

## The Mafia 371

Chapter 371 Last Items of the Night?

In the blink of an eye, the first two hours of the auction had passed, and most of the auctioned items had been sold.

After Seal of Spirits, the fights for the following two resources calmed down a bit, and the 12th and 13th items sold for 1,000 and 1,100 gold coins, respectively.

The values were lower than the items auctioned in previous rounds, but this was because there were more disputes than usual over some of the 3rd-grade items that went first in the auction.

In these rounds, Viscount Symons won another valuable item for his family. In contrast, the members of the Millfall Awakening Temple won their first item of the night.

After rounds 14 and 15, Livia had taken the item that had brought her to Millfall, Blister Avens, after paying 1,400 coins, having suffered from Shelby's entry into the fray.

After seeing Livia bidding on that item in succession, Shelby entered the dispute only to raise the cost of acquiring that resource for her rival.

In doing so, she had succeeded, and Livia had paid more than she should have because of what she had done earlier.

In the 15th round, the item had sold for 1,300 gold coins, purchased by a visitor from Millfall, a provincial nobleman who was there only to participate in the auction that evening.

Then, in the 16th round, the competition had gotten a little tougher, with an item capable of manipulating the minds of even High-level Mages raising the bar for the auction and practically everyone in the VIP rooms bidding.

The winning bid for Draught of Mind Control was 1,800 coins from a Mid-level Mage passing through Millfall for the event.

After his win, many groups ignored the 17th round and began gathering to talk about the post-auction.

Some didn't have enough coins to bid on the 17th item of the night, which had a starting price of over a thousand gold coins.

Looking ahead to the end of the event in a few tens of minutes, those who hadn't won anything yet were more focused on forming alliances than participating in the final rounds.

Only the strongest and richest continued to bid, resulting in the 17th item being auctioned off for 1,700 gold coins to Viscount Symons, who had finished his purchases for the evening.

The items at the end of the auction were definitely better than those at the beginning, as they were arranged according to their market value.

The first item was the one with the lowest market value, while the last item of the night was the one with the highest market value.

But between the lowest and highest values, some features could be more or less attractive to the audience present, and disputes like Livia and Shelby's could occur.

That's why some items could have much higher final auction values than those with higher market value.

Finally, auctioneer Joshua had just announced the result of the 18th dispute of the evening, a special fluid sold for 1,900 gold coins to a group of nobles from Millfall.

That brought us to the final part of the auction, where the last two items of the night, the most valuable of all, were up for sale.

In the midst of this, Shelby, Vicente, Layla, and the members of The Faceless Ones faction were more anxious than ever, knowing that the event would soon be over and it would be time for them to act.

In the VIP room where Sarah Mercer was, she clenched her fists and said to her companion. "In 20 minutes at the most, the auction will be over. After that, the winners of the rounds will go to the

collection area of this building, where everyone should receive their items in no more than 20 minutes. Tell our men to get ready to start our operation in 40 minutes.

I want them to entertain the 3rd-stage basilisk and the rest of the Mazzanti family to force Cesar to act alone. If he tries to join the post-auction adventure, he'll have to do it alone!"

"What if he has no interest in doing so?"

"That is unlikely. He has a lot to gain by trying to act against local or external powers tonight." She replied to this Low-level Mage. "But if that happens, we'll take care of him before he gets to his property."

"Okay."

"But I believe he will move against the Viscount. They have too much history for him not to do something tonight. And considering the number of items Viscount Symons has bought, it's quite likely that several of those present here will try to attack him tonight."

The man looked around and saw that many of the balconies of the VIP rooms were empty, a sign that the many competitors were probably meeting there to discuss the post-auction.

"If he does what I expect, we'll wait for him to fight and tire before we act!"

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Meanwhile, Vicente was in his VIP room with Layla, talking about something similar to the enemies he didn't even know he'd be facing tonight.

"We're going to watch Viscount Symons after he leaves the auction," Vicente said to Leyla. "I think other auction participants will attack him, so it would be a good idea to let the first of our 'invisible allies' act against him first.

Let them wear each other down before we join the 'fun.'" Vicente told Layla, who had already agreed to participate in his plans for the evening, so that he would be free to deal with Jasmine's situation more quickly.

Layla knew that the Viscount would continue to prevent Cesar from solving Jasmine's problem as long as he was alive. So she had agreed to join this man in attacking the Viscount and his family that night.

She wasn't there to fight side by side with Vicente against the strongest man in town. Her goal was to increase the chaos around the Viscount and the Symons family in order to help Vice and Shelby with their plans.

She obviously didn't know about Shelby's involvement with him. Still, she was aware that other associates of Cesar would be involved in the action against the Symons family tonight.

When she heard Vicente's words, she said. "I will try to raise the flames around the Symons family and make the exchanges you have asked me to make. But if I realize that I'm in danger of being recognized or losing my life, I'll run away no matter what."

"Don't worry, I don't expect you to do more than that." Vicente agreed when he saw Shelby looking in his direction.

He nodded to her, indicating that he was ready for the post-auction.

As Shelby understood Vicente's silent message, the auctioneer started the penultimate round of today's event!

Chapter 372 Last Auction Item?

In the 19th round of the auction, Sir Joshua presented everyone with the second most valuable item of the evening, a mineral with a volume of more than 2 cubic meters.

As he unveiled the large, bluish, and partially gray rock that glowed in the colors of the rainbow, he revealed what the penultimate item was.

"This is Ekacrinite, an extremely rare mineral normally found in the Hungry Canyon."

The moment the origin of that mineral was mentioned, everyone at the auction opened their mouths in surprise, realizing it came from one of the most powerful areas on the continent, located in the central part of the Polaris Empire.

The Seidel Kingdom was located in the southeast of the continent, one of the most common areas of these lands, bordering the ocean to the east of the continent and two other states.

However, 90% of the Seidel Kingdom's border was with a single state, the Chutha Dynasty, which was also part of this southeastern region.

The central part of the continent was very far from this area of Scott Province, so much so that news from there didn't even reach here.

Such a place was just a distant name that young people learned when they studied the Polaris Realm map or when adults talked about special items.

Almost every high-level special item originated from one of the states in the central or western region of the continent, so older or powerful people would talk about such places whenever they dealt with high-level items. Another time someone in that place would think of such an area was when they thought of powerful sects and clans because the strongest on the continent and the headquarters of the Congregation of Revelation were located there.

For this reason, when everyone at the auction heard about an item from this special place, they became more interested in it.

