

MGE 271

Chapter 271 – Madness of the Invitations

Yang Feng said with a smile: “I will give you 20% of the proceeds from the potion auction. The remaining 80% will be spent on the magic college.

To build a magic college, you needed a lot of money. Although Morrince 2,867th promised to let Yang Feng establish the magic college, but he would not provide any funds. Yang Feng could only rely on himself for everything.

Money was the biggest problem. Without enough gold coins, you could not recruit Wizards as teachers. Whether equipment or materials, all required money.

Garça showed an excited smile: “Good! Earl Ian, rest assured, the whole of St. Tulan City will know of the potion auction.”

As the 6th prince, although Garça earned a lot of money every month, but his expenses were equally great. The monthly salary of his subordinates alone would leave an ordinary aristocrat speechless. More gold coins meant that he could recruit more subordinates.

Yang Feng turned his eyes and then said with a beaming smile: “I have a proposal. Your Highness, please start a rumor first, and then sell invitations. Each invitation is to be sold at 200 gold coins, for a total of 5,000 invitations.”

Garça was slightly surprised, and exclaimed: “Selling invitations!”

In the Morrince Empire, there had never been a case of people who organized auctions to sell invitations. In Garça’s view, Yang Feng was crazy about money.

“I am a Grand Pharmacist. Among the potions that I am going to auction, there is a potion capable of restoring your youthful appearance for 18 days.”

Garça’s eyes brightened. A potion capable of restoring your youthful appearance for 18 days would make countless noble ladies compete for it.

“There is also a potion similar to Dragon Stamina.”

Garça showed a slight smile. That potion would definitely be favored by greater aristocrats.

“There is a potion capable of promoting you to a Knight in one leap!”

Garça’s eyes lit up and flashed with excitement. Many Knight families would fight over this potion.

“Also, there is a potion capable of having level-3 Apprentice Wizards break through the spirit force bottleneck and promote to official Wizards in one fell swoop!”

Garça’s body trembled slightly, and his eyes shone with excitement and greed.

Although the Weave made it difficult for the Feisuo Plane to produce Archwizards and above, but it also facilitated the spawning of countless Apprentice Wizards.

Unlike official Wizards, level-3 Apprentice Wizards were easy to recruit. A potion capable of having level-3 Apprentice Wizards break through the bottleneck and become official Wizards would absolutely cause countless people to fight over it.

Yang Feng continued with a smile: "Is an invitation for an auction with this many miraculous potions worth 200 gold coins?"

Garça laughed loudly: "It's more than worth it!"

For ordinary aristocrats, 200 gold coins was great wealth. However, for true greater aristocrats, this bit was not worth mentioning. Some greater aristocrats who paid particular attention to luxury, would spend thousands of gold coins or even 10,000 gold coins per meal. For the sake of an auction with so many miraculous potions, people would vie over the 200 gold coin invitations.

The St. Tulan City, in the back garden of a luxurious villa.

An 18- or 19-year-old youngster was practicing swordsmanship. He was focused, and every one of the moves were performed in earnest.

A bearded, burly man looked at the youngster, and regret flashed in his eyes.

"Stop! That's enough for today." Just when the youth was getting all sweaty, the bearded man shouted.

The youngster heaved a sigh, and almost collapsed on the ground.

A beautiful maid came over and handed the youngster a hot towel.

The youngster stared hopefully at the bearded man and asked slowly: "Teacher Jay, do I really have no hope at cultivating qi?"

Jay smiled and shifted the subject: "Young Master Carl, you're going to inherit the Salamander Family even if you're not a Knight. There will be countless Knights serving you. When practicing swordsmanship, you should take it as doing a work out."

With an unwilling expression, Carl said in a somewhat shrill voice: "So I really cannot cultivate qi! I can't accept this! My ancestor, Salamander, practiced magic and martial dual cultivation. The qi and magic methods in the family are all the best in the world. Then why, why can't I practice cultivation? Why?"

Jay's eyes glimmered with pity. He watched Carl grow up, so he knew how much effort Carl had put into cultivating magic and martial arts.

No matter what, Carl never gave up on practicing cultivation, and he was several times more hardworking than many aristocratic youngsters.

However, Carl's talent was lacking, and even with the best methods that the world had to offer, he still wasn't able to cultivate magic and martial arts. If nothing unexpected happened, he could only achieve the advanced Warrior rank in his lifetime.

The maidservant standing next to Carl suddenly said: "Young master, I recently heard that there is a Grand Pharmacist called Ian who is going to hold a potion auction in the St. Tulan City. Reportedly, one

of the potions can promote you to a Knight, another one can allow you to cultivate magic, and yet another one can restore your youth.”

“What, there is a potion that can promote you to a Knight?!” Carl’s eyes burst out with a brilliant light, then he looked up at Jay with eyes full of hope and asked expectantly: “Teacher Jay, is there really a potion that can make you a Knight?”

Jay hesitated for a moment before saying: “The power of magic is miraculous, and pharmacy is full of mystery. Perhaps there really is a potions that can turn you into a Knight.”

Magic was a mysterious, broad, and profound existence. Even Legend Wizards couldn’t claim that they knew the entire extent of magic. Although Jay was a Sacred Swordsman rank powerhouse, but he didn’t know much about magic.

Carl asked expectantly: “Jesse, how can I attend the potion auction?”

Jesse hesitated before saying: “I heard that the invitation costs 200 gold coins and that there was a limit of 5,000 invitations. Now, the price of an invitation has been inflated to 300 gold coins.”

Carl smiled slightly and said: “Go get Mr. Luke.”

Jessie gave a curtsy and took her leave

Shortly after, a middle-aged man in butler uniform and with neatly combed hair, who appeared to be very capable and experienced, came up to Carl and said deferentially: “Young Master Carl, what are your orders?”

Carl, carrying the imposing aura of a superordinate, said faintly: “Go get me 5 invitations to the potion auction held by Master Ian.”

Luke replied respectfully and took his leave: “Yes! Young master!”

In a magic laboratory.

A young man dressed in an Apprentice Wizard robe stared at a pale golden invitation in his hands as if it was his life, then his eyes flashed with madness and he mumbled: “A potion that can make you break through the bottleneck and promote to an official Wizard! I must get it!!”

In a room of a luxurious villa.

A middle-aged noblewoman who no longer looked young – even heavy makeup could not hide her age – looked in a mirror and recalled her lost youth. She held a pale golden invitation in her hands, and whispered: “A potion that can restore your youth for 18 days!! I must have this potion!!”

In front of a grocery store of the 6th Prince Garça was a long queue of people, which extended for several kilometers. The gazes of the people in the queue were full of anxiety, as they watched the grocery store and waited for it to open.

There were more than 30 security officers at the entrance of the grocery store in order to maintain law and order.

Finally, the door of the grocery store opened slowly and a voice came from inside: "There are only 500 invitations today."

"Why?!"

"Weren't there supposed to be 5,000 invitations?"

"Why are there only 500 invitations left!"

"..."

The crowd went into an uproar.

2 burly men came out, overlooked the crowd, and said lightly: "Please maintain the queue and enter the store orderly! Each person can purchase up to 2 invitations!"

The security officers took out their batons and stared fiercely at the crowd outside.

No matter how the people outside complained, there was no use. The people in the front of the queue started entering the grocery store.

Every time a person came out of the grocery store, there would be a dozen people surround them and shout: "220 gold coins, I'll give you 220 gold coins for an invitation!"

"I'll give you 250 gold coins for an invitation!"

"I'll give you 280 gold coins for an invitation!"

"..."

Numerous people argued and offered their prices in an attempt to purchase an invitation to the potion auction from others.

Some people sold their invitations and earned hundreds of gold coins. Even more people, after buying the invitations, left under the escort of experts.

The 500 invitations from the grocery store were quickly sold out. Then, a secondary market for reselling the invitations was formed at the door of the grocery store. The invitations circulated continuously as if very precious commodity. Numerous people fought to get an invitation.

Numerous aristocrats, greater aristocrats, Wizards, assassins, Knights, and Druids of the St. Tulan City fought to get an invitation. Yang Feng's potions were of a great temptation, as they could fulfill their wishes.

On the Feisuo Plane, the majority of magic knowledge was in the hands of major forces, with very little knowledge reaching the rest of the world. Pharmacy was a branch of alchemy. To produce a potion, you had to grasp a lot of magic knowledge, use a lot of precious extraordinary plants, and throw magic stones into the mix to act as the catalyst.

A Grand Pharmacist had to be a Great Wizard rank powerhouse or above, yet not every Great Wizard rank powerhouse or above was a Grand Pharmacist. Consequently, Grand Pharmacists were very few in

numbers. On the Feisuo Plane, people who studied magic hardly had the time to get distracted by other things, after all.

Chapter 272 – The Grand Prince André

Inside the mansion of the 6th prince.

Garça was in a great mood, and he said with a beaming smile: “Ha-ha! Ian, we earned a lot. Just a few invitations were sold for 1 million gold coins. You’re really good at making money.”

Of the 1 million gold coins, Garça could get 200,000 gold coins. At the same time, he used those invitations to have many people indebted to him.

In the St. Tulan City, aristocrats and well-to-do merchants were as common as flies, and the 5,000 invitations weren’t enough to cover them all. Many greater aristocrats, who acted a little late, could not buy any invitations despite being wealthy. They could only seek out Garça and put forward a request to buy invitations, leaving them indebted to him.

Yang Feng picked up a glass, rocked the blood-like red wine, took a gentle sip, and showed a smile.

Garça asked curiously: “By the way, why only sell 5,000 invitations? Why not sell more? With the capability of the St. Tulan City, even if we sold 10,000, no, 30,000 invitations, it wouldn’t be an issue!”

There were less than 10 Grand Pharmacists in the Morrince Empire. Among whom, 3 stayed in the palace and only served Morrince 2,867th. Yang Feng was the only one willing to hold a potion auction.

There were many wealthy people in the St. Tulan City. Even if there were 30,000 invitations, they could be easily sold all the same.

Yang Feng replied with a smile: “Things that are scarce are precious. After the contest over the 5,000 invitations is over, their prestige will only increase and they will be more willing to spend a greater amount of money to compete over the potions.”

Garça frowned slightly and said: “Makes sense! However, the 5,000 invitations are obviously not enough. There have been many people coming to me to express their willingness to buy invitations. Some people are so important that even I can’t offend them.”

