

D. Extraction 511

Chapter 511 Auction (Part 3)

Moving on to the next item in the auction, the spotlight shifted to the Crystallized Essence of the Fire Elementals.

It was a mesmerizing crystal emanating a vibrant red glow. It seemed like a jewel for a moment, but as they carefully observed it, they realized that it was even more special.

From the crowd's perspective, it appeared to smolder, adding to its mystique. However, Rosella effortlessly held it in her hands as if unbothered by its fiery nature.

The sight of the Crystallized Essence of the Fire Elementals captivated the audience, many of whom had never laid eyes on such a unique artifact before.

However, Rosella's explanation shed light on its potential.

"Our Appraisers have confirmed that this Crystallized Essence has come from a Fire Elemental. Any Arcanist aspiring to craft a weapon infused with the power of fire will love this... Of course, while it is primarily a material used to create a Magic Artifact, its rarity, and size will also make this a perfect collection that can be displayed in your house.

Bidding for the Crystallized Essence commenced, with eager participants vying for the chance to possess this crafting item.

"4,500..." called out one bidder.

"4,900!" countered another.

A middle-aged man then released a bit of his Aura, revealing that he was a Combat Arts Practitioner. Then, he placed a bid.

"6,500."

However, before he could savor his bid, another voice immediately raised the price.

"7,500." It was declared by a young man dressed in unassuming attire.

His origins remained a mystery to the crowd since he wasn't emitting any sort of energy as if he was not an Arcanist. As for the Grimoire on his waist, it may just be a part of his disguise.

Clare leaned towards Teresa, whispering... "Isn't that the guy we saw outside?"

Teresa nodded, replying softly. "Yes, but let's not mind him. He's not the man we're looking for. That guy is a Summoner."

"So it's not a disguise?" Clare asked.

"He may be able to hide his Arcane Energy, but the Grimoire's fluctuation can still be detected..." Teresa claimed confidently.

Clare chuckled as she recalled how Teresa was sensitive to energy fluctuations.

"Haha, true. Unless Clovis is also a Summoner."

Teresa also chuckled at this.

The idea of a Dual Arts Practitioner was already impressive enough. If Clovis or Vale could practice three Arcane Arts, then he would likely transcend the realm of a Half-Spirit and ascend to the status of a Demigod, or perhaps, he was actually a vessel for a deity.

Teresa considered such a notion highly improbable.

"7,500. Going once, going twice..." Rosella's voice rang out, interrupting their conversation.

With a smile on her face, Rosella confidently declared... "Sold!"

The Crystallized Essence of the Fire Elementals had found its new owner. Rosella was also growing more comfortable in her role as the auctioneer, and she couldn't help but start to enjoy it.

The crowd then shifted their attention to the young man to see if he would also opt to trade it immediately and leave. However, the young man remained sitting.

It means that he had planned to stay until the end.

The middle-aged who lost the bid couldn't help but look at him.

"Young man, this Crystallized Essence is a delicate material. It can shatter and become useless if you make a mistake handling it. The price limit for it should be 5,000 zen. You're going to regret it." The middle-aged man said, using a Voice Transmission.

It wasn't a Spell but a skill that many Combat Arts Practitioners were capable of pulling off with the help of their Aura.

He then waited for a reply, but to his disappointment, the young man just remained silent and didn't bother answering him.

'You think you're already great just because you've won a bid?' The man frowned as he felt disrespected for being ignored.

He could certainly win the bid if he wanted, but there were still many items to be sold, and he didn't want to overspend on less desirable items.

"Hmph!"

With a grunt, the middle-aged man stopped thinking about the young man who had wasted his money and looked at the beautiful auctioneer on the stage.

As the auction progressed, six more items were swiftly sold, each captivating the crowd with their rarity and potential.

These items primarily consisted of valuable materials for Alchemy, items that were difficult to come by in ordinary shops.

The versatility of these materials made them useful not only to Arcanists but also to those who dabbled in other disciplines, depending on how they chose to utilize them. This was why the organizers were confident that all their items would be sold.

Then, just as the next item was about to be unveiled, a sudden shift in the atmosphere enveloped the surroundings.

It was as though the aura of the item couldn't be contained within its box or seal, causing everyone in the hall to get excited.

Rosella, sensing the heightened anticipation, took a moment to compose herself before addressing the eager audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have to cut off the sale of the alchemy materials for now... Instead, let's see an extraordinary that we received yesterday... It was graciously brought to us by our esteemed patrons, and we have confirmed that this item once belonged to a high priest. Behold, the Holy Messenger's Summoning Scroll!"

As Rosella's words echoed through the room, she swiftly scanned the crowd, observing the subtle reactions from certain individuals.

The true significance of the Holy Messenger's Summoning Scroll would not be fully grasped by many present unless they held an understanding of the identities and importance of the Holy Messengers.

'One... three... five...' Rosella counted in her head. Five people had a strong reaction after hearing that the item was related to the Holy Messengers.

In the meantime, whispers and murmurs filled the surroundings as many people exchanged curious glances.

Some seemed to have an inkling of the scroll's significance, their eyes narrowing with intrigue. Others remained oblivious, their curiosity piqued by the mysterious nature of the item.

Rosella paused, allowing the crowd's expectation to build before continuing.

"This scroll possesses the power to summon forth the divine essence of the Holy Messengers, granting the summoner a brief audience with these revered beings. Unfortunately, the ritual to summon them was unknown even to us. Perhaps only the High Priests knew about this. To those who understand the magnitude of this opportunity, this scroll holds immeasurable value."

The crowd fell into a hushed silence... It indeed sounded awesome, but it's quite useless if they don't know the ritual.

Chapter 512 Auction (Part 4)

"Messenger?" Eustace muttered.

Eustace's eyes lit up after he heard Rosella's explanation. It has been a while since he met a Messenger. It was when he tried to summon back Lotus, who had died for him, and got Yvaine instead.

He knew very well that having a brief audience to the Messenger wasn't that simple. After all, the ritual that hadn't been mentioned was the key to it.

The ritual must have your request with the Messenger, or you must possess a connection with the Spirit World.

As expected, as soon as the bidding started, not many were interested. Furthermore, this item was seemingly meant for the rogue practitioners of the Holy Arts or those with ties to the Spirit World.

Nevertheless, there were still some people who could tell the value of this item.

"5,000." One of the bidders in front of the stage started.

It was a price that was a bit too low for Rosella's expectations, so she continued calling for other bidders.

"7,000..." The middle-aged man who was a Combat Arts Practitioner joined the bid.

The bid gradually climbed to 7,300 zen, then 7,800 zen, as the desire to possess the Holy Messenger's Summoning Scroll intensified.

The bidding didn't stop, and in the end, it was the same middle-aged man who had previously cautioned Eustace, who emerged victorious.

He had a winning bid of 15,900 zen!

The price paid for an item with vague usage might have seemed high, but it was apparent that the man possessed knowledge of the scroll's true purpose.

'A Combat Arts Practitioner who wanted to have an audience with the Holy Messenger?' Eustace mused.

He actually briefly considered joining the bidding. However, knowing he could potentially call forth the Messenger through his unique connection to the Spirit World, he ultimately decided against it...

Furthermore, even if he does try to summon one, he would just end up Extracting this Messenger.

As the auction continued, several more rounds of Alchemy Materials were sold, catering to the diverse needs of Arcanists and enthusiasts alike. These materials were highly sought after and quite rare outside.

This ultimately shows the power of the Assembly of Scourge, which is the owner of the Auction House.

After some time, there were finally some changes in the items...

The concept shifted, and the focus had now turned towards the sale of Potions and Pills.

Rosella proceeded to showcase a batch of potions, capturing the attention of the attendees.