The last two items in the auction had their reports sent to the VIP rooms after the presentation, so no one there expected something so unique to be presented now.

The auctioneer continued. "As you can imagine, this is no ordinary mineral. Coming from the most important area of the continent, it is naturally valuable.

In fact, it contains some of the strongest metals on the entire continent!

This piece of rock, weighing about 9 tons, is the smallest part of a 50-ton rock that the kingdom recently received from one of its contacts. But even though it's the smallest and least condensed part of that rock, this one is still valuable to even the best 3rd-stage blacksmiths.

Given its size, it can be used to produce dozens or hundreds of artifacts, depending on the blacksmith's skill and the type of project.

Due to the properties of this ore, any item made from it will have a great ability to absorb mana and conduct powers based on the elements of the blacksmith who uses it.

Any item made with the metals from this rock will have a greater resistance and durability than those made with other materials, which will naturally increase the final value of these artifacts since they will require less maintenance.

Therefore, the starting value for this rock is 1,400 gold coins, with a minimum increase of 50 coins." He announced as people like Benson and Henry began to get agitated in their VIP rooms.

'This rock is magnificent.' Vicente thought to himself, imagining that such ore would be very useful for him and Benson to develop the robotic armor they had begun to study.

As he thought this, Benson looked toward Henry, his great rival in the local blacksmith's association.

'That bastard... I hope he's not competing with me. This item could be essential for Vicente to complete my first project.' He thought as he saw his rival with a smiling expression, obviously interested in the ore.

But not only the blacksmiths there were interested in the ore in question. Noble or wealthy powers often bought valuable materials, even if they didn't have the professionals in their families to use them.

But that made sense. Wasn't it better to take valuable items off the market and be the only one with the means to create incredible artifacts with such good materials?

A family that managed to win the battle for that item could negotiate a small amount of ore with a blacksmith, hire his services to create any type of item they desired, and still maintain the exclusivity of the resources made with that material.

For this reason, it was not uncommon for non-specialized powers to purchase valuable materials from certain specializations.

When the bidding began, more than 10 people were bidding on the item.

"1,500 gold coins!"

"1,550 coins!"

"1,700!"

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"2,150 coins!"

"2,200 gold coins!" Benson shouted as five other people, including Henry, continued to compete with him.

Soon, the highest bid for the ore reached 3,000 gold coins when Benson finally withdrew from the dispute, as that was his coin limit.

Vicente couldn't help his master because no matter how interesting the item might be to them, he had priorities with his family that wouldn't allow him to spend so much on something that wouldn't be of much use in the short term.

Vicente had about 20,000 gold coins worth, counting everything he owned. But the Mazzanti family was currently costing him about a thousand gold coins a month in wages.

In addition to wages, he had to invest in materials and growing opportunities for more than 100 people, from his soldiers to the family's professionals, like Casey and Lukas.

On the other hand, the family currently earned less than a thousand gold coins, as they were still suffering from old contracts and had not yet begun to profit from the operations left behind by the Defiant Tyranny or the Scarlet Syndicate.

So he couldn't afford to spend more than three months of his family's business like this!

But he understood his master's frustration, and he couldn't help but feel nervous as more bids pushed the price of this ore up.

Then Henry made another bid. "3,400 gold coins!"

With that bid, no one else made a better offer, and soon, the auctioneer ended the penultimate contest.

With item number 19 sold to Henry, it was finally time for the auction to enter its final round, the most important of the evening for everyone there.

After this round, it would be time for the event to end and for the winners of each round to collect their items in the theater's collection area. Then, the busiest night in the city for months would begin!

Sir Joshua would soon present the final item of the evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we now come to the final round of bidding for the evening.

I present to you the most valuable item of this event, the Necklace of Innocent Flowers, a defensive item at first glance, but also something capable of increasing its wearer's elemental affinity with the elements of the Light Path!"

Chapter 373 End of the Auction?

"Can it increase its user's elemental affinity?"

"Is that serious? Something like that could change a magician's life!"

"Having something like this would be like having an item that can increase a person's talents!"

"Is this really serious? Why would someone sell such a special item?"

Several people in the common area or VIP lounges started talking to each other, impressed by the last item of the evening.



"This is really unexpected," Shelby muttered as Molly and Mira stared in shock at the beautiful necklace on a display bust on the stage.

How could an item that good be sold? It was simple. One man's trash could be another man's priceless jewel.

Auctions were basically run by people who wanted to sell their valuable items for above-market value.

Normally, auction items would be discounted from their market value, but this was just a tactic by the organizers to get more people to bid at the auction's beginning.

Many people became competitive after entering the contest. They ended up bidding more than they would have if they had thought the situation through. But in the heat of the moment, even renowned magicians could become more susceptible to paying a little more for valuable items.

That way, organizations like the royal family could profit better, while the owners of the items being auctioned could get rid of them at more attractive prices.

So, these items came from people who were trying to raise capital for whatever reason. Sometimes, they were magicians who no longer had much use for such items or resources because of their stage or because of needs that could arise in anyone's life.

In any case, these auctions rarely included items that belonged to the organizers of the event and usually only items belonging to people who no longer had any interest in such items or really needed to sell them safely.

As a result, ordinary people could have access to fantastic resources like the one on the auction stage right now!

'This is really fantastic.' Torne commented to Vicente. 'Master, if you can get that necklace, it will be amazing for you.'

One's talent couldn't change once they had awakened their magical powers. However, the use of external items or resources could improve individual talents.

For example, a magician's ability to absorb knowledge, mana, or the essence of a resource, and so on, depended greatly on their talent. But while talents couldn't be changed, there were things in this world that could specifically improve some of those abilities.

For example, you could use an artifact that makes complex spells easier to understand, which could enable people with lower talents to learn things of a higher quality, normally indicated for those with higher talents. Such an item wouldn't necessarily improve that magician's resource absorption speed, but it would improve one of the things related to the talent.

This was just an example. In this world, there were everything from items that provided very specific improvements, like the one mentioned, to things that could improve several different aspects of a magician.

In the case of the necklace being auctioned, it could improve a magician's elemental affinity with the elements of the Light Path, something that could help them speed up their cultivation and the development of their powers.

There were only two ways in this world: the Light Path and the Dark Path. Anything that wasn't dark was light, and vice versa. It wasn't just dark and light. It was about elements like ice, poison, everything that existed.

The Light Path had most of the elements on its side, so that necklace was a useful item for most magicians!