Despite being the 6th prince with a very noble status, there were still many people whom he couldn’t afford to offend. Only if he sat on the throne, could he ignore most people.

Yang Feng said lightly: “Greater aristocrats and top merchants as well as aristocrats close to us, give them what they want. As for the rest, they don’t matter.”

Garça contemplated for a moment and then revealed a smile: “That’s reasonable!”

Over time, the whole St. Tulan City went crazy over the invitations, and the price of the invitations had inflated to 500 gold coins.

Invitations to the potion auction evolved into a symbol of status, as if the people with invitations were real bigwigs.

10 days later, in a large manor near the St. Tulan City

Luxurious carriages arrived at the large manor from the St. Tulan City.

The pavement of the large manor, which was similar to cement, was very even, and the carriages that drove atop it didn't shook too much.

Near an emerald-like lake, there were numerous tables with different delicacies spread atop them, and beautiful maidservants shuttled between them.

Immaculately dressed men and women stood near those tables. These people were the bigwigs to whom countless people of the Morrince Empire looked up to.

These bigwigs formed circles of 2 or 3 people to chat. Of course, the mysterious potions to be auctioned were the main subject of conversation.

Suddenly, there was a commotion. A handsome man with short blond hair and a gentle smile strode over under the escort of a man and a woman dressed in martial attire.

"Your Highness!" Some of the bigwigs from the faction of the 3rd Prince Porta came over and saluted him. A small circle was quickly formed around Porta.

Shortly after Porta arrived, a young man with a stern-looking expression, facial features similar to those of Porta, and short blond hair arrived with 2 guards dressed in martial attire in tow.

"Your Highness!" Some of the bigwigs close with the 9th Prince Sanair came over and saluted him. A small circle was quickly formed around Sanair.

Almost at the same time, a youngster with short blond hair, who looked like he was only 16 or 17 years old and still possessed the innocence of childhood, came over with 2 good-looking female guards in martial attire in tow. The youngster looked very proud, as if everyone else in the world were beneath him.

"Your Highness!" The bigwigs close with the 13th Prince Sucre came over, saluted him, and quickly formed a small circle around him.

The 3 princes looked at each other, then broke away from their guards and went to meet each other.

Porta had a complicated look in his eyes as he said slowly: "Grand Pharmacist Ian. To be able to recruit a Grand Pharmacist to serve him, Garça has great luck."

Among the alliance formed by the 4 princes, Porta and Garça had the strongest forces. Now that Garça got Yang Feng to help him, he became the one with the strongest force in this loose alliance.

Sucre replied with a smile: "The stronger Garça gets, the better it is for us, right? André is too strong. We need someone who can withstand his pressure."

Sanair nodded silently.

The Great Prince André was wise and valiant. He was the grand marshal of the southern corps and had countless experts as his subordinates. Together, the 4 princes only managed to slightly suppress André.

Of course, the 4 princes joined hands on the surface, but in secret, they hindered each other. If the 4 princes worked together in earnest, then with the strength of their mothers' families behind them, they could completely suppress the Great Prince André.

"Grandmaster Ian!! Grandmaster Ian is here!!"

"Grandmaster Ian, grandmaster Ian arrived!!"

"..."

Suddenly, there was a clamor, and everyone began to look for Yang Feng. Practically everyone present came for Yang Feng's potions.

Under the crowd's watchful gazes, Yang Feng, Garça, and Ulyana, entered the venue under the escort of the Lightning Sacred Swordsman Cassius.

Once he entered the venue, Garça took Yang Feng to the 3 princes.

Garça introduced proudly and arrogantly: "Ian, let me introduce you. This is my brother Porta, this is my brother Sanair, and this is my brother Sucre. Brothers, this is Ian, who is the master of the Miracle City of the Red Earth Wasteland, the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland, a court grandmaster, and a Grand Pharmacist."

Every title represented an identity of Yang Feng, and each identity was very noble. Those identities superimposed were even more noble than the identity of some ordinary princes.

Yang Feng said with a smile: "Hello!"

"Hello, Earl Ian!" The 3 princes greeted very politely. Even Sucre, who wore a proud expression, was not lacking in manners.

"Grandmaster Canales!! Grandmaster Canales is here!!"

"What? Where?"

"..."

When they heard the name Canales, the crowd was a little stunned at first. Suddenly, there was a stir, as everyone was looking for the person in question with excitement in their eyes.

Canales had been famous for decades and was one of the best Grand Pharmacists of the Morrince Empire. He was a legendary figure in the Morrince Empire, who, with the help of his potions, saved 2 Legend Wizards and killed 1 Legend Wizard and 4 Sacred Swordsmen. His life's story was a tale of legends, and he was the most legendary Grand Pharmacist among the several Grand Pharmacists of the Morrince Empire.

Looking very contradictory at a glance, a short yet very young-looking man, who appeared to be in his twenties yet whose eyes were full of vicissitudes, slowly walked over with his hands behind his back and an indifferent expression on his face.

The short man was accompanied by a burly and handsome middle-aged man with dazzling golden hair and domineering demeanor, who seemed to carry the scent of iron and blood.

On the left of the middle-aged man was a handsome man with short red hair, slightly red eyes, and an average build. The abyss of his eyes seemed to contain endless mystery.

Behind the 3 men followed a dozen guards, with each guard exuding a strong aura.

When he saw the 3 men, Porta received a great shock, and his complexion changed dramatically. He said with great difficulty: “André recruited Grandmaster Canales and even a divine descendant of the God of War?”

The middle-aged man with the scent of iron and blood was the Great Prince André, the short man on his right was the Grand Pharmacist Canales, and the young men on his left was Chapero, the 1st successor to the Barrios Family, which was a divine descendant family of the strong divine power rank God of War Barrios.

The complexions of Garça’s group of 4 people became very unsightly.

In general, divine descendants didn’t participate in the imperial power struggles of the Morrince Empire, and they didn’t care who the emperor was. However, there were no absolutes. Similarly, due to all kinds of reasons, there would be divine descendants participating in imperial power struggles. Those who got support from divine descendants would very rarely fail in the imperial power struggles.

When he saw Garça’s group of 4, André walked towards them with his hands behind his back.

Along the way, as if it was a matter of course, the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire had no choice but to part and make way for André.

Chapter 273 – The Grand Pharmacist Canales

Yang Feng’s eyes glimmered with admiration: “The Great Prince André is indeed extraordinary!”

Although the 4 princes were very outstanding, but compared with the Great Prince André, the gap was as wide as the gap between chicken and a phoenix.

However, the more brilliant André was, the more Yang Feng didn’t want him to take the throne. Otherwise, once the former had the authority to control the entire Morrince Empire, Yang Feng would find it very difficult to do what he wanted to.

André came over.

“Brother!” When they saw André approach, the 4 princes greeted him. Their greeting contained traces of both courtesy and fear.

“You are Ian?” André ignored Porta’s group of 4, as he walked up to Yang Feng. He had an air of dominance about him. He asked

Yang Feng replied: “I am Ian, Your Highness André!”

A touch of regret flashed through André’s eyes and he said: “What a pity.”

Canales took a step forward, his indifferent eyes released a brilliant glow, and he said bluntly as if it was a matter of course: "I am Canales. Ian, give me all the potion formulas you have, and I won't make things difficult for you today."

Yang Feng looked at Canales as if he was looking at an idiot and replied indifferently: "Why should I give you my potion formulas and not the other way around?"

Canales was a little stunned, then his eyes surged with anger, and he said with a grim smile: "Fool!! I just wanted your potion formulas. Now, due to your stupidity, I'm going to make you my slave. I'm challenging you to a potion duel! The loser shall be the slave of the winner and give everything of theirs to the winner!!"

Yang Feng asked in reply: "Why should I agree to your challenge?"

Canales sneered, saying: "It's a fair challenge between Pharmacists, and you can't refuse it. However, if you do refuse, I will have the Weave Church expel you. You won't be able to enter any of the temples of the Weave Goddess to pray."

For a devout fanatic, not being able to enter the temple of their god to pray was the most severe punishment.

Canales made his name as a Grand Pharmacist decades ago, and his connections and influence were far beyond Yang Feng's.

Yang Feng said with a grave expression: "You're really vicious!"

Canales laughed wildly and said: "Ha-ha. It's no use! Hand over the potion formulas or become my slave after a potion duel; you only have two choices."

Yang Feng said very calmly: "It seems that I have no choice."

Canales arrogantly threw a golden contract scroll to in front of Yang Feng: "This is the highest level contract scroll of the temple of the God of Contracts, sign it!"

Garça's face changed greatly, then he grabbed Yang Feng's right hand and shouted: "Ian, don't sign it! I can use my influence and make sure that you won't be expelled from the Weave Church."

Canales sneered arrogantly: "Due to an accident, the Pope of the Weave Church was gravely injured when he was young. I saved him with my potions, so now he owes me a favor. Can your influence compare to that of the Pope of the Weave Church?"

Garça's complexion suddenly changed greatly, and he turned silent.

The headquarters of the Weave Church were not in the Morrince Empire. Although Garça, as the 6th prince, had indeed some influence in the Weave Church, yet he could not compare to the Pope of the Weave Church, at all.

Although Canales was very arrogant, but he had the capital to do so. It had been decades since he became a Grand Pharmacist, so god knows how many powerhouses he befriended. In certain domains, his word carried much more weight than that of many princes of the Morrince Empire.

Yang Feng was silent for a moment, then carefully examined the golden magic contract for a while. After he confirmed that there were no mistakes, Yang Feng freed himself from Garça's hand, and signed the contract.

After he signed it, the golden magic contract immediately ignited and turned into 2 golden lights, which landed in the space between the eyebrows of Yang Feng and Canales respectively.

Canales scanned the platform of the potion auction with a glance and smiled, saying: "This platform of the auction is pretty good, it's just right for our duel."

Yang Feng replied: "Good!"

The both of them soon arrived atop the platform.

Canales said lightly: "The rules of this potion duel are as follows – we each have to drink a potion of the other party, and then dispel the magic of the potion. The one to admit defeat loses."

Yang Feng nodded slightly, and agreed with Canales.

A duel between Pharmacists was not fought with spells, but by drinking each other's potions and dispelling the magic therein. Duels between Pharmacists was often decided with a potion.

