

A Wizard's Secret

#Chapter 1 - Read A Wizard's Secret Chapter 1

“Bang.”

Lin Fei felt himself flying through the air. His body was falling rapidly before he finally hit the ground. He felt horribly groggy, and a shrill noise of car's brake rang in his ears. At this time, he found himself failing to open his eyes; his remaining subconsciousness could only register the chaotic noise that surrounded him.

“Hurry, call the police. There's been an accident.”

In the infinite darkness, Lin Fei thought he had witnessed a ray of light. Suddenly, he woke up wide-eyed as though he had been startled by a nightmare. His chest rose and fell as he panted for breath. He was still terrified inside.

“Where is this? The hospital?”

Lin Fei quickly checked himself as he remembered being flung into the air by a vehicle that was moving at a high speed. He found himself lying on a big, soft bed, wearing loose-fitting pajamas. There was also no or injury on his body.

‘How strange. I was thrown into the air by a car, how am I not injured at all? Besides, even if I was not injured, I should be in the hospital. Is this the hospital?’

It was only until now did Lin Fei raise his head to examine the room. It was a spacious room, even the bed was draped with ornate. The vast blue sky outside of the window was visible through the thin fabric.

However, gradually, Lin Fei realized something was wrong. There was no light nor air conditioner in this place. Anything electrical was not to be found.

There was only a writing desk, a high stool, and a round stool. Some books bound with a string were placed on the writing desk, as well as a candlestick with three unfinished candles.

Surprised, Lin Fei hurried to the massive mirror in the room. An unfamiliar young face appeared in the mirror; tall nose, a long face as pale as a sheet of paper, long black hair, and a pair of uncommon blue eyes.

The reflection in the mirror was no longer the face Lin Fei was familiar with!

“Who am I?”

Lin Fei mumbled as he plonked himself down on the bed. Immediately, an excruciating pain burned his head, accompanied by unfamiliar memories that came flooding his mind.

“Merlin? I’m Wilson Merlin?”

Lin Fei hastily put these unexpected fragments of memories into order. This world he had passed through was a backward one, somewhat similar to the Western Middle Ages which was ruled by several kingdoms. He was currently situated in a middle-sized city named Blackwater, under the rule of the Kingdom of Light.

Merlin’s father – Old Wilson, was a lord. Even though his rank as a baron was lowest in the nobility social class, he won the title by shedding blood and tears in battles. He joined the army when he was young and performed his service for twenty years. He also accomplished brilliant achievements in the battle when the Kingdom of Light sent troops to suppress the heretic Kingdom of Blackmoon in the east.

After being discharged from active military service, Old Wilson was conferred upon the title of Baron by the king alongside a piece of land of a favorable size. However, Old Wilson preferred to live in the city, hence, he only visited the fief when it came for time to collect taxes.

Merlin regained great memories of Old Wilson, but his recollection of his mother was not clear. He only remembered vaguely that his mother was an easterner who sought refuge from the Kingdom of Light, and that he has inherited his black hair from her.

However, his mother passed away not long after giving birth to Merlin. Therefore, even Merlin himself could not recall her appearance.

“Dong, dong, dong.”

Just as Merlin was still immersed in his own memories, the knocking sound on the other side of the door sent him dashing to his bed as he called out, “Come in!”

The door to the bedroom was pushed open gently. A servant girl dressed in a gray uniform walked in with a change of clothes. “Young Master Merlin, this is your clothes for today,” she said softly.

Memories gushed into Merlin’s mind at the sight of this servant girl. This was his personal maidservant named Lucia.

“Alright, leave them here, and off you go,” Merlin replied.

Lucia, who had kept her head low all the time, finally looked up at her young master. Her skin was fair with slight freckles, but that did not affect her beautiful appearance.

“Young Master Merlin, Young Lady Macy is waiting downstairs for breakfast.”

Merlin nodded. “Okay, I’ll be down in a minute.”