Torne continued. 'With such an artifact, you could develop your first magical form more quickly, master.'

'I know, but this item will cost even more than the previous one... Besides, if I get it, everyone at this auction will be after me.' Vicente commented to Torne, aware of the advantages of having such an item but also aware of what it would mean for him to win the battle for it.

He was a mere Acolyte. He was an easy target for the many Mages attending this event who didn't know him.

As much as he wasn't easy and being underestimated might help him, facing dozens of Mages would be a problem even for the current him. Not only that, even if he could defeat all of them, it still wouldn't be good.

He would attract a lot of families and provincial forces, many of them with revenge motives, while others would just want to steal his item.

As long as he didn't become a powerful magician, having such a valuable item would be a problem for him. At the same time, he would irritate people at that stage every time he went to defend his possession.

Buying something like that at a public event like this would be a big problem for someone who wanted peace to develop his business!

Layla commented. "This item is truly fantastic. I imagine even a Sovereign could use it and benefit from it."

Layla wasn't wrong.

Talent limited destiny, but it didn't set insurmountable limits. There were ways to advance even with low talent. For example, some Sovereigns had relatively low talents. For such people, a 3rd-grade item that could increase their elemental affinity could really help them become stronger faster.

Vicente agreed. "Whoever buys this necklace will have gigantic problems. But whoever has it in their hands tonight will have a great advantage."

There would certainly be a fight over it later. If the person who bought the item died, there was a good chance the item would end up in the hands of someone who no one would know owned it.

That was the person who could enjoy the benefits of such a resource!

Until then, it would be a long way to go for anyone interested in it.

The auctioneer said. "The starting price for the Necklace of Innocent Flowers is 2,100 gold coins, with a minimum bid of 100 coins!"

After Sir Joshua's speech, the bidding for the last item of the evening soon began, quickly surpassing the value of the previous item until it reached a price of 4,200 gold coins.

As the number of bidders for the item dwindled, there were only a few more bids until a visitor from Millfall purchased the item for a whopping 4,600 coins, the highest price of the evening!

With that, the most important auction of the year for Millfall ended, with dozens of people rejoicing at what they had seen that evening and many Mages looking forward to the end of the auction.

It was almost time for the new owners of the night's 20 items to make sure these items stayed with them!

### Chapter 374 Leaving the Theater

At the end of the auction, all those who hadn't won at least one item in the 20 rounds were asked to leave the auction, and several event staff members escorted them out.

Meanwhile, the event organizers asked the winners of each round to wait at their venues until all non-essential staff and event attendees had left the local theater building.

Amid this, Livia was in her VIP room with her group, and one of Nicolas' men had already learned who the level 5 person was who had caught everyone's attention earlier.

"Cesar Mazzanti, huh? So this Acolyte is the local underworld leader in Millfall." Nicolas muttered after hearing the basics of Vicente's alternate identity.

"He sounds like the kind of person not to be underestimated." Livia's advisor said. "To grow and dominate a city like this in such a short time, he must be talented in magic but also clever in his strategies.

No one can achieve what he has by luck alone."

"He's just an Acolyte. Why do you think so much of him?" Livia asked her advisor. "Besides, he's from Millfall. What's there to be proud of? Compared to Dryhaven, this place seems like the end of the world."

Her advisor shook his head negatively, not liking this side of his young lady. "Don't be so quick to judge this situation. This young man named Cesar is only at the beginning of his journey. Where he started doesn't really matter.

He could leave this town or expand his operations elsewhere in a year or two. I wouldn't be surprised if we start hearing about him from the big shots in Saltstar City in three years or so."

"You think that much of this person?" Nicolas looked at the old Mid-level Mage from the Norris family.

"Not that I think much of him. I hardly know him. But he seems to have what it takes to become someone great. All he has to do is defeat those who will surely try to kill him along the way.

That's not an easy task, so I don't know if he'll be able to reach the potential he seems to have. But if he does, he will likely become as big a name as Warmaster."

"Warmaster?" Livia and Nicolas heard one of the ways the province's biggest underworld member was referred to.

"Then let's keep an eye on him," Nicolas commented, accepting the advice of Livia's old advisor.

Maybe something like that wouldn't happen, but it would be interesting for him and Livia not to be on Cesar's bad side if it did.

Even if Cesar was a mobster and they were children of nobility, it might be interesting for them not to annoy him for nothing.

While they were talking about this, an auction official knocked on their door and invited them to the item collection area at the back of the theater building.

The same thing happened with all the other winners of the evening, so 14 groups found themselves at the back of the building, in a place that looked like where the products of a large market arrived.

There were a few wagons and many dismantled structures, with boxes here and there.

Vicente and Layla stood side by side, avoiding looking at anyone they shouldn't have. Meanwhile, Livia looked at Shelby, who was there with Molly and Mira, as well as some of her family's guards.

Nicolas watched Vicente without drawing attention to himself, while the Viscount had this young man with black hair and a mask on his face in his eyes.

'Cesar... Cesar... You're not going to challenge me tonight, are you?' He thought in a good mood, wondering if today was the day he would solve his problems with such a person.

Marcus also stared at Vicente, who was the reason he had been under house arrest for days. Luckily, everything had worked out for him in the end, and now his father seemed to have the same thoughts about Cesar as he had.

'If you act up tonight, you'll die, Cesar.' He thought, 'But even if you escape, you won't last long. We'll take care of you right after my wedding!'

Amidst the silence in this area, several Mages looked at Shelby, who had won a high-value item even though she was only an Acolyte.

'I'll take care of this girl right after we leave this place.' A Low-level Mage from outside, Millfall thought as he smiled.

It wasn't just people who didn't get the items they wanted at the auction that had nefarious intentions for the post-auction. Several of the winners of the items auctioned that night were watching their competitors in the area at the back of the theater, determined to go after some of those people to increase their winnings.

That was the case with a level 5 Acolyte, who was interested in the plant Vicente had purchased.

'I'll take care of that bastard as soon as he thinks he's safe.' He thought to himself.

Meanwhile, the only two groups that seemed to have no interest in their items were the group of members of the local Awakening Temple, and the woman shrouded in darkness.

The temple members were not interested in joining the nocturnal adventure that would take place after they left the building.

As for Miss Death's emissary, she still hadn't decided what to do.

'My orders were only for Fear Anise. But I should waste the opportunity in my hands...' She looked at the people, not feeling that the Mages there would be a challenge for her.