Yang Feng said with a sincere expression: "Grandmaster Canales, you've made your name as a Grand Pharmacist a long time ago, so as a form of respect, I'll prepare a potion for you to drink first."

Canales smiled faintly and replied: "Respect the old and cherish the young, do you understand this principle? If you want to show me respect, then you should drink the potion I prepare first!"

In a duel between Pharmacists, the party to drink a potion first would be in a complete disadvantage. Unless the gap in power between the parties was big, the party to drink a potion first would absolutely be in a disadvantage.

Yang Feng smiled and said: "No. If I drank first, wouldn't it be akin to claiming that I'm more powerful than you, grandmaster? You should drink first, as you are more powerful than myself, grandmaster. When you drink my potion, you are sure to dispel it with ease."

Canales didn't yield an inch, saying: "I am indeed stronger than you. However, you should be the one to drink my potion first."

André came over, extended a fist towards Yang Feng, and said: "I have either 1 gold coin or 2 gold coins in my hand. If you guess correctly, then Grandmaster Canales will be the one to drink first. Otherwise, you will be the one."

Yang Feng contemplated for a while before saying: "2 gold coins!"

André opened his hand slowly, and, so that everyone could see, revealed 1 gold coin.

André said faintly: "You go first."

Yang Feng replied: "Okay!"

Canales silently chanted an incantation and waved his hand. Magic light flashed and a huge table, which was covered in all kinds of exotic magic ingredients, strangely appeared on the floor.

Canales' eyes flashed with fanaticism, and he said with a smile of excitement: "There are 3,000 kinds of ingredients here. I know that you're not ready, so we'll be using these 3,000 kinds of magic ingredients to refine our potions and have a good match. Of course, if you have your own ingredients to add, that's also not a problem."

Canales was a fanatical Pharmacist who studied pharmacy all his life, and his magic strength was merely at the Archwizard rank. With the help of various precious potions he barely managed to promote to an Archwizard. However, when it came to pharmacy, he was in the top 3 of the Morrince Empire's Grand Pharmacists.

After he finished speaking, Canales no longer paid attention to Yang Feng. He focused his attention on the ingredients, and carefully selected a total of 23 magic ingredients.

In the venue, everyone's eyes were deeply attracted by Canales.

A Grand Pharmacist refining a potion on the spot was a rare sight, which many of the bigwigs present had never witnessed.

On the Feisuo Plane, pharmacy was one of the most mysterious subjects, and very few people could master it.

Yang Feng took a closer look at the 23 magic ingredients, and his eyes flashed with graveness.

Among the 23 ingredients, Yang Feng could only identify 19 of them. The other 4 were extraordinary plants that had yet to be recorded in his database.

After he chose the 23 ingredients, Canales carefully placed a humanoid magic ingredient into a glass beaker, then silently chanted an incantation, pointed with his finger, and cast the level-1 spell Healing Water.

Suddenly, blue healing water appeared, and interwove around the humanoid ingredient. The humanoid ingredient stood upright and issued a piercing shriek.

When the people present heard the shriek of the humanoid ingredient, many ordinary people suddenly felt a pressure in their chest and a fishy taste in their throat, as blood rose from their throat and flowed from the corners of their mouth.

Just as many people began to panic, a Wizard standing behind André silently chanted an incantation, pointed at the platform, and cast a soundproofing spell, completely cutting off the yelling from the humanoid magic ingredient on the platform.

"What a scary magic ingredient!!"

"This ingredient is really scary! Only Wizards can handle such an ingredient!!"

"..."

The eyes of bigwigs flashed with palpitations, as they took out their towels and wiped the blood from the corners of their mouth.

Canales didn't pay attention to those people. After the humanoid magic ingredient was covered by the healing water, he pointed with his finger and a flame instantly enveloped the humanoid ingredient and the healing water.

Under the burning of the flame, the humanoid magic ingredient and the healing water strangely ignited. After the flame finished burning, only a black, greasy liquid remained floating in the beaker. That black, greasy liquid constantly rolled, and occasionally formed fear-inducing faces.

After the humanoid ingredient was dealt with, Canales displayed various techniques, which looked fantastic in the eyes of ordinary people, and began to process the other magic ingredients.

Before long, there were 23 beakers with strange liquids.

Chapter 274 – The Potion Corruption Punishment

Canales poured the 23 liquids into a magic-enhanced beaker.

The 23 liquids churned and rolled. They suddenly formed a face, then churned and turned into a long snake freak with 46 human eyes, and then churned again and formed a freak covered in numerous sharp feelers.

The spectators were stupefied as they watched the potion in the magic beaker surge and roll and form different freaks.

Every freak formed by the potion emitted a savage and ruthless aura.

Canales pointed with his finger, and a flame engulfed the interior of the magic beaker.

The potion immediately ignited, and issued human-like mournful screams.

The flame disappeared a long time later. What was left in the magic beaker was a clear and transparent liquid, which emitted an exotic fragrance.

"Such a nice fragrance!! What is this potion?!"

"The fragrance of this potion is amazing!!"

"What potion is this? I feel comfortable just from smelling it!!"

"As expected of Grandmaster Canales, amazing!"

"..."

When the bigwigs smelt the exotic fragrance, their spirits were lifted, and they revealed smiles. At the same time, they were marveled by the wonderful methods of Canales.

The eyes of Wizards, who had a slight understanding of pharmacy, were full of adoration when they looked at Canales. The methods to handle the 23 magic ingredients were unheard of for them. Besides,

everyone of the 23 ingredients was extremely formidable, and mixing their pharmaceutical properties together was hard beyond belief.

Yang Feng stared at the transparent potion with a look of graveness in his eyes.

Canales stared at the potion in his hand, then nodded his head in satisfaction and said faintly: "Bring him up!"

A tightly bound prisoner was dragged over by 2 guards.

André smiled and said: "This is a prisoner who committed a capital offense. Please have the potion tested on him, Grandmaster Canales."

The prisoner's eyes flashed with alarm and apprehension; he didn't understand why he was brought here.

Canales pointed with his finger, and, while under the influence of a mysterious force, the prisoner opened his mouth.

A drop of the transparent liquid flew out of the magic beaker and landed in the mouth of the prisoner.

The prisoner trembled, his face twisted wildly, and pustules appeared all over his body. He wanted to scream but couldn't. The numerous pustules burst, and strange insects wiggled inside his body. The man's entire body twisted inch by inch until he could no longer be recognized as a person.

When they saw this terrifying scene, the bigwigs felt nauseated. Some people threw up and even more people averted their gazes, not daring look at the terrifying scene.

Canales turned around and sneered: "This is the potion Corruption Punishment. I uncovered it from an ancient potion formula. When ingested, even greater fiends will succumb to it. Ian, do you admit defeat, or do you want to drink the Corruption Punishment!?"

"Corruption Punishment! Isn't that a potion capable of poisoning demigods to death?!"

"It can even poison freaks like greater fiends to death, this potion is really amazing!!"

"..."

The complexions of the experience-rich powerhouses changed dramatically, and they cried out.

Greater fiends were extremely formidable demonic beings of the Ancient Demonic Plane or the Abyss, who could contend with human Legend rank powerhouses and had a great resistance to poisons. In the Abyss, many places were full of substances that were extremely poisonous to humans. Greater fiends, beings who lived in such an environment, naturally had a great resistance to poisons. Some poisons that could even kill human demigods, could be drunk like water by greater fiends.

The potion Corruption Punishment was a poison that possessed a terrific lethality towards greater fiends. During a democalypse before the battle of gods, many greater fiends succumbed to the potion Corruption Punishment. Reportedly, in order to wipe out human Pharmacists, fiends launched an attack and eventually annihilated them. The potion Corruption Punishment had since been lost to the world.

To be able to uncover such a potion like Corruption Punishment from an ancient potion formula, Canales was simply a heaven-defying character.

Garça's face turned extremely pale, and his eyes glimmered with despair.

The potion Corruption Punishment was a poison capable of killing greater fiends, and it was such a fierce poison that even demigods could not resist it. Yang Feng could not resist such a fierce potion.

Porta and the other 2 princes had very complex looks in their eyes, which still contained a hint of joy.

After Yang Feng joined his faction, Garça's power expanded rapidly. This gave rise to resentment in the hearts of the 3 princes.

Canales smirked arrogantly and said: "Surrender, Ian. I'm only half done with the antidote to this potion. Therefore, even if I attempt to rescue you right after you drink the potion Corruption Punishment, you will still be turned into an awful freak. It's not too late, you can still surrender."

As if they were looking at a dead person, gazes full of pity focused on Yang Feng.

Garça struggled for a moment, then parted his lips slightly yet fell silent. Compared to seeing Yang Feng become a slave of Canales, he preferred to see Yang Feng succumb to the potion Corruption Punishment.

With a look of unwillingness, Ulyana hesitated before finally advising: "Ian, forget it. Admit defeat."

Porta's group of 3 princes remained silent.

Under everyone's watchful gazes, Yang Feng pondered for a while, then took out a vial of potion and drank it.

Canales sneered and spat out a single word: "Fool!"

There was no potion that could be taken as a precaution against the potion Corruption Punishment. Unless it was a god, or a demigod powerhouse with great resistance to poisons, it was impossible to resist the ferocious power of the potion Corruption Punishment.

Yang Feng stepped forward, grabbed the beaker with the potion Corruption Punishment, and drank it in one breath.

The moment the potion Corruption Punishment entered his mouth, countless liquid metal nano robots rapidly formed a passageway and firmly wrapped around the Corruption Punishment, guiding it towards his stomach.

Sizzle!! Sizzle!! The potion Corruption Punishment started to frantically corrode the passageway formed from the liquid metal nano robots.

The potion Corruption Punishment could only be stored via a special magic beaker. Otherwise, even steel could be easily corroded.

Yang Feng's face changed dramatically. In a split second, he erupted with Star Knight rank qi. The Warlock life energy inside him surged wildly and nourished the liquid metal nano robots.

Even so, the countless liquid metal nano robots were still being rapidly corroded by the potion Corruption Punishment.

Yang Feng pulled out a sword, stabbed himself in the chest, penetrated his throat, and directly cut out his esophagus with the potion Corruption Punishment.