Lucia bowed slightly, lifted her dress, and left the room without a sound. Finally, Merlin rose from his place and put on the change of clothes that Lucia had left on the desk.

The comfortable white shirt was most probably made out of cotton. It was evidently purely handmade as there was no trace of it being sewn by a machine. After putting on the black coat, Merlin scrutinized the person looking back at him from the mirror. Apart from the expression in his eyes and the slight resemblance from his past life, everything else was completely alien to him.

Merlin left his bedroom for the hall downstairs and noticed his sister Macy sitting on the chair in poised, albeit with a face full of annoyance. Evidently, she had been waiting for a long time.

“Hurry up, Merlin. We don’t want to be late to the church again.”

Macy urged.

“Oh? Where are we going?”

Merlin asked as he sat down on the chair. His eyebrow raised in confusion as he genuinely had no idea where they were supposed to go. Although he had retrieved much of Wilson Merlin’s memories, a major fragment of it still remained unearthed.

Macy widened her eyes but refrained herself from hitting the roof. She lowered her voice and explained, “Merlin, cut it off. Although father has left to collect the taxes, he made it clear that it’s obligatory for you to receive training from Swordsman Pero at the church every day.”

Merlin listened in silence. That one sentence that Macy said had revealed a great deal of information. Old Wilson had left for his landholdings and would not return for a while. This meant that, at least for now, he would be spared from being exposed by Old Wilson before he completely regained his memory.

“Very well.”

Merlin replied without much enthusiasm. He then picked up the cutleries and started on his breakfast.

It was bread, milk, and some really thick wheat gruel which tasted delicious. It had given Merlin his appetite and soon he gulped down three small bowls.

Merlin finished his meal quickly and patted the corners of his mouth clean. Then, he began examining Macy.

Macy was born by the eighth lady of Old Wilson whose name Merlin could not exactly recall.

Macy, who had not realized herself being put under the scrutiny of her brother's eyes, urged. "Let's get going, we're running out of time. Swordsman Pero is a rather strict man."

Therefore, Merlin and Macy hurried into the carriage that has long awaited them and finally left for the church.

Chapter 2: A Backward World

The whirring of the wheels went as the carriage moved unsteadily on the ground of Blackwater City which was laid out with irregular bluestone. It was very uneven and it felt a little uncomfortable traveling in the carriage.

Merlin sat next to Macy, and the faint fragrance coming from her comforted Merlin. However, the carriage ride was indeed too bumpy. After a short while of trying to adapt, Merlin gave up and leaned back on the carriage, his legs slightly bent. This posture made him feel more at ease.

However, Macy was very dissatisfied. She looked at Merlin's legs in front of her eyes and frowned slightly. "Merlin, can't you position your legs properly? You are a nobleman, and you must act like one."

'I'll just lie down for a bit. I didn't sleep well last night."

Merlin replied with indifference, still keeping the position he felt most comfortable.

Unexpectedly, Macy did not argue with Merlin. She bit her lip gently, and a hint of worry washed across her face. She asked cautiously, "Is it because of Avril?"

Merlin did not reply, hence Macy continued speaking, "actually, there's no need for you to be worried. No matter what, Avril is officially engaged to you, witnessed by decades of friendship between the Parman family and the Wilson family. She will be married to you eventually. Anyhow, you have to quit fooling around as well, and spend more effort on making Avril like you better."

Although Merlin kept his eyes closed, he was not really sleeping. He remembered with his heart each and every word Macy told him.

'Avril is my fiancée? But, from what I gathered from Macy, it seems like Avril isn't quite fond of me... Why can't I remember anything about this matter?'

Merlin only regained a fraction of his memory, and the rest was lost forever. In order to not expose himself to others, he had to listen carefully to what everyone says and analyze the information thoroughly.

For instance, this Avril that Macy had mentioned must be another important piece of information. Merlin kept the knowledge in his mind.

Merlin was getting rather irritated after lying down for a while. He drew the curtains and shivered as the cold breeze blew.