The first potion unveiled was called the Blessed Undine's Body Fluid. Encased within a glass vial, the murky liquid inside seemed to glow slightly.

"This potion grants Arcanists, excluding Aura Masters and Knights, a physique that can rival that of Second-Class Evil Creatures. Its effects can last for over two hours, and there is even a high chance of a slight permanent increase in your Power Strand!" Rosella explained enthusiastically.

"Additionally, it has a very weak aftereffect that can easily be removed with Blessed Water from the Priests. This potion is one safest strengthening potion that we have."

The batch being sold contained six vials of this enticing potion. The promise of enhanced physical abilities and the potential for lasting benefits proved to be an irresistible temptation for many in attendance.

Without delay, the bidding commenced.

As there were six potions available in this batch, the price quickly soared to a staggering 30,000 zen.

"So expensive?" Eustace couldn't help but marvel at the astronomical sum, realizing how Alchemists could amass great wealth with relative ease.

'It's not even a complicated potion. It was just a body fluid that was blessed by another Arcanist...' Eustace couldn't help but wonder if other blessed body fluids would also have such effects.

'Is this a sign for me to explore my abilities? Perhaps a Half-Celestial's body fluid can also become a potion if blessed?' He couldn't help but entertain this thought.

It was too astonishing to think that just six potions capable of enhancing physical abilities could command such a high price.

However, Eustace's thoughts also drifted to his past experiences with the Idle Mind Potion, Spirit Enhancement Potion, and the Anti-Corruption Force Potion, which he had consumed during his training under Heinz. The intense pain and the sensation of near-death that accompanied those potions flashed through his mind.

Considering the potential value and the seemingly manageable aftereffects of the Blessed Undine's Body Fluid Potion, he could only try to convince himself that the price was indeed justified.

As the auction progressed, Rosella presented a range of potions to the eager crowd.

Spirit Amplification Potions, Earth Eclipse Potions, Lust and Joy Potions, and various others were sold, each catering to different desires and needs.

While these potions garnered interest from some attendees, Eustace found himself relatively uninterested in their effects. They were already "low-quality" for him, considering his attributes.

However, he was suddenly stunned when Rosella introduced the next potion in line.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next potion we have here is none other than the Third Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion!"

Her words resonated throughout the room, and Eustace's eyes widened in astonishment.

He didn't expect to find it here!

This was a potion that he needed! He initially thought that he would no longer have a chance of getting this after being "expelled" from the Academy.

'This... How can it appear here? I thought it's only produced by the first-generation families of the Dark Arts Factions?' Eustace was confused as he looked at Rosella, waiting for more explanation.

Even in the Dark Arts Faction, the Third-Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion was a rare concoction. It was known for its ability to break the limit of your potential in the Dark Arts and also protect you from stronger Possession... In short, it was used to avoid being consumed by the Darkness itself.

The requirement of the Academy to receive this potion was also quite high.

As a matter of fact, even graduate students may not have a chance of getting this potion!

"This is too good to be true..." Eustace muttered as he stared at the potion in Rosella's hands.

Chapter 513 Auction (Part 5)

As Eustace relished the delight of the unexpected appearance of the Third-Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion, his euphoria was interrupted by the realization that a couple of gazes were fixed upon him.

He was suddenly alarmed as he guessed the intent behind those stares.

They were the two ladies who were previously observing him.

"Not good..." Eustace inwardly lamented, understanding that these ladies had likely detected the shift in his emotions and were eagerly awaiting an opportunity for him to let his guard down.

He narrowed his eyes as he controlled his emotions and locked his gaze back onto the two individuals.

To be honest, he wasn't exactly sure why he was being stared at. He could only guess that these two had nefarious thoughts, and he had to be wary of them...

Rosella proceeded to unveil the unique terms set by the owner of the Third Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion. Rather than seeking monetary compensation, the owner desired to exchange the potion for a Dragon Scale or an equivalent material capable of crafting a formidable defensive item. This announcement brought about a shift in the auction dynamics.

Whispers and murmurs could be heard as the people started frowning at this arrangement.

"Those who possess such an item and are willing to make a trade, please raise the number in your seats." Rosella declared, prompting a flurry of responses from a few enthusiastic attendees.

The crowd quickly became abuzz with individuals offering their items, recognizing the versatility and value of the potion being auctioned.

Eustace had a quick look at them, and even without using his Divine Sense, he could tell that these people weren't Dark Arts Practitioners.

This confused him a bit, but he heard a few people talking about this potion.

Apparently, it made sense that the Darkness Possession Potion held appeal not only for Dark Arts Practitioners. Those interested in performing rituals, attracting dark spirits, or utilizing potent poisons would actually want this item as well.

Indeed, the potion's potency made it a coveted asset in various realms of arcane practices, especially in the art of poisons.

Amidst the clamor, numerous participants presented their offerings.

One person offered a fragment of a Turtle Dragon Shell, another boasted three Wyvern Scales obtained from undead creatures, while another proposed a Tier 3 Earth Golem's Core as a potential trade.

The bids continued to pour in, with a total of ten individuals ultimately making offers.

Eustace watched the proceedings unfold, contemplating whether he had to join in the bidding war.

He knew that securing the Third Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion could be a pivotal step in his journey... However, he couldn't help but feel that something was wrong with this offer.

Unbeknownst to Eustace, another individual within the Auction House shared his suspicions.

It was none other than Lesley, who had skillfully disguised herself among the attendees. As a Dark Arts Practitioner with a deep-seated animosity towards the Holy Arts Faction, Lesley couldn't help but question the sudden appearance of the potion.

'Is this a trap?' Lesley pondered. She considered that this auction was a way to identify the remaining members of the Vessels or to ensnare other Dark Magicians within the city.

Because the war against the Dark Arts was already in its early stages, she couldn't help but link this matter.

She also felt a bit frustrated as she realized she hadn't detected any signs of Divine Sense scanning her surroundings, a method she had successfully cracked as part of her mission to eliminate the Holy Arts practitioners.

Lesley's ultimate goal was to eradicate the vulnerability of Dark Magicians against the Holy Arts. While she hadn't yet created a Tier 3 Variant capable of countering the practitioners of Holy Arts, she had made significant progress in deciphering the secrets of Divine Sense.

With time, she hoped to perfect this method and impart it to the entire Dark Arts Faction.

'Captain, should we bid for this item? It doesn't feel right to hand over this potion to those people...'
Her subordinates, through their telepathic communication, voiced concerns about the situation.

After careful consideration, Lesley came to a decision.

'No... I don't feel right about it either, but we can't act now. Let's wait for the winner and seize the potion from them. If we can kill them in the process, it would be even better.' She firmly responded.

Her subordinates could only nod as they patiently awaited the conclusion of the bidding...

In the meantime, as Rosella was still looking for other offers, Eustace reached a decision.

He took a deep breath and confidently raised his number, catching the attention of both Rosella and the surrounding crowd.

"I have a genuine Dragon Scale. Let's make a trade..." Eustace declared, his voice carrying a hint of confidence.

A few people started doubting what they just heard, but Eustace suddenly reached into his bag and produced the Dragon Scale, presenting it as evidence of his offer.

Everyone was shocked and marveled at the sight of a real Dragon Scale! The only exceptions were Teresa and Clare, who had been observing Eustace closely. They couldn't help but feel confused by the situation.

As they examined the Dragon Scale Eustace had produced, they immediately noticed that it was distinctly different from the Dragon Scale they had previously seen Vale display in front of numerous individuals.

'It's really different...'

This discrepancy caused Teresa and Clare to exchange perplexed glances, unsure of what to make of the situation.