Following a surge of qi as well as a copious amount of blood, he directly removed the esophagus with the liquid metal nano robots as well as the potion Corruption Punishment and tossed it to the floor.

Sizzle!! Sizzle!! The liquid metal nano robots were completely corroded by the potion Corruption Punishment. At the same time, there was white smoke, and a huge, bottomless pit was corroded into the floor.

A copious amount blood flowed down Yang Feng's cut open chest and dropped to the floor.

Everyone was stunned, as they looked at Yang Feng. They couldn't believe that the potion Corruption Punishment, which was claimed to be capable of even killing demigods, was actually neutralized by Yang Feng in such a savage and decisive way.

Canales couldn't believe his eyes. He pointed at Yang Feng, and asked in a trembling voice: "How can this be? How, how, how can this be?!!"

When he saw this, André's pupils constricted slightly, and his evaluation of Yang Feng improved somewhat: "Such a fierce and clever fellow!"

If the chest of ordinary people was penetrated and their esophagus was cut off, they would definitely die. However, Yang Feng was still alive. People speculated that the potion Yang Feng drank beforehand should have the effect of enhancing his life force.

Yang Feng spat out a magic sentence. Suddenly, healing water appeared and enveloped him.

Under the nourishment of the healing water, the wound on his chest began to heal slowly.

Yang Feng endured the pain, and revealed an exhausted smile, saying: "Grandmaster Canales, it's my turn now, right?"

Canales frowned slightly, and nodded slowly: "It's your turn!"

Yang Feng took a closer look at the ingredients, then went closer, and carefully selected a total of 18 magic ingredients.

Yang Feng took a fist-sized ingredient that looked like blood, placed it in a magic beaker, pointed at, conjured the spell Acid Rain, and poured acid into the magic beaker.

The fist-sized, bloody ingredient grew eyes and mouth, and, under the corrosion of the acid, uttered miserable screams.

Yang Feng pointed, and a flame fell into the magic beaker.

The bloody magic ingredient screamed miserably, as it was being burned by the flame, and eventually, amid its screams, it turned into a black liquid, which churned continuously inside the magic beaker.

“The blood devil fruit can also be processed like this, how amazing! What pharmaceutical properties will it gain?” Canales’ eyes widened, as he stared at Yang Feng and muttered.

Pharmacy was broad and profound, and although Canales was a Grand Pharmacist, yet he still could not fully grasp it.

Chapter 275 – The Potion Dragon Corruption

The 18 magic ingredients were processed into 18 extremely strange liquids by Yang Feng through various, distinct magic methods. As if they possessed life, these liquids surged continuously and made very strange sounds.

Canales stared fixedly at the 18 very strange liquids, and scratched his head as he thought hard. He mumbled: “What potion is this? Why haven’t I heard of it?”

Yang Feng poured the 18 strange liquids into a magic beaker, where they suddenly tossed and boiled.

The 18 liquids interwove and formed a liquid dragon in a flash, which rose into the air and issued extremely mournful dragon roars, as if it had a life of its own.

Yang Feng pointed with his finger and silently recited an incantation. Suddenly, a flame broke out and enveloped the liquid dragon. The liquid dragon ignited and emitted black gas. The liquid dragon was completely purified; it transformed into a pure and transparent liquid, and sank into the magic beaker.

“Amazing.”

“Grand Pharmacists are indeed amazing!”

“It turns out that potions can be refined like this!”

“...”

The eyes of the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire sparkled with admiration as they discussed with excitement. Many people thought that potions were made by grinding magic plants (extraordinary plants) into powder and mixing them according to certain proportions. Now, however, they witnessed Canales and Yang Feng refine potions, and realized that it wasn’t as simple as that.

Yang Feng took the magic beaker, handed it to Canales, and said with a faint smile: “This is the potion Dragon Corruption I uncovered from an ancient potion formula. Even if a dragon were to drink it, they would be corrupted and turned to dust. Grandmaster Canales, it’s still not too late to admit defeat.”

“Dragon Corruption, is this not the potion that was lost in the ancient times?”

“Dragon Corruption, it’s a potion that can even kill dragons! Because he drank the potion Dragon Corruption, the human demigod hero Sain had his divinity corroded, was turned to an ordinary person, and had eventually died.”

“...”

Wizards blurted out in shock. The Wizards were shocked that the lost potion appeared once more in the world.

Dragons were terrifying extraordinary life forms who were even stronger and had greater resistance to poisons than greater fiends. Each dragon had tremendous power and all kinds of frightening resistances. Very few things could poison an adult dragon to death. Some potions could poison human demigods, yet were useless against adult dragons. The potion Dragon Corruption could poison dragons to death. The pharmaceutical properties of this potion were even stronger than those of the potion Corruption Punishment.

Shocked gazes focused on Yang Feng. No one doubted Yang Feng's identity as a Grand Pharmacist anymore.

In addition to the continuous wars among the gods, another important factor why ancient potions were lost was that they were too difficult to refine. Without Grand Pharmacists, it was basically impossible to process a variety of magic ingredients and extract their essence.

Yang Feng's ability to refine ancient potions fully proved his identity as a Grand Pharmacist.

"Dragon Corruption!! Good! Let's see if it can corrupt me!" Canales stared at the beaker in Yang Feng's hand with a look of excitement in his eyes. Immediately after, he took out more than a dozen vials of potions and drank them up in one breath.

When he ingested the dozen vials of potions, Canales' aura suddenly intensified step by step, his body swelled by a size and brimmed with muscles, and a pair of dragon horns sprouted on his forehead, as if he had become a dragonborn of the country of dragons. He was brimming with strength.

"Level-3 Warlock physical constitution, amazing! A Grand Pharmacist indeed!!" Yang Feng carefully looked at Canales. In his right eye, countless data surged, as he quickly scanned and analyzed Canales' condition. He could tell that after Canales drank the dozen vials of potions, his life force was stimulated, and he climbed to the peak level-3 Warlock realm in one fell swoop.

Of course, Canales only used the power of the potions to temporarily gain the peak level-3 Warlock realm physique. Once the effect wore off, he would revert to his original state. Until then, however, the peak level-3 Warlock rank physique could allow him to resist the corrosion from many potions.

Canales grabbed the beaker with Dragon Corruption. His right hand trembled as he stared at Dragon Corruption with excitement and fear. The excitement came from the fact that he could see a new ancient potion, the fear came from the fact that the ancient potion could claim his life at any time.

With the potion Dragon Corruption in hand, Canales suddenly looked up at Yang Feng and said: "Ian, I don't want to die yet! If I can't resist the power of the Dragon Corruption, please save me. I want to study more potions! A Grand Pharmacist slave should be of great use to you."

The eyes of everyone in André's group flashed gloomily.

Garça, on the other hand, was all smiles.

Porta and the other 2 princes looked very calm, and they had complex looks in their eyes. Garça's influence was boosted greatly by the addition of a Grand Pharmacist to his ranks. If Canales, who was a

famous Grand Pharmacist, were to join his ranks as well, then Garça's strength would increase even more.

Canales was a Grand Pharmacist with a decades-long-fame, and even the Pope of the Weave Church was indebted to him. God knows how many more powerhouses were indebted to him.

Yang Feng smiled and said: "Good! If you can't withstand the power of the potion, then extend your thumb and I'll save you."

Canales smiled in relief. He looked at the potion Dragon Corruption with excitement and fear, and then drank it up.

Once the potion Dragon Corruption entered his stomach, Canales quickly drank up vials of potions he prepared beforehand.

In less than a second, Canales' complexion changed dramatically, then he collapsed to the ground, wailed, spat out a large mouthful of blood mixed with numerous elixirs, and struggled in pain. At the same time, he extended his thumb with great difficulty.

The Dragon Corruption was a potion capable of poisoning dragons to death. Although Canales was a most outstanding Grand Pharmacist of the Morrince Empire, but he still wasn't able to resist such a terrifying potion.

Yang Feng immediately stepped forward and poured a vial of white potion into Canales' mouth.

After drinking the white potion, Canales' complexion recovered a little. He gritted his teeth and said faintly: "I admit defeat."

At the moment when Canales admitted defeat, the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire showed complex looks. They just witnessed the fall of one legend and the birth of another one.

André stepped forward. While exuding an imposing aura, he stared at Yang Feng and said gravely: "Earl Ian, I am willing to give you the Guiza Marquisdom in exchange for the freedom of Grandmaster Canales. Please give him back his freedom."

"A Marquisdom!! As expected of His Highness!"

"To use a marquisdom in exchange for Grandmaster Canales' freedom, His Highness is really benevolent!"

"..."

The bigwigs of the Morrince Empire praised sincerely, while full of envy.

A marquisdom was something that even many Sacred Swordsmen had no way to obtain after struggling for a lifetime. In order to become a hereditary peer baron, the Lightning Sacred Swordsman Cassius joined Yang Feng's ranks. A marquisdom, on the other hand, could even move some Legend Wizards.

After he drank a few vials of potions and recovered his strength, Canales sighed lightly and said faintly: "You bet, you pay. Since I lost, I will be Sir Ian's slave from today on. André, there's no need for you to waste a marquisdom to plead for me."

Yang Feng said with a smile: "Yes, Your Highness André. Although Grandmaster Canales is my slave. However, I will not treat him as a slave and instead, will treat him as a research partner, a potion research partner."

Canales was a Grand Pharmacist. Just his ability to refine a variety of potions was enough for Yang Feng to treat him well. No one in their right mind would treat a Grand Pharmacist like Canales as a slave.

André suddenly smiled and made a very domineeringly recruitment speech: "Garça isn't really a wise master. Ian, I appreciate you very much. As long as you side with me, I will settle the conflict between you and the Hansen Family. Besides, when I ascend the throne, I won't let anyone interfere with the Red Earth Wasteland."

Garça's complexion suddenly changed greatly. He was very clear about the gap between him and André. In front of everyone, André proceeded to recruit Yang Feng, and offered such generous conditions. Once Yang Feng accepted it, Garça's power would suffer greatly.

Yang Feng smiled and said: "I'm very sorry. Although I do admire Your Highness' graceful bearing, but unfortunately, I have already joined the ranks of His Highness Garça and can only decline your kindness."

If Yang Feng was an aboriginal of the Feisuo Plane, he might have chosen to join André's faction just now. However, he was from the Cangzhi Plane, and he came here in order to become a god who stood high among the stars. Joining André's faction was not in his interest.

