lot of random skills?"

Instead, she smiled disdainfully.

"Huu."

As expected, it still wasn't enough.

Until just now, Lukas' mind had been extremely overloaded. In fact, even at that moment, he could feel the heat all over his body.

This was a natural phenomenon.

Lukas was unable to enter the minimal time zone in a normal manner. Because of this, he had to match the consciousnesses of countless 'Lukas'es' and concentrate their mental power to forcefully enter the minimal time zone.

It was a method that probably only Lukas could use, but it was hard for him to sustain it for a long time. At the very least, if he didn't use it at intervals, he would end up burning his brain.

Random skills.

From her perspective, most of Lukas' means would only be random skills. But that didn't matter. Those random skills all had their own uses.

Sedi's impression of divine power wasn't wrong. Even if it could be considered the strongest power in his home universe, it was nothing more than a random skill in front of her.

Or at least, that was the case with one exception.

'I can use that.'

This time, he would use it perfectly.

Lord's power.

The manipulation of space was something he could not gain a proper grasp of even as an Absolute. In the end, he had ended up trapped in the Abyss, so he couldn't claim to have learned to control it.

But he didn't have the time to hesitate or think about it anymore.

He could use it. He would use it. It wouldn't be a problem.

For her, and for himself.

He had to do it.

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Season 2 Chapter 450

A solemn and heavy atmosphere filled the conference room located in the basement of the castle. The reason for this wasn't just because of the beings who filled the seats.

There were a total of fourteen participants, each of the Apostles who could be considered the core power that supported Demonsio. They had varying expressions and thoughts, but none of them had a light attitude.

Amidst this solemn and heavy atmosphere, the first being to open their mouth was an Apostle with skin the colour of blood, 'Turahel'.

"I think it's about time that we all came to a decision."

There was no immediate response.

Regardless of this fact, Turahel continued to speak.

"Her behaviour has been getting more and more out of hand. Not only did she arbitrarily kick the Blue Knight out not so long ago, she also killed the Beginning Wizard. It's only a matter of time before this information reaches the Magic Planet, and more recently, she has been roaming around the 'Dump Site'."

"Why the 'Dump Site'?"

"I don't know. But one thing is certain, the Corpse Ghost won't turn a blind eye to it forever."

"...such an act can be considered a provocation. And the Corpse Ghost was never known for his patience."

It was at this moment that a pale skinned Apostle, Denster, who was sitting on the other side, grinned.

"What do you intend to do then? Are you suggesting treason?"

"..."

"Know your place. Even if the Lord does more than this, it is not our place to stop her. We cannot because she is none other than the Lord of Demonsio, the 0th Demon."

Denster sneered.

"And Turahel, you aren't being completely honest."

"What are you talking about?"

“Don’t try to hide your true intentions behind those cheap excuses. Is that the real reason why you’re complaining?”

“...”

“Or is it because of the vain death of the previous Void Lord? Isn’t that the real reason why you are trying to incite the Council of Apostles to rebel?”

Turahel’s expression stiffened.

He licked his lips slightly before sighing.

“...I will admit that you aren’t wrong. However, I don’t want a rebellion. What I want to talk about is legitimate.”

“Legitimate?”

“It wouldn’t be treason if someone challenges her to a legitimate challenge and wins. And you all know too. Who was expected to be the new 0th Demon before she appeared.”

At those words, the faces of all the Apostles changed at the same time.

“Blanco...”

“However, he has already left Demonsio.”

“There is talk that he has already disappeared.”

“Is there anyone who knows his whereabouts?”

“‘Haspin’... Apocalypse Apostle ‘Haspin’.”

Among the muttering Apostles, there was one individual who was particularly quiet.

Uros quietly watched on with a hard expression. To be honest, he wasn’t paying much attention to this controversial meeting.

Among the Apostles, who were wracking their brains for answers, he was the only one who’d witnessed the scene back then.

Uros was the only one there who knew.

Just how Sedi Trowman had killed the Beginning Wizard.

‘...the power of a Ruler.’

If he were to mention what he saw, even the Apostles who favoured Sedi might change their minds.

A prime example would be Denster, who was currently at odds with Turahel.

‘Great chaos would ensue.’

Sedi probably wouldn’t forgive the Apostles who bared their fangs at her. And even if all the Apostles in the castle joined forces, they wouldn’t be able to defeat Sedi. This meant that a massive purge would take place.

In that case, wouldn't it be better for him to remain quiet?

She'd borrowed power from none other than a Ruler?

'If this somehow leaks out, then it can't be helped. But it would probably draw the wrath of the Knights.'

The other Twelve Void Lords would probably dislike it as well.

Isolation... It would be the Isolation of Demonsio.

Of course, in the World of Void, the concept of isolation wasn't a scary concept for a territory. In fact, it was rather natural. Nevertheless, that didn't change the fact that it would be annoying.

There was no clear answer to this problem.

"Slurp-"

Uros flicked his forked tongue. Then his vertically torn pupils widened in surprise.