As she discreetly watched the people there, she looked at Vicente, that young man in a mask who gave her a strange feeling.

'Why do I keep looking at this Acolyte?' She asked herself, looking up and down at Vicente but seeing nothing at first glance that could justify her feeling.

'I would understand if he were a powerful Mage of the element of light or even darkness. But he has affinities with Lightning and Earth.' She easily sensed the affinities of Vicente's first gem.

Sensing the elemental affinities of a person close to you was something extremely difficult that only the most talented and powerful magicians could do!

That was the case with this woman, but she still couldn't understand where this strange sensation she felt when she looked at the masked man came from.

He didn't seem to be a Dark Path magician with deeper elemental affinities than hers. On the other hand, he also didn't seem to be a magician with a strong affinity to the nemesis element of darkness, which could also justify the feeling of apprehension she felt when looking at him.

'I will follow with you to see you in action. The way several mages are watching you, I think you'll be joining the action later. I'll see what kind of powers you have before I decide what to do.' She subtly clenched one of her fists.

At that moment, the auction representatives arrived with the resources of the night's winners and quickly handed the items over to their new owners!

#### Chapter 375 The Beginning of the Chase (1)

After a few minutes, the auction members handed over the twenty items to their respective owners, with each group handing over the items in the order specified by the auction.

Contrary to what one might think, the first item to be delivered was not the first to be sold that night, but the last. Since the last items were usually more valuable, they were worth more. As a

courtesy of the organization, these most valuable items were delivered first, giving their respective owners the chance to leave the auction house first.

However, this was not an efficient strategy in terms of security for the auction winners and only served to get the most valuable items to their new owners more quickly.

There was no way for the auction organization to protect its customers 100%. Other organizations have tried various strategies in the past to ensure the safety of their customers and to prevent post-auction fights or theft.

But nothing was foolproof, and sooner or later, problems always arose.

Before the royal family of this state started holding auctions, the auction trade in the kingdom was free, and many of these events took place monthly throughout the state. Some auction houses even kept their participants' identities secret, using complex schemes so that none of the participants saw each other, special exits from the auction site, and using as few people as possible at the events.

But those interested in circumventing the laws always found loopholes, which hurt auction houses like these that tried their best to protect their customers more than others.

After all, if an auction house promised safety to its customers and its schemes failed, it would lose all credibility, and both sellers and buyers would lose interest in doing business with it.

Because of this kind of past experience, the organization of tonight's auction in Millfall didn't use any of these methods. It recognized that things could happen but made it clear that each buyer was responsible for protecting what was theirs.

That was why the prices it charged were not so prohibitive for both sellers and buyers.

Aware of this, everyone who had received their items left the theater in a hurry, some heading back to their groups in the city, their estates, while others prepared to leave the city.

As dangerous as the roads were, some preferred to face the problems on the roads.

In the cities, one would always have to worry about royal punishment, while there would always be people around waiting for all sides in a fight to exhaust themselves or even die.



On the road, it wasn't so simple. If two sides fought to the limit, the one who was less badly off could succeed, survive, and take everything from their opponent. That would never happen in a city, as someone else could easily join in, or even a soldier could simply use the law to take advantage of both sides of the initial battle.

So when the groups left the auction house, most of them went in different directions, to different parts of Millfall or the city's exits.

But while some simply wanted to keep their new possessions, others were interested in the items of their former competitors!

Not long after the last auction winners left, those interested in the post-auction nocturnal adventure found their observers outside the theater and began to follow those they were interested in!

That was the case with Vicente and a few other individuals from outside Millfall, winners or not of auction rounds, following Viscount Symons while others followed him.

At the same time, Layla went to Shelby, while others who were interested in the item she had purchased went to her.

The only group of winners that didn't attract anyone or move against another group were the members of the local Awakening Temple.

Otherwise, everyone had something to protect or take care of!

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After the auction ended, Max and Myra passed Nova outside the Millfall Theater, where she was waiting.

The auction organizers wouldn't try to prevent possible fights after the auction. But the city had its rules, and the army was standing at attention around the city, having already organized the event's start and now ready to act if they noticed anything strange.

The two siblings passed close to where Nova was standing as they made their way to her house, somewhat dejected at having failed to buy the item of interest to their family.

"Big sister, are you coming home today?" Max asked as he looked at his sister in her army uniform. She was standing with a group of soldiers in front of the local theater.

"Yes, but not until later. Don't wait for me." Nova commented to Max, already realizing they had failed in their plans. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been so serious.

"Sigh... When you get back, we'll talk. Unfortunately, we didn't reach our goal." Myra said as she went to Nova's residence with Max and the two Mages guarding them.

They knew there would be problems tonight with the auction items. But none were interested in risking themselves in the night's quarrels, let alone targeting Viscount Symons.

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Meanwhile, near the Mazzanti estate...

Two Mages, one Low-level and one Mid-level, were near the family's headquarters now, watching the place from the shadows of the night.

Then, one of them felt his communicator vibrate and brought it up to his face, pouring some of his mana into a device the size and shape of a guava.

"Cole, don't attack yet." Sarah Mercer's voice reached the ears of both men as the device glowed in the hands of the stronger of the two. "The auction just ended, and we're following Cesar's trail. Stand by to attack the moment I give you the signal. Let's wait until he's in a confrontation before we start our attack."

"Okay. I'll wait for your orders." Cole said, just before the device stopped glowing, and he looked at his partner, who would attack the enemy base with him.

"When Miss Mercer sends her order, don't hesitate, Leo. That basilisk won't be easy for me to handle in a short time. Use your time while I'm entertaining it to kill as many people as possible. Let's take care of these loose ends without fail."

"I'll do my best, Senior!" Leo commented as he clenched his fists, confident in dealing with mere Acolytes.

As they held their positions and waited for Sarah's signal, the Mazzanti family group was on alert, aware that this would be a dangerous night for them.

'I hope you're right about fighting alone, Vice. That may be the greatest challenge we've faced since we began our journey.' Rory thought to himself as he stood at this spot.

### Chapter 376 The Beginning of the Chase (2)

Meanwhile, Shelby made her way back to the Symons residence, 'running for cover' after leaving the auction house.

She had a slight advantage when leaving the theater since the winners of the auction rounds didn't leave together and could use alternative exits from the building. So before anyone realized where they were going, her group would have a few moments to try to find shelter.

Since she had her own plans for the evening and could use the excuse that she was Marcus' fiancée, she headed for the Symons' estate, accompanied only by Molly.