"It's a pity. However, my doors are always open for you. Please think it over again!" André didn't get angry, and instead, had admiration flash in his eyes. He turned around and strode away along with his retinue.

Chapter 276 – Madness of the Potions

Yang Feng looked at André's back, and his eyes flashed with graveness. He contemplated for a while. Then, he clapped his hands. 2 beautiful maids stepped out and helped Grandmaster Canales down the platform. He also went down the platform.

Dressed in a black dress with a deep décolleté that partially exposed her ample, milky-white chest and slender, graceful legs, a sexy and beautiful woman walked towards the center of the platform with a merry smile on her face.

"Hello, everyone, I am Kath, the auctioneer for the potion auction! The potions auctioned in this auction were refined by Grand Pharmacist Ian, and have all kinds of mysterious and fantastic powers! The potions here can fulfill all your desires! The auction starts now!" Kath's seductive voice echoed in the area. Just a few words from her evoked desires in everyone.

A beautiful maidservant slowly went next to Kath with a vial of a purple potion in hand.

"This is the potion Memories of Youth! When ingested, it enables you to recover your youth for 18 days. This potion was by chance refined by Grandmaster Ian. There are only 3 vials, and this auction only holds a 1 vial."

When they heard Kath, the breathing of old gentlewomen who no longer looked beautiful sped up, and they stared at the potion Memories of Youth with ravenous eyes.

If there was a good deal of vials of Memories of Youth, these gentlewomen would slowly compete over them and divide them among themselves. But there was only 1 vial, so they had no choice but to go all out. Everyone else was their enemy.

“The auction of the potion Memories of Youth starts now. The minimum bid is 1,000 gold coins, for a 100 gold coins bid increment. Begin!”

“1,100 gold coins!”

“1,300 gold coins!”

“...”

Kath’s words had just fallen, when the eyes of the old gentlewomen turned bloodshot, and they madly increased the bidding price. The bidding price for the potion Memories of Youth easily broke through the 3,000 gold coins mark, then rushed towards the 4,000 gold coins before overtaking it. After breaking through the 5,000 gold coins mark, the increase in the bidding price began to slow down.

An old lady with wrinkled skin and white hair, who despite the heavy makeup could not conceal the wrinkles all over her face, cried out: “10,000 gold coins!”

Another old lady, who also wore heavy makeup, shouted loudly: “13,000 gold coins!!”

“14,000 gold coins!!”

“...”

After the affluent gentlewomen started bidding, the bidding price for the potion Memories of Youth rose wildly.

Her eyes bloodshot, the old lady who offered 10,000 gold coins eventually quoted a sky-high bid: “30,000 gold coins!”

When they heard the sky-high bid of 30,000 gold coins, the other gentlewomen finally calmed down and became silent. If it was a potion that could completely restore a person’s youth, then it would not end with 30,000 gold coins. However, to spend 30,000 gold coins to recover their youth for 18 days, even those gentlewomen would have to think it over.

“30,000 gold coins! Going once!” Kath looked around and paused a little, then smiled sweetly and continued: “Going twice, sold.”

Kath smiled sweetly and said: “Madam Pina, if you pay now and use the potion on the spot, then I have the authority to lower the price by 1,000 gold coins. Would you like to pay and use the potion now?”

“Of course!” Said Madam Pina a little impatiently. She stepped forward, took out 3 10,000 gold coins cheques, handed them to Kath, took the vial of potion, and drank it up.

A cyan magic light enveloped Madam Pina. The numerous wrinkles on her face slowly faded away, revealing an exceedingly fascinating and charming appearance. Her dry and skinny body was full of

vitality, becoming moist and full of luster. Her wizened and saggy twin peaks became plump and supple, standing proudly upright.

In just a dozen seconds, an old lady who, despite the heavy makeup, looked somewhat ugly became a top beauty with an exceedingly fascinating and charming body full of luster.

When she was young, Madam Pina was a gorgeous woman whose beauty illuminated the imperial capital. As she was rich, she cherished Memories of Youth all the more. Simultaneously, she was eager to regain her youth.

The old lady with wrinkled skin and white hair turned into a peerless beauty. This made the eyes of the old ladies of the same generation as Madam Pina overcome with jealousy, as if they wanted to swallow her whole.

Madam Pina immediately took out a shiny bronze mirror she carried with her and looked at the gorgeous woman in the mirror. Then, she looked at her youthful and energetic hands. Brimming with excitement and emotions, 2 streams of sparkling tears flowed down her cheeks.

Madam Pina smiled merrily, took the check Kath handed her, and graciously made her way back.

An elegant middle-aged man in his fifties came to Madam Pina with a smile and praised: “Madam Pina, you really are as beautiful as rumored.”

One after another, middle-aged men attracted by Madam Pina’s beauty, surrounded her and complimented and flattered her just like when she was young.

The old ladies of the same generation as Madam Pina gnashed their teeth and stared at Pina with regret and jealousy in their eyes. Many of them could take out more gold coins than that, but they didn’t think that it was worth to spend so many gold coins for 18 days of youth. However, after they saw Madam Pina, they were filled with regret.

When the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire saw this, they felt slightly shocked. If they missed those precious potions, they might never get another chance to get a hold of them.

A touch of appreciation flashed in Yang Feng’s eyes, and he said with a smile: “Great! This auctioneer is good!”

This little stunt of Kath’s gave rise to a sense of competition among the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire. It was conceivable that they would vie over the following potions with even more zest.

Garça said with a smile: “Ilan, if you like, I can give her to you.”

A mere auctioneer wasn’t worth much in Garça’s eyes, and even a beautiful auctioneer wasn’t worth mentioning.

Yang Feng said with a smile: “Alright!”

In a few words, the fate of Kath, this beautiful auctioneer, was decided. This was the strength of power.

While holding a small vial of a blood-red potion, Kath said with a sweet smile: “The next potion to be auctioned is Commendation to Knights! This is a potion that Grandmaster Ilan refined with great care.

With it, an ordinary person who went through a certain amount of Knight training can produce powerful qi in one fell swoop. Similarly, this vial of Commendation to Knights can also help Knights to break through the Sky Knight, Firmament Knight, and even Star Knight bottlenecks. This is absolutely a commendation to Knights left by the mighty gods in the secular world. The minimum bid for Commendation to Knights is at 10,000 gold coins, for a 1,000 gold coins bid increment”

“30,000 gold coins!!”

Kath’s words had just fallen, when Young Master Carl of the Salamander Family shouted somewhat impatiently. He had to get the potion Commendation to Knights at all costs.

“31,000 gold coins!”

“...”

After a moment’s silence, the bigwigs began to flex their muscles, and the bidding price for Commendation to Knights was quickly raised. Powerhouses who devoted themselves to the pursuit of the peak of the martial path were definitely eager to acquire the potion Commendation to Knights. A vial of Commendation to Knights could buy you the services of a Firmament Knight with an exalted status, which was certainly a good deal when it came to these bigwigs.

The bidding price for the potion Commendation to Knights soon broke through the 100,000 gold coins mark, and then continued to race until 300,000 gold coins mark before slowing down.

After all, the potion Commendation to Knights could guarantee the promotion to the Knight rank, yet could not guarantee the promotion to the Star Knight rank. If the potion could guarantee the promotion to the Star Knight rank, then its price would be in the range of millions of gold coins.

“400,000 gold coins!” When the bidding price for the potion Commendation to Knights reached 350,000 gold coins, Carl yelled a sky-high price with eyes bloodshot, shocking everyone.

“400,000 gold coins! Going once!” Kath looked around and paused a little, then smiled sweetly and continued: “Going twice, sold.”

Carl strode forward, took out 4 100,000 gold coins cheques, handed them to Kath, took the vial of Commendation to Knights, and drank it in one go.

A powerful life force instantly permeated Carl’s body. It circulated in the meridians according to his family’s cultivation method, breaking through powerful barriers and stimulating his body’s vitality. Powerful qi gushed out of his body.

Graveness flashed past the eyes of an extraordinary Firmament Knight, and he said solemnly: “Great Knight! This is the cultivation base of a Great Knight!!”

“Great Knight! Carl, the sole heir of the Salamander Family, was unable to cultivate qi since birth. Yet now, he became a Great Knight in one stroke! What a powerful potion!”

“Amazing, what an amazing potion!! Worthy of a product refined by a Grand Pharmacist!!”

“...”

Gazes of envy and jealousy focused on Carl.

It was well known among the upper class that the sole heir to the Salamander Family was unable to cultivate martial arts and magic. After being examined by numerous experts of the martial path, it was concluded that Carl could not become a Knight rank powerhouse. Today, however, a potion solved everything.

Chapter 277 – Arthur and Beth

“Qi!! This is qi! This is my qi!!” Carl opened his eyes and felt the changes in his body. His eyes were overcome with excitement, and he faced the sky and issued a howl. 2 lines of clear tears flowed down his cheeks.

Over the years, Carl was clear that, although no one dared to say it to his face, many people secretly mocked him as a waste. There were many people in the Salamander Family who secretly wanted to replace him. As the Salamander Family was founded with military merit, a strong martial mentality pervaded the family. Thus, as he couldn’t cultivate qi, people didn’t approve of him as the heir to the family.

Now Carl took a leap and became a Great Knight. Besides, he opened his meridians due to the power of the potion. From today on, his path on cultivation would be smooth. He was no longer a waste unable to practice cultivation.

Full of confidence, Carl strode towards Yang Feng and said with a smile: “Grandmaster Ian, I am Carl, the successor of the Salamander Family. Thank you for your potion. I’m indebted to you. If there is anything you need in the future, you can come to the Salamander Family to see me!”

Yang Feng replied with a smile: “Carl, I’m just selling my potions. You were the one who bought it, so there is no need to thank me.”

Carl smiled frankly, saying: “Ha-ha, good! Grandmaster Ian, can I make friends with you?”

Yang Feng replied with a smile: “Sure!”

Carl’s transformation was clearly perceived by everyone. The bigwigs of the Morrince Empire became even crazier in their competition for the various potions that Yang Feng sold.

Yang Feng had put out 100 vials of potions, which were quickly snapped up. He raised about 20 million gold coins.

Garça could hardly suppress his smile. From the more than 20 million gold coins, his share amounted to more than 4 million gold coins. This huge sum of money was enough for him to recruit more experts and buy more weapons and equipment.