"What is it, Uros?"

"...I felt a vibration just now."

"A vibration?"

"I felt it from below this place... did you not notice?"

"Our senses aren't as good as yours."

"..."

The Snake Apostle, Uros, was particularly sensitive to vibrations and tremors in the air.

[However, below this place? If it's the space further down then...]

Another Apostle, Lofiken, recalled the structure of the castle in his mind. After a short while, he continued.

[There is only the underground prison.]

The moment he stopped talking...

Five Apostles were sent flying as if they had been struck by something.

Boom boom boom!

Their bodies slammed into the walls. The seated disciples didn't realise what had happened until the blood splatter touched their faces.

"What is this...?"

Among the confused Apostles, it was Turahel that regained his composure the fastest. He realised the Apostles smashed against the walls had become pools of blood.

'They're all dead? Five Apostles?'

Upon realising the situation, the composure he'd regained showed signs of breaking once more.

He was more dejected than surprised, more horrified than dejected.

This couldn't even be called a sudden death. Turahel shook as the fear of the unknown overcame him.

Boom!

Then came the sound of a tremendous explosion that threatened to tear their eardrums. This time, the vibration was felt by every Apostle, not just Uros. This was natural. After all, the vibration was so intense that it seemed that the entire castle was shaking.

Crack crack!

The walls of the conference room broke apart. They felt the castle tilt. Turahel found it hard to grasp this fact.

Leaning? The castle...?

"What the hell is going on?"

[...I'll go take a look.]

Lofiken spread his wings and flew out of the broken wall. He flew up to a height that allowed him to see the entire castle at a glance, then he looked at the surrounding area.

And his mind immediately went blank at the scene that he was seeing for the first time.

...He had lived for a long time, and it hadn't been in vain.

He had seen, heard, and felt many things. In other words, he was quite experienced.

But the scene unfolding before his eyes was a phenomenon that he had never witnessed before in his life.

Boom!

At that moment there was another explosion.

It was an explosion unlike any Lofiken had ever heard before. It was as if thousands of large and small explosions had erupted all at the same time.

It took him only a moment to realise. It truly wasn't a single explosion. And the sound of each explosion came at the exact same time without deviation.

...Something strange was going on.

[...!]

At that moment, the ground all over the pit had collapsed. It was an almost divine display of destruction.

Dozens of cities littered the surface and there were at least tens of thousands of demons in each city. Most of them were resilient, but it was clear that there were very few individuals capable of reacting to the sudden catastrophe.

In other words, Lofiken was now witnessing the deaths of hundreds of thousands of demons.

[...!]

Hurriedly, he twisted his body to avoid something. It took him a moment to realise that it was a fragment of stone from the ceiling and not someone's attack.

'The ceiling cracked...'

Because of this, there was a rain of stone from the sky. It was his first time witnessing this phenomenon as well. The strength of the stone that formed Demonsio's ceiling far surpassed imagination, and on its own, it formed a barrier that was stronger than steel.

No amount of physical force should even be able to scratch it.

But as he looked at the ceiling now, he bore witness to dozens of cracks that spread across its surface like spider webs.

Boom!

When the next explosion occurred, Lofiken felt space itself begin to collapse. He watched as random shattered and crushed portions of space appeared throughout Demonsio.

[Oh my God...]

Lofiken subconsciously let out a soft exclamation. But he had to keep his cool. It was his job to figure out what was going on.

'Is Demonsio under attack?'

At first glance, this conclusion seemed the closest to the truth, but a part of his mind refuted that theory.

...It was different. It was different from an enemy attack.

For one, he couldn't see any enemies. In addition, among the various territories, Demonsio was one of the hardest for unauthorised people to invade. This was because even if someone did manage to successfully invade, there were demons who specialised in detecting them.

Naturally, the Apostles, including Lofiken, had not received any signals from them.

...I felt a vibration just now.

-I felt it from below this place... did you not notice?

At that moment, Uros' murmurs sounded in his mind.

Below... Below the conference room.

The underground prison.

Lofiken's expression hardened. And a thought flashed through his mind.

This was an internal problem.

Boom!

There was an interval of about ten seconds between the explosions. As each ten second interval passed, Demonsio gradually collapsed. It was as if the God of Destruction compressed his power and let it explode at once. Contradictingly, the sudden destruction occurred at regular intervals.

Every explosion was linked to hundreds of thousands of deaths.

There was nothing Lofiken could do apart from watching the disaster unfold. Nevertheless, he didn't feel helpless. Instead, he already admitted that he had been consumed by fear.

[How... how is such a disaster possible?]

Suddenly, Lofiken realised that there were two beings standing above him.

[...!]

They were both faces that he knew.

One of them was Sedi and the other was Lukas.

[Territory Lord?]

Lofiken would never have thought that those words would be his last.

The two disappeared in an instant, just like they appeared. And that was the last sight Lofiken witnessed.

Pop.