"Winter is coming..." Merlin exclaimed. It was already September, the last month of the fall season, but it seemed that the cold has arrived earlier than expected.

"You're right, winter is coming, although I'm unsure why the weather has gotten cold quicker this year."

Merlin wrapped his clothes tighter around himself as he curled into the corner of the carriage.

It appeared to be still drizzling outside. There were not many people on the street, apart from a few tramps who knelt to the ground as they begged from the well-dressed people.

These tramps clothed themselves in some rough linens that they probably collected from somewhere, and they appeared as thin as hemp ropes. Their eyes were filled with desperation. There were also several really young children among them.

The others showed a look of disdain as they passed by, some even covered their noses and mouths and sped on hastily. Merlin's eyes swept past these tramps without much interest and shifted his attention at the group of knights crowded by the street.

These knights all had silver light armors wrapped around the upper body, a wooden shield in hand, and a sword of half a human's height on their back. They imposed an impressively-commanding manner. The crowd on the street seemed to be very afraid of these knights, and some children, when they saw these knights, showed a hint of envy on their faces.

Merlin frowned. He had no idea who these knights were, but even so, he did not dare to inquire Macy about it.

Macy also noticed these knights from inside of the carriage. However, she seemed at the least impressed and said coldly, "It's them again, knights of the City Defence Troops. A pleasant to the eye but of no use. Judging by the large number, perhaps yet another town has been encountered with bandits. More and more disturbance has arisen recently. Many bandits appear in the small towns surrounding Blackwater City."

Merlin remained silent as he registered this information into his mind. He has just arrived in this world, and his memory was made up of bits and pieces in a chaotic order. He was not in the best position to speak more.

Merlin observed the situation in silence for a little longer. Although there were only about one hundred of these knights, they were all well-equipped and each of them had an imposing manner. They were definitely not as useless as Macy had accounted.

These knights were getting ready to leave the town, and soon they disappeared from Merlin's sight. A brief moment later, Merlin, who began to tremble because of the cold wind, finally let down the curtain and returned to the warmth of the carriage.

Some time later, the carriage gradually came to a halt. Moss, the coachman announced softly, "Young Master Merlin, Young Lady Macy, we've arrived at the church."

"Alright, let's get down. We're here at the church!"

Macy, who appeared extremely energized, jumped off the carriage at once. Merlin who followed behind stretched his body and moved his stiff neck. He raised his head at the sight of the church in front of his eyes.

This church covered an extremely expansive area, almost as large as four to five football fields. There were ordinary believers as well as some aristocrats dressed in aristocratic costumes. They all came to the church for morning prayers.

The Kingdom of Light officially established their beliefs in the God of Light. The power of the church was enormous. Almost every city had a church after the God of Light. The people that visited the church for morning prayers as such were endless.

Merlin also followed the crowd to the church hall. On the white walls inside were several huge murals. These colorful and lively paintings were obviously religious murals that praised the God of Light.

Merlin noticed that on the mural positioned in the middle right was a tall deity of vague features being surrounded with a soft holy light. The white light shrouded many believers, including the elderly, children, men, women, nobles, commoners and even criminals. The faces of these people were washed over with a sincere and peaceful smile under the Holy Light.

The name of this religious mural was called God Loves the World. It was written in the sacred language of Light. Based on the memories inherited by Merlin, he was rather familiar with the scriptures written on the murals.

In addition to this mural named God Loves the World, there were also other murals such as God Expels the Darkness, God Brings the Light, God Punishes the Devil, God Descending Miracles, God Blessing Believers and so on. Although the murals expressed different stories, the meanings they aimed to convey were the same. All of them praised the glorious deeds of God of Light.

The devout believers bowed their heads down and crossed their hands before their chest as they prayed under the guidance of the pastor. In just a minute, the sounds of prayers filled the vast church.

Merlin thought of those tramps earlier on the street, and then scanned the room full of people who were praying piously. He finally realized that this was indeed a very backward world after all!