Apparently, Teresa had prepared two items as a means to entice Vale or Clovis to reveal themselves.

These items included a scroll capable of summoning the Holy Messenger and the Darkness Possession Potion currently up for auction.

Having observed Eustace's reactions to these particular items, Teresa and Clare began to entertain the notion that Eustace might be connected to Clovis or potentially even be Clovis himself, cleverly disguised through advanced means they couldn't see. Additionally, they considered the possibility that the Grimoire Eustace possessed might be borrowed or obtained in some other manner, further fueling their uncertainty.

"No... This just confirmed our guess. That guy must be Vale, or Vale had given this item to him. There's no way a Dragon Scale would just appear here. He must've gotten a different scale inside the Tower." Teresa claimed as she shared her plans with Clare.

Whether they are right or wrong, they would capture this man!

Chapter 514 Auction (Part 6)

In the meantime, Rosella's eyes lit up after seeing the Dragon Scale offered by a young nobleman. She couldn't help but realize something.

'Did the owner know that there will be someone in the Auction House today with a Dragon Scale in their bag?' She almost couldn't believe it.

After all, the Dragon Scale was something out of the legends. In her mind, this trade wasn't worth it at all!

If he has the Dragon Scale, they should be able to get something better than a mere potion! Although the Darkness Possession was incredibly rare, it's not something impossible to get. There are cases in which you could bribe some Dark Magicians to get this item.

However, the Dragon Scale's rarity is different.

'To think that there's a man crazy enough to trade a legendary item to a mere potion... This guy must be rich...' Rosella commented in her mind as she acknowledged the young man's bid.

Soon, an attendant came to inspect the scale that the young nobleman had shown.

Then, after confirming that everything was fine. She dropped the gavel and closed the deal...

As the man had also won the Crystallized Essence, he decided to settle the matter later once the auction was done. It seemed that he still had plans to acquire other items.

Realizing this, Rosella smiled widely as she continued with the auction.

Meanwhile, as Eustace informed the attendant that he would wait for the end of the auction to complete the transactions, several people focused their attention on him.

This includes Lesley, Clare, Teresa, and even Clyde, who had been closely observing the auction. They all started paying attention to Eustace upon his revelation of the Dragon Scale.

Each of them harbored different thoughts and suspicions regarding Eustace. However, despite their individual motivations, they shared a common desire—to uncover the truth about who he really was.

"These guys aren't stopping... They should have some manners and not be this rude."

As the intensity of their gazes bore down on him, Eustace couldn't help but feel overwhelmed and irritated. The weight of their scrutiny, coupled with hostility emanating from some of them, began to wear on him.

'Since I'm in an underground auction and I'm in disguise, there shouldn't be any problem...'

Eustace thought as he decided to utilize his Neutral Spell or Spirit Art, specifically the Evil Eye.

With a swift activation, a wave of burning sensations coursed through the eyes of those who had been intently observing him. They instinctively recoiled, closing their eyes as tears streamed down their faces. Some of the more susceptible individuals even experienced bleeding from their eyes.

However, the stronger Arcanists, including Clyde and the other experienced practitioners, managed to defend against the effects of the Evil Eye.

Nevertheless, Eustace's actions had undeniably alarmed everyone present.

Clyde, exuding an aura befitting a Mystic Arts Practitioner, spoke first.

"Stop! What you're doing!" He sternly shouted at Eustace to cease his actions while approaching him with his cane in hand.

His imposing presence provided a sense of security to the others in the room.

Unfazed by Clyde's warning, Eustace retorted with a cold voice... "Hmph... I should be the one asking that." His response dripped with an air of defiance, further intensifying the tension in the room.

Rosella wanted to stop the fight by continuing the auction, but a few voices immediately warned her not to interrupt.

She immediately realized that there was indeed more to this auction than what it seemed.

As the tension between Eustace and Clyde reached its peak, the attendees started using various items or spells to protect themselves from what was to come...

Whom~

Suddenly, Eustace and Clyde's auras collide in a silent display of power.

"They're about the same in Spirit Strands?"

"Fool... Clyde must be holding back since he's dealing with a teenager."

"No way... The Spiritual Pressure from those two is too strong! Can't you see the people around them having trouble breathing?!"

"Ahhh... Wait! That's true! I'm feeling it now! Their Spiritual Pressure is expanding!"

The people around them started backing down as they didn't want to get caught in the mess.

They didn't expect that the young Summoner was capable of standing off against a legendary figure of the Mystical Arts Faction!

Then, Eustace used his collected essence to strengthen the Spiritual Pressure he was using...

A pulse of otherworldly energy was released. It started emanating an ominous and mysterious presence. The room seemed to grow colder as the pressure cast by his aura started affecting the whole Auction Hall.

"Heh~ Not bad!"

Of course, Clyde responded in kind.

His aura radiated a vibrant combination of arcane energy and spiritual force. It crackled and pulsed with an intensity that demanded attention, filling the space around him with an air of authority and command.

His aura felt more solid as the place between the two started shaking and cracking.

The onlookers in the Auction House had already evacuated to the sidelines, their attention now fully captivated by the unfolding battle of auras.

None of them was questioning why it wasn't being stopped and just marveling at the sight of the two power Arcanists in front of their eyes.

This doesn't happen often after all.

They held their breath in anticipation of the clash between these formidable individuals.

They were even waiting for the young man's Summons and for Clyde to cast his Spells!

Soon, the Auction House itself seemed to tremble under the weight of their opposing energies.

Yet, both Eustace and Clyde maintained a stoic composure, their eyes locked in a fierce gaze, each refusing to yield an inch.

Within this battle of auras, no physical blows were exchanged, but the intensity of their confrontation spoke volumes.

Clare, Lesley, and Teresa were also waiting for something to happen as they suppressed their auras.

However, before the battle could escalate further, a commanding voice echoed through the room, cutting through the tense atmosphere.

"That should be enough... I still have something to buy here. The auction might be canceled at this rate."

The voice originated from a man of middle age. Standing tall and imposing, he possessed an intimidating presence that demanded attention.

His striking appearance included flowing locks of fiery red hair, elegantly tied back into a ponytail, lending an air of distinction to his overall demeanor.

As soon as Eustace saw him, his eyes widened in shock.

Chapter 515 Auction (Part 7)

Eustace's eyes widened in disbelief as he saw the man who had spoken.

As a matter of fact, this person revealed his true identity, casting aside his disguise for all to see.

It was none other than Isaac Vermont!

He couldn't help but feel confused, leaving him momentarily speechless. He had never anticipated encountering Isaac in this distant corner of the kingdom, especially considering the ongoing attack on their Academy.

'What is this person doing here?'

He could remember that Isaac wasn't part of the team who had arrived in the city from an airship. This means that this man had come here separately for a different purpose.

Clyde also recognized Isaac, and his expression turned grave.

Despite possessing greater strength and power compared to Isaac, Clyde understood the formidable nature of Dark Alchemists and the intricacies of their craft. Dealing with practitioners of the Dark Arts, especially those who dabbled in alchemy, required utmost caution and strategy. After all, they were the biggest threat to the Holy Arts Faction's goals.

"This is quite tricky..." Clare muttered.

"Let's not bother him." Teresa immediately said, which Clare readily agreed to.

Teresa and Clare were aware of Isaac's status as a Dark Arts Practitioner hunted by the Sentinels. However, they wisely chose to remain silent and withhold any information regarding his presence.

They understood the potential consequences of attempting to capture Isaac in this setting, as it could endanger the lives of everyone in the auction house or even the whole city.

After all, this person could use various items that could summon the dark forces of another realm or unleash dangerous poisons upon the city.