His skull exploded. Like a ripe fruit crushed by an invisible hand, or as if a bomb had been detonated directly in his head.

Splatter, the Apostle called Lofiken, who had been divided into a headless body, white bone fragments and brain matter, fell into the abyss of Demonsio.

This wasn't a special sight, at least in this moment.

Because there were hundreds of such scenes occurring at the same time.

* * *

Sedi noticed Lofiken's death. That wasn't all. As the 0th Demon, she could feel the deaths of every single one of the countless demon residents of Demonsio.

Nevertheless, she didn't pay much attention to them at that moment.

'Something has changed.'

The Lukas in front of her.

At some point, she'd become unable to close the gap between them.

Did he improve again? In such a short time? However, there hadn't been any noticeable changes.

For example, just a while ago, when Lukas had first entered the minimal time zone.

Sedi had felt Lukas undergo a major change both internally and externally.

She immediately realised that a new person had gained the qualification to enter the world that only a small number of beings could enter.

'...nothing has changed.'

She had a thought contrary to her previous one.

She was growing anxious. The time taken had long surpassed her expectations.

Half of her vision was covered in darkness. And her mind seemed to become more and more muddled.

'I have to get close.'

There were many wounds on Lukas' body. But those were all moves from their first clash. Since then, something had changed, and his number of injuries hadn't increased at all.

'I can't reach him.'

Not to mention getting close, even ranged attacks were unable to deal any damage to him.

She needed to get closer.

At least within half of a step.

However... it didn't seem possible. The distance refused to narrow to the extent that it was outrageous.

Sedi suddenly had a feeling.

It felt like Lukas was manipulating space.

* * *

When he'd first used Lord's power, Lukas realised that there was barely any burden. In fact, using it felt much smoother than before.

One thing was certain.

Lukas wouldn't be at the mercy of this power, at least not like in the fight against Nodiesop.

He was a little surprised at this fact, but he didn't have much time to consider the reason. Instead, it was more important for him to focus on utilising this power in his fight against Sedi.

Using the power reminded him of Lord. Lord, the transcendent being, utilised the power more skillfully than the Absolute, Lukas. Fortunately, his technique had been clearly engraved in Lukas' mind. No matter how many years went by, he would never forget.

-One of them is space leap

It was the power to leap from space to space.

Lukas had thought that, among Lord's powers, this one wasn't very efficient. This was because he thought that the required concentration and delay would be fatal.

But to his surprise, those problems seemed to disappear in the minimal time zone. Lukas' sharp focus made it possible to use space leap on a regular basis, and there was hardly any delay due to the computational assistance of the other Lukases.

'This power is a huge advantage in the minimal time zone.'

Even Sedi, who had the power of a Ruler, had no choice but to walk step by step to reach him. She had the ability to shorten her time to a minimum by instantaneously increasing her speed, but it never surpassed the concept of 'really fast'.

On the other hand, space leap was no different from teleportation.

Regardless of whether the space he wanted to go to was a step away or ten steps away, the time it took was the same.

In other words, with this ability, Lukas could maintain his desired distance from any enemy and in any situation.

This was a great advantage for a Wizard like Lukas.

'That's not all.'

Time and space, shortened to space-time.

Lukas knew that these two concepts were inseparable.

Time was relative, and Lord's power granted him the ability to create his own space. This meant that eventually, he would have the ability to manipulate everything that existed in space.

Right. Even time.

'It's not yet enough.'

Lukas felt that the power he had grasped was only a fraction of that. If he gained the ability to fully control Lord's power, and then applied that power fully in the minimal time zone...

The task of defeating a Ruler would no longer appear so distant.

"Huff, huff..."

The sound of panting woke Lukas from his thoughts. He looked at Sedi.

She wasn't hurt, but she was out of breath.

This appearance was no surprise to him. At some point, Lukas had stopped attacking Sedi.

Sedi was also aware of that.

"Looking at me like that..."

The hand that was swinging the scythe stopped midair as she made a choked expression.

Warble, there was a strange sound. It had come from Sedi's body.

"Ub, urb..."

Staggering, Sedi grabbed her chest.

Lukas looked at her with a deep gaze.

"For me, fighting in the minimal time zone is a great burden. So at first, I tried to finish this as quickly as possible. I thought that the longer it took, the less of a chance I'd have."

"Ugh, ub, kuk."

"However, I changed my mind. Because I realised at some point that you were under even more pressure than me."

"Uwek..."

Sedi vomited up black blood. Black liquid also flowed from her eyes.

Entering the minimal time zone was something that shouldn't have been possible for Sedi to do. In a way, she was like Lukas. She sought after a sight that far surpassed the level of power given to her.

The Demon God's power. The power of a Twelve Void Lord.

Sedi's existence was too weak to accept it all.

The recoil she was experiencing was probably far greater than Lukas.

"..."

He calmed his thoughts.

Then, he dispersed the consciousness of the different Lukases which had united. He had intentionally ended his combat readiness.

The match had already been decided.