Chapter 3: Supernatural Civilization

The praying time lasted only half an hour. The believers gradually dispersed when the church bells rang, indicating the time.

Merlin, on the other hand, was held back and directed to the small door of the church by the anxious Macy. Soon, both of them arrived in the backyard of the church. There, Merlin noticed about twenty people of different ages practicing swordsmanship under the guidance of a middle-aged man.

Macy walked toward this middle-aged man uneasily and said in a low voice, "Lord Pero..."

The man in front was Swordsman Pero. He, who appeared about thirty years old, was dressed in a silver light armor; in his hand held a greatsword with the width of four fingers. His eyes which brimmed of a radiating vigor imposed on him a dignified manner.

Swordsman Pero glanced at Merlin and Macy before saying softly, "Get into formation..."

Macy was glad that Swordsman Pero did not punish them. Immediately, she and Merlin wormed their way into the crowd.

Merlin was feeling rather confused when he joined the crowd. Just as he was at a loss of what to do, a red-haired young man waved at him from the back.

“Merlin, hurry up.”

The red-haired young lad shouted at Merlin with an exaggerated expression.

Merlin hesitated for a second. Soon, his memory reminded him of that red-haired young man, and hence he walked swiftly toward the young man.

“Hey, Merlin, you’re late again. Look at Swordsman Pero’s annoyed face, you’re going to be in trouble.”

The red-haired young man mocked.

Merlin frowned. It was not that he cared much about the punishment from Swordsman Pero, instead, he was trying all his might to recollect the memory of the red-haired young man. Although his memory was partially lost, he had a strong memory of that red-haired man. Therefore, he tried really hard to recollect his memory, and gradually they came back to him in bits and pieces.

The red-haired young man called Anson was Merlin’s best friend, who was also a son of a baron. However, he was different from Merlin. He was not to inherit the baron title as there were two elder brothers before him.

Anson kept on talking, but Merlin who was lost in his own thoughts could not care much about what Anson was babbling on about.

Just then, Swordsman Pero’s eyes met theirs. Anson, who could not seem to stop chattering just seconds before, immediately shut his mouth and pulled on a serious face.

Swordsman Pero then shifted his gaze and pointed to the racks of weapons near him. There were all sorts of weapons, including greatswords, shields, daggers, sabers, great axes, and others.

“Merlin, Anson, carry this iron shield to the center.”

Anson’s face fell the moment Swordsman Pero spoke. He forced out a smile and turned to Merlin. “We’re dead. You’re the one who’s late to practice but I have to suffer your misfortune...”

Despite the grumble, Anson stood up quickly together with Merlin and went forward to the rack, ready to move that black iron shield.

Even though its size was not too big, the shield was unusually heavy. Merlin and Anson strained every muscle on their body, but only managed to lift it up slightly. Merlin was puzzled. Who in the world could lift such a heavy shield? And what was the point if no one could lift it?

Merlin and Anson were breathless when they finally moved the shield to the center and rested it against a boulder. They retreated to a side respectfully and waited for instructions from Swordsman Pero.

However, Swordsman Pero ignored Merlin and Anson. He announced to the people below. "All of you have been practicing for a while now, and I shall test your strength today. Whoever thinks they can break this shield by hand are welcome to try."

Merlin's facial expression changed slightly. Anson and he had exhausted themselves by moving the shield. It should be evident to the others on how hard and solid this iron shield was. Anyone who wanted to break this shield with their bare hands would definitely be asking for trouble.

He thought Swordsman Pero only wanted to examine the courage of these people.

"Teacher, I would like to try."

Soon, a burly man stood up and said to Swordsman Pero.

Swordsman Pero nodded and replied, "Well, go ahead, Cawthon."

Anson whispered at the sight of the burly man, "It's Cawthon again. Just because he's a disciple of Swordsman Pero, he always puts on an air of grandeur as if he's above everyone else..."

Cawthon strode to the shield. He took a deep breath, clenched his fists and began to gather his strength.