If they wanted to capture or kill him, they needed to prepare a team of many Exorcists, Priests, and Holy Knights before fighting him.

It was clear that their current circumstances were not conducive to engaging in a battle against Isaac.

Thanks to his appearance, the people managing the auction behind the scenes decided that it was indeed enough and hinted it to Rosella.

"Ahem... Ladies and gentlemen, please return to your seats so we can continue with the auction..."

As Rosella, the auctioneer, received the signal to begin, the focus shifted away from Clyde and Eustace's momentary clash, allowing Eustace to finally find solace in the fact that no one dared to stare at him anymore.

"So I just have to use force from time to time..."

Eustace muttered with a smirk on his face. He couldn't help but feel satisfied knowing that he could exert his power more freely while in disguise.

Since he was in disguise, he was feeling a bit more confident using his powers. After all, he doesn't care about his reputation.

"Mhmm..."

The thought of creating a proper persona for Eustace, separate from his true identity, brought a mischievous smile to his lips.

'I guess I have to start adapting now...' Eustace mused.

As the auction commenced, the atmosphere in the hall shifted, the focus now on the items up for bidding.

Rosella started showcasing a few more potions before transitioning to the highlight of the event: top-class Mystical Artifacts.

Among the items up for auction were the Tiara of Relief, Hunter's Vambrace, Scroll of Return, Flame Diffuser Robe, and several Runic Weapons such as runic guns and swords.

The rarity and exclusivity of these items drove their prices to staggering heights.

After all, only those affiliated with prominent organizations had access to such treasures, as the long period of peace in the kingdom had caused these Mystical Artifacts to be hoarded rather than circulated. This scarcity further fueled the demand and escalated the bidding wars.

Of course, Eustace also found these Artifacts interesting, but he already had too many in his possession. At the moment, he was just happy to learn more items that he hadn't studied in the Academy.

"Mhmm?" Eustace squinted his eyes as he realized that Isaac was finally making his move.

Indeed, the moment Isaac had been waiting for arrived.

Rosella addressed the crowd, introducing a seemingly ordinary yet special item.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our next item is probably something many of you have never heard before. Also, although it was a bit broken, its value remains immense. Behold, the Spirit Warding Stone!"

A murmur of curiosity rippled through the crowd. Eustace leaned in, intrigued by this peculiar artifact.

Indeed, many of them are confused about this item.

Rosella continued, her voice carrying a hint of excitement. "This stone, despite its current state, still maintains its magical properties within a five-meter radius. It possesses the remarkable ability to ward off evil spirits, ensuring that any nearby corpses remain free from possession."

People in the crowd exchanged puzzled glances, their curiosity piqued.

Warding off Spirits seemed great, but they could do this task as well. They could use Sealing Formations, Freezing Techniques, and others to prevent corpse possession from happening.

Nevertheless, Rosella continued.

"Only eight Spirit Warding Stones were known to exist in the entire kingdom, making them incredibly rare and highly sought after. Many of you may not be aware, but this stone's power remains forever... Indeed, it could last for eternity!"

Finally, Rosella witnessed the crowd's surprise, the reaction she wanted to see. Many of them didn't think that there was an item that could last for eternity! It sounded preposterous!

However, Rosella wasn't finished yet.

"This item was unfortunately broken because the Alchemist tried experimenting on it and wanted to synthesize something similar to this stone. Unfortunately, it didn't work out... But thanks to him, we were able to put this item in the auction. Lastly, before the bidding starts, I want to remind everyone that if this item wasn't broken, it could also work as a Formation Core to create an Anti-Magic Zone..."

The crowd fell into a momentary state of confusion, trying to comprehend the implications of Rosella's statement.

"Anti-Magic Zone?"

Whispers and murmurs filled the room as attendees exchanged glances, their minds processing the newfound information.

However, it didn't take long before realization dawned upon them like a bolt of lightning.

Gasps and murmurs of astonishment filled the auction house.

The significance of the Spirit Warding Stone became crystal clear. If it could truly be utilized as a Formation Core to create an Anti-Magic Zone, it would be a nightmare for spellcasters.

No wonder the kingdom had such tight control over this item!

Chapter 516 Auction (Part 8)

The sight of the Spirit Warding Stone ignited a spark of excitement in everyone's eyes.

However, it didn't take long for them to realize that if the stone truly possessed its rumored effects or had the potential to be repaired, it would never be sold in a public auction.

The truth dawned upon them, dampening their enthusiasm as they understood that the stone was most likely irreparable.

With this understanding, the crowd gradually settled down, accepting the fact that the broken Spirit Warding Stone was simply a relic with limited use. At most, they could probably use it as a replacement for their Sealing Methods. As for research, they weren't too inclined to do that since they don't have a long lifespan.

They don't think they could waste dozens of years conducting research for something that they do not have a use for aside from earning money.

Soon, the auction officially commenced, and as Eustace had anticipated, Isaac's interest in the item became evident. He wasted no time in making his bid, displaying his determination to claim the artifact for himself.

'Aren't you being obvious? They're going to raise the price if you look so interested in it.' Eustace mused, and as expected, the 30,000 yen bid was immediately increased.

As the bidding intensified, the price soared to a staggering 120,000 zen!

Isaac was certainly not going to give up. This guy probably intends to take this item without caring for the price.

"Sold for 120,000 zen"

This was a considerable sum for a broken item that could only serve as a replacement for Sealing Techniques. Many attendees could only sigh in resignation, realizing that they were not prepared to invest such a significant amount of money.

Rosella, the auctioneer, couldn't hide her satisfaction at the outcome of the bidding.

She happily continued with the remaining items, all of which were Mystical Artifacts of incredible value. Most of these artifacts were of the Support-Type, a rarity in public auctions.

The event drew to a close, and Eustace confirmed that the two items he had sold for his Summons were never put up for auction. As expected, they were sold privately to undisclosed buyers.

It didn't take long as the auction winners were escorted backstage to collect their items...

After a few moments, Eustace couldn't help but notice a few individuals casting furtive glances in his direction. They weren't threatening or showing hostility like before, but they must be thinking and planning something.

"Are they thinking of stealing my items?" Eustace mused, his mind alert to the possibility of foul play.

Although he wasn't afraid and was even looking forward to it, he remained vigilant as he made his way through the backstage area.

He kept a watchful eye on those who seemed to take an interest in his possessions.

He then handed over the 7,500 zen he had spent to secure the Crystallized Essence of the Fire Elemental. The moment his fingers made contact with the artifact, a familiar notification from the System resounded in his mind.

It confirmed what he had suspected: he had the ability to extract the essence from the crystallized form.

However, he didn't proceed with the extraction.

Instead, he continued with his next deal.

He retrieved the Dragon Scale he had brought with him.

As he revealed the scale, the surrounding individuals, including the other auction winners, turned their attention to it, their gaze fixed on the mystical artifact.

Feeling the genuine aura emanating from the Dragon Scale, those in proximity couldn't help but instinctively enter their magic zones, seeking protection from the scale's aura.

Of course, they also used this opportunity to scrutinize the item.

Eustace smiled as he understood their reaction. Even the mere presence of the Dragon Scale possessed an intimidating and commanding energy.

Nevertheless, the attendants maintained their professionalism as they swiftly handed Eustace the Third Phase of the Darkness Possession Potion, completing the transaction.

Eustace knew that he had achieved his objective, and it was time for him to make his exit.

Aware of the lingering gazes and the potential for unwanted attention, Eustace made a calculated decision to leave promptly.

He had so many things to do right now. Aside from making use of this potion, he also wanted to explore a few things about his Extraction Space, especially the Fusion Function.

Currently, he had way too many spells, and fusing them up to get a better one was definitely the right thing to do.