Before the madness over the potion auction ended, Yang Feng slowly stepped onto the platform.

Becky followed closely behind Yang Feng.

The big shots of the Morrince Empire stared at Yang Feng with awe in their eyes.

Grandmaster Pharmacist Ian could change a person's destiny with a potion. Unless they were driven into despair, the bigwigs of the Morrince Empire would not offend such a powerhouse.

Yang Feng casually pointed at Becky beside him and said softly: "I am Ian. I want to make an announcement. I obtained His Majesty's permission to establish a magic college in the St. Tulan City, a college dedicated to the grooming of Wizards. His Majesty will serve as the dean of this magic college, while I will serve as the vice-dean. If you're interested, you can ask her for more information."

When they heard that, the eyes of the bigwigs turned bloodshot, and they stared at Becky with a scorching light in their eyes.

Becky felt a bit scared when she saw the gazes of the big shots.

Below the realm of the gods, magic power was one of the strongest forces on the Feisuo Plane. A Wizard corps commanded by Archwizards could kill a dozen human Sacred Swordsmen in a direct confrontation.

Human Sacred Swordsmen were practitioners with strong offense yet weak defense. With a sword in hand, they could even kill Great Warlock rank powerhouses. However, once they were a certain distance away, they could get hit by spells and get seriously wounded or killed before they could retaliate. For instance, the level-1 spell Fireball could cause serious damage and the level-2 spell Fire Arrow Blast could lead to death.

By then, the only tactic Sacred Swordsmen could employ to fight Wizards was to keep the Wizards from locking onto their position and to kill the opponent before the other party conjured their spells. Of course, powerful Sacred Swordsmen could slice a level-2 offensive spell apart with a sword strike. However, their resistance to the various curse spells was extremely low, and they could not avoid them. They could only use their qi to strengthen their resistance.

Although Wizards were this powerful, but due to the Weave as well as the inheritance method of Wizards being antiquated, the number of Wizards was very low.

Wizards were this common in the St. Tulan City because it was the capital of the Morrince Empire. In some remote cities, on the other hand, it was very difficult to spot a Wizard.

An official Wizard had a very high status in the Morrince Empire. The status of an official Wizard was comparable to that of an aristocrat, and they could enjoy the privileges that many aristocrats did. This was an opportunity for many commoners to get ahead.

Many greater aristocrats had multiple successors. However, only the first successors could inherit their title, fief, and most of their assets. The rest of the successor could usually only inherit some meager assets, and then fend for themselves.

When the greater aristocrats heard that a magic college was about to be established, they started eyeing the identities of students of the magic college. Once their family could produce a Wizard, it would not only increase their strength, but would also bring better prospects to their sons who would not inherit much.

Yang Feng turned around and left the platform once he made the announcement.

The bigwigs surrounded Becky.

A rather handsome middle-aged man with two thin strokes of mustache came up to Becky and asked with a gentle expression: "Little Becky, why haven't you come to my home to play recently? Lisa misses you a lot!"

When she saw the middle-aged man, surprise flashed in the abyss of her eyes: "Uncle Edwin."

Becky used to go to Lisa's home to play frequently. Every time she saw Edwin, she could feel deep pride and a vague disdain hidden behind his courtesy. When she grew up, Becky realized that Edwin didn't want his daughter to have contact with her, who was the daughter of a commoner.

Even if it was a Sacred Swordsman, but if they weren't a high-ranking Sacred Swordsman with great power in the court of the Morrince Empire, greater aristocrats would give them face and would not offend them on the surface yet would look down on them in secret.

Greater aristocrats didn't invite ordinary Sacred Swordsmen to upper class gatherings.

Now, however, Edwin took the initiative to approach Becky, and his attitude was very humble, which unwittingly gave rise to a peculiar feeling inside her.

The bigwigs of the Morrince Empire approached Becky in order to get from her some information on the magic college Yang Feng was about to establish.

Surrounded by big shots, Becky vanity was greatly satisfied. Then, she explained to them what Yang Feng briefed her in.

Via various channels, what happened in the potion auction was quickly spread throughout the St. Tulan City, causing a stir.

Numerous people were restless due to the magic college that was about to be established, and numerous big shots were eager to get invitations to the magic college through various channels.

The inheritance of magic on the Feisuo Plane was very antiquated. Apart from the systematic inheritance of the court masters, the rest would be recruited by Wizards during their travels. When they came across youngsters who were suitable for the cultivation of magic and were to their liking, they would recruit them and nurture them.

Some eccentric Wizards would devote themselves to magic without even considering the matter of taking in disciples. When such Wizards died, their inheritance would be discontinued. Only if luck was on their side, would some people get magic books or magic notes left behind by such Wizards and become new Apprentice Wizards.

Apart from some Wizard families, even some greater aristocrats could only get hold of some very ordinary magic books, finding it very difficult to nurture a Wizard.

Now that Yang Feng was going to open the first college specialized in nurturing Wizards in the St. Tulan City, this naturally caused a great sensation.

Greater aristocrats skeptical of Yang Feng's strength just had to investigate Yang Feng's track record before dispelling their doubts.

Yang Feng was a court grandmaster with 59 official Wizards, who were qualified to become teachers of the magic college, in his ranks

With the guidance from the 59 official Wizards, people could become Apprentice Wizards so long as their aptitude wasn't too lacking.

In the slums of the St. Tulan City, in an alley with flowing sewage where human and animal excrement could be smelt everywhere.

An extremely skinny boy with an unhealthy appearance due to malnutrition and messy short hair stuck out his head from a dark corner and carefully surveyed the scene for a while. Then, he cautiously came to a shabby house, pushed open the door, and entered.

Inside, there was an emaciated girl of 11 or 12 years of age with big, bright eyes. The girl looked somewhat adorable due to her bright eyes.

"Arthur." The little girl greeted the short-haired boy when she saw him.

Arthur looked at his sister fondly, then carefully took out a fist-sized piece of black bread from his bosom and said tenderly: "Beth, I brought you something to eat."

There was a look of excitement in the little girl's eyes, and she thought for a moment. She took out two old bowls, poured water inside, handed one to her big brother Arthur, and said very thoughtfully: "Arthur, let's eat together."

Arthur swallowed a mouthful of saliva. With difficulty, he moved his gaze away from the black bread, saying: "I've eaten, I've just eaten a piece of white bread thrown away by an aristocrat, so I'm not hungry."

Rumble, Arthur's stomach protested, which sounded particularly loud in the empty house.

Beth's eyes turned misty. Then, with a steady look in her big, bright eyes, she handed the bowl of water to Arthur.

Arthur no longer insisted. He took out a dagger and cut the hard black bread, which was even harder than a piece of wood, into two halves. He handed Beth the big half: "Let's share it then!"

Chapter 278 – Ian's Order

Beth took a piece of black bread that was harder than wood, soaked it in the water for a long time, and then nibbled on it like a weasel.

"Beth, I heard that Court Grandmaster Ian is going to open a magic college in the St. Tulan City. If you're 10 years of age or older, you can go to the magic college to study. If you're magic aptitude is strong enough, the tuition fee will be waived and you'll even get 3 silver coins to 1 gold coin per month as allowance. I'm going to take the aptitude test, I want to give it a try." Arthur slowly extended his hands. Apart from his fingers, the rest was covered in various injuries. His arms were also covered with lash marks and knife scars.

As a thief at the bottom of society, Arthur struggled in the slums for his and his younger sister's sake. Therefore, injuries were a very common occurrence.

Once a thief was caught red-handed, being battered was very common. If they were discovered stealing from an aristocrat, being beaten to death for their poor foresight was also a possibility.

Arthur had seen a thief who stole money from an aristocrat being beaten to death and have their body thrown into a sewage ditch after being caught. At the time, nobody dared to take care of the body.

Arthur was once cruelly tortured when he was caught red-handed, leaving scars all over his body.

Beth raised her head and looked at Arthur with a look of adoration, saying: "Brother, you are the best and will definitely become a Wizard!"

Arthur's eyes sparkled with intelligence, and he said gravely: "Let's go together. Like this, even if just one of us joins the magic college, our fates will still be changed."

Beth murmured with a look of fear in her eyes: "But brother, isn't it dangerous outside? Jenna was taken not long ago."

The slums were very dangerous for pretty-looking girls. Once they were found out, they would be captured by gangsters to be sold or reduced to prostitutes, effectively destroying their lives.

The reason why Arthur was so careful was that he didn't want others discover that he had a fairly pretty sister, as that would be disastrous to the both of them.

"Put these clothes on, and let's go." Arthur handed Beth a black robe and said gravely.

Beth put on the black robe, which was obviously too long, so part of it was being dragged on the ground. The black robe covered her completely.

Arthur opened the door, stuck out his head, carefully surveyed the scene outside for a while, waved his hand, and went out.

When she went outside, Beth followed behind Arthur like a tail.

Arthur carefully shuttled through the streets and alleys of the slums with Beth in tow, trying to avoid the gazes of people.

After passing through one street after another, Arthur took Beth to a place at the edge of the slums.

"Arthur, where do you think you're going?" Suddenly, they heard a loud voice. A somewhat thin, middle-aged man with a haggard appearance stepped out from the side and blocked the path of Arthur and his sister. Looking at the siblings, the middle-aged man revealed a sneer.

When he saw the middle-aged man, Arthur's pupils shrank slightly. There was a look of fear in his eyes. With a flick of his wrist, a dagger appeared in his right hand.

The middle-aged man, whose real name was Tim, was known as the Viper in the slums. He was a member of the gang Black Poker, which was notorious for human trafficking. They would capture young girls from the slums and sell them to aristocrats or brothels.

Everyone in the slums hated the Viper and them, but there was nothing they could do about them. As long as the people of the Black Poker didn't leave the slums and harass the commoners and aristocrats of the St. Tulan City, the security hall would not mobilize to wipe them out.

Arthur replied gloomily, stressing each syllable: "Tim, I'm going out, get out of the way!"

In the slums, you had to learn to be tough. You could not show any sign of weakness. Otherwise, numerous mutts would pounce at you and tear you to shreds.

Tim sneered and took out a dagger with a flick of his wrist. As if it had a life of its own, the dagger spun around in his hand before being grabbed in a reverse-grip: "Little shit, you dare to threaten me with a dagger? That's so foolish. Don't you know that there are no more than 3 people here who are better at wielding daggers than I am?"