"Bang."

Suddenly, Cawthon punched his fist forcefully onto the iron shield. The punch was extremely fast. It was shown that Cawthon had indeed exhausted all his might, but what was strange was that hint of white light that appeared around Cawthon's fist.

The deafening sound lasted for a long time. Not only was the iron shield not broken, that powerful punch did not even leave any trace on its surface. Swordsman Pero shook his head and said faintly, "Cawthon, do not use brute force. Remember, Elemental force is the most powerful. Use your heart to guide the Elemental force, it's the mightiest force of an Elemental Swordsman!"

It was obvious that Cawthon was also dissatisfied with himself. He bowed to Swordsman Pero before returning to his seat.

"Hehe, Cawthon has the talent, but it takes more to become an Elemental Swordsman."

Anson laughed mockingly at Cawthon's failed attempt. Although Merlin appeared calm on the surface, intense surges of feelings and emotions washed through his heart.

Even Merlin who stood in a distance away felt a gush of strong wind coming from the punch that Cawthon had just performed. The strength of that punch was so forceful it was terrifying. As far as Merlin knew, it was not a force that could be possessed by ordinary people.

This was not the most surprising part. What surprised Merlin the most was that Cawthon was not injured at all after landing such a powerful blow on the sturdy iron shield. This was beyond the understanding of Merlin.

"Who else would like to try?"

Swordsman Pero once again looked at the crowd at his foot.

"Lord Pero, let me try."

The voice sounded familiar. Merlin's eyes narrowed as he realized it was his sister, Macy, who had just volunteered.

Swordsman Pero nodded, "Well, Macy, go on."

Macy hurried to the shield and winked mischievously at Merlin. As she took a deep breath, her rounded peaks moved up and down. Anson's eyes stared straight ahead at the spectacular sight.

"Bang."

There came another loud noise. Macy had landed a punch not any weaker than Cawthon's. This time, Merlin studied very carefully. He noticed that an extremely faint glow of fire actually flashed around Macy's fist.

The faint flame shrouded intermittently around Macy's fist. Just like Cawthon, the petite Macy also did not injure her hand after the punch. It was as though she did not strike her fist against a hard iron shield.

However, Merlin who just moved the shield knew clearly that an iron shield of such a heavy weight was definitely made out of real iron.

'I don't have any recollection in my memory that Macy actually has such great strength? Is this even possible?'

Merlin felt that pieces of really important memories were lost from his mind.

"Is there anyone else that would like to try it out?"

Swordsman Pero asked once again, but this time no one step forward. Therefore, Swordsman Pero stood up slowly and walked toward the shield. He suddenly raised his voice. "Look closely, the real secret of an Elemental Swordsman is in the Elements. The force of the Elements is unparalleled, only by carefully guiding the Element that the exceptional power can erupt!"

As soon as his voice faded away, Swordsman Pero clenched his right fist. In the blink of an eye, a flame flared up directly out of his hand. His entire arm seemed to be wrapped in flames.

"Crack."

Swordsman Pedro punched his fist into the shield. Almost immediately, that hard iron shield, like a wooden board, scattered on the ground into several pieces of iron scraps. Even the boulder behind the shield was affected under the powerful force, forming numerous dense cracks on the surface.

'This... is this? Supernatural force?'

Merlin stared with his mouth open. His mind was in a state of complete blankness. Everything in front of him was beyond his cognition. The human body could actually emit flames, and the power of Swordsman Pero was comparable to a small-sized bomb.

Initially, Merlin thought that the world he had crossed into was a very backward civilization. However, now, it seemed that this was not the case at all. The punch performed by Swordsman Pero earlier clearly proved that this world was a supernatural civilization.

Chapter 4: Elemental Swordsman

Merlin still had the dull look in his eyes as Anson next to him spoke in an envious tone, "Swordsman Pero is getting more and more powerful. The impact he made last time was not even as strong. The chances are ten to one that Swordsman Pero is going to succeed in becoming a Second-level Fire Swordsman. Indeed, elemental affinity has a high influence on the cultivation progress. Swordsman Pero only cultivated for three years and he will soon become a Second-level Fire Swordsman. He's considerably one of the fastest in the church in Blackwater City."