Mira had separated from her shortly after leaving the local theater, while only the two of them were on this trip to avoid the wedding of the Staples and Symons families.

Shelby ran her way but soon noticed that people were following her, even Mages.

But it was no wonder. She had purchased the Seal of Spirits, a 3rd-grade artifact that could significantly affect even Mid-level Mages!

How could she not be chased?

"Girls, stop running and quickly hand over your resources!" The Mid-level Mage who first approached these easy targets said aloud, smiling as he saw how easy it would be for him to take what he wanted.

Shelby and Molly were not fools. The moment they were called, the two stopped.

The orange-haired beauty said. "Senior, we're going to the Symons estate. I'm young master Marcus' fiancée. Are you really going to act against us?"

"Tsk! Even if you were the Viscount himself, I would act against you, girl!" The Mid-level Mage said as he stopped a few dozen meters in front of her while several Low-level Mages held their positions on the area's outskirts.

None of them would try to take Shelby's Seal of Spirits from her in front of that man. After all, whoever possessed such an item would be the target of everyone else!

But everyone there was interested in this item and wouldn't give it up just because a stronger person was also involved in this competition!

Shelby said as Molly looked around with some concern. "What if I told you I don't have it?" She smiled.

"Girl, don't play games with me. I may be merciful enough to give you a chance but don't abuse my patience. Quickly, hand over the Seal of Spirits!" The guy with the long black hair and unshaven beard shouted at her, increasing the pressure of his aura slightly.

Shelby felt it, and her whole body shook. However, she couldn't help but smile inwardly as she remembered what had happened moments after leaving the auction house.

'Good thing that person was fast. She caught up with me before anyone else and took the Seal of Spirits to Vicente.' Shelby remembered her quick meeting with Layla a few moments ago.

She didn't know how he had managed to bring Layla over to their side. Still, she was pleased that Vicente's move had allowed her to make half a dozen Mages waste their time chasing after her.

'I hope you use this advantage well, Vicente!'

...

Meanwhile, Layla had already returned to Vicente's side after quickly separating from him to go to Shelby.

Everything that had happened in the last three minutes had been Vicente's plan. Since Shelby had bought an item she couldn't keep, he had offered to store it for her in the short term.

Considering who he was up against tonight and who Shelby had in her sights, it made even more sense for him to have such an artifact on hand.

That's why, after sending Layla to Shelby, the gray-haired woman had no trouble convincing Vicente's ally to give her the Seal of Spirits she had just placed in the hands of the black-haired young man.

'This is perfect, master. With this artifact, you can defeat your target tonight. You just have to watch out for those who are chasing you.' Torne commented to Vicente as the young man moved next to Layla.

'How many people do you feel moving while they're watching me, old Torne?' Vicente asked since his senses weren't as sharp and didn't reach as far as the old ghost's.

'There are 11 Mages, two of them Mid-level and the rest Low-level ones, following you, master. In addition to them, there are 8 level 5 Acolytes approaching you. I think they'll try to attack you before anyone else.' Torne summed up the number of people following Vicente.

But then he added in a worried tone. 'The second Mid-level Mage is that woman from the Dark Path. I don't know why she's following you, but she's clearly interested in you. She's scrutinizing you, master.'

'Why would she do that?' Vicente looked away, not understanding. 'Could it be that she's not really after the Viscount, just like me?'

'I think at least six Mages aren't interested in you, master. From how they behave, they must be after the same target as you. But that's not the case with this woman from the Dark Path.'

She's very focused on you.

Two other Mages are also looking at you intensely. One of them is the other Mid-level Mage, and the other is running next to this person. He is a Low-level Mage.

Apart from them, only the Acolytes seem to be targeting you, while the others may or may not be interested in you.'

'This is strange...' Vicente commented to Torne. 'I don't have anything on me that would justify Mid-level Mages being interested in me. So it has to do with something I've done in the past or a characteristic of mine.'

'That makes sense.' Torne agreed. 'That must be the case with this Dark Path magician. Even though your dark element is very well disguised, it may affect beings of different natures differently. I haven't felt anything from you previously, but I'm a ghost-type spirit, while this woman is a magician. Maybe she feels something different when she looks at you.'

As for the other two, I don't think it's like that. Otherwise, it would have happened before. I feel it's something the master did in the past.'

'Maybe...' Vicente thought of the group that had kidnapped Jasmine, which he expected to act against him and his family at some point since they knew about the kidnapping of a Sovereign's daughter.

Something like that couldn't remain unsolved for long!

'The Faceless Ones?' He narrowed his eyes. 'It doesn't matter, whoever it is, I'll make sure they fall along with Viscount Symons!' He clenched his fists before he said to Layla.

"Get ready to run when I give you the signal. I think the Faceless Ones are following us. There are two Mages, so when I give you the signal, go. You won't stand a chance against them."

Chapter 377 The Dominant Viscount Symons (1)

In the blink of an eye, Millfall was on alert!

As some of those involved in the auction earlier left town and took their battles to the nearby forests, several trouble spots sprang up around the town.

The royal laws forbade such things, but in a city where there were currently no 3rd-stage soldiers, and many of those interested in obtaining valuable resources for free were Mages, it wasn't possible that no one would dare to disobey the local laws.

Would there be any punishment for such actions? That would depend on the soldiers, the witnesses, and the general interest in punishing offenders.

It wouldn't be easy for mere Acolytes under Nova's command to do this to Mages!

Given the local situation and the number of outside powers with members in Millfall at the moment, hardly any interested parties gave any thought to the laws of the realm tonight.

As soon as the last winners of the auction rounds left the local theater building, those interested in alternative ways to obtain valuable resources began their respective pursuits until the first clashes began!

At least three clashes were going on around Millfall now, while most of the experts in the city today began to take on Viscount Symons!

After leaving the theater with his group, he hadn't gotten far enough to reach his estate. As he was about to arrive at the mansion, some Low-level Mages surrounded his group and "politely" asked him to hand over his belongings.

They were all obviously wearing masks on their faces and were dressed so inconspicuously that it would be impossible to tell who they really were just by looking at them.

An attacker could be identified by his magical fluctuation. However, for wealthy nobles like these individuals who were interested in taking action against the Viscount, this was not something that could be used against them in a court of law.

More concrete evidence would be required for someone of influence to be seriously considered guilty!

It wasn't a fair world, and even if a soldier testified at a Martial Court, their testimony would be discredited if they weren't provided with evidence other than the suspect's aura.