Tim licked his lips in a perverted manner and said with an excited smile: "The person next to you is your sister, Beth, right? Her friend, Jenna, confessed everything yesterday while I was plowing her."

Beth's petite body shivered slightly, and she bit her lips tightly. She didn't expect that Jenna, whom she considered to be a good friend, would betray her.

Arthur's face twisted slightly, and he said in a loud voice: "Tim, we are going to study magic at the magic college established by Grandmaster Ian. Grandmaster Ian has ordered that no one is to obstruct those who are going to take the aptitude test. Do you want to oppose Grandmaster Ian?"

Tim's face changed slightly, and he hesitated for a moment. Next, his eyes flashed with determination and killing intent, and he said coldly: "Now you did it! I only wanted to take your sister, have fun with her, and then sell her off. Now, however, it looks like I can only kill the both of you. Otherwise, once you learn magic, and then come back for revenge, I will be a goner. Besides, who would know that you wanted to go to the magic college to study once I kill you and throw you into a sewage ditch?"

"Scum, you got some nerves to disobey Sir Ian's orders." Said a voice full of contempt. A middle-aged man dressed in a black Wizard robe approached under the escort of a heavy-armored Knight.

A burly middle-aged man with a gloomy expression and a black eye-patch followed behind the Wizard and Knight duo.

As soon as Tim saw the one-eyed man, his complexion changed dramatically, and he exclaimed: "Boss!"

The one-eyed man was the One-Eyed Dragon, the boss of the underground force Black Poker of the slums. Just his name could make anyone in the slums shudder.

The One-Eyed Dragon's face changed greatly, and he snapped in frustration: "Bastard, why haven't you put away your dagger yet?"

With a flick of his wrist, the dagger disappeared from sight.

The middle-aged Wizard said coldly: "Band, what have we talked about? Do you treat Sir Ian's orders as hot air?"

With a look of flattery on his face, the One-Eyed Dragon Band said fawningly: "Sir, I wouldn't dare. I'll teach Tim a lesson when we go back! No! I'll teach him a lesson he will never forget when we go back, so that everyone knows the consequence of going against Sir's orders."

When Arthur saw the One-Eyed Dragon Band fawning expression, he could hardly believe his eyes. Band had always been an arrogant bully in everyone's eyes. Now, however, he was as meek as a lapdog in front of the middle-aged Wizard. It was the first time that the immature boy realized the weight the word 'Wizard' carried.

"A lesson? Only death can atone drags who violate Sir's orders!" Sneered the middle-aged Wizard. He silently recited an incantation and pointed at Tim.

A fireball suddenly appeared and slammed into Tim.

"Ah!" Tim screamed and struggled in pain, as he was covered by fire. He was turned into a charred corpse, and collapsed to the ground.

The members of the Black Poker felt aggrieved when they saw this, and they glared at the middle-aged Wizard.

The middle-aged Wizard scanned the members of the Black Poker with an arrogant look, and asked coldly: "Do you have any complaints?"

The Knight guarding in front of the middle-aged Wizard burst out with frightening Great Knight rank qi, shocking the gangsters.

A Great Knight rank powerhouse alone could eradicate the Black Poker to a man.

The face of the One-Eyed Dragon Band was covered in sweat as he replied fawningly: "No, no! You did well, Sir!!"

The gangsters lowered their heads and no longer dared to look at the middle-aged Wizard.

The middle-aged Wizard said coldly: "If anyone else is intercepted while on their way to the magic college, then the Black Poker might as well cease to exist. If you anger Sir, you will be tossed into a sewage ditch, understood?"

The One-Eyed Dragon Band replied fawningly: "Yes! Yes! I understand. There won't be anyone disobeying Grandmaster Ian's orders. However, if someone dares to disobey, I'll kill them myself!!"

In the slums, the Black Poker seemed to be a tyrant. However, in the eyes of real big shots, it was no more than an ant. A random greater aristocrat, so long as they dispatched a few Knight rank powerhouses, could completely erase the Black Poker. The reason why the gang was still not erased was that no one wanted to do that.

Every year, the Black Poker secretly made offerings to some greater aristocrats in exchange for protection. However, the Black Poker was clear that once some bigwig decided to act against them, their backer would not fight the other bigwig for their sake, they would just leave them to fend for themselves.

Chapter 279 – Yang Feng's Disciples

Arthur came up to the middle-aged Wizard and thanked him respectfully: "Sir, I am Arthur, and this is my sister, Beth. Thank you very much for helping us."

Beth bowed slightly to the middle-aged Wizard in salute and said respectfully: "Thank you, Sir!"

The middle-aged Wizard swept the pair of siblings with a glance and said with aloofness and concealed disdain: "Don't thank me. I'm just following Sir Ian's orders."

"Let's go!" After leaving behind a few words indifferently, the middle-aged Wizard strode outside the slums under the escorts of the Great Knight rank powerhouse. He didn't want to spend a minute longer in the sewage-infested, reeking slums.

Arthur detected the hidden disdain in the words of the middle-aged Wizard. He understood that the middle-aged Wizard was only following Sir Ian's orders and had no good will towards the both of them.

Arthur very astutely followed behind the middle-aged Wizard with his sister and quickly left the slums.

The Black Poker didn't dare to make any troubles for Arthur, and helplessly watched him leave the slums with his sister.

Once Arthur left the slums with his sister, he headed to the west of the St. Tulan City.

After crossing one street after another, a huge and imposing college under construction with an area of over 300 hectares appeared in front of the siblings.

This huge college with an area of more than 300 hectares was the magic college Yang Feng spent a huge sum to build.

There huge magic college had 4 gates. Numerous luxury carriages gathered in front of the east gate, with many young men and women dressed in aristocratic clothes forming circles of different sizes.

Arthur looked at the east gate, then turned and took his sister to the north gate of the magic college.

In front of the north gate of the magic college gathered numerous commoner and peasant youngsters dressed in ordinary attires, forming long queues. These youngsters came to Yang Feng's magic college with the dream of changing their destiny.

So long as they were wealthy and were willing to donate a huge sum of money, and given that their cultivation aptitude wasn't too lacking, aristocratic children could directly enroll into the magic college established by Yang Feng. As for commoner and peasant youngsters, those who had extraordinary cultivation aptitudes would be exempt from tuition fees and would get a monthly allowance.

The north gate of the magic college was an opportunity for commoner and peasant youngsters to come into contact with the world of magic.

Every time the north gate of the magic college opened, there would be 200 to 300 commoner and peasant youngsters pour into it. Before long, the majority of the commoner and peasant youngsters would return with looks of disappointment. Every time, only 1 or 2 youngsters looked excited, eager to

tell everyone that they qualified. More often than not, all youngsters in a batch would have gloomy expressions upon return.

The tremendous crowd ahead of them rapidly decreased. Simultaneously, more people kept coming. Slowly, there were many youngsters behind Arthur and his sister.

Hours later, it was finally the turn of Arthur and his sister. The siblings followed 200 youngsters into the north gate of the magic college and entered a vast room engraved with numerous profound and mysterious magic runes.

Inside the room sat a middle-aged Wizard with a rigid expression. He snapped his finger, and the room suddenly grew dark.

Seeing the room turn dark, the youngsters panicked and made noise.

Arthur put himself in front of Beth and drew his dagger, looking alert.

The middle-aged Wizard barked imposingly: "Keep quiet and don't talk! Otherwise, get out immediately."

The youngsters quieted down upon hearing the middle-aged Wizard. This was a fate-changing opportunity, so they could not let it slip past their fingers.

The middle-aged Wizard chanted an incantation and pointed with his finger. A crystal ball in front of him glowed with magic radiance.

The magic runes inside the room lit up and strange fluctuations of magic shrouded the youngsters in the room.

Light with different degrees of brightness rose from the youngsters. The light coming from the majority of the youngsters was dim. The light coming from Arthur and Beth resembled 2 suns – 1 small and 1 big, suppressing the light emitted by the other youngsters.

"Geniuses! 2 geniuses! That's great, I found 2 geniuses!" Full of excitement, the voice of the middle-aged Wizard trembled when he saw the lights shining alike 2 suns – 1 small and 1 big.

"I have to report this to Sir!" The middle-aged Wizard took out a communications crystal and poured a tremendous amount of spirit force inside.

Yang Feng's indifferent yet dignified voice came from the crystal: "What is it, Fitts?"

Fitts said respectfully: "Sir Vice-Dean, I found 2 geniuses, no, 2 exceptional geniuses. They should be commoners or peasants."

"Exceptional geniuses? Interesting. I'll be right there." Not long after Yang Feng's voice faded, white light flashed, and the whole room was illuminated brightly.

The gazes of the youngsters were attracted by the light source, only to see Yang Feng covered in sacred radiance step out from the light as if a god treading in the secular world.

When he came out, Yang Feng saw the 2 children, Arthur and Beth, emit light as bright as 2 suns – 1 small and 1 big.

Yang Feng's eyes glimmered with joy and the corners of his mouth rose slightly: "I picked up a treasure."

From the magic light emitted by Arthur and Beth, you could tell that Arthur had a superior level-6 soul aptitude and Beth had an intermediate level-7 soul aptitude. They were both geniuses when it came to the cultivation on the Warlock path and the Wizard path.

Warlock cultivation and Wizard cultivation were very similar to begin with, just that Warlock secret methods emphasized both the cultivation of physique as well as spirit force, and they were a notch better than the meditation methods of the Feisuo Plane that solely focused on the cultivation of spirit force. So long as these 2 geniuses were carefully polished, they would shine brilliantly.

"I am Ian, the vice-dean of the magic college. What are your names?" Yang Feng walked towards Arthur and Beth. Along the way, the youngsters in front of him were slowly pushed aside by a gentle force, making way for him to reach Arthur and Beth.

Arthur looked up at Yang Feng and said excitedly in a loud voice: "My name is Arthur, and this is my sister, Beth!"

Yang Feng smiled gently and asked: "Arthur, Beth, I want to accept the both of you as my disciples. Are you willing?"

Arthur felt very excited. Astutely, he pulled his sister to prostrate on the ground and said deferentially: "We are more than willing. Sir Vice-Dean, please accept us as your disciples."