"Fire Swordsman?"

Merlin's heart jolted. He heard Swordsman Pero mentioning earlier the term "Elemental Swordsman" numerous times, but he had no idea what it actually meant. He thought it was just the way they addressed a person who practiced swordsmanship, but now it seemed there was more to that.

Merlin's memory was only partially merged. Hence, many key memories were still unable to be retrieved. Among them was the memory related to this Elemental Swordsman. Merlin had no impression about it at all. He was eager to know everything about Elemental Swordsmen, but he also knew that he could not inquire directly without risk raising doubts from others.

Therefore, he beat around the bush and asked Anson in a subtle manner. Fortunately, Anson did not suspect anything. Besides, he was a close friend of Merlin, so he revealed a lot of information inadvertently.

It turned out that Swordsman Pero was not just another Swordsman, but an Elemental Swordsman of a powerful force!

In this world, many people were born with an elemental affinity. These people could absorb invisible Elements in the surroundings into their body. When the degree of Elements was accumulated to a certain level, the force could be guided out of the body by special methods and erupt into a powerful force. These people were called Elemental Swordsmen.

Of course, swords were not the only necessary tool in introducing Elements into the body. For instance, some people with an affinity to the Wind Element could become amazing hunters with the assistance of a strong bow. The reason why they were called Elemental Swordsmen was that the vast majority of people in this world utilized swords in this cultivation.

Swordsman Pero was already a true Fire Swordsman. However, in the case of Cawthon and Macy, they only had the elemental affinity without yet the ability to completely guide the force of the Elements out of the body, or perhaps the accumulation of Elements inside the body was not enough. Hence, they could not be considered real Elemental Swordsmen.

However, as long as they persevered in practice, they might become powerful Elemental Swordsmen on par with Swordsman Pero who could perform such terrifying punch.

Merlin felt really excited at the knowledge of this. Did it not mean that he could also possess such a powerful force?

However, Anson's next words extinguished his hope.

"Merlin, Elemental Swordsmen are tremendously powerful, and their future is boundless! However, we don't have any elemental affinity. It is destined that we will never be an Elemental Swordsman. You might get off better as your sister Macy is one of them with a high affinity to the Fire Element, perhaps she will turn out a Fire Swordsman in the future. On the other hand, you are the absolute heir to the Wilson family. Even if things don't turn out well for you in the time to come, you can easily

become a baron, but what about me? I have two older brothers, so it's impossible for me to inherit to the title..."

Anson was getting low-spirited as he spoke about this and finally kept his mouth shut.

"No elemental affinity..."

It was as if Merlin had just been splashed with a bucket of cold water. He calmed down in an instance. According to Anson, elemental affinity was the key to becoming an Elemental Swordsman!

For instance, Swordsman Pero who had an affinity to the Fire Element was able to introduce Fire Element into his body as his own power and eventually became a powerful Fire Swordsman.

Generally, the stronger the elemental affinity, the easier it would be to introduce the Elements into the body, thus becoming a swordsman. Swordsmen were divided into categories based on the different types of Elements, including Fire Swordsman, Ice Swordsman, Wind Swordsman and many other.

However, the noblest and the one with the brightest future were the Light Swordsmen that possessed affinity to the Light Elements. Once the Light Elements were absorbed into the body, the person would become a Light Swordsman.

Almost every Light Swordsman would become a Guardian Swordsman of the Church of Light. They received help and support from the church, and their speed of cultivation was comparably quicker than other Swordsmen.

However, no matter what type of Elemental Swordsman, the elemental affinity was fundamental. People without elemental affinity would never become Elemental Swordsmen. Like Merlin and Anson, they precisely belonged to the class without any element affinity.

