

A Wizard's Secret

Chapter 26: Whisper

Macy entered from the door. Her face was red from the cold. After she brushed off the snow on her, she quickly came near the fireplace and kept rubbing her hands to keep warm.

“Macy, you returned so early today.”

Merlin also came in front of the fireplace as he said casually.

Macy took a glance of Merlin in surprise and said softly, “Swordsman Pero said it was too cold. He let us return early for these few days.”

Merlin nodded but did not say anything more. He sat in front of the fireplace, seemingly keeping warm. In fact, he was observing the Fire Element within Macy.

Since Merlin had constructed the Spell Model of the Fireball in his Awareness now, he had become more sensitive toward Fire Element. He could clearly feel that the Fire Element around them was entering Macy's body in small amounts at one time.

This was the unique part of Macy's affinity to the Fire Element. It could attract Fire Element into the body. If the Fire Element was accumulated to a certain extent, Macy would be able to control the Fire Element in her body and triggered the burst of strong power of the Fire Element.

However, Merlin noticed that even if there were a lot of Fire Element entering Macy's body from outside, a lot of Fire Element were also leaving Macy's body at the same time.

That was to say, in this situation, Macy could not trap the Fire Element that entered her body at all. This was the largest difference between an Elemental Swordsman and a Spell Caster.

Once a Spell Model was constructed, a Spell Caster's Spell Model would be able to absorb the Elements around him by force. The Elements could be trapped in the Spell Model and became the Magic Power of Spell Caster. The Elements would not be lost in this case.

Meanwhile, Elemental Swordsmen could not trap the Elements by force. They could only collect more Elements by relying on their unique physical attributes to absorb the

Elements. The difference between the two was obvious. The difference was too large and could not be discussed on the same level.

Merlin wanted to see if he could help Macy to overcome the barrier to become true Elemental Swