

Magic Era 531

Chapter 531: What Do You Mean?

After all, the Black Tower was known for putting benefits above all else. It could almost be said that they wouldn't let go of any benefits that might be within reach. The Black Tower would definitely agree to plunder the Merlin Family's resources.

But he still had to test the attitude of the Black Tower...

"Yes, Teacher..."

A few minutes after Mark left, Rhett also walked out of the barracks and headed towards the Black Tower's camp.

He trudged through that visibly less fertile land until he arrived at his destination.

"Hello, I am Rhett Watson, from the Watson Family's Ancestral Land. I would like to speak with Sir Weiss or Sir Suval about a very important matter..."

"Alright, follow me..."

A 9th Rank High Mage took Rhett Watson to the center of the camp before stopping in front of some luxurious living quarters. "You can find Sir Suval inside..."

"Thank you..."

Rhett nodded at the 9th Rank High Mage before walking in and meeting an old man who seemed to be similar in age to himself. With a respectful expression, he said, "Sir Suval, I'm sorry for disturbing you..."

He knew some information about that old man. Three hundred years ago, he had defeated all the young geniuses of the Andlusa Kingdom in a tyrannical way. By the time he was middle-aged, he had already become a 7th Rank Archmage, smoothly entered the Black Tower's Council, and become acclaimed as the person with the best chances of being next to assume the leadership of the Black Tower.

Unfortunately, Santon Merlin had suddenly appeared and thoroughly shattered Suval's legend, severing his magic path by forcing him to remain at the 7th Rank of the Archmage realm for life.

If he suggested his idea to this old Representative, it was highly unlikely for him to be refused.

After all...

Suval was someone who could have reached the Heaven realm, but had remained at the 7th Rank for three hundred years. How could he not hate the Merlin Family?

This matter would definitely be in the bag...

"Oh, turns out it's Sir Rhett, is there something you need?" Suval was puzzled as he looked at Rhett. Although they had met a few days ago, they weren't familiar with each other...

“Haha, I came here on behalf of the Watson Family to suggest working together with the Black Tower. I believe this proposition will interest you.”

“Oh?” Suval answered in an aloof tone. To tell the truth, although the Watson Family was considered one of Okland’s top-notch forces, it was definitely inferior when compared to the Black Tower. It had definitely been unexpected for the Black Tower to choose to cooperate with the Watson Family and the Merlin Family.

Had it been any other time, would the formidable Black Tower ever deign to work with those two Families?

Thus, Suval had no interest after hearing Rhett’s words. It seemed to him that the Watson Family had tasted the fruits of benefits in this recent cooperation and wanted to once again use the power of the Black Tower for more profit.

This made Suval look down upon him...

“The Merlin Family only has one Planar Legion in the Horn of Fertility. It consists of roughly two thousand people, including about five Archmages. They don’t have a single High Rank Archmage, yet the Merlin Family occupies the richest land. Sir Suval, you should understand what I mean?”

“What do you mean?” Suval’s expression slowly sank as he frowned.

‘Sure enough...’

Seeing Suval’s expression, Rhett instantly knew that this aged Representative felt the same way he did. “Sir Suval, what do you think? With the Watson Family and the Black Tower acting together, we can easily annihilate the Merlin Family’s forces. Once that fertile land is in our hands, our Watson Family would be content with a small portion...”

After finishing, Rhett calmly looked at Suval, waiting for the other side’s answer.

He felt that the Black Tower had no reason to decline.

Moreover, Suval had a personal grudge against the Merlin Family that couldn’t be quelled. Whether it was from a private point of view or from the point of view of the Black Tower, he couldn’t decline this suggestion.

The presence of the Merlin Family in the Horn of Fertility could only be described as pathetically weak. They would only need to exert themselves a bit to easily eliminate them and gain the most fertile land of the Horn of Fertility, which represents a huge wealth of resources.

But what awaited Rhett was a cold sneer.

“Haha...”

Suval’s expression became extremely unpleasant. He examined Rhett before saying with an ice-cold voice, “I really didn’t expect this.”

“Oh?” Rhett was surprised at Suval’s odd reaction... It looked more like he was forcing himself to suppress his anger.

How could he become angry when presented with such a good offer?

This made no sense...

'Wait...'

'Did Mafa Merlin have such a good relationship with the Black Tower? Or have they made some sort of agreement?'

But how could this be?

Mafa Merlin was only a 6th Rank High Mage, nothing more than cannon fodder in the Raging Flame Plane. Would he be worth the Black Tower's protection?

"Sir Suval, this is a really rare opportunity..." Thinking about it, Rhett couldn't understand why Suval reacted like that.

"Enough!"

This time, Suval was like an enraged lion. He was clenching his fists while emitting a cold aura as he roared, "Rhett Watson! It looks like you have no good intentions! I managed to trade for this territory after going through great difficulties, yet you want me to go and fight Mafa Merlin! Are you trying to send me in a trap? Oh! I understand, your Watson Family must have united with that scoundrel to trick me..."

"I... I... How could I trick you? You must have misunderstood!" Rhett's face was devoid of blood and he couldn't help shrinking away under Suval's roar.

Although he was a 7th Rank Archmage just like Suval, the other side's identity was too special...

He was a Representative of the Black Tower, and excluding Harren, the one with the most experience. If he carelessly offended that person, the Watson Family would inevitably run out of luck.

But he truly couldn't understand what Suval meant when he said those words.

'Plundering the Merlin Family's land and helping you benefit, how is that tricking you? This is f*cking illogical...'

Rhett's mind was in chaos as Suval gradually suppressed his anger. Although he had a sinister expression, he wasn't as angry as before.

The Representative of the Black Tower took a deep breath and looked at Rhett indifferently. "Alright, I don't want to take care of the problem between your Watson Family and the Merlin Family, but trying to trick me is definitely courting death..."

Suval had already regained his reason and recalled that the relationship between the Watson Family and the Merlin Family was like fire and water. These two Families had been fighting each other ever since they established themselves in the kingdom, fighting each other to their last gasp. It was very unlikely that they would join hands to trick him.

'Perhaps the Watson Family isn't familiar with the situation and is just trying to use this good opportunity to capture the Merlin Family's land... This would really be a case of bringing trouble to oneself...'

'Besides, regardless of whether your Watson Family can defeat the Merlin Family's Planar Legion, just the danger in the land that Mafa Merlin had given up to me before would have annihilated your Watson Family.'

It couldn't be helped that Suval was so apprehensive. He had experienced the young mage's methods not long ago in the Ghost Valley. He was just like the Watson Family now... He'd thought of getting land from the young mage's hands, but what was the result?

Not only did he fail to get the land, but he almost died there...

It was to the point that he now had a shadow in his mind and couldn't help feeling fear whenever he recalled those matters.

'Do you think taking advantage of the crafty Mafa Merlin is that easy?'

But Suval didn't plan on warning the Watson Family...

He had no good opinion of the Watson Family to begin with, and they even wanted to drag him down now, whether they realized it or not. Not attacking them was already showing a modicum of respect for the Watson Family.

Since they wanted to take advantage of Mafa Merlin, he would let this reckless Family suffer a loss. That way they would learn from their mistakes.

"Alright, Rhett Watson, if there is nothing else, please leave..." Suval coldly glanced at Rhett.

"Okay, okay..."

Rhett nodded with an extremely strange expression before turning to walk out. He was feeling completely baffled. 'Suval actually refused such a good offer...'

Rhett really couldn't understand. This matter would definitely bring huge profits with no risk. It was perfect, so how could one decline?

'Has he gone crazy? Why would he react like that after hearing this offer unless he has gone crazy? It was like he thought I was harming him...'

But, this trip wasn't without gain... From Suval's words, he was able to figure out that Mafa Merlin's relationship with the Black Tower wasn't as good as he'd imagined. Moreover, the Black Tower didn't want to be involved in the issues between the two Families...

Although Suval had erupted in anger, Rhett was a lot more relaxed. He was no longer apprehensive of the Black Tower intervening, so he could deal with Mafa Merlin without worry.

Rhett Watson soon returned to the Watson Family's camp and remained in his living quarters to think of a way to deal with the current situation. Clearly, he couldn't brazenly attack the Merlin Family at this time, because that would cause a conflict between the two forces.

But that damned Mafa Merlin had made his cherished disciple so miserable. He couldn't be let off, no matter what.

Chapter 532: Claw

"Sir Rhett..."

As Rhett was at his wits' end, a clear voice echoed outside his living quarters, making a smile appear on his aged face, "Sir Arthus, please come in..."

As Rhett finished his sentence, a tall and sturdy figure wearing a black robe entered the living quarters, a cold aura radiating from his body.

"Sir Arthus, your timing is perfect..."

"Oh?"

"There is something I need to discuss with you..." Rhett smiled and briefly explained what had happened and his plan to teach a lesson to Mafa Merlin.

"Haha, so that's how it is..." The black-robed man laughed sinisterly.

"Sir Arthus, do you have any good ideas?" Rhett took a deep look at Arthus with a respectful attitude.

As a Representative of the Watson Family's Ancestral Land Council, there were very few people in the Watson Family that could make him treat them as equals.

But that black-robed Arthus was definitely one of them...

In fact, Arthus wasn't a member of the Watson Family, Rhett only knew that Arthus came to the Watson Family two hundred years ago and followed the successive generations of Patriarchs, ensuring that the Patriarch was always safe. Beside the Ancestral Land and the successive Patriarchs, few people knew of Arthus' existence.

It was said that the reason why Arthus stayed in the Watson Family and worked hard without complaining was because of some deceased Watson Ancestor. Although that ancestor hadn't appeared for several hundred years, Arthus still abided by his promise and greatly contributed to the Watson Family for the past two hundred years.

Naturally, this wasn't the only reason he could gain Rhett Watson's respect, the most important reason was that Arthus was a 7th Rank Sword Saint with Demonic bloodline. Just in terms of power, Rhett wouldn't dare say that he could defeat Arthus...

The Demonic bloodline was Arthus' special feature and Rhett had heard someone say that Arthus' paternal grandfather was half-demon half-human. Arthus had apparently inherited this bloodline. Although his Demonic Bloodline had already thinned, he was able to stay in Demon Shape for a short time.

Once, a hostile force sent a Peak 7th Rank Sword Saint to assassinate a Patriarch of the Watson Family, but he was blocked by Arthus in his Demon Shape and the Patriarch remained completely unharmed.

From this it can be seen how powerful Arthus was.

“Sir Rhett, I feel that we can give it a try...” Arthus hoarsely laughed, “Let me deal with that matter. You should know of my abilities, if I briefly use my Demon Shape and attack the Merlin Family’s camp, I might be able to take advantage of the chaos to grab Mafa Merlin and return. At that time, the Merlin Family would only know that a Demon attacked them and wouldn’t think that it had been caused by our Watson Family...”

That innate ability had always been his pride.

This time, he had followed Karl Watson to the Horn of Fertility and naturally had a rough understanding of the power of the Merlin Family’s camp, there were a few Archmages but no High Rank Archmage powerhouse. Wouldn’t it be simple for him to capture Mafa Merlin?

He felt that this matter would be extremely easy.

Moreover, he had always been with Patriarch Karl and naturally heard that the young mage kept being greedy during the negotiations with Patriarch Karl in the Flame Demon Fort...

“I shall trouble you then, Sir Arthus...” Rhett nodded with a smile. He had thought of this the instant Arthus came in. But he felt that it would be too rude to suggest it. Fortunately, Arthus was loyal and devoted to the Watson Family and didn’t try to dodge this matter.

It was time for that damn Mafa Merlin to run out of luck.

After all, in his Demon Shape, Arthus’ strength reached the peak of the 7th Rank, capturing the 6th Rank High Mage Mafa Merlin would be effortless task, he could easily do this.

Moreover, he wouldn’t leave any clue behind, so even if the Merlin Family’s Ancestral Land suspected the Watson Family, there was nothing they could do with no proof, they could only suffer in silence.

This was definitely a perfect plan.

“Sir Rhett, there is no need to stand on ceremony. I shall now go fetch Mafa Merlin...” Arthus sneered, emitting an icy aura. After saying those words, he turned into a dark light and quickly rushed out of the Watson Family’s camp.

He was above the Merlin Family’s camp ten minutes later.

As he looked at the neatly arranged living quarters, he quickly locked onto a special one. At this time, a thick aura of sulfur spread from his body as the black robe instantly burst and long fingernails grew from the tips of his fingers, looking extremely malevolent. Long fangs flickered with a dark light as a bloodthirsty aura spread. With a sinister roar, he dove down towards those living quarters.

Arthus completely looked like a Demon.

“Roar...”

But at this time, a deafening Dragon Roar suddenly echoed, countless ice fragments condensed in the sky as a silver white silhouette flashed on the horizon and with an extremely quick speed, charged towards Arthus.

“What!”

The Demon Shaped Arthus was instantly stunned, he naturally recognized that it was an adult Frost Dragon, which seemed stronger than him.

Then, a Dragon Claw unhurriedly slashed over.

“Rumble...”

Arthus didn't even have time to react before being hit by a terrifying power. He lost control of his body and was sent flying, before crashing into the ground. Another deafening sound echoed as a ten meters deep hole appeared on the ground. The originally Demon Shaped Arthus had already recovered his human appearance and was losing blood all over, he looked terrible.

“Hell, f*cking hell...”

The seriously injured Arthus cursed before crawling out of the hole, roughly panting. He turned to look at the distant Merlin Family's camp with extreme fear. That Frost Dragon was truly too frightening...

He was still fearful even now...

Fortunately, he had been in his Demon Shape, otherwise he would have lost his life to that claw...

Thinking of this, Arthus wiped the sweat off his forehead. He didn't dare to stay there and roused his Aura to its peak to quickly fly to the Watson Family's camp.

Ten minutes later, the miserable Arthus rushed into Rhett's living quarters, “Rhett, Rhett! Our intelligence made a mistake, the Merlin Family isn't as simple as we thought, they are definitely hiding a Frost Dragon, f*cking damnit...”

“This... This...”

Seeing Arthus covered in blood, Rhett was clearly dumbfounded, it took him over ten seconds to react to Arthus' words. With disbelief, he said, “How could this be? A Dragon that could injure you to that extent should be at least level 38...”

He simply couldn't believe Arthus' words, he had some understanding of the Merlin Family's side, and had never heard of the Merlin Family having such a terrifying Dragon under their command.

After all, how could a noble existence like a Dragon remain in the Merlin Family?

“You don't believe me?” Arthus sounded exasperated, he had almost lost his life while doing a favor to Rhett, yet the latter didn't trust his words. He couldn't help feeling somewhat angry, “My injuries should be the best proof, yet you still think I'm deceiving you?”

“Alright... I believe you. Sir Arthus, you should go rest first...” Sensing Arthus' anger, Rhett tactfully didn't mention the Dragon matter and quickly put a smile on his face before taking out a few precious potions from his pocket, “These should help you recover...”

“Hmpf!” After coldly snorting, Arthus took the potions from Rhett's hands, his anger somewhat alleviated. Taking out such precious potions proved Rhett Watson's sincerity...

“Phew...” As he watched Arthus leave, Rhett let out a relieved sigh, a doubtful expression appearing on his face, ‘How could there be a Dragon?’

At the same time, Lin Yun was briefed on what happened by Reina, but he didn’t have the free time to deal with the Watson Family at the moment.

As for how he knew that it was someone from the Watson Family...

It was actually very simple, an hour ago, he had Xiuban teach a lesson to Mark Watson, and now, a guy with a Demonic Bloodline wanted to pretend to be a Demon as he launched a surprise attack on the Merlin Family.

Even if he was thinking with his butt, he would be able to figure out that it was a ploy of the Watson Family.

“Reina, do me a favor...” Lin Yun looked at Reina and took out a piece of paper from his pocket before handing it over to Reina, “I need the materials on this list, can you take this and give it to Cousin William in the Ghost Valley? He will naturally know what to do. Once he gathered everything, you can bring it back. It should take about four to five days...”

Lin Yun had just recalled that he had ran out of the ink he needed to construct the array for the puppet’s component. But he was in the Horn of Fertility, creating blueprints for the components. In order to save time, he could only delegate the task to gather alchemy materials to Reina and William.

“Alright...” Reina nodded with an icy expression before taking that note and leaving.

Not long after Reina left, Lin Yun once again threw himself into the blueprints. He had already completed and drawn the blueprint of the 2nd component.

There was only one left.

Chapter 533: Intertwined

Lin Yun remained in the barracks for the next few days and finished drawing the remaining blueprint.

The smelting process for the Crimson Flame Gold Essence had finished a few days ago, and it had already been transported back to camp, waiting for Lin Yun to craft the components.

Drawing the blueprints had saved a lot of trouble and effort when it came to the crafting, but it also took a lot of time for Lin Yun.

While he was busy with this, Lin Yun didn’t know that the Watson Family once again showed signs of activity. This was a result of what happened three days ago.

After Arthus manage to escape, Rhett Watson still didn’t dare to believe that there was a Dragon in the Merlin Family’s camp, so he still decided to approach the Merlin Family cautiously. He originally was wary of getting to close, but he gradually relaxed his vigilance. After observing for several days, he came to the conclusion that there was no Dragon in the camp.

After confirming this, Rhett hurriedly looked for Arthus.

“Sir Arthus, last time might have been an accident. I’ve seen no signs of a Frost Dragon in the Merlin Family’s camp. I watched for three days, there is no way I made a mistake.” Rhett smiled at Arthus and suggested, “Perhaps that Dragon was just passing by?”

“Is that true?” Arthus didn’t dare to believe his words. That formidable Dragon had cast a shadow over his heart.

In fact, after thinking about it for a few days, he had started having some doubts of his own...

The appearance of the Frost Dragon was too strange...

It came without a sign.

And more importantly, how could such a formidable Dragon be willing to stay with the Merlin Family?

That might be the only logical explanation...

“Sir Arthus, how about we try again?”

“I’m afraid I can’t for now...” Arthus awkwardly looked at Rhett before softly shaking his head. He still didn’t want to rashly try his luck. That would be too dangerous. If the Frost Dragon appeared once again, he might not have the chance to return alive...

With these thoughts, Arthus solemnly looked at Rhett and bitterly smiled. “Rhett, you probably don’t know, but I’ve yet to completely recover after being seriously injured by the Frost Dragon. It will be roughly ten days before I can use the power of my Demon Shape...”

Although he indeed was affected and his power had weakened, it was definitely not as serious as he was implying.

He just didn’t want to act without being more certain.

He could only probe for the time being. Once he confirmed that the Frost Dragon truly wasn’t there, he would set out against the Merlin Family.

“Alright, you should rest...” Rhett looked sorry. He could naturally tell from Arthus’ words that it was nothing more than a pretext, but he also knew that he had no other choice. He couldn’t force Arthus along.

“Yes...”

After leaving Rhett, instead of heading for his living quarters, Arthus left the Watson Family’s territory to go to the Merlin Family’s camp. He stopped two kilometers away and hid himself in a corner, secretly observing the camp.

Over the next few days, several resource collection teams entered and exited the camp. The Planar Legion’s troops were having practice drills every day on a set schedule. Everything was carried out meticulously, but the commander never showed his face.

Because at that time, Lin Yun was busy with the puppet.

At his command, Lahn had transported all the smelted Crimson Flame Gold Essence back to camp, allowing Lin Yun to finish crafting the three components within five days.

‘Only the assembly is left...’

After testing the 3rd component multiple times and confirming that there were no problems, Lin Yun took a deep breath and placed it back on the table.

Looking at the three thumb-sized components neatly arranged on the alchemy table, Lin Yun couldn’t help smiling bitterly. From planning to crafting, he spent close to twenty days. It even reached the point where some flaws appeared because of carelessness during the crafting process, which made him give up and restart. Thus, he ended up using two fist-sized chunks of Crimson Flame Gold Essence for those three thumb-sized components.

That much Crimson Flame Gold Essence was comparable in value to a Star Gem.

But...

This was worth it in Lin Yun’s eyes.

Despite the size, their effects would be monumental.

And this was most likely the limit of his alchemy skills.

After all, he was working on a Heaven puppet.

It could be said that every component of the Heaven Puppet, every array, every mana circuit, they all came from the hands of a Saint Alchemist. Lin Yun being able to craft a component compatible with a Heaven Puppet as an Artisan could be considered an achievement worth bragging about.

Had it been any other Artisan, they wouldn’t have had the courage to even attempt it.