A random Wizard of the magic college could already berate the One-Eyed Dragon Band, who was the number one big shot of the slums, like a dog. Band didn't dare to make a sound at the time. For such a bigwig as the vice-dean of the magic college to personally accept them as disciples, Arthur was clear what it meant. Simultaneously, he didn't dare to be the least bit arrogant for fear of missing this chance.

Yang Feng said with a smile: "Get up!"

A gentle force covered Arthur and Beth and made them stand up.

Gazes of envy and jealousy, which Arthur could clearly perceive, focused on them.

Even the middle-aged Wizard had envy flash past his eyes, aware that the fates of the siblings would be changed greatly.

Yang Feng pointed, a white light enveloped him and the siblings, and they disappeared from the room.

The middle-aged Wizard's eyes fell on the youngsters in the room, and he said indifferently: "You are not qualified to get a scholarship, go back."

Aristocratic youngsters, even if they were lacking in terms of qualifications, were still eligible to enter the magic college Yang Feng established to study magic once they paid a huge sum of money. Commoner and peasant youngsters, on the other hand, had to be geniuses to enter the magic college to learn magic knowledge.

Yang Feng could not and did not want to change this aristocratic supremacy custom. After all, it took a lot of money to keep a magic college running. If it wasn't for the huge amount of money aristocratic

children brought him in, the magic college wouldn't be able to function as it didn't had financial support from the Morrince Empire.

The youngsters could only leave the room with forlorn looks.

In another luxuriously decorated room, Yang Feng and the siblings appeared in the room with a flash of light.

Dressed in a cyan martial attire, Becky came up to Yang Feng and greeted respectfully: "Sir!"

These days, Becky had been working at Yang Feng's side. She slowly shed her temper of an entitled brat and became a very competent secretary.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Becky, these 2 are my disciples starting today. Take them and teach them the rules."

Becky gave Arthur and Beth an envious look, and then replied respectfully: "Yes! Sir!"

Yang Feng disappeared with a flash of light.

Becky looked at Yang Feng's fading back with longing in her eyes, then turned around and said full of dignity: "My name is Becky. You can call me Big Sister Becky. Now follow me. I will teach you the rules here."

Arthur replied very astutely: "Yes! Big Sister Becky!"

Beth followed suit: "Yes! Big Sister Becky!"

Chapter 280 – Unveiling of the Magic College

Before the magic college opened officially, Yang Feng found more than 30 commoner and peasant youngsters and 8 lesser aristocrat and ordinary aristocrat youngsters with inferior level-6 soul aptitude or higher.

There were about 500 youngsters with level-5 soul aptitude, including youngsters with superior level-5 soul aptitude. The youngsters who promised to join the Miracle City were exempted from all tuition fees and would receive a monthly allowance. Other youngsters had to pay an exorbitant tuition fee to be eligible to enroll into the college.

For the first phase, more than 1,300 youngsters, with over 1,000 youngsters paying for admission, were enrolled. The other 300 youngsters were exempted from all tuition fees and would receive an allowance every month. Of course, they would become the exclusive Wizards of the Miracle City after their studies were concluded.

Yang Feng established the magic collage to nurture a large number of Wizards for the Miracle City in the first place. As for the aristocratic youngsters who paid the tuition fee to join the college, it was to give face to greater aristocrats on one hand and to achieve a virtuous cycle in the magic college on the other hand.

The cultivation of magic required the consumption of a lot of precious materials. Therefore, without enough money, you could not study magic, at all. As such, many Wizards resorted to siding with the greater aristocracy or imperial court in order to get enough funds to study magic and carry out magic research.

On the Feisuo Plane, there were fairly few roaming Wizards. Besides, their cultivation bases and the knowledge they grasped were generally much weaker than those of Wizards who joined the ranks of major forces.

Time flew by and 3 month later passed just like that.

After spending a month in the St. Tulan City, the Great Prince André returned to the southern corps. After all, he was the commander-in-chief and could not easily leave the army camp.

The imposing and vast magic college was finally built under everyone's gazes. Along with the completion of the magic college, the funds he raised in the potion auction were almost completely depleted, with only less than 1 million gold coins remaining.

On the day of the unveiling of the magic college, numerous big shots flocked from all over and gathered in the St. Tulan City in hopes of forging a relationship with Yang Feng.

The magic college was the first college in the Morrince Empire dedicated to nurturing Wizards, and it was open to everyone. No matter how poor their aptitude was, if they had money and an aristocratic identity, they could enter the magic college to study after paying a sizable contribution. Therefore, this college attracted many aristocrats and tycoons.

It should be mentioned that previously, even if they were children of greater aristocrats, Wizards would still not recruit them as disciples if their talent in magic cultivation was lacking.

Besides, the children of tycoons, even more so, had no means to enter in contact with magic. Now that the magic academy was established, even peasants got a chance to enroll, which naturally aroused the adulation of numerous tycoons.

Numerous aristocrats and tycoons flocked over from all over the Morrince Empire, eager to forge a relationship with Yang Feng. Their children could become students in the next enrollment of the magic college and learn magic knowledge.

Yang Feng, wearing a black Wizard gown, was followed by Barros and 4 Great Wizards.

For the position of teachers of the magic college, Yang Feng chose his subordinated court masters, the Wizards of the 13th magic brigade.

"Sir, it's amazing, you really established a magic college." Following behind Yang Feng, Barros looked at the bigwigs, who rushed over from all over the Morrince Empire, with a look of veneration in his eyes.

The 4 Great Wizards also had a look of veneration in their eyes as they looked at Yang Feng's back.

Yang Feng established the first magic college ever and was the vice-dean of the magic college. As his subordinates, they would be recorded in history books together with Yang Feng, and become the targets of reverence from countless people.

The establishment of the magic college not only required a large number of teachers, but also required a large amount of money as well as connections. For him to be able to establish the magic college in the St. Tulan City, where land was crazy expensive, was simply heaven-defying.

Once the magic college was in operation, the Wizards to come out of the magic college, who were Yang Feng's students, would form a powerful force in the Morrince Empire.

"His Highness Garça arrived!" Following a sonorous voice, Garça and Ulyana, surrounded by dozens of guards, walked towards Yang Feng. As if a shadow, Goyena silently made up the rear.

With a spirited smile on his face, Garça opened a box and handed it to Yang Feng: "Ian, congratulations on establishing the magic college. This is my congratulatory gift to you."

Yang Feng took a look at the box, then his eyes flashed with graveness, and he said solemnly: "Your Highness, this gift is too precious."

Inside the box were 2 1 million gold coins cheques. For Yang Feng, the 2 million gold coins were a timely help and a very lavish gift.

With a smile on his face, Garça stated: "Accept it. We are on the same side, so there is no need to be polite."

Yang Feng thought it over, then took the 2 million gold coins with a smile on his face: "Thank you, Your Highness!"

Garça's smile grew brighter when he saw Yang Feng accept the 2 million gold coins. Once Yang Feng formally became the vice-dean of the magic college, his status in the Morrince Empire would only continue to improve. Garça naturally wanted to win over a bigwig with such a sublime status very much.

"2 million gold coins. Garça, that's really extravagant of you." Following a faint laughter, Porta and the other 2 princes came over.

Garça looked at the 3 princes and frowned slightly.

With Yang Feng's increase in power, Garça's power rose accordingly, and a large number of forces joined his ranks. Among the factions that fought against the Great Prince André, his was already the dominant one. Porta and the other 2 princes came together and joined hands under the pressure from Garça.

With a complex look in his eyes, Porta smiled slightly and handed 3 boxes to Yang Feng: "Grandmaster Ian, congratulations on establishing the magic college. This is our congratulatory gift to you

"Thank you very much." With a smile, Yang Feng received the 3 boxes and handed them to Becky standing beside him. He understood that the gifts inside the 3 boxes wouldn't be too precious.

"His Majesty Morrince 2,867th arrived!" Suddenly, a loud voice came from outside.

Escorted by 4 Sacred Swordsmen, 20 Star Knights, and 100 Firmament Knights, Morrince 2,867th walked over. He was accompanied by a Legend Wizard in a red Wizard robe, with a square face, white hair and beard, and very smooth and well maintained skin.

“Greetings, Your Majesty!” With looks of astonishment in their eyes, the big shots stooped and respectfully saluted Morrince 2,867th.

On the Feisuo Plane, greater aristocrats only had to kneel on one knee the first time they were enfeoffed when greeting an emperor. Rest of the time, they only had to bow in salute. Only during a prayer would greater aristocrats prostrate themselves on the ground to show their respect for the gods.

On the Feisuo Plane, the gods were supreme beings.

When Yang Feng and company saw Morrince 2,867th, they promptly stepped forward and walked up to Morrince 2,867th, bowed slightly in salute, and said: “Greetings, Your Majesty!”

Morrince 2,867th nodded somewhat pleased and said in praise: “Not bad, Ian. You’ve done a good job. You managed to establish the magic college in such a short time, very good.”

Without a change in expression, Yang Feng said with false flattery: “Thank you for your blessing, Your Majesty. Without Your Majesty’s strong support, it would be impossible to establish the magic college.”

“Ha-ha, well said. Without my support, the magic college could not be built, at all.” His face glowing with health, Morrince 2,867th’s attributed all the credit to himself. After contemplating for a moment, he continued: “However, Ian, you are just an Archwizard. If you assume the position of vice-dean, you will find it too difficult to manage the whole magic college. This is Grandmaster Carril, a Legend Wizard. He came to assume the position of vice-dean of the magic college, which would do justice to the position.

Yang Feng’s complexion changed slightly and his heart sank. It took him a lot of effort to establish the magic college. Besides, he already appointed himself as the vice-dean. Now Morrince 2,867th wanted to take away everything from him with just words. An extremely cold killing intent surged in the depths of his heart and numerous ideas fleshed through his mind.

Porta and the other 2 princes were slightly stunned at first, then showed a look of schadenfreude as they watched Yang Feng.

His complexion pale, Garça clenched his fists, yet didn’t utter a word. He didn’t dare to confront Morrince 2,867th.

Her little face slightly pale, Ulyana gritted her teeth and argued: “Imperial Father, Earl Ian worked hard and spent tens of millions of gold coins to build the magic college. He didn’t took a single gold coin from the imperial treasury. Therefore, by right, it should be his private property.”