He wasted no time and swiftly utilized his exceptional Agility to make a quick exit from the premises.

His movements were fluid and purposeful, leaving the onlookers who had speculated about the presence of another Dragon Scale astonished by his decisive escape.

"Ahhh..."

"He's going to leave just like that..."

"Tsk... We need to ask him where he got that scale."

"That's obvious. Follow him..."

Realizing that they had little time to ponder, the curious individuals made a collective decision to follow Eustace discreetly, eager to uncover more about him.

Their intentions were not malicious; rather, they harbored a genuine curiosity to learn more about the mysterious artifact trader.

However, among the group of followers, there was one middle-aged man with a vindictive agenda. This man happened to be the Combat Arts Practitioner who had unsuccessfully attempted to bid for the Crystallized Essence. Fueled by resentment, he relished the opportunity to witness Eustace's downfall.

"Hmph... Now you're running. Let's see where you'll go," the middle-aged man muttered with a touch of malice, harboring ill intentions towards Eustace.

Clare and Teresa also didn't hesitate to follow Eustace... They even sent him a message through their telepathy.

They wanted to bring Eustace to their side at all costs!

'We need a Half-Spirit on our side before the invaders come...' Teresa silently thought as she used a spell to stop the other pursuers trying to tail Eustace.

Meanwhile, Isaac, having successfully obtained his desired item, remained unaffected by the unfolding events.

Nonchalantly, he observed the direction in which Eustace had fled, shaking his head in disapproval, perhaps disapproving of Eustace's hasty departure or the potential troubles that may lie ahead for him.

Chapter 517 Cornered

Despite Clare and Teresa's efforts to reduce the number of pursuers, a significant group of individuals managed to stay close and continue trailing Eustace's movements.

As they observed Eustace's incredible speed, doubts and speculations arose among the pursuers.

"Is he really a Summoner? I'll believe you if you say he's a Knight!"

"Indeed... What kind of Summoner moves like this?!"

"Perhaps he summoned a support-type beast while concealing it from us."

"This complicates things."

These murmurs accompanied their pursuit, as they followed the residual energy left by Eustace.

They couldn't even see his figure!

Nevertheless, Eustace was still able to sense their presence.

"Alright... Just follow me." He muttered.

Eustace refused to tolerate their intrusion, determined to maintain his composure and the persona of "Eustace" in his mind.

Approaching the path leading to the surface of the Roaring City, Eustace deliberately halted his steps and waited for the pursuers to catch up.

Clare and Teresa, recognizing his intentions, also ceased their advance, choosing not to engage in a confrontation with Eustace.

'Mhmm... Should I take out my Devil's Face?' Eustace mused, but as he realized how weak his pursuers were, he decided against it. Anyway, he also felt that using that mask was a bit too much.

'It's probably better to use it when dealing with the church or the cult instead.' He mused.

The Devil's Face or Devil's Mask also had another identity to it. It was the mysterious person capable of summoning a Heavenly Lightning.

As he thought of this, the other individuals failed to perceive the situation, unlike Clare and Teresa, as they continued to close in on his position until they encircled Eustace.

It was already too late when they realized Eustace's plan.

With a cold voice, Eustace confronted them directly.

"Are you following me?" He questioned, his tone laced with a hint of hostility. He also opened his Grimoire as if to summon a creature.

Eustace was certainly eager to have a fight since he had just acquired his new Summons. He wouldn't mind testing his two Savage Murlocs.

As he gathered his energy, the surrounding people realized that Eustace was indeed ready for a confrontation.

Some of them started hesitating, opting for a cautious response to his question.

"Of course not... We simply wish to go outside. Don't read too much into it."

"Indeed... You're not the only one who can utilize this path!" Another one retorted, attempting to downplay their true intentions.

"I won't accept your explanations..." Eustace declared firmly. He knew that those words were lies.

With a swift motion, he used his Grimoire and summoned his two Savage Murlocs to the forefront of the impending battle.

The Savage Murlocs emerged, their appearance striking and formidable.

Ssshhh~

Standing at about four feet tall, their scaly, emerald-green skin glistened under the dim light. Their muscular bodies were adorned with sharp, jagged spines that ran along their backs, giving them a menacing presence.

Jagged teeth protruded from their snouts, while their glowing yellow eyes exuded a primal ferocity.

'Ho~ They really look intimidating...'

This was also Eustace's first time seeing them in person. They indeed appeared more ferocious than the image they have in the Grimoire.

"Murlocs?!"

"You're summoning a Murloc at this environment?!"

"You're disrespecting your seniors! You need to learn a lesson!"

"Hmph! Since we're under attack, we have all the rights to capture this young man!"

"Let's go!"

As the pursuers faced the summoned Murlocs, five Arcanists among them stepped forward, prepared to engage in combat.

Each Arcanist wielded their own unique set of spells, ready to unleash their magical prowess.

Of course, Eustace knew that Murlocs were agile but weren't that great without the assistance of swamp or water.

With this in mind, Eustace took out a couple of talismans that could summon a Water Vortex Spell! These Talismans were still the same talismans he got from Brylle before.

Whooshh~

The sudden splash of water that changed and affected the ground astounded the others, but they didn't plan to back down.

Three of them were Elementalists, so various elemental attacks were thrown immediately.

There was also one Shaman who prepared to cast a binding spell on Eustace...

Finally, there's one Combat Arts Practitioner aiming to take down Eustace.

This was a common strategy against a Summoner, after all.

The clash began with an eruption of spells and their Magic Zones.

Indeed! To Eustace's surprise, his Magic Zone was being attacked by the three Magic Zones of the Elementalists! They were trying to break his Phantasm State!

'So this is another way to fight...' Eustace muttered as he felt his Magic Zone being squeezed... He hadn't fully expanded his Magic Zone, so it seemed that he was really struggling against them.

'I wonder how they were doing it. Whenever I expand my Magic Zone, it doesn't affect the others. Is this a special trait for Elementalists?' Eustace mused as he realized once again that he still had a lot to learn.

He didn't expect that Elementalists have such a way to fight against other Arcanists.

Unfortunately for them, he had already consumed his second Darkness Possession. At this time, he Magic Zone was already strong.

The enemies then conjured various Spells, hurling them towards the Savage Murlocs.

The Murlocs, agile and coordinated, evaded the incoming Fire and Wind attacks with swift movements and nimble leaps. They were moving as if they could predict the trajectory of spells!

Then, the Savage Murlocs retaliated. With lightning-fast strikes, they slashed at their opponents using their razor-sharp claws, leaving deep gashes on those unfortunate enough to be within reach.

'What?' Eustace didn't expect the Murlocs to land a hit just like that. He had overestimated these people! Perhaps, if not for the Shaman's healing abilities, this battle would be quick!

The Murlocs' primal instincts guided their movements, allowing them to dodge and counter the Arcanists' spells with uncanny agility.

The battle raged on, a clash of brute strength and arcane mastery.

'They're stronger than I thought! Yvaine, continue supporting them secretly!'

'I know...' Yvaine answered with a calm voice.

Eustace smiled at Yvaine's answer.

He liked this answer compared to just Yes or No...

Then, he shifted his attention to a figure sneaking up on him.

It was the familiar Aura Master...

Chapter 518 The Two's Escape

Eustace keenly sensed the overwhelming hostility emanating from the Aura Master, the intensity far more noticeable than the others.

'If you're going to sneak up on me, you should learn to hide that bloodlust better...' Eustace mused. He couldn't help but remark on the man's lack of subtlety in concealing his bloodlust.

After contemplating the appropriate course of action for dealing with this particular adversary, an idea crossed Eustace's mind as he recalled the Holy Messenger's Summoning Scroll. It was the item that the middle-aged man had acquired in a previous auction.