There was a huge gap between an Artisan and a Saint Alchemist.

Lin Yun was able to breach that gap because of his alchemy knowledge as well as his experience in dismantling puppets at the end of the Magic Era, allowing him to become familiar with the theory and the structure behind the puppets.

This was a domain he was an expert in...

Shortly after, the exhausted Lin Yun entered a meditative state and only opened his eyes five hours later. With a bright silver light, he took the Heaven Puppet out of his right pocket, the one that had been improved with a spatial array. Lin Yun severed the mana source and the Heaven Puppet stopped operating. It stood there, motionless...

‘Mechanical system...’ Lin Yun frowned with a solemn expression as he fumbled his way in the puppet’s body and quickly found the mechanical system.

To be more accurate, the three parts he had crafted belonged to the mechanical system category.

In fact, in the Merlin Family Manor, he had already found out that among the core systems of this Heaven Rank Puppet, the mechanical system had suffered the most damage. This was the reason that

the Heaven Puppet's performance had greatly weakened and could only display the power of a level 35 until now.

If there was a problem with a puppet's mechanical system, then no matter how formidable its combat system, it would be of no use. In a way, the mechanical system's importance was far above that of the combat system. It was just as important as a mage's Mana Whirlpool, and the mana source was equivalent to a mage's mana. After going through the mechanical system's processing, it would supply mana to the Heaven Puppet.

Before Lin Yun became an Artisan, he even wondered whether he should replace it with a mechanical system crafted from Lava Crystal, a rare material from the Abyss. But he soon gave up on that plan, because it was a Heaven Puppet crafted by the best alchemist, the Dark Sage. Even if he crafted a top-notch mechanical system out of Lava Crystal, it would be very difficult for it to move the Heaven Puppet.

But that problem was easily solved after Lin Yun became an Artisan. The three components he'd just crafted could be assembled on the mechanical system and improve its performance by three whole levels. Although the puppet still couldn't display its peak performance, it almost completely recovered.

He even had some expectations of how it would go.

He was looking forward to the Heaven Puppet's power reaching a whole new realm.

At that time, the Heaven Puppet would no longer be stuck in his pocket... It would play a great role.

'Eh? What is this...'

Just as Lin Yun finished disassembling the mechanical system, a refined component appeared in his line of sight. In a hidden corner, he found a fingernail-sized metal piece and gently used his fingers to take it out.

This piece of metal was clearly unnecessary in this mechanical system. It had no effect, but... After some observation, Lin Yun was able to see that this piece of metal was covered with an odd, decorative design...

'What is it...?'

Lin Yun was filled with doubt, why was this superfluous piece of metal in the mechanical system? It was completely meaningless.

But as he thought of the fact that this Heaven Puppet came from the hands of the Dark Sage, Lin Yun became even more doubtful, 'Is it that I'm still unable to understand the intentions of the Dark Sage with my knowledge of alchemy?'

But it didn't feel right...

With Lin Yun's insight as an Artisan, he could naturally see that this piece of metal had only gone through simple alchemical processing and that the fluctuations it was emitting were very weak. It didn't seem like a part that played an important role.

The key was probably in those patterns...

Lin Yun then straightforwardly put aside the assembly for now and focused on researching that thin piece of metal. At first, he used reagents to analyze it, wanting to see if that piece of Gold Essence was special. But he soon gave up on that because the conclusion was the same after using a few dozen reagents: The piece of metal was just common Gold Essence.

This left Lin Yun at a loss...

Ordinary Gold Essence was regarded as a pretty good magic metal to an ordinary mage, but for the Master Alchemists and Artisans, whether it was for Magic Tools or Puppets, they wouldn't use ordinary Gold Essence because the endurance of that metal wouldn't satisfy their needs. To create a powerful alchemy item, they would have to use special gold essence, just like the Crimson Flame Gold Essence that Lin Yun had found.

But, Crimson Flame Gold Essence was already classified as first-rate among Gold Essences...

Carnage was a special case. Although Lin Yun used ordinary Gold Essence, he used a technique that didn't belong to this era that suited Xiuban well to make Carnage reach the peak of the Spiritual realm under impossible circumstances...

But Lin Yun was puzzled as to why a piece of metal crafted from ordinary Gold Essence appeared in this mechanical system...

Chapter 534: The Origin of All Wisdom

Now, he was almost certain that this piece of metal was superfluous in the mechanical system and wouldn't display any effect.

'Could it be that the Dark Sage was careless while crafting the mechanical system and accidentally forgot a piece of metal within it?'

But this possibility was almost negligible. According to what Lin Yun knew, the Dark Sage was extremely rigorous, especially in the field of alchemy. As the Gravedigger of the Silver Era, how could he have made such a rudimentary mistake?

Then...

The only possibility was that this piece of metal hid some sort of a secret.

After thinking about this, Lin Yun suddenly frowned and started imbuing some mana into the piece of metal.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes...

At first, Lin Yun had some expectations, but as time passed, there was still no reaction from the piece of metal and the decorative design remained as it was. It looked just like an ordinary metal that hadn't been processed. In the end, Lin Yun had could only give up on that avenue.

He didn't have any idea at this moment...

But he clearly knew that the piece of metal wouldn't be that simple.

What kind of method should he use?

After some time, Lin Yun frowned and gradually entered a meditative state. But at this time, a cowering voice echoed outside his living quarters. "Sir Merlin, I... Can I come in?"

"Come in..."

"Yes, Sir Merlin..." It was Xiuban, carrying Carnage with him as he cautiously entered. "Sir Merlin, I took care of what you asked."

"Oh..." Lin Yun gloomily looked at the Draconic Beastman before moving his gaze back to the decorative design on that piece of metal.

That glance had been enough to scare Xiuban. He froze on the spot like a statue and didn't dare to move. After following Lin Yun for such a long time, he could naturally see that Lin Yun wasn't in a good mood right now. To avoid suffering misfortune, he could only tread cautiously, but he didn't leave, as Lin Yun hadn't dismissed him.

After fretting for half an hour, the Draconic Beastman discovered that there was indeed something wrong with Lin Yun. His eyes were locked onto that thing in his hands.

'What kind of thing can make Sir Merlin focus on it so fixedly?'

Xiuban could no longer restrain his curiosity and moved very carefully. He stretched his head, wanting to get a better view of the thing in Merlin's hand.

He couldn't hide his disappointment when he saw that it was just a piece of metal.

"What are you doing?" Lin Yun suddenly turned and sharply glanced at the Draconic Beastman while emitting a cold aura.

"Aahh!"

Their faces were less than half a meter apart when Lin Yun suddenly turned around. Xiuban couldn't help retreating a few steps as cold sweat started flowing down his back. "Sir... Sir Merlin, I was wrong. I was just curious."

"Haha, curious..."

Hearing Lin Yun's mocking sneer, no matter how foolish he was, he could realize that Lin Yun was angry. He knew that the consequences would be very serious.

'What can I do... What can I do?'

The Draconic Beastman suddenly panicked. He naturally knew what the results of angering Lin Yun were, and suddenly, he noticed a flame appearing.

It was Syudos!

"Ah... Sir Merlin, your painting is really good..." The moment he saw Syudos appearing, the Draconic Beastman was scared to death. He pointed at the decorative pattern on the piece of metal and tried to use his fool's brain to appease Lin Yun.

“It looks like you really want Syudos to teach how a Beastman should act...” Hearing Xiuban’s absurd flattery, Lin Yun’s expression became even colder and darker. He truly didn’t know what Xiuban was thinking... How could that pattern be a painting?

‘Wait a moment...’

Lin Yun froze just as he was about to have Syudos teach a lesson to Xiuban.

‘Right, why couldn’t that decorative pattern have been painted?’

Lin Yun had been analyzing the decorative design with his knowledge of magic and alchemy, but he hadn’t considered thinking about it from the point of view of painting.

It looked like he had subconsciously complicated this problem.

“Sir Merlin, I was wrong, I was really wrong...” Xiuban lowered his head, acknowledging his mistake while trembling with fear, but he then noticed that Syudos had disappeared.

Just as Xiuban was getting restless, Lin Yun spoke once again, seeming less upset than before. “Xiuban, are you going to just stay here?”

“No, no...” The Draconic Beastman waved his hands in alarm. Although he didn’t know what happened to Lin Yun for him to not punish him, it was definitely a stroke of luck.

The Draconic Beastman immediately left the living quarters, dragging Carnage along.

‘This is definitely luck...’ Lin Yun bitterly smiled before emitting intense mana fluctuations to cast an enlarging spell that expanded the pattern onto a large screen. And sure enough, it was a painting. Lin Yun was stunned when he saw this, but the screen was still somewhat fuzzy.

After adjusting it a bit, it became a lot clearer. In fact, there were a total of four paintings. In the first painting, there was an imposing silhouette tearing open the endless void. There was nothing special about it, but Lin Yun frowned, because he discovered from the proportions of that painting that the silhouette should be at least a hundred meters tall.

What did that mean?

From Noscent’s birth, aside from the Dragons, the only other intelligent species with such a huge body type was the Ancient God Race. The silhouette in the first scene clearly wasn’t a Dragon, because Lin Yun could clearly see the shape of its four limbs and head.

It should be an Ancient God...

At this time, Lin Yun realized that the secret of this piece of metal might be more complicated than he had thought. After all, the silhouette on the picture was what came to be known as a taboo, an Ancient God.

After looking for several minutes, Lin Yun shifted his attention and looked at the second painting. This was the painting of an Ancient God covered in bloody scars, apparently having received a very heavy injury.

“No way...” Lin Yun was dumbstruck once again. That was an Ancient God, a powerhouse that transcended the Heaven Rank. He couldn’t understand... What kind of existence could injure an Ancient God so severely in that era?

In shock, Lin Yun turned towards the 3rd painting, where the Ancient God fell from the void to a flaming area, and on the 4th painting, the Ancient God was submerged in boundless flames.

‘An Ancient God really died like that?’

Lin Yun looked at the four paintings a few times, and after confirming that he didn’t miss anything, he started making some conjectures. That Ancient God probably tore through space and reached an area where he fought an extremely formidable enemy. In the end, the Ancient God was seriously injured and fell to a flaming area, never to leave...

Although the Ancient God’s enemy never appeared in the paintings, Lin Yun was certain that it was a terrifying existence.