The people who came to practice swordsmanship with Swordsman Pero were divided into three categories. The first ones were civilians who did not have any slightest background status. Each of them possessed elemental affinity and belonged to a higher class of people, so they were allowed here by the church. If they were fortunate enough to become an Elemental Swordsman, they would be taken in to join the armed forces of the church. Cawthon was one of the best among them.

The second category was the children of the aristocratic, but the aristocrats that possessed elemental affinity. Compared to the civilians aforementioned, these aristocrats with high background statuses had a brighter future. Once they became Elemental Swordsmen, their families would send them to a larger city for further studies. Their future was promising. Macy belonged to this class of people.

The third category was people like Merlin and Anson. They were also children of the aristocratic, but they have no elemental affinity and that limited their achievements in the future. Although these three types of people practiced swordsmanship under Swordsman Pero, they were distinct from one another as each belonged to their own small circle.

After a long time, Merlin thought of Cawthon who had showcased his outstanding performance. He then whispered, "How about the elemental affinity of Cawthon?"

"Cawthon? He is probably the most talented among us, because of his affinity to the Light Element. Once the Light Element is introduced into his body successfully, he will go leaps and bounds to become Guardian Swordsman of the church. He is definitely going places. He has already attracted the attention of the church even though he has not yet become an Elemental Swordsman, even Swordsman Pero has accepted him as a disciple. For him to become an Elemental Swordsman is only a matter of time."

Anson glanced at Cawthon who was in the front row when he finished speaking. His eyes showed a glint of envy.

As if noticing Merlin was feeling quite disheartened, Anson murmured, "Cawthon is born a talent, but your sister Macy has a high potential too. She also has an affinity to the Fire Element just like Swordsman Pero, so he will definitely spend effort in educating her. With Macy, your Wilson family will not decline in the next few decades. Compared to me, you'll be in a way better position in the future."

Merlin had a sudden inspiration. He was surprised to learn his sister Macy had such extensive potential. Besides, as Anson mentioned earlier, it was noticeable that Swordsman Pero frequently checked on Cawthon and Macy from time to time, closely watching their cultivation process. This showed that he had high expectation on Cawthon and Macy.

Chapter 5: Antique I

The morning passed in the blink of an eye. Swordsman Pero only focused his attention on those who had elemental affinities. On the other hand, he let people such as Merlin and Anson who had no elemental affinities do as they like.

Swordsman Pero clapped his hands to announce the end of the morning swordsmanship practice. Some people already stood up and started to leave.

Macy appeared excited. It seemed that she yielded good results under the guidance of Swordsman Pero today. Macy had an eye contact with Anson who greeted her somewhat awkwardly as she came to meet Merlin. "Young Lady Macy!"

“Humph.”

Macy ignored Anson and turned around. It seemed she was not fond of him.

“Let’s go, we shall hurry back.”

Macy took Merlin by arm and quickly left the church. Outside, Moss had long waited on the carriage.

“Merlin, see you in the afternoon!”

From behind, Anson made a strange face at Merlin before getting into his carriage and leaving the church.

In the carriage, Macy stared fiercely at Merlin and gasped out in anger. “Merlin, I’ve told you many times not to hang out with Anson. He always influences you to fool around…”

It seemed that Macy was not fond of Anson at all and regarded him as a bad influence on Merlin. However, judging from their interaction earlier, Anson seemed more fearful than angry of her.

“Why does Anson seem to be afraid of you?” asked Merlin.

“Didn’t Anson tell you?”

Macy looked suspiciously at Merlin, but soon, she seemed to realize something. She nodded and said, “I understand, it must be too shameful for Anson to say.”

A few seconds later, Macy raised her fist angrily. “I found out the last time Anson took you to fool around with some women, so I secretly taught him a painful lesson. However, it seems that he didn’t learn from experience. It’s about time for another reminder.”

Merlin was speechless looking at the way Macy was pleased with herself. Perhaps his sister had violent tendencies! However, it was no wonder Anson was intimidated of her considering the frightening power Macy possessed.