That's why it was enough for these people acting tonight to hide their appearance!

Viscount Symons found himself next to his men, Marcus and his wife, surrounded by the many people interested in the three resources he had collected that evening. But even though many Mages had their eyes on him, he didn't feel pressured enough.

"I'll give you a chance to return where you came from and pretend this didn't happen." The Viscount said as he took a step towards his estate.

"Not so fast!" One of the Mages said in an aggressive tone. "We are not joking. Hand over your belongings, or we'll have to take your life!"

"Take my life? With just you?" The Viscount asked in a teasing tone, feeling that these people were real clowns.

Before advancing to the Mid-level, he would have reconsidered his words when dealing with a group like this. But now, he was confident he could defeat such opponents even if he fought without allies!

The men surrounding the Viscount knew how strong he was but didn't want to give up the valuable items in the blond man's spatial ring.

After his words, all those interested in the three items the Viscount had purchased tonight stepped forward, transferring more of their mana into their Magic Gems, making their pentagrams appear from their bodies.

The Viscount did the same, seeing that he couldn't solve the situation with words, making his own pentagrams appear as he laughed.

"Good! I'm glad you're not cowards! I was actually looking forward to someone brave enough to challenge me! Now I have some fools to train!" He said aloud as his body grew stronger and his attributes increased significantly.

Before anything happened, he muttered to the second strongest of his group. "Take Laila and Marcus home. I'll take care of these fools."



"Yes, Your Grace." That person said, preparing to move as soon as the Viscount made his first move.

And such a move didn't take long. After the level 5 Acolyte prepared his companions to take the Viscount's wife and son to the Symons' residence, the Mid-level Mage moved quickly toward the two enemies in his family's path.

The other Mages in the area also moved, aiming only at the Viscount, knowing that only by attacking this man together would they have a chance in this fight.

But the Viscount was much quicker than any of them. He wasn't like Layla, but since he had a higher mana level than her, he could move almost as fast as her, even though he didn't have a super speed ability.

Appearing between the two Mages blocking the way to his estate, the Viscount attacked both of them, kicking one in the face while using a whip to attack the other's neck.

Pow!

"Aaaagh!"

The man hit by the Viscount's whip screamed as he felt himself being pulled toward his enemy while Viscount Symons' left foot struck the jaw of the other Low-level Mage.

The man immediately fainted at the feel of the Viscount's foot as his body flew upward.

At the same time, the Viscount prepared to strike with his right fist, having already drawn his second opponent toward him.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!"

The second man felt the Viscount's dominant fist strike his stomach. He couldn't take it, screaming in agony before collapsing at the hands of the strongest man in the city.

Seeing space to move, the men of the Symons family grabbed Laila and Marcus and made their way to the Symons estate while no one paid them any attention.

With the Viscount there, it would be impossible for any enemy to focus on them, even if they wanted to use them as hostages.

The Viscount was so fast and dominant that all the attention of those fighting him had to be focused on him!

Once he had dealt with the first two opponents in his path, Viscount Symons looked at the other Mages in the area, now with no intention of taking these people lightly.

"I've given you a chance to escape. Now, there's no turning back. All of you traitors to the kingdom will die here!" He said as he prepared to leap at one of the opponents, who was unleashing the most annoying attacks to dodge and deal with in this place.

"Wretch! You'll die tonight, you bastard!"

The men there shouted as they picked up the fight, all moving to help each other, knowing they had no chance of winning against such an opponent by fighting individually.

## Chapter 378 The Dominant Viscount Symons (2)

Swoosh!

A mana sword sliced through the air at high speed, following the finger movements of one of the Mages facing Viscount Symons, slashing at his vital points.

The Viscount initially dodged the movements of the mana sword, which was the tool-like magical form of the enemy attacking him.

However, when he was also attacked by a type of green mana snake, a beast-like magical form of another of his enemies, he found himself in a situation where he couldn't simply dodge his opponent's attacks.

"Tsk! This is just a game for me!" He shouted as he bared his teeth arrogantly and used one of his forearms to defend against the sword that tried to pierce him.

When the blade and arm touched, the part of the Viscount's armor couldn't take it and broke, exposing his skin to the blade made of mana, which was as solid as weapons made by blacksmiths.

Clang!

"Cough!"

When the collision occurred, the enemy user of this Magic Form coughed up blood as he felt his sword collide with something tough and resistant.

The Viscount felt a small cut on his left forearm, but the pain was like a pinch to him.

He laughed and jumped at the mana serpent, stomping it so hard that the Mage behind it almost lost consciousness.

Tool-type and beast-type magical forms had their advantages and disadvantages. Every type of magic form had its strengths and weaknesses. The major disadvantage of the two forms that the Viscount had just attacked was that if they were damaged or even destroyed, it would result in severe wear and tear on the magician behind them.

In a way, one's magical form was like a part of one's soul. If such a part was damaged or even destroyed, the consequences could range from reversible to irreversible!

The worst of all was death!

Knowing he didn't need to hit the bodies of these two, the Viscount acted against their magical forms while he saw two other opponents preparing their attacks.

"Now it's your turn!" He said as the other two men coughed up blood or paled from what they had just experienced as they collided with or were attacked by Viscount Symons.

"That bastard has an impressive body!" The man behind the sword, the least injured, said as he tried to control his magical form to pursue his opponent again.

"But is his mind as strong as his body?" One of the others asked as he held his two hands together in a strange seal in front of his face.

That ability could really affect someone with the Viscount's kind of power!

Seeing the third opponent still standing at the edge, preparing for a powerful mental attack, the Symons family leader moved against him.

"Not so fast, you bastard! Go attack your mother's mind!" He ran toward the man, while the sword chased him almost as fast as he ran.

"Die!" Arriving in front of the man, the Viscount leaped into the air, spun his body, and prepared to kick his opponent in the head to send the fool to the next world in one fell swoop.

Pow!

His kick was so fast and powerful that an intense wind-wave formed as he moved, making a sudden noise as the man concentrated on his mental power.

Before the man could be hit by Viscount Symons' right foot, the fourth Low-level Mage, who was still standing, appeared in front of his ally.

As this individual appeared in the middle of the Viscount's path, a semi-transparent, glowing golden mana shield materialized in front of him.

When it was complete, this shield had some figures around it, with the outline of a mammoth and even ivory tusks curving in front of it.