But, where was the place depicted on the other side of the rift?

Flames... Flames everywhere...

This was undoubtedly the most important information...

Lin Yun frowned as he looked at the 3rd and 4th paintings, before recalling the Heaven Puppet’s words in the Merlin Family Manor: “The end of the Wailing River...”

‘The battlefield of that Ancient God and that terrifying existence... Could it be the Raging Flame Plane?’

Lin Yun was terrified as he thought about this possibility.

But...

After carefully thinking about it, the Wailing River itself was a river of flames that was a few kilometers long, just like the scenes in the 3rd and 4th paintings.

This couldn’t help making Lin Yun guess.

Shortly after, Lin Yun picked up his quill and copied the four paintings. After finishing this, he picked up the piece of metal once again and looked at the other side. It was smooth with no patterns. But after considering it for a bit, he still cast an enlarging spell. Lin Yun was able to see a row of characters.

‘The language of Ancient Gods...’

After carefully looking at it, Lin Yun took a deep breath. He was able to recognize that sentence.

“The origin... of all wisdom...”

The language of Ancient Gods had a kind of magical energy in itself. Translating just those few characters almost took all of Lin Yun’s strength. After translating, he put the piece of metal back onto the refining table and gasped for air while thinking.

Only the Ancient God civilization could be called the origin of all wisdom. They were the first of the five intelligent races born in Noscent, and they created the Ascian characters. Mages regarded them as the source of all knowledge.

The phrase “The origin of all wisdom” appearing on the back of that piece of metal puzzled Lin Yun. He was certain that it was definitely an important clue, but Lin Yun really couldn’t figure out what it stood for. Could it be the identity of the Ancient God?

If that conjecture was true, then maybe the Ancient God that fell in the Raging Flame Plane was the Constance that all mages kept mentioning in the peak of the Magic Era.

To be more accurate, Constance was only second to the Ancient God King among the Ancient Gods, he was the sage of the 72 Ancient Gods and the creator of the Ascian Runes.

At the peak of the Magic Era, mages couldn’t help but sigh at Constance’s wisdom. His name was even treated as the symbol of wisdom.

Chapter 535: Skull

It was hardly an exaggeration to say that Constance’s wisdom transcended the minds of all lifeforms. Even during the peak of the Magic Era, those prideful, God-like mages who brought forth countless new ideas didn’t dare to compare themselves to Constance.

He was the origin of all wisdom...

‘The end of the Wailing River... The end of the Wailing River...’ Lin Yun’s frown gradually eased as a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. He finally knew what was hidden at the end of the river.

Ancient God Constance’s corpse would have inevitably ended up getting washed down the Wailing River after his fall...

What made Lin Yun pleasantly surprised was Constance’s skull. The chance to obtain the skull would make countless mages go crazy. During the peak of the Magic Era, even those God-like mages longed for the skull that represented the source of knowledge.

Legends about the skull had been popular in that era for hundreds of years, and in order to find it, untold numbers of mages threw themselves into the endless planes to try finding the place where Constance fell. But unfortunately, it was never found. Eventually, some mages who transcended the Heaven Rank asserted that if someone got the skull, they would be able to rebuild the Ancient God Civilization...

‘If it really was Constance’s skull...’ Lin Yun narrowed his eyes. It was something every mage yearned for. If he could obtain it, the benefits couldn’t even be explained using words. The problems he had would be perfectly settled.

Any mage who obtained Constance’s skull would choose to fuse with it, and Lin Yun was no exception. That way, not only would he be able to strengthen his tolerance, but his intelligence would also reach a terrifyingly high level. In the end, he might end up doing as the rumors said, rebuilding the Ancient God Civilization.

Tolerance was something that he urgently needed to improve.

After all, he had three Meditation Law Sets, which would heavily impede him when he tried to advance to the Archmage realm. That was why he currently had to carefully control his rank. If he once again became unable to suppress it, his magic path would be greatly hindered.

He was now a 6th Rank Peak High Mage, which was still okay, but if he advanced another rank or two and fused a Meditation Law Set with his Magic Conducting Rune, it would become very difficult.

He wouldn't have to worry about it if he could strengthen his tolerance. Even if he directly broke through to the 9th Rank and fused, it wouldn't have much of an impact.

As for the matter of a human fusing with an Ancient God's skull, it was already confirmed to be possible in the peak of the Magic Era. To be more accurate, the first one to do so was a Sword Saint called Grinss...

In truth, he wasn't very gifted and didn't have any background. He joined a mercenary group as an Expert Swordsman and worked hard to earn merits. In the end, he was rewarded and became a Sword Saint. But in that era, Sword Saints were everywhere. Grinss was only a nameless nobody.

But in his later years, Grinss led a group to carry out a mission in a certain plane, and after returning to Noscent, he announced that he was leaving the mercenary group. The higher-ups of the mercenary group didn't feel that this was strange. They thought that the old Grinss was preparing to spend the rest of his life in peace.

Ten years later, that mercenary group could be considered as being in the middle of the pack among mercenary groups, but one day, a hostile force retaliated against them. And in that bloody night, most of the elites of the mercenary group faced destruction. Even the leader, who was a 9th Rank Sword Saint, was seriously injured.

They had no chance because their enemy had a Heaven Sword Saint.

As everyone was despairing, a silver swordlight suddenly streaked through the sky.

Then...

There was nothing afterwards.

Including that leader, everyone saw an unforgettable scene. That Heaven Sword Saint didn't have any chance to resist before being beheaded and falling.

The master of that silver swordlight was Grinss, who hadn't been seen or heard from for ten years. After all this time, he was now standing at the peak of the Sword Saint realm and had the power to defeat a Heaven Sword Saint. But, the strange part was that Grinss had become left-handed.

After that night, Grinss' name rose, never to be forgotten. His name and achievements kept spreading, and twenty years later, Grinss brazenly reached the Heaven Rank. Two hundred years later, he began to challenge one Heaven Rank powerhouse after another, remaining undefeated. He travelled between the major planes but eventually stopped at the peak of the Heaven realm.

Grinss' rise had always been an enigma, up until he returned to Noscent and revealed the secret behind it. As it turned out, on that mission two hundred years ago, he obtained the skeletal hand of an Ancient God. During those ten years, he fused with that hand.

After finding out, the people of Noscent started crazily scouring the lands and the countless planes in order to find the skeletal remains of Ancient Gods. The mages were especially eager, as they were recklessly looking for any news of the 72nd God, Constance the Sage.

Although Lin Yun hadn't fully grasped the identity of the Ancient God who had fallen in the Raging Flame Plane, he was fairly certain that it was Constance. Even if it wasn't Constance, it was still worth him taking a risk for the corpse of an Ancient God...

'I should finish the assembly first.'

Lin Yun put away the paper where he had copied the four paintings before solemnly putting the piece of metal in his pocket. He then picked up the three components and started assembling.

Although this task wasn't troublesome, it still took time, as he needed to do all kinds of tests. Three days had passed by the time he settled everything.

"Phew..."

He then installed the mechanical system back into the Heaven Puppet and reconnected the mana circuits. At that time, the puppet was covered in silver radiance.

Lin Yun reevaluated the power of the Heaven Puppet, and the results made him feel pleasantly surprised.

The mana released by the Heaven Rank Puppet was comparable to what a 7th Rank Archmage could output. This meant that after restoring the mechanical system, the puppet had reached a whole new level.

Even a genuine 7th Rank Archmage would have a hard time defeating the Heaven Puppet.

There were many puppets with such power in Noscent. But Lin Yun clearly understood that the power of this puppet wasn't limited to this. After a trip to the Puppet Plane, the Heaven Puppet's power would be close to the Heaven Rank and it would be able to handle anyone under the Heaven Rank.

If Lin Yun reached the Saint Alchemist realm in the future, that puppet would certainly recover to its peak.

Naturally, this was too far from Lin Yun at the moment...

After testing the strength of the Heaven Puppet, Lin Yun handed the Doom Staff to the puppet and had it patrol around the camp within the range of his Magic Array and set up a defense and counterattack system.

He then took out the four sheets of paper and the piece of metal and kept researching.

...

In the vicinity of the Merlin Family, Arthus, who had been observing for close to ten days, finally let go of his fear. There was not a trace of a Frost Dragon in the Merlin Family's camp.

This vigil had quelled his apprehension...

That terrifying Frost Dragon might have just been passing by.

"Hmpf, I don't believe a Frost Dragon would just happen to be passing by this time." A malevolent smile appeared on Arthus' face. He came out from his hiding spot and took a long look at the Merlin Family's camp as a demonic aura slowly spread from his body. Arthus no longer looked human... He instead looked like a vicious demon.

"Roar!"

Arthus rushed towards the Merlin Family's camp the earth under his feet shaking.

Then, he suddenly stopped...

Because there was someone ahead of him.

"Hmm?"

The person in front of him gave him a very strange feeling, he didn't have any mana fluctuations and he was holding a magnificent magic staff that had numerous scales intertwining along it and a Dragon's head at its tip.

Arthus stared at that staff for no less than ten seconds. Even though he was a Sword Saint, he could see the worth of that magic staff. In the end, he said in a hoarse voice, "Take me to your commander, that Mafa Merlin guy, and I won't kill you..."

But the person in front of him remained indifferent, as if he hadn't heard him...

"I said, take me to Mafa Merlin!" Anger could be felt in Arthus' voice, and after waiting for another handful of seconds, he could no longer restrain himself, so he charged that person.

Rumble!

The next moment, a huge wave of spells rushed towards Arthus, and although they were all only 3rd or 4th Tier Spells, several dozen magic rays layered together were hardly weaker than a 7th Tier Spell.

This stunned Arthus and made him miss the best opportunity to dodge. As he got hit by the layered magic rays, he let out a painful howl, a bloody, fist-sized hole appearing in his chest.

In an instant, Arthus was seriously injured...

Rays of magic continued to fly towards Arthus. After barely dodging a few, he heard the roar of a young Dragon as a multicolored Dragon Breath covered the sky and caught him off-guard, sending him flying a few dozen meters away.

Chapter 536: Unscrupulous

“Cough...”

Arthus was lying on the ground, constantly spitting blood as he returned to his human shape due to his serious injury. Blood kept flowing from his wounds and he was in very bad shape.

‘F*ck, I’m done for...’

Even moving was very difficult. It looked like there was only one path ahead of him.

But after ten seconds, Arthus found out that the person holding the staff didn’t approach him or continue attacking.

At that time, Lin Yun, who was still in his living quarters, was using his Magic Array to observe the scene of the puppet dealing with Arthus. He was grinning widely. “You should count yourself lucky that only the defense system of the puppet was enabled...”

In fact, Lin Yun had already noticed that very powerful Sword Saint lingering near the camp for the past several days. He had naturally recognized that it was the Sword Saint who had previously impersonated a Demon to surprise attack the camp. He was probably a member of the Watson Family.

This kind of harassment had caused Lin Yun to lose patience.

Although this person was a terrifying High Rank Sword Saint, he couldn’t be considered much of an opponent for the current Lin Yun. The recently upgraded Doom Staff and the recently restored Heaven Puppet both had the strength of 7th Rank Archmages, not to mention their power when it was combined.

Even if the opponent was an 8th Rank Archmage, it would be able to hold its own against it for a while.

Killing a 7th Rank Archmage, it would be a piece of cake.

But Lin Yun carefully thought about it, and chose not to kill that 7th Rank Sword Saint because it wasn’t worth it. After all, Lin Yun would need the help of the Watson Family while exploring the Wailing River.

For a while, Lin Yun flipped through the pieces of paper, carefully checking the four scenes to make sure he hadn’t missed any details. Half an hour passed before footsteps could be heard outside as a silhouette hurriedly entered.

“Sir Lahn, is there something you need?” Lin Yun put down the pieces of paper in his hands and turned to look at Lahn Merlin.

“High Mage Mafa, someone is looking for you... He calls himself Rhett Watson.”

“Rhett Watson? I don’t know him...” Lin Yun looked at Lahn and shook his head. He only knew a few people in the Watson Family.

“But... But...” Lahn had an awkward expression. He could naturally tell that the young mage didn’t want to see Rhett Watson.

“But what?”

“Rhett Watson claims to be a Representative of the Watson Family’s Ancestral Land, and it doesn’t seem to be a lie...”

“A Representative of the Watson Family’s Ancestral Land?” Lin Yun suddenly furrowed his brows with a pensive expression on his face. ‘The Watson Family’s actions might have something to do with this Representative...’ Lin Yun then looked at Lahn and nodded. “Then hurry and have Sir Rhett come over.”

“Yes.”

Lahn left the living quarters and only returned ten minutes later. He was followed by a thin and bony old man with grizzled hair. He was wearing a gray robe and holding a magic staff emitting intense fluctuations.

Rhett Watson casually examined his surroundings and looked for a place to sit. After a minute, his gaze fell upon Lin Yun and he asked in a very calm voice, “You are Mafa Merlin?”

But he wasn’t calm at all...

He could vaguely remember what had happened half an hour ago. A bloody Arthus swayed back to camp. His miserable appearance made Rhett feel numb. He was an esteemed 7th Rank Sword Saint...

Even in the Andlusa Kingdom, this kind of person could be considered to be at the apex.

Arthus had stayed in the Watson family for more than two centuries with a very special task, which was to protect the lives of the Patriarchs. Over the course of this long tenure, Arthus had been injured no more than ten times.

But after coming to the Horn of Fertility, he had been injured twice in just over ten days. And it was hardly an exaggeration to say that someone who could injure Arthus to that extent had to at least be on the level of an 8th Rank powerhouse.

More importantly, Arthus’ injuries had something to do with the Merlin Family...

The first time, he had been hurt by a mysterious Frost Dragon, and this time, he learnt from Arthus that it seemed to have been a human-shaped puppet.

Arthus had thought that it was a person at first, but that person’s casting ability was just too frightening and also completely disregarded mana exhaustion and casting cooldowns. After some careful observation, he understood that it was a human-shaped puppet.

After hearing this news, Rhett couldn’t help feeling shocked. Perhaps the Frost Dragon from ten days ago was just passing by, but what about this puppet?

The power of the Merlin Family in the Horn of Fertility wasn’t as simple as he had imagined.

A puppet comparable to an 8th Rank Archmage could only be described as terrifying. At the same time, it also made Rhett feel puzzled... How could the Merlin Family have such a terrifying puppet?

Rhett wasn’t an amateur in the field of alchemy.

On the contrary, he had already become a Master Alchemist a few decades ago and had very high achievements in the puppeteering field. An 8th Rank Archmage puppet... What did it mean?

To a Master Alchemist like him, if he spent enough time, crafted all the materials, and did all the calculations, the crafted puppet would never surpass level 35. Only an Artisan could craft a puppet above that level, but a level 38 or 39 puppet wasn't something that most Artisans could craft.

In Rhett's eyes, the creator of the puppet that injured Arthus should be close to the peak of the Artisan realm.

He was close to being a Peak Artisan...

There were very few alchemists like that in the Andlusa Kingdom... No, even in all of Noscent. Even a Heaven Rank powerhouse would lower their head in front of them.

But, the Merlin Family had an Artisan capable of crafting such a puppet... or else they had managed to obtain one from elsewhere.

This was unimaginable.

It was certain that the Merlin Family didn't have such an Artisan.

"Haha, I am the Mafa Merlin you are looking for..." Lin Yun nodded with a smile, before giving a more serious look. "Sir Rhett, can you tell me why you were looking for me?"

"Mafa Merlin, you shouldn't have forgotten that matter, right?" Rhett immediately sneered, his face cloudy. "Ten days ago, my disciple Mark came to your Merlin Family and was seriously hurt. Mafa Merlin, what do you have to say about this?"

He then continued, "You'd better follow my suggestion and give a third of your land here to our Watson Family as compensation, and we won't look into this. If you choose to refuse... Haha..."

Rhett was completely unrestrained...

Even if there was a puppet in the Merlin Family's camp, so what? With his status as a Representative of the Watson Family's Ancestral Land, if they rashly attacked him, it would greatly affect the collaboration between the Merlin Family and the Watson Family in the Raging Flame Plane, and the exploration of the Volcanic Mountain Range might end up unresolved.

As a Representative of his Ancestral Land, Rhett naturally knew secrets that these ordinary people couldn't get access to.

Thus, he had no scruples as he pressed Mafa for benefits...

"Haha, Sir Rhett, I have to say, your suggestion is quite good!" Lin Yun forced a laugh and then scratched his nose. "But I refuse."

Lin Yun was already quite angry.

The Watsons were way too shameless.

The cause of the incident was Mark Watson deliberately targeting the Merlin Family. Not only did he frame the small resource collection team, but he even killed two of them and hurt most of the others. He then ran to the Merlin Family's camp and shamelessly asked him for compensation. In the end, he had Xiuban teach him a small lesson.

Normally, anyone would agree that the Watson Family was in the wrong in this matter. Mark was punished for killing two members of the Merlin Family, and Lin Yun felt that it was already extremely forgiving...

But the Watson Family didn't realize that, so they tried to use a dirty trick and sent a 7th Rank Sword Saint passing himself off as a Demon to attack the Merlin Family's camp.

And then, Lin Yun once again stayed his hand for the sake of the collaboration and only taught that Sword Saint a small lesson.

But now, this Rhett Watson, who claimed to be a Representative, came to the camp and made a fuss over Mark Watson being injured and was again asking for compensation.

To tell the truth, Lin Yun really wanted to ask this Archmage to wake up.

"You... You said what?"

At first, Rhett was all smiles, but after hearing Lin Yun's words, he realized that the young mage had refused.

In an instant, Rhett's expression froze. Only after several seconds did a roar echo as he tightened his grip on his magic staff, crazily rousing the mana in the surroundings, but he ultimately restrained his urge to attack. "Mafa Merlin, I hope you can answer my question after thinking about it. Youths can't let their emotions affect their decisions. You have to know the nature of this matter. My disciple Mark is the most outstanding youth of our Watson Family's Ancestral Land. The people of your Merlin Family seriously injuring him like that will inevitably affect his magic path, yet you don't want to compensate us. How could this be acceptable?"

Lin Yun took a deep look at Rhett Watson before softly shaking his head and saying with a smile. "If we follow Sir Rhett's reasoning, then I think the Watson Family should also compensate the Merlin Family for our losses. If you are willing to do so, I'll agree to transfer a third of our territory in the Horn of Fertility to the Watson Family."

Chapter 537: No Need

"Why should our Watson Family compensate for the losses of the Merlin Family?" Rhett remained silent after sneering and only stared at Lin Yun with a terribly gloomy expression.

"First, please understand that your disciple, Mark Watson, detained a resource collection team of our Merlin Family more than half a month ago and injured most of the team members, even killing two of them. Sir Rhett, according to what you said, shouldn't the Watson Family compensate?"

"Haha, how could those people compare to my disciple, Mark?" Rhett sneered, very disdainful. He naturally knew that this so-called resource collection team was formed with the lowest members of the Planar Legion and most of the members were only Great Mages, it would rarely contain High Mages.

'So what if he killed two Great Mages?'

Thinking of this, a cold smile appeared on Rhett Watson's face, "Okay, Mafa Merlin, I understand what you mean. The Watson Family will compensate for their deaths. What do you think of a million golds worth of resources? This should be more than enough to compensate your Merlin Family..."

"Sir Rhett, you don't seem to understand what I mean. Had it been two ordinary mages, a million golds would have been more than enough, but the two of them weren't ordinary mages, they could have reached the Heaven Rank in the future. Tell me, how should the Watson Family compensate?"

"Mafa Merlin!"

Rhett's anger soared, he could no longer suppress his anger and terrifying mana fluctuations spread from his body, locking onto that seemingly frail silhouette within the living quarters.

He finally understood.

The young mage was circumventing the problem to ridicule him. If the Watson Family truly did as the young mage said and compensated, even all their wealth wouldn't be enough.

As a 7th Rank Archmage and a Representative of the Watson Family's Ancestral Land Council, how could he bear with such a provocation?

Not to mention the fact that the other side was only a 6th Rank High Mage, it would have made no difference if he had been an Archmage. There would only be one ending for those who provoked him.

"Rumble..."

At this instant, the 7th Rank Archmage's imposing aura engulfed the entire room, destroying it to the point where it looked like ruins.

'The puppet...' At this time, Rhett suddenly recalled that puppet and was scared. That was an existence comparable to an 8th Rank Archmage. Making a move in the Merlin Family's camp was no different from courting death.

And just as he thought about it, a silver silhouette flashed in his line of sight, stopping fifty meters away. As a Master Alchemist, he could naturally recognize it with a glance, that silhouette holding a magic staff was the puppet.

"F*ck..." Rhett's expression instantly became unsightly and he ruthlessly cursed, this was really frightening.

In fact, he was extremely regretful at this moment.

He knew he shouldn't have been so impulsive.

'It's that damned Mafa Merlin's fault, he angered me on purpose...'

"Roar..."

Just as Rhett was regretful, an icy aura suddenly spread over. A large amount of ice fragments fell as a deafening roar echoed. He raised his head and ended up stunned. A mountain-like Dragon was floating above his head.

This...

Rhett was truly terrified.

That was a genuine adult Frost Dragon!

Over ten days ago, Arthus barely managed to return to the camp and had mentioned a Frost Dragon. Rhett originally didn't believe him, and after observing for three days, he confirmed that there was no Frost Dragon in the Merlin Family's camp and that the Frost Dragon that injured Arthus must have been passing by...

He could no longer think so.

The Frost Dragon really existed!

"Roar!"

Frost Dragon Reina was circling in the air, and after issuing another roar, she took the initiative to attack Rhett. A white light flashed as a gust of wind whistled over, it was a Frost Dragon Breath.

"Damnit, Damnit!!!" Rhett screamed. He could sense a terrifying power from that Dragon Breath. It wasn't something a 7th Rank Archmage like him could contend against. Even an 8th Rank Archmage powerhouse would be injured when faced with this Dragon Breath.

Rhett didn't even think and raised his magic staff, instantly causing mana fluctuations to rise up as a dozen Ice Walls instantly appeared, firmly blocking in front of him. After doing that, he didn't hesitate and cast Haste on himself, turning into a gray shadow, quickly trying to escape this place.

But Rhett only escaped a dozen meters before a wave of magic rays, as well as a multi-colored Dragon Breath, flooded him.

Then, the entire world seemed silent for a moment.

This kind of battle already razed a small area to the ground. Fortunately, the Planar Legion was currently training, otherwise there would have been a lot of casualties.

As the dust cleared up, a bloody silhouette could be seen laying down on the ruins, his breath extremely weak. It was 7th Rank Archmage Rhett, with four or five holes on his body caused by the magic rays.

The puppet itself was now comparable to a 7th Rank Archmage, and if Rhett Watson fought it on his own, he might have a hard time defeating it. But he was scared witless when he saw the Frost Dragon and the Heaven Puppet, to the point where he almost soiled his pants, and ended up being caught off guard by those magic rays...

"Haha..."

Lin Yun landed next to Rhett with the help of Levitation. He couldn't help grinning when he saw that 7th Rank Archmage's state, "Are you okay, Sir Rhett..."

"Mafa Merlin, you..." Rhett could barely open his eyes and looked at Lin Yun with a resentful expression, as if he tried to spit fire with his gaze. But just as he was going to say a few ruthless words, he saw the

puppet and the Frost Dragon standing behind Lin Yun and scared to death as he squeezed out with a shaky voice, "Hig... High Mage Merlin, I... I... I'm fine."

"Sir Rhett, you wouldn't be able to trick a child with that kind of lie..."

"I..."

Rhett was about to say something, but couldn't retort even though he was feeling unprecedented anger.

'Damn it, am I not in such a miserable condition because of you?'

But he clearly wouldn't dare to say this, he already knew the price of being impulsive. Even an idiot would know not to provoke the young mage at such a time. What if the Frost Dragon "accidentally" threw a Dragon Breath his way under the instigation of the young mage, or what if the puppet had a "malfunction" and started an unrestrained wave of attacks.

Those kinds of consequences could only be described as too horrifying to even think about.

"High Mage Merlin, I'm truly sorry for that disagreement..." Rhett managed to get up with difficulty and squeezed a smile, his cheeks unhealthy pale, "I hope you won't mind."

"Haha, Sir Rhett, how could I be that narrow-minded? Since you already apologized, I naturally wouldn't mind..." Lin Yun nodded, before suddenly frowning at Rhett, "Oh right, regarding the compensation..."

"Ah... No, there is no need. I didn't discipline my disciple properly, I'm to blame. The Merlin Family doesn't need to compensate us." Rhett was suddenly startled, cold sweat flowing down his back as his heart started palpitating.

'Sh*t, this is no joke...'

'That damned Mafa Merlin might kill me if I don't let this go...'

"Mark Watson should indeed be disciplined..." Lin Yun nodded, but he was still frowning with a serious expression and remained silent.

"High Mage... High Mage Merlin, what is it?" Seeing Lin Yun's expression remaining like that for a few minutes, Rhett grew more and more restless, until he summoned his courage to talk.

If he could, he would immediately leave this place.

"I'm thinking. This time, I accidentally injured you Sir Rhett, and that might affect your magic path. Once your Patriarch or your Ancestral Land's Council learns of this, wouldn't they come looking for me to ask for a compensation?"

"This... This shouldn't be..."

"What should it be?" Lin Yun looked at Rhett with dissatisfaction.

"High Mage Merlin, this won't happen, it definitely won't, I can guarantee you. Today's matter happened due to my previous mistake. Even if I was heavily injured, I was the one asking for trouble..."

"Haha, I'm very gratified that you understand this..."

“...”

Rhett Watson wanted to cry, this was clearly bullying, and undisguised at that. But even if he knew that, Rhett Watson wouldn't dare say anything. He instead looked at Lin Yun cautiously and squeezed a stiff smile, “High Mage Merlin, may I leave now...?”

“You can leave at anytime...” Lin Yun nodded, before frowning once again, “But, you are so heavily injured, wouldn't it be a bit inconvenient?”

After saying this, Lin Yun used his soul contract to contact the Draconic Beastman. After a few minutes, Xiuban came over with his heavy Carnage, “Sir Merlin, what is it?”

Chapter 538: Raging Flame Emperor

“Xiuban, Sir Rhett here and I had some misunderstanding and he is now seriously injured, help me send him off...” Lin Yun glanced at the Draconic Beastman and pointed at Rhett. After saying those words, he was about to turn when he suddenly froze, seemingly recalling something, he then added another sentence, “Just like Mark Watson.”

“Sir Merlin, please rest assured...” The Draconic Beastman looked at Lin Yun's back with a strange expression. He then turned towards Rhett with a gloating expression.

Rhett had just relaxed after hearing the young mage agree, but he then noticed that gaze before his foot was roughly grabbed by a huge hand, his body dragged away without his permission. He then roared angrily, “You... What are you up to!”

An esteemed 7th Rank Archmage was actually treated this way by a Beastman...

The anger Rhett felt was like a knife stabbing in his heart.

But no matter how much he struggled, it was no use. That Beastman dragging him was hardly paying attention to him. Helpless, Rhett ground his teeth, “You can't do this! High Mage Merlin asked you to send me off...”

But then, Rhett couldn't help but freeze as he recalled the last sentence the young mage had said before leaving: “Just like Mark Watson...”

Rhett was suddenly shaken...

This completely angered him...

‘This Mafa Merlin is truly too hateful!’

...

In the next half a month, Lin Yun remained in his living quarters, studying those four paintings. After being thrown out of the camp by Xiuban, Representative Rhett didn't reappear, making the Horn of Fertility very peaceful for this half a month as nothing happened.

The three major forces' Planar Legions finished resting and re-organizing during that time.

Near noon, Lahn Merlin rushed into Lin Yun's living quarters, panting as he said, "High Mage... High Mage Mafa, there is... a situation."

"Hmm?" Lin Yun frowned and put down what he had in his hands.

"One hour ago, the joint inspection team discovered a strange spatial fluctuation in the lower reaches of the Wailing River. I just got the news, High Mage Merlin, how about you take a look?"

Lahn quickly explained, he had rushed to find the young mage after receiving that report.

'The lower reaches...' Lin Yun had a thoughtful expression. He knew of the joint inspection team, it had been suggested by the Black Tower when they just captured the Horn of Fertility. It consisted of ten High Mages from every major force forming a small force of 30 High Mages.

"Alright, let's go take a look..." Lin Yun nodded. He couldn't let go of any clue regarding the Wailing River, because it might be related to that Ancient God who had fallen there.

After saying those words, Lin Yun led Reina and the Heaven Puppet to the lower reaches of the Wailing River. By the time they got there, over ten minutes had passed. Black Tower's Weiss and Suval, as well as the Watson Family's Arthus and Rhett had already received the news and were gathered at the lower reaches.

"High Mage Merlin, you came..." Among these powerhouses, Weiss was the only one who had a decent relationship with Lin Yun. After seeing Lin Yun rush over, Weiss greeted him with a smile, "The spatial fluctuations here are very strange..."

"Haha..." Lin Yun chuckled and remained silent. He hadn't needed Weiss' reminder, he had already sensed those strange spatial fluctuations after coming to the lower reaches. They were very unstable, sometimes powerful, sometimes weak.

Lin Yun then frowned and walked towards the Wailing River while being assaulted by heat. Shortly after, a long river filled with endless flames appeared in his line of sight. Those flames were just like the water of a normal river and slowly flowed down the river. As he got closer to the river, he could see the fire-attributed vegetation becoming more and more lush.

'Where is it...'

A doubtful expression appeared on Lin Yun's face. Despite his omnipotent Magic Array, he failed to track the source of those fluctuations. He couldn't do anything about it, those fluctuations were too chaotic, making it was very hard to locate the source.

But Lin Yun didn't give up.

He cast five Mage Eyes, and under his meticulous control, they slowly moved along the river, up until the leftmost Mage Eye was affected by something and disappeared without a trace. Lin Yun then had the remaining four move towards the left, and after a dozen meters, they all disappeared.

Mage Eyes would disappear when disturbed by magic due to their simple structure, they couldn't withstand any influence, thus they had clearly disappeared due to the spatial fluctuations.

'The left side...' A smile appeared on Lin Yun's face. He had used five Mage Eyes to find out an important clue, it was extremely worth it.

In the next half an hour, Lin Yun controlled numerous Mage Eyes to investigate and walked over several kilometers to reach the end of the Wailing River. At that time, even Lin Yun forgot how many Mage Eyes he had used, he was mechanically casting and controlling them.