The carriage kept bumping along the road, and it was feeling rather dull inside the carriage. After a long while, Merlin asked Macy hesitantly, “Macy, how did you sense the Elements?”

Macy lifted her head in surprise, but she still considered his question seriously before whispering, “It’s really simple. I can sense it when I close my eyes, but I can only sense the Fire Elements. I can’t see or touch it, but I’m able to sense it. I can even sense when they gradually enter my body. Later, I can gather them into a powerful force when I finally accumulate enough of them!”

Merlin nodded slightly. He quietly closed his eyes and try to feel it the way that Macy explained, but he could not sense the slightest thing. Perhaps elemental affinity was indeed innate. There was no way to change it. The people without elemental affinity was not possible to sense the Elements.

Merlin's plan of becoming an Elemental Swordsman fell through.

Not long after, the carriage arrived at the Wilson Castle. The butler had already prepared a hearty lunch. There was a lamb that was roasted to perfect golden yellow that gave off strong meaty aroma.

However, Merlin had no appetite and only ate a little.

Macy, on the other hand, ate with a gusto. When she finally devoured the whole lamb, she patted her belly satisfactorily. She leaned back on the seat and glanced at Merlin before speaking in a worried tone, "Merlin, I'm skipping etiquette class this afternoon to practice sword in the church. You'll go to the class in Moss's carriage, but you must come back before night falls. Don't you dare go fooling around with that bad influence Anson again! Otherwise, hehe, you know the consequences! Father specifically asked me to keep an eye on you before he leaves!"

Merlin nodded slightly at Macy's threat. It seemed that the former Merlin was always sort of half-baked.

Macy left the castle soon after. Merlin felt the weather was getting colder, hence he went upstairs to fetch himself a thick coat before returning downstairs to get into Moss's carriage.

In the carriage, Merlin rubbed his temple at his problem. He completely had no idea that he was to attend an etiquette class in the afternoon. This showed that his memory loss was actually quite severe.

Fortunately, he had Moss. He was a good person. Moss had not much to say in the carriage and fulfilled his duty to send Merlin to the class.

Merlin got out of the carriage. In front of his eyes was a three-story building with a rusty iron fence at the entrance. An old gatekeeper curled up in the corner seemed to be dozing off, his eyes half-squinting. However, he would open the iron fence as long as someone arrived.

"Young Master Merlin's here unusually early today."

The old man who guarded the door was wrapped in a broken coat, his face had turned red in the cold wind. He greeted Merlin familiarly.

Due to Merlin's memory loss, he could not remember the old man's name. He only nodded and smiled.

It was empty inside, so Merlin headed for the small building. The creaky floorboard squeaked as he stepped on the wooden stairs as if his weight was too much of a burden.

The walls next to the stairs were painted with some colorful murals of characters and scenery of various quality. Even he who was not involved in the art world would notice that some of these murals were no different from graffiti.

Merlin came to a few empty spacious rooms as he loitered aimlessly on the second floor. There were some instruments such as tambourines and organs, so these should be the place for music lessons.

"Hey, Merlin, what are you doing there? We don't have a music lesson, but a history lesson for today."

Merlin turned his head around at the familiar voice. It was the red-haired Anson.

Anson grabbed Merlin and brought him to the third floor, all the while acting mysterious and winked his eyes at Merlin. "Come on, we should hurry so we get good seats. I heard that we have a new history teacher today. A really beautiful one. I'm really looking forward to seeing her!"

Merlin was unsure where to go so he followed Anson all the way to a spacious room on the third floor.

There were already more than a dozen young men and women dressed in gorgeous costumes seated in the room. People gathered in a small group and chatted gaily. When Merlin and Anson arrived, a fat man sitting in the front row waved frantically at their direction.

"Good job, Gutt. You got us such good seats. You've always been the most proactive every time we have a beautiful teacher."

Anson was all smiles when he greeted the little fatty.