Shortly after it formed, one of the Viscount's feet collided with it, a collision that lasted about a second as the Low-level Mage holding it turned pale, and blood began to flow from his nose and mouth.

Crack!

In the next second, the shield cracked in half as the Viscount's foot continued its path until it hit the chest of the man, who was already on the verge of falling due to the injuries to his magical form.

"Aaaagh!"

He let out only a short scream before being thrown against the wall of one of the houses on the street, already unconscious from the pressure on his chest that had instantly broken several of his ribs.

The Viscount's kick was still strong enough to throw the man against a wall, destroying part of the building until such a man fell into a nearby house.

"Aaaagh!" A woman in maid's clothing screamed as she saw a badly injured Low-level Mage fall into the house where she worked.

Ignoring the two, the Viscount turned his attention to the magician trying to attack him mentally.

However, the fallen enemy in the nearby house had managed to buy time for his ally!

"Mental Disorientation: Level 3!"

This Low-level Mage attacked the Viscount with the power of his three pentagrams, using his special form of magic capable of disorienting opponents.

The Viscount was about to punch the man in the face when he suddenly felt dizzy as if he had become drunk, his vision somewhat blurred, and all his senses somehow scrambled.

"Wretch..." He said, but his voice was slurred, swallowing letters and speaking very slowly.

The Low-level Mage smiled, but he didn't try to attack the Viscount's body. Instead, he kept his magical form activated as he moved away from the enemy.

"Quick, take care of him!" He said to the last men still able to fight.

The man with the sword let his weapon fly towards the Viscount's heart. At the same time, the other two used their magical forms to try to injure the enemy seriously.

They could try to take the Viscount's spatial ring and run away. But that would never work, and they knew it.

Why? Simply because that mental ability only worked as long as its user was using his magical form and within a certain range.

If he stopped using his powers and tried to escape, the Viscount would leave his current state.

As much as the Viscount's current state would leave him with a severe headache and unable to use 100% of his powers for some time, it wouldn't be enough to stop him from chasing after these people and killing them.

That's why they didn't try to rob the Viscount when they first had the chance. They preferred to use all of their attack power to at least seriously wound the enemy before robbing him and fleeing!

"Blazing Furnace!"

"Stone Palm!"

The two remaining men attacked with their magical forms, trying to burn the body and break the Viscount's bones!

Amid this, this man was shaking with rage at the bastard who had put him in this state of disorientation!

Chapter 379 The Dominant Viscount Symons (3)?

Just as the Viscount was being attacked from all sides, Vicente and the people following him arrived near where the fight with the blond man was taking place.

Vicente had been a little late, and some of the people moving close to him had advanced and reached the Viscount first.

What had delayed him? The Acolytes who wanted to fight him over the plant he had bought at the auction.

He had killed them and collected their storage items, but that had been enough for the people in the group still fighting the Viscount to gain the advantage and get to such a man first.

As Layla watched the Viscount use his three pentagrams simultaneously to destroy a blade that had penetrated a few inches into his chest, she saw what looked like a furnace of semi-transparent flames explode. At the same time, the Viscount seemed to go into rage mode.

"He's really powerful. You might be in trouble." She said to the man beside her as she watched the battle turn in Viscount Symons' favor.

The Viscount had suffered powerful attacks moments before. Part of his armor and skin had been burned off, while a sword had pierced his chest. At the same time, one of the enemies had thrown a stone palm at him from the sky, and he had had to use his arms to protect himself from being crushed.

The three attacks had come while he was in a state of mental confusion and had wounded him, breaking some of his bones, bruising his skin, and almost cutting his heart.

However, in this extreme state, he stopped 'taking it easy' on his opponents and circulated his mana vigorously without any reservations. He decided to use everything he had against those four, using the power of his three pentagrams simultaneously.

Then, he had thrown away the palm of the stone that had hit him before picking up the enemy's sword and shattering it as if it were made of sugar.

He then moved so fast that the furnace of flames around him exploded, and at the same time, the enemy who had affected him mentally was no longer able to keep his powers active.

At that moment, Vicente and Layla, along with several other magicians, had arrived near the Symons' estate to witness the end of the Viscount's four opponents.

While the Low-level Mage with mental powers felt exhausted, the man with the sword collapsed from the destruction of his magical form as the Viscount moved towards the one behind the furnace of flames.

When he reached this person, the Viscount maliciously laughed as he grabbed the person by the neck, not caring about his enemy's flames as he strangled him.

In just five seconds, the Viscount had killed another of his enemies before looking away from the man with the stone palm, who was now too frightened, trying to flee the area.

"What the fuck!" The man shouted as he looked back and saw the Viscount running towards him.

Vicente saw that it was time for him to move and said. "Go to the Symons estate. Create some chaos there. I'll join the fight against the Viscount."

"Okay!" Layla disappeared soon after while Miss Death's representative and the two members of The Faceless Ones' faction watched Vicente.

'Master, use the Seal of Spirits when I tell you to. This artifact has properties that work against multiple opponents at the same time. So, wait for the right moment to use it.' Torne said as he scanned the three people watching Vicente.

Vicente agreed before moving on with the last two Mages who had come with him and were there for the Viscount.

He said. "Friends, there are three of us, and the Viscount has three objects. I don't mind sharing them with you. What do you say?"

"Oh? I don't mind either, but can you come with us, boy?" One of the Mages asked, looking menacingly at the Viscount as such a man finished killing the Low-level Mage who had attacked him with a palm of stones.

"I guarantee it."



"Then that's fine with me."

"It's your life. Then let's take care of this bastard!"

The two agreed, nodding to Vicente as they took different positions to attack their target.

Noticing new opponents, the Viscount took his eyes off the corpse before him, seeing that wasn't the end of the fight for him.

"Cesar..." He said in a cold tone as he looked at the young level 5 Acolyte in mask and armor.

"Viscount Symons, you dared to steal from me. I hope you're ready to pay for what you did earlier."

"Tsk! You're very arrogant if you think you can force me to do anything, Cesar!" The Viscount said as he ignored the two Low-level Mages in the area, thinking the most dangerous one there was Don Mazzanti. "But it's good you came. We can settle our differences today!"

"That's the only thing we agree on!" Vicente let his pentagrams emerge from his body, showing Miss Death's representative and the two members of The Faceless Ones' faction for the first time what made him so unique.

"Oh? A yellow pentagram?" All of them thought the same thing, including the two men about to attack Viscount Symons.