The scroll had fetched a hefty price of 15,900 zen...

His eyes gleamed with a spark of interest.

"So, you're asking for it to be stolen, huh?" Eustace sneered, directing his scornful gaze towards the middle-aged man.

This gaze also broke the concealing spell of his enemy.

The man was obviously surprised by Eustace's discovery of his stealth.

"How did you--!"

He couldn't believe how his target detected him so effortlessly. He hadn't even come close to reaching Eustace yet.

Eustace's cold smile widened as he reached out his hand towards the man, his fingers poised to activate his spell.

"Traceless Shift!" Eustace whispered, his voice laced with expectation... He was excited to see the bag that the man was holding.

In an instant, the middle-aged man's bag vanished, materializing securely into Eustace's waiting hands. The man was dumbfounded, unable to comprehend how Eustace had managed to pilfer his possession without any visible signs of intrusion or arcane manipulation.

"W-what?! How?" The man exclaimed, his disbelief evident. His surprised voice had even caught the attention of the other Arcanists around. This includes Clyde and others observing the situation over 150 meters away.

"I don't have to answer that, do I?" Eustace replied.

"Give it back to me!"

The middle-aged man's mind raced, searching for a logical explanation as to how Eustace had effortlessly taken the item from him. Yet, he could find no plausible reason to account for the ease with which Eustace had succeeded.

"Thief!" The man shouted, his voice filled with indignation.

Eustace met the man's accusation with a scornful gaze.

In his mind, they were the ones ganging up on him, and he felt no remorse for his actions.

With the stolen item now in his possession, Eustace's considered to just escape...

'Right... I should do the same with the others.' He smiled at this as he stole another person's bag.

The cooldown of his Traceless Shift was only 10 seconds. However, he could only use it eight times a day before his Spell Light was drained.

Eustace then swiftly stole the bags of the other Arcanists who were on the verge of killing the weakened Savage Murlocs.

"Thief!"

"This man had summoned a Phantom Thief! That's the only explanation!"

"What? No wonder we didn't notice anything..."

"This is bad... My life savings is in my bag! Return it! Please!"

The Arcanists who had their bags stolen had various reactions. However, Vale didn't listen to them.

Since the Murlocs fought valiantly against the four Arcanists, they were already battered and on the verge of death. Even with Yvaine's covert support, it wasn't enough to compensate for their disadvantage.

"Well, at least I really looked like a Summoner with these Murclocs... except for that Traceless Shift. I hope they believe it's just another mysterious summoner's spell." He pondered, considering the impressions he was leaving behind.

'Ahh... Wait... Did they mention a Phantom Thief summon?' Eustace mused as he processed the words of the Elementalist just now. If there was a Summon that could steal items, then his Traceless Shift should be just fine.

As he was considering whether to extract these people, Eustace's intuition warned him of several powerful Arcanists in the vicinity, preparing to unleash a formidable Formation Art that could potentially trap him.

'Tsk... So that's it, huh...' Eustace sighed as he decided to leave.

With this looming threat, he knew it was more prudent to leave these Arcanists. He couldn't let numerous people know about his ability, which could drain the powers of people he touches.

He planned to do that with his identity as the Masked Devil Incarnate.

"You guys are lucky for not being extracted..." Eustace muttered under his breath, his gaze briefly flickering towards Clare and Teresa, acknowledging their presence.

With a final glance, he turned away, determined to make his escape before the situation escalated any further.

Clare and Teresa were taken aback by the intensity of Eustace's gaze.

However, they couldn't help but be exhilarated by the realization that Eustace's magical aura surpassed the typical level for someone his age.

'That's more than 150 meters!'

It was a clear indication that he possessed extraordinary capabilities, either due to exceptional innate talent or a unique physical constitution that could accommodate a vast amount of Spirit Strands.

"A Half-Spirit!" Teresa exclaimed, a smile spreading across her face as she connected the dots. She concluded that Eustace was likely Clovis and Vale as well!

Clare, too, arrived at the same conclusion and couldn't contain her excitement. "Incredible... I wonder what his true identity is?" She muttered, her mind brimming with curiosity.

Teresa's imagination also ran wild as she contemplated the possible situation behind Eustace's existence.

"This guy must have been a legendary figure in the past. Perhaps he was on a special mission..." She pondered, envisioning a grand narrative.

If Vale, Clovis, and Eustace were indeed the same person, Clare and Teresa reasoned that this enigmatic individual had likely lived for an extensive period of time. The notion that Eustace, as a Half-Spirit, could potentially live for a thousand years crossed Clare's mind.

Perhaps, he had several more identities, young or old, that they weren't aware of.

"Well, if he's a Half-Spirit, he could certainly have a lifespan spanning a millennium as long as he don't seek death... So it wouldn't be surprising." Clare commented, her gaze fixed on the spot where Eustace had disappeared. She no longer had any plans of pursuing him.

There was a lingering feeling that Eustace's parting glance held a warning... As if telling them not to push their luck.

"You're right..." Teresa agreed with a sigh.

"Let's leave it at that for now. If fate allows, I'm confident we'll meet again." Teresa added, acknowledging the uncertain nature of their paths.

The two could only turn their backs as they dared not to aggravate the situation even more.

As night fell over the bustling Roaring City, the atmosphere remained vibrant and lively.

However, while this was all happening, the Ascension Tower, which had been sealed for a while now, began to tremble.

A mysterious energy suddenly started leaking out and pervaded the surroundings. Then, an enigmatic aura enveloped the area before dissipating into nothingness.

It happened so quickly, but it didn't escape from the guards and numerous Arcanists assigned to monitor the Tower.

They were all taken aback since this was an unprecedented event.

They were at a loss, unable to respond in this type of situation.

"This Tower truly is a riddle... If only I had my research team here, we could unravel its secrets within a matter of weeks..." Odessa murmured. The esteemed Royal Mage sighed, lamenting the absence of the talented magicians she had assembled for her Tower. She envisioned the wealth of knowledge they could bring to bear on such enigmatic phenomena.

'I'm sure they'll be excited if I bring them here.' She mused.

In the meantime, unbeknownst to the city's inhabitants, including Odessa herself, a figure had managed to escape the confines of the Tower.

It was an adorable girl, adorned with striking blue eyes and flowing blue hair. She relished the sensation of freedom as she inhaled the surrounding air, finding it refreshingly different from the atmosphere within the Tower, where she had been confined for an extended period.

"This is it... So refreshing..." She muttered.

Surveying her surroundings, the young girl confirmed that her choice of attire was fitting for her situation.

The garments she wore were unassuming, mostly acquired from previous Arcanists who had ventured into the Tower.

Satisfied with her appearance, she directed her gaze towards the sky, longing to marvel at the stars and moon above. However, fate had a different plan in store.

"Ugh... What terrible timing... Why must it be cloudy tonight? Is rain on the horizon? Well, perhaps that wouldn't be so bad either." She sighed, resigned to the whims of the weather.

Suddenly, a familiar surge of divinity coursed through the young lady, reminding her of the source that granted her a physical form.

Indeed, she was Constance, the lady who resided in the Mystic Soul Tower, also known as the Ascension Tower.

A moment of realization dawned upon her.

"So he's still here... Is Vale Chambers waiting for me?" She pondered after sensing his distinctive aura.

Constance made a spontaneous decision to approach Vale. After all, he was the only person she knew in this unfamiliar place. If there were other renowned Arcanists she once knew, time must have claimed them long ago.

With a smile on her face, Constance followed the trail left behind by Vale, who seemed to be moving with astonishing speed, leading away from the city.