Even with his current strength, it felt very strenuous. His forehead was covered with a layer of sweat and his face was quite pale.

Weiss and the others had been very curious when they saw Lin Yun's actions and just followed, looking at what that young mage was doing. But after over ten minutes, they forgot their original goals and just followed behind the young mage.

Because the young mage's actions were quite frightening.

When they first saw the young mage continuously releasing Mage Eyes, they started counting them, five, ten... two hundred and ninety five, three hundred.

After over ten minutes, the amount of Mage Eyes released by the young mage had reached a frighteningly high three hundred. Let alone a High Mage, even an Archmage would have ran out of mana had they summoned as much as the young mage, moreover, the latter hadn't taken a single break. Summoning them five by five looked as simple as drinking water, and ultimately, the group grew numb to it.

'Found it!'

Lin Yun couldn't see the others' reaction, he spent all his energy looking for the source of the fluctuations. At this time, Lin Yun's expression suddenly changed and the Mage Eyes he had cast dissipated. Using Levitation, he floated above the end of the Wailing River, flames flickering underneath him, emitting an extremely high temperature.

Then, Lin Yun used magic to open a path amidst the flames. After going ten meters deep, he found a pitch-black spatial tear in which the flames of the Wailing River continuously poured.

'What's going on...' Lin Yun was speechless and alarmed by this discovery. The source of those spatial fluctuations was actually a spatial tear, but what was behind that spatial tear?

It was most likely a plane...

Then, Lin Yun used magic to isolate the entire area, and only when the flames no longer poured into the tear did he cautiously examine it. This spatial tear was huge, over ten meters long and two to three meters wide, and the fluctuations emitted were extremely chaotic. Even a Heaven Mage could get lost if they rashly went through.

The end of the Wailing River...

Ancient God Constance.

At this time, Lin Yun recalled these two key information. The clues from the Heaven Puppet pointed to the end of the Wailing River, and from the secret of the piece of metal, he conjectured that the Ancient

God that fell in the Raging Flame Plane was Constance, and his body should have fell in the Wailing River.

If the four paintings were authentic, then the corpse should have ended up being washed at the end of the Wailing River. And now, there was a spatial tear at the end of the Wailing River.

This was quite coincidental...

'Behind that tear is probably a Demiplane formed by Ancient God Constance's remaining power, after his death...' Lin Yun looked at the tear, making a conjecture in a daze.

He was one of the rare few in this era who had knowledge of the Ancient Gods' mana capacity. In his Demiplane, he had experienced the unimaginable power of a mere soul fragment. It quickly sped up the growth of that natural Demiplane by a few hundred folds.

What if it had been a complete Ancient God corpse?

That power would undoubtedly be even more formidable and it wouldn't be strange for it to birth a Demiplane after the Ancient God's death.

"What's going on?" At this time, Weiss and the others had already followed and had reached that isolated area. Seeing that tear, everyone had an amazed expression on their face.

"High Mage Merlin, we have to go through that tear and see what's on the other side..." Weiss looked at Lin Yun with an unusually serious expression, "Because this is related to a secret that can make our three forces suddenly rise!"

"Yes, Sir Weiss is right..." Rhett Watson seemed to have forgotten his fear of Lin Yun and spoke with a delirious voice as he looked at that crack.

"..." Lin Yun suddenly froze and looked at those few people with a stunned expression, 'Could these guys also know about the possible link to Ancient God Constance?'

'That's impossible... Right?'

"High Mage Mafa, this secret is linked to the Raging Flame Emperor, Norrick..." Lahn noticed Lin Yun's expression and whispered in his ear.

'Raging Flame Emperor Norrick...' After hearing this name, Lin Yun relaxed. As for what the secret was, he didn't really care, what he truly cared about was the secret of Ancient God Constance.

'It looks like these guys don't know that an Ancient God fell in the Raging Flame Plane.'

"Sir Weiss, if you are in such a hurry, you can give it a try..." A grin appeared on Lin Yun's face.

The spatial fluctuations were extremely chaotic, Lin Yun was certain that even Harren would get lost if he went in, let alone Weiss...

Chapter 539: Scepter

There was no chance for survival...

“This...” Weiss seemed to realize this too by this time and displayed an awkward expression. He then reluctantly moved his eyes away from that spatial tear. With his 6th Rank Archmage’s power, he could naturally see that the space on the other side of the rift was twisted to the extreme, it simply couldn’t be crossed.

But he was clearly unresigned...

“A Dissipation Array should settle this within five days...” Lin Yun casually glanced at Weiss, then took out a quill from his pocket, dipped it in ink, and quickly drafted an array. Soon, a Dissipation Array covered the spatial tear.

A white light suddenly flashed...

Lin Yun didn’t pay attention to the others after finishing, he led Lahn, Reina, and the Heaven Puppet back to camp.

He had estimated that in five days, the spatial tear’s fluctuations would gradually stabilize, no longer this chaotic. But even then not just anyone could go through this kind of space, one needed to be at least an Archmage powerhouse to handle such terrifying pressure.

Lin Yun arrived at his living quarters roughly half an hour later and took out the pieces of paper recording the clues concerning the Ancient God. But after looking at it for a while he couldn’t help shaking his head, putting them down on the refining table.

‘Raging Flame Emperor Norrick...’

At this time, Lin Yun suddenly recalled that Raging Flame Beastman named Norrick that Lahn had mentioned earlier. In fact, Lin Yun wasn’t unfamiliar with Norrick’s name.

In Noscent’s history, Norrick could be said to be one of the most famous Heaven Rank Shamans. Whether it was from the decaying library’s resources, or from the Merlin Family’s, the name Norrick had been a recurring one. Even if his memory was terrible, Lin Yun would still know who Norrick was.

Several millennia ago, the aboriginal Raging Flame Beastmen had countless tribes of various sizes spread along the Wailing River. At the time, the Raging Flame Beastman Race didn’t have any civilization or social order, it was chaos.

That situation changed with the appearance of a legendary character among the Raging Flame Beastmen, that Beastman was called Norrick...

Norrick fought against every major tribe for more than a hundred years, using shocking strategies before finally establishing a united empire in the entire Raging Flame Plane.

As for the Raging Flame Emperor title, it came from the mages...

Only then did the Raging Flame Beastman Race developed order and civilization. The empire grew stronger day after day, but unfortunately, two hundred years after the empire was established, the pillar of the empire, Norrick, inexplicably disappeared. Thus, the formidable empire collapsed overnight, and the thirteen Raging Flame Beastmen who had followed Norrick early on divided the entire empire, forming the current Thirteen Tribes...

Norrick's disappearance was still an enigma, but a rumor had been spreading all along in the Raging Flame Plane. It was said that on the eve of Norrick's disappearance, a light streaked across the Raging Flame Plane's night sky and fell into the Wailing River. That light was said to belong to Norrick's scepter, which represented supreme authority. Whoever obtained that scepter would be able to order the entire Raging Flame Plane's Beastmen, just like Norrick.

Since then, the empire was caught in a never-ending chaotic war. Those thirteen Raging Flame Beastmen established their respective tribes, and after a few decades, the chaos gradually settled and those thirteen tribes dispatched a large amount of Raging Flame Beastmen to the Wailing River to search for the scepter, but even after a few dozen years passed, there was no trace of the scepter to be found.

It reached the point where Norrick's scepter began to be treated as a legend and the thirteen tribes gave up on the idea to fish out the scepter and instead started to recover.

As he thought of this, Lin Yun couldn't help smiling. He finally understood why Weiss and the others had been so affected by the discovery of that spatial tear. If that scepter truly existed and fell into the Wailing River just as the legend said, then it would have inevitably reached the end of the Wailing River during the following decades spent searching for it, but the thirteen tribes didn't find any clue regarding the scepter.

This meant that the scepter was no longer within the Wailing River and had instead fallen into that tear, drifting into another plane.

Nothing could be done about it, Norrick's scepter was an irresistible temptation to any force. If they managed to obtain it, they might be able to order all Raging Flame Beastmen, just as the legend said. With it, seizing the entire Raging Flame Plane would be a piece of cake.

Even Lin Yun was interested in that scepter.

But naturally, what he cared the most about was still the secret linked to Ancient God Constance. The skull which represented the source of knowledge would completely change his magic path. If he really obtained it and fused with it, not only would he be able to settle his current plight, the time needed to become a Heaven Mage would greatly cut short as well.

Five days quickly passed. Lin Yun left his living quarters, ready to rush to the end of the Wailing River, but he looked for Lahn before leaving.

He had originally been planning to take Lahn with him, but after thinking through the possible dangers of a Demiplane most likely related to an Ancient God, he felt that this 4th Rank Archmage might not be of much use. Moreover, this camp also needed an overseer, and Lahn Merlin was quite suitable.

After instructing Lahn for over ten minutes, Lin Yun led Reina, the Heaven Puppet as well as Xiuban through the path he knew and made haste to the Wailing River. The route took roughly half an hour, and by the time they reached the end of the Wailing River, they noticed that the powerhouses of the Black Tower and Watson Family were already waiting for them.

And just as Lin Yun expected, on the 5th day, the spatial fluctuations around that rift were no longer chaotic, they had stabilized under the effect of the Dissipation Array.

“High Mage Merlin...” When he noticed Lin Yun’s silhouette, Weiss hastily came over to receive him with a smile, “This spatial tear is related to a scepter that had been lost several millennia ago, once belonging to the Raging Flame Emperor, Norrick. There is a legend saying that whoever obtains that scepter would be able to order all of the Raging Flame Beastmen of the entire Noscent. I wonder if you understand what it means, High Mage Merlin?”

“Hmm...” Lin Yun gently nodded and suspiciously glanced at Weiss, “What do you want to say...”

“High Mage Merlin, it’s like this. We just discussed with the Watson Family, the three major forces would jointly look for the lost scepter. If we can find it, it will be used to control those Raging Flame Beastmen and obtain countless benefits which would be evenly distributed among the three forces. The Watson Family already agreed, I wonder what you think...”

“Ahaha, I have no objection...”

“Then let me congratulate us on a happy collaboration...”

“Okay, Sir Weiss...”

Lin Yun and Weiss smiled as they shook hands. In less than a minute, they came to an agreement on the spot. Weiss then talked about some insignificant topics, to which Lin Yun continued smiling and perfunctorily answering.