As they thought this, lightning flashed through Vicente's surroundings while the electromagnetic fields in the area changed according to his will.

The cobblestone street also changed slightly, the ground becoming stickier under the spell Vicente had already cast in this area.

'That's impressive, but it doesn't justify the feeling I have for him...' Miss Death's representative thought to herself, still standing back to watch Vicente.

"Let's wait for them to start. When they're entertained, we'll attack." Sarah Mercer said to her companion before picking up her communicator and sending out a warning.

"Attack the Mazzanti family now!"

Vicente was unaware of what was said as he moved toward the Viscount simultaneously with the two men he had just teamed up with.

"Very good, boy. Maybe you can come with us!" One of them smiled as he felt Vicente's power while he showed his pentagrams, which were the same colors as those of the Viscount, and the other Low-level Mage allied with him and Vice.

The other Mage was the first to attack the Viscount, while Vicente used his powers as much as possible. He tried to slow down the enemy with the viscosity of the terrain while using the electromagnetic fields in the area against the Mid-level Mage.

At the same time, he made metal chains emerge from the ground and quickly clamp down on the Viscount's wrists and heels while several blades formed from his armor and flew toward the man.

He did all of this almost simultaneously, impressing everyone, especially Viscount Symons, who could feel on his skin the level Cesar had already reached.

"I can't let you grow anymore! Today is the day you die, Cesar!"

### Chapter 380 Decisive Battle

The Viscount used most of his remaining strength to leap towards Vicente, putting all his strength into his legs to escape the ground and the chains holding him down.

The Viscount was so strong that even all of Vicente's efforts to restrain him were not enough to keep him in place. Before either of the other two opponents in the area could reach him, he managed to overcome Vice's move, breaking the chains holding him and leaping towards his target.

But Vicente wasn't simple either!

While the people in the area thought that a brutal attack would hit him, everyone saw the Viscount lose his speed, and his attack became sluggish after reaching about 60 centimeters away from Vicente.

Vicente's electromagnetic defense made the Viscount's fist, which was trying to get closer to him, slower and weaker, while this man could not reach his target.

Seeing the ugly expression on the muscular blond man's face, Vicente formed several blades around one of his hands and threw them at the wounds on his enemy's body.

The Viscount had no chance to dodge as he was so close to Vicente.

"Aaaagh!" He let out a high-pitched sound as his body was thrown further away.

At that moment, Vicente's two allied Mages took action against the Viscount, trying to take advantage of their ally's blow.

"Die!"

"Ahh, I'll kill you, Cesar!" The Viscount shouted in fury as he defended himself against the whip of one of his enemies, grabbing the weapon and pulling his opponent toward him.

As he did so, he spun around and punched the person who was flying towards him in the face.

Pow!

The man had no chance to scream. When he was hit by one of the Viscount's fists, his face was crushed by his nose and mouth, while his skull was fractured in several places.

Gulp!

The other Mage saw this and felt fear, realizing that a single attack from his enemy would be enough to end the fight.

"Damn it! You're a monster!" He took a step back.

But Vicente didn't miss his chance and threw a spear at his ally's right shoulder, intending to throw him towards the Viscount.

The Mage didn't expect to be betrayed and was taken by surprise, unable to avoid Vicente's plans.

"Shit!"

Seeing this, the Viscount decides to kill this person first while he watches this person form an attack against him.

Since the man had been thrown at the Viscount, he would either die like the previous Mage or at least injure his opponent before trying to escape. So this person did what Vicente wanted and formed an attack while flying towards the Viscount.

Seeing the two close together, Vicente clenched one of his fists tightly as he consumed more than half of his mana in this attack.

"Thorny Ground!"

He combined an earth element spell with his magnetic ability, causing the metal components in the ground below where the Viscount was to form large thorns of earth and metal.

Over an area of about 10 square meters, several huge thorns appeared right where the Viscount and the Low-level Mage were about to face each other.

The Viscount felt several of these thorns pierce his body before he jumped to avoid them, while the Low-level Mage had his body pierced by several of these thorns.

Unfortunately for this man, Vicente's attack had managed to wound him mortally!

"You really are a worm! You betrayed an ally just to hurt me." The Viscount looked at Vicente.

Such a nobleman felt very bad, still a little mentally unbalanced due to the enemy from earlier, and now with many more wounds all over his body.

If he had been between 30% and 40% exhausted when Cesar arrived to face him, he was now between 70% and 80%.

When he landed outside the area full of giant thorns, he had a tired look and stared at Cesar, not knowing whether this battle would be a victory or a defeat for him.

If he had been asked earlier about his chances of beating Cesar, he would have said they were more than 90%. But now, he felt that anything could happen.

But as he watched his opponent standing before him, he noticed two masked people, a woman and a man, moving against Cesar.

'Huh? Is this my chance?' He asked himself at the sight of these two, a Low-level and a Mid-level Mage!

'Now!' Torne shouted in Vicente's mind, causing the young man to look to the side and realize that one of his observers was moving against him, just as the old ghost thought would happen.

After receiving the warning from his slave, Vicente didn't hesitate to take the Seal of Spirits from his spatial ring and activate it with his mana.

When he did so in front of the two of them and the Viscount, they all widened their eyes in disbelief, seeing an item that should be with someone else.

'How is this possible?' The Viscount wondered, not knowing anything about the relationship between Vicente and Shelby.

On the other hand, the two members of The Faceless Ones faction couldn't help but feel sorry for themselves when they couldn't understand how he had managed it.

They had chased him all the way here! Where did he get an item that should have been in someone else's hands?

Shelby's artifact glowed in different colors, causing some magical circles to emerge from it, quickly creating what looked like a small semi-transparent dome over a space about 20 meters away from Vicente.

Then, under Torne's guidance, Vicente used the Seal of Spirits, using the artifact's power to seal the souls of the three Mages around him.

"Oh, shit!" Sarah Mercer paled as she realized her new situation, where neither she nor Vicente's other two opponents could use their special powers against him!

"Time to die, you bastards!" Vicente said in an excited tone as he used his powers to immobilize these people and throw spears at their hearts.

"NOOOO!" The Viscount saw one of those spears coming closer and closer to his chest and couldn't help but scream in agony, not believing that he would fall to an Acolyte even after becoming a Mid-level Mage!

It was a similar situation for the other two, who couldn't help but feel terrible as they were completely vulnerable to Vicente.

Vicente pierced the bodies of these three as they screamed, doing exactly what he had to do to get the best possible result!