Chapter 519 The Student's Escape

Constance quickened her pace as she wanted to catch up on Vale. She had no idea why Vale was leaving the city, but it didn't really matter to her.

At this time, she just wanted to meet someone she knew...

"Ahh... A few people are watching him, but they're not following him... Did he do something bad?"

As she moved swiftly through the streets, she couldn't help but wonder what could have prompted Vale's suspicious 'escape' from the city.

Well, it was dark, and he was moving silently at night, so she couldn't help but think that Vale was escaping from something.

As she ventured outside the city, Constance noticed that the surroundings grew increasingly desolate. The once bustling streets gave way to open fields and dense forests.

It was also a refreshing sight, and it would be more beautiful if she visited this place during the day.

As her thoughts wandered around, she followed Vale's aura, which seemed to be leading her deeper into the wilderness.

After what felt like hours of relentless pursuit, Constance finally caught a glimpse of Vale in the distance.

'This guy isn't stopping... This era's Arcanists are really tough.' Constance commented as she stood locked on Vale's figure about 500 meters away from her.

At this time, Vale stood atop a hill, overlooking a vast expanse of untouched land. His presence emanated a sense of serenity and mystery.

'This young Half-Immortal is really good...' Constance commented as she realized that Vale's fluctuation of energy remained calm. It doesn't seem like he was tired at all.

'Is he waiting for me? I'm sure he noticed me already. I'm not even hiding my aura.' Constance mused as she approached him cautiously

Soon, Constance called out... "Vale, it's me, Constance! Ahh... Wait, who are you? No, are you in a disguise? Maybe that's your real appearance?"

Constance was a bit confused as soon as she saw the face of the man having the same aura as Vale. It was certainly different when he was in the Tower.

Vale turned to face her, a flicker of surprise crossing his features. Although the lady looked slightly different, Vale could only recall one person with blue hair and eyes.

"Constance? I didn't expect to see you here... So you can now go out of the Tower... Congratulations!"

Vale said as he removed his Altering Necklace to show his real appearance.

Constance's eyes sparkled, seeing how Vale was using a disguise.

"Thank you... I sensed your aura and thought that I might as well inform you that I already have my body. It's thanks to the divinity essence you gave me. I'm really grateful to you..." Constance explained as she couldn't help but feel happy.

"You really succeeded, huh... What are your plans now?" Vale asked as he also started to relax. He actually thought that Constance was an enemy and was prepared to fight.

Luckily, Constance released her aura to notify him of her identity, so he didn't activate any of his spells when she got near.

'I didn't think I could use my Divinity like that...' Vale mused as he certainly lacked proper education regarding Divinity. Well, not even the Academy could teach him about this, so he wasn't too disappointed.

"Plans? I'm not really sure... I think I probably need to get stronger. I need to recover my powers. You see, I only have five Spell Models with me. All of these Spells are related to Spirit Arts so they were luckily retained..." Constance explained as she even revealed the number of her Spells, which should be a secret.

Vale couldn't help but smile after hearing this and nodded.

"That's probably difficult to do. What Arcane Path are you practicing now?" Vale asked.

"Me? I can practice four Arcane Paths thanks to the Divinity you shared. But using them will probably be pushing the limit of my body. I just obtained this body, so I can't make a mess of it immediately. I should probably be content with two... or maybe three Arcane Paths. Do you have a suggestion? Also, are you going somewhere?"

'So one can practice multiple Arcane Arts with the help of Divinity...' Vale silently thought.

He then gently nodded at Constance and replied. "You probably know more about me. I'm sure you have a better idea of Arcane Paths that should be practiced in your condition. I should be the one asking you for an idea..."

He then chuckled for a moment before he continued. "As for the place I'm heading to... I'm not really sure. I'm just trying to find a place where no one can recognize me. I'll need to do a lot of..."

Arcane Research, so I needed a peaceful environment..." Vale explained as he looked at the Roaring City far away from them.

Although it was already late in the night, it was still filled with lights. Furthermore, a few Airships were coming and going as well.

"Oh? I didn't know you're also a Researcher! Ahh... I guess it's not surprising since you're a Half-Immortal.

"What kind of research are you doing?" Constance innocently asked.

Vale could tell that Constance was knowledgeable and probably wanted to give some advice. With this in mind, Vale told her the truth.

"I'll be researching a bit about Spell Fusion... The Spell I'll be fusing would be a bit tricky. I might even try triple Spell Fusion..." Vale replied.

Well, he would be exploring his System's Spell Fusion Function, so it shouldn't be wrong to call it Arcane Research.

Curiosity burned within Constance as she heard Vale's words.

"Spell Fusion?! I want to join you, Vale! Let me accompany you! I'm really interested with that!" She declared, her voice filled with conviction.

"I may look young, but I have knowledge far beyond your First-Class Arcanist Teachers. The system of how the Spell Fusion works wasn't that organized before I was stuck in that Tower... However, I have plenty of experience doing it!"

Vale didn't expect that the Tower Master would actually want to join his journey.

He wasn't really planning to have a companion, but he couldn't really refuse her since he was also interested in her body that was made by his Divinity.

'Is she my child now?' Vale chuckled at this thought, but he immediately shook his head.

Vale then smiled warmly at her.

"I would be honored to have you by my side, Tower Master Constance."

'It's crowded...' Lisa silently thought as she looked at the gathering place of the students.

She was in the underground hall of Vermont Academy, where the professors directed them to take refuge.

The place was tense, but no one was panicking. The professors probably used a Spell to calm them down, or perhaps, their missing shadow had something to do with it.

"Stay here... I will get the remaining ones... Do not get out of this hall."

Lisa suddenly heard the voice of Professor Chalton from the Necromancy Branch. He was reminding the students he escorted to this hall.

After the students acknowledged his words, Professor Chalton turned back to take the remaining students.

All of the students had been swiftly ushered to the safety of this place after the attack on the Academy. Everyone could tell that a powerful Formation Art had been set up on the floor that could probably be used to protect them from harm or, even better, to escape this place.

As Lisa glanced around the crowded space, she noticed familiar faces from various batches within the Academy.

Lisa couldn't help but sigh as she knew that this attack was different from previous attempts of the enemies. The urgency of their evacuation spoke volumes about its severity.

Whom~ Whom~

Above them, the sounds of rumbling and clashes echoed through the building as the Vessels and Combat Professors valiantly defended against the invaders.

The students felt a surge of admiration for their bravery, knowing that they were risking their lives to protect them...

"Lisa! You're here!" Chad's voice broke through her thoughts, and she turned to see her friend approaching with visible relief on his face.

"Chad... Are you alright? Did you see the others?" Lisa asked, concern evident in her voice.

A smile spread across Chad's face. "Yes, they're on the other side. They were looking for you, too. We're all safe here."

Lisa's worries eased slightly upon hearing Chad's reassuring words.

She felt a sense of relief knowing that her friends were accounted for.

Just as their conversation continued, a commotion arose at the entrance of the basement. A few invaders managed to break through the Academy's defenses and arrived at the gathering.

Cluck... Cluck... Cluck...

The head of Professor Chalton and other higher-year students tumbled on the ground.

Panic briefly flickered among the students, but three Professors swiftly intervened, assuring everyone that they were safe within the confines of the Formation Art.

"Remain calm, students! The Formation Art will shield us from any harm..." One of the professors called out, her voice firm and commanding. She was Professor Stella Harwin, and everyone knew that even if she only taught Magic Fundamentals, she was still reliable.

"Yes, Professor!"

The students, though apprehensive, took solace in the professor's words. At this time, they could only trust in the power of the Formation Art and the expertise of their professors.

Chapter 520 Lost

The enemies observed the barrier protecting the students for a moment.