At this time, Lin Yun’s attention wasn’t at all on Weiss, but rather, on a black-robed man beside Suval. He could guess that the Black Tower would be sending three people, Weiss, Suval, and apparently that black-robed mage.

Lin Yun was certain that this person had never appeared in the Black Tower camp. In other words, the black-robed mage had rushed to the Horn of Fertility after the spatial tear was discovered five days ago.

The black-robed man was very powerful, he was also a High Rank Archmage.

But, it wouldn’t have attracted Lin Yun’s attention if he was an ordinary High Rank Archmage...

In fact, he came to the conclusion that this Black Tower’s mage was a lot stronger than Weiss and Suval. If his guess wasn’t wrong, he should be an 8th Rank Archmage.

This kind of powerhouse was very rare in the entire Andlusa Kingdom.

“This is Sir Falton...” Weiss could sense Lin Yun’s gaze and turned to look at that black-robed mage, introducing him with a whisper. As he talked, Weiss’ face was filled with a fearful expression. Clearly, that mage, Falton, had a very special status.

No, it shouldn’t just be special...

Maybe, among these people, only he and Suval realized how frightening Sir Falton’s true strength was.

To be more accurate, Sir Falton came from the Holy Land and had no actual position within the Black Tower, but beside Chairman Harren, all the other members of the Council of Seven were very respectful towards him.

But...

Sir Falton hardly came out of the Holy Land. The last time he did so was three hundred years ago, when the Gaugass Battlemages split up from the Black Tower, greatly injuring the Black Tower's strength, putting the Black Tower in danger. Although Harren was formidable and used all kinds of tricks, it was hard to stabilize the situation in a short time.

Only a few higher-ups of the Black Tower knew that there had been a man coming out of the Holy Land at that time. That man was the Falton in front of them. At the time, Falton lent a hand and enabled the Black Tower to once again reach the peak of the Andlusa Kingdom in a few decades...

In fact, after finding that tear, Weiss realized the seriousness of this matter. Suval and he were the only High Rank Archmages of Black Tower's Planar Legion in the Horn of Fertility, thus, after returning to camp, Weiss used the special communication method of the Black Tower to pass a message regarding the spatial rift as well as a series of conjectures to Harren, who was remaining in the Dark Moon Fort.

Chapter 540: I Do Now

But he waited for four days with no answer from Harren...

How could this be?

Weiss had been anxious at the time, it had been an important clue related to the Raging Flame Emperor. The scepter was most likely hidden on the other side of the tear, and once they obtained it, the benefits for the Black Tower would speak for themselves. But there were only two High Rank Archmages in the camp, Suval and him. To be safe, two more people should be sent over.

And so he waited and waited, but Harren's answer had yet to come. On the 4th night, Weiss could no longer wait. He was about to re-contact Harren to transmit the news again, but before he got the chance, a figure suddenly rushed into the Black Tower's camp.

Weiss was instantly stunned when he saw that person, simply in disbelief. It was actually Falton from the Holy Land!

'How come Sir Falton came...' He had thought at the moment.

This thought was followed by countless doubts in Weiss' heart. This Falton had stayed in the Holy Land for three hundred years, usually even Harren wouldn't have the authority to make him to move, Falton would only listen to the orders of the Holy Land.

This meant that Harren hadn't been the one dispatching Falton, but the Black Tower's Holy Land...

All along, the Holy Land had always remained an independent existence and would hardly show an interest in the Black Tower's matters. The last time they intervened was three hundred years ago, when they dispatched Falton.

'Could it be because of Norrick's scepter?'

'I doesn't seem right...'

'How could the Holy Land make a move for a scepter whose existence had yet to be confirmed and send Sir Falton, an 8th Rank Archmage?'

'There might be another important matter...'

Weiss, as a Representative of the Black Tower, would regularly go to the Holy Land, naturally, he had met Falton several times and thus recognized him.

At this time, Weiss also understood why Harren hadn't answered for the past four days, it turned out that the Holy Land was getting involved.

"Oh, so it is Sir Falton..." Lin Yun nodded with a smile and scratched his cheek as he silently checked out the mage named Falton.

In fact, Lin Yun had already realized some things...

After cooperating a few times with the Black Tower, Lin Yun had gained a rough understanding of their Council of Seven, at least he knew their names, but he was certain that there was absolutely no Falton in the Council of Seven.

Moreover, when Weiss introduced him, he displayed a respectful expression, allowing Lin Yun to easily guess that this 8th Rank Archmage most likely came from a place similar to the Merlin Family's Ancestral Land. Before leaving for the Raging Flame Plane, Lin Yun had come in contact with the secrets of the Merlin Family's Ancestral Land and had heard from Oren that every major force had a place similar to their Ancestral Land.

This was why Lin Yun was so certain of his own conjecture.

It also meant that Falton might not be there for the scepter and might know some secrets most people could never hope to come in contact with.

This was quite serious...

There was a good chance it might be related to Ancient God Constance.

But, it didn't matter even if Falton knew. To the current Lin Yun, an 8th Rank Archmage wasn't an issue. Reina's strength was comparable, so was the puppet when holding the Doom Staff, with Lin Yun added to the lot, even if there were two 8th Rank Archmage powerhouses, he wouldn't be afraid of the consequences.

But just as Lin Yun and Weiss discussed, a pair of insidious eyes firmly stared at Lin Yun.

The owner of that deadly gaze was Mark Watson.

Mark was currently clenching his fists, his eyes spouting fire. The humiliation from a month ago was still vivid in his mind. Moreover, that damned Mafa Merlin made a Beastman seriously injure him and drag him on the ground through the entire camp, for about two entire kilometers. Mark could clearly remember the mocking gazes of the Merlins along the way, almost driving him crazy. In the end, he was thrown out of the camp by that hateful Beastman.

Mark's way in the Watson Family always had a smooth sailing, so how could he bear with this humiliation, this was more painful than killing him. After all, he was known as the young Archmage of the Watson Family, he was the center of attention wherever he set foot.

He pledged to kill Mafa Merlin and that Beastman...

He hadn't hesitated and beseeched his teacher Rhett, who always spoiled him, to make Mafa Merlin pay the price...

At that time, Mark finally found some comfort.

But...

Ten days, fifteen days, twenty days passed. Such a long time went by but that damned Mafa Merlin had yet to pay the price. Mark once again went to find his teacher, but his answer had been that Mafa Merlin couldn't be touched for the time being...

Mark boiled in anger after getting that answer and just turned and left without saying anything to Rhett. Moreover, he lost all affection for his teacher.

'Does he still think of himself as my teacher?'

'Such a trivial matter and he can't even help me, using an excuse instead.'

'Sh*t, isn't it just a Mafa Merlin? A 6th Rank High Mage? He isn't even as good as Rhett with his 7th Rank Archmage strength. Rhett should be able to sneak in the Merlin Family's camp and kidnap Mafa Merlin...'

From that point on, Mark no longer looked for his teacher. He had already given up on having Rhett avenge him and was looking for another opportunity to retaliate against Mafa Merlin.

And several days later, he suddenly got the news that his grandfather was coming to the Horn of Fertility.

This was like a dream come true to Mark.

Rhett couldn't compare to his grandfather...

His grandfather was also a member of the Ancestral Land's Council.

But his grandfather's influence was several times greater than Rhett's, his authority in the Ancestral Land's Council was second only to that old man who had lived for close to a millennium. As for his strength, he had reached the peak of the 7th Rank a hundred years ago and was infinitely close to the 8th Rank. A few decades ago, Mark's grandfather even fought an 8th Rank Archmage and managed to remain undefeated.

From this, it could be seen how terrifying his power was.

Mark felt pleasantly surprised when he found out that his grandfather was coming to the Horn of Fertility, he no longer felt nervous about dealing with Mafa Merlin.

His doting grandfather coming to the Horn of Fertility meant that he could easily deal with Mafa Merlin.

But, in addition to the joy, Mark Watson was also suspicious. His grandfather rarely left the Ancestral Land, in fact, he had never seen him leave the Ancestral Land...

But these suspicions were quickly drowned by the jubilation.

He had been looking for a suitable opportunity to tell his grandfather what happened to him.

"Mark, what is it?" At this time, the old man standing beside Mark noticed that something was wrong with him and immediately smiled kindly.

If one were to carefully observe them, one would notice that Mark and that old man's faces were somewhat similar.

But this thin old man was wearing a grey robe, with gold and silver lines intertwined on his cuffs, and the aura he was emitting was a few times more powerful than Mark's.

"Grandfather, that guy, it's that guy, he... He..." Mark didn't hesitate and pointed at Lin Yun, telling the whole story before shedding tears, "Grandfather, that damned Mafa Merlin openly provoked the prestige of our Watson Family, my injuries cannot compare to that..."

As he listened, Zeuss Watson's kind expression gradually froze, before being replaced by anger. His dark gaze burst with undisguised killing intent, "He'll die a miserable death..."

After saying this, Zeuss led Mark over to Lin Yun's side. At the same time, Arthus and Rhett who had heard the discussion between the two were instantly startled and quickly followed.

"Mafa Merlin!"

Zeuss quickly reached Lin Yun and locked onto him with a sinister killing intent, sneering as he said, "Are you aware that Mark is my grandson..."

At this time, Zeuss Watson was also insulting Lin Yun inwardly, 'Just as Mark said, he is only a 6th Rank High Mage, he doesn't even have the qualifications to be cannon fodder.'

'A 6th Rank High Mage like you dare to use his authority to seriously injure my grandson? Shouldn't you realize that you would have to face my anger?'

'But it doesn't matter, I shall let you know how terrifying my wrath is...'

"Eh?"

Lin Yun indifferently glanced at Zeuss Watson, with no change in his tone or expression, he remained calm while nodding and saying, "I didn't know before, I do now."

Lin Yun knew that something annoying had come.

In fact, while chatting with Weiss, he had already noticed that the Watson Family had one more powerhouse who was emitting a terrifying aura comparable to an 8th Rank Archmage...

Before Mark's grandfather ran over, Lin Yun was secretly speculating that the Watson Family's Ancestral Land also knew some secrets, otherwise they wouldn't have sent such a formidable old man.

But Lin Yun didn't know whether to laugh or cry, that formidable old man was unexpectedly Mark Watson's grandfather.