They seem to be analyzing the type of barrier that they are about to hit. After some time, they all smiled as if they knew that this wouldn't stop them from attacking the students.

"Hmph... You think you can escape from us?" One of the hooded figures said as he looked at the young students.

Although the students looked composed and ready for battle, the intruders knew that many of them were terrified of their Aura.

After all, the Dark Magicians could probably feel the Holy Aura around them and knew their Dark Spells would not do anything against them.

"Attack!"

The Shamans, Runecasters, Priests, and Holy Knights unleashed a barrage of spells aiming to incapacitate or capture the students.

Holy Arts Spells illuminated the space with radiant energy, seeking to burn the students of Vermont Academy. They seemed to be trying to breach the barrier with their Holy Arts!

Mystic Arts Spells also weaved through the air, conjuring powerful mystical forces to break the barrier created by the Formation Arts...

Then, Runic Weapons materialized in the hands of the Rune Casters, their intricate markings pulsating with raw magical energy as they struck the barrier.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The spells collided with Barrier Formation, but because of the combined attack, it still trembled slightly.

Luckily, there was no visible damage, and the barrier remained firm.

The attacks were effectively blocked!

A wave of relief washed over the gathered students, and cheers erupted amidst the chaos.

"Amazing!"

"This Formation Arts is too good!"

"Bring it on! Once the Vessels arrive, you guys will become undead!"

They exclaimed, their spirits lifted by the successful defense.

Then, as hope began to swell within their hearts, the Formation Art finally activated, signaling the commencement of their transport away from the besieged Academy.

"Yes! It's time!" Stella was also happy to see the activation of the Formation Arts.

Well, since plenty of students will be transported, the Formation Art took quite some time to be activated.

However, in the midst of their departure, a powerful Mystic Arts Spell was unleashed by the enemy.

"Ethereal Star Pillar?!" Stella was shocked as she knew that this Tier 3 Spell could only be used by a Master Arcanist or those above the First Class!

She didn't expect that the intruders would be so shameless to send such a powerful Arcanist to attack the young students of the Academy.

She was worried that Formation Art would cause trouble to their teleportation!

The ground trembled as a pillar of ethereal energy surged upward, colliding with the Formation Art. The impact shook the very core of the transport mechanism, causing significant damage.

"Not good..." Stella held her breath as she monitored the activation of the Formation Arts.

Luckily, she only sensed a slight damage, and it shouldn't stop them from leaving.

Indeed, despite the chaos and the threat of the Ethereal Star Pillar, the transport process continued.

Whom~

Miraculously, the students were successfully transported to their intended destination, disappearing from the basement just in time.

The Arcanists from other Factions were obviously disappointed after seeing them disappear.

"Tsk! We lost them!"

"What a pity... I almost caught those Dark Magicians. You guys should've held them back for a few more seconds." A man wearing a white robe laced with golden patterns said in a deep voice.

He looked a bit weary after casting the Ethereal Star Pillar.

Perhaps, if he had five more seconds, he would have stopped the Formation Art from activating.

Unfortunately, they didn't arrive in time and failed to stop the students from leaving.

"Sir Forbes... There are still a few Dark Magicians struggling outside. Should we leave them to the Guardians and Sentinels?" One of the Runecasters assigned for communication reported.

The Vermont Academy had strange Formation Arts hidden everywhere. One of them was able to disrupt their communication, so only Runecasters with their unique Runic Device could help them communicate with other squads.

"Leave it to them... We failed to capture the students, so let's proceed to destroy the Academy... The symbol of their education and future must be destroyed! Take all the valuables after appraising them and burn this place! Do not touch any cursed items!"

As soon as the man who was called Sir Forbes gave this instruction, everyone's mood immediately lit up.

Although they had to be wary of the Cursed Items and various Formation Arts, it was still a lot easier now that those Dark Magicians had escaped.

As for the remaining ones, they don't have to worry about them either.

"Yes, Sir Forbes!"

In the meantime, as the students of the Dark Arts Academy realized that they were outside the castle of the Featherstar Clan, they couldn't help but start celebrating.

They had left the Academy and arrived at the most vital stronghold of their Faction!

They knew that they should be safe in this place, and they no longer had to worry.

However, as they were celebrating, a few fourth-year students realized that a couple of their classmates could not be seen!

"Chad and Lisa are missing!" Warren from the Necromancy Branch exclaimed.

As soon as he said this, the others also started looking for their friends and classmates.

However, aside from the two, no one else was missing!

"What? How could this happen?" Stella also activated her Magic Zone. However, she indeed couldn't find those two students.

She could remember how those two should be inside the Formation Art.

'Wait... Was it because of the damage done by the Tier 3 Spell? Did they get transported elsewhere? Not good.'

Stella realized that it could be connected to the Ethereal Star Pillar that was released by the old Mystic Arts Practitioner before.

The other Professors also came to this conclusion as they couldn't help but exchange glances.

Right now, they couldn't tell where the two students were unless the Headmaster or the Vice Headmaster, who had their shadows, locate them.

"Do not worry... Those two shouldn't be in immediate danger. They were probably transported elsewhere. I believe that the Formation Arts malfunctioned after the last attack of the enemies. Once the Headmaster was back, it would be easy to find them." Stella announced as she had to control the situation.

Soon, various people arrived.

They were the guards and medical practitioners of the Featherstar Clan. They seem to be expecting their arrival as they immediately tend to those who are wounded.

In a land outside the Millton Kingdom, a strange event occurred.

Splash!

Out of nowhere, two figures landed in a fountain!

Their drop was accompanied by the sound of lightning that illuminated the dark sky.

Gasping for air, the two figures quickly climbed out of the fountain. It was dark and cold due to the pouring rain, so they quickly used their Spells.

Despite the darkness, their mastery of Dark Arts allowed them to see clearly in their surroundings.

They looked around, realizing that a problem seemed to have occurred, and they were now separated from the rest of the students. Uncertainty filled their hearts as they grappled with the reality of their new surroundings.

Confusion and concern filled the air as Chad and Lisa exchanged worried glances.

"W-what's going on? Where are we?" Chad stammered, his voice trembling with uncertainty.

"Where are the others?"

Lisa had a similar question as her mind quickly raced to make sense of their situation.

Then, she took a deep breath as she realized what seemed to have happened...

"It seems we really got separated... We have to return." She muttered as she kept looking around.

"Perhaps the Formation Art malfunctioned because of the last attack."

As Chad activated his Darkness Manipulation to shield himself from the rain, he contemplated their predicament.

"So we end up here by accident... What do we do now?" He mused as he looked around.

Lisa's gaze shifted toward the looming castle in front of them. Its silhouette was shrouded in darkness and devoid of any signs of life.

"It appears to be abandoned..." She observed, her voice tinged with caution.

"Seeking shelter within the castle might be our best course of action for now. We need to assess our surroundings and gather information to understand where we are. We can't do that while it's raining..."

With a shared nod, Chad and Lisa made their way towards the castle, their footsteps splashing in the rain-soaked ground.

The heavy wooden doors creaked open, revealing a dimly lit interior. A few glowing flowers were inside the castle, allowing them to confirm that this castle was not being taken care of.

Nevertheless, they had to be wary as they activated their Dark Spells to scout the surroundings.

At this moment, apprehension filled Lisa and Chad's hearts as they desperately hoped that they had not stumbled upon a dangerous territory.

Sensing Lisa's unease, Chad tried to reassure her, his voice filled with conviction.

"Don't worry, Lisa. Headmaster Jean should be aware of our whereabouts through our shadows. I'm confident that he will dispatch someone to retrieve us..." Chad reassured, his hand gently closing the door of the castle behind them, creating a sense of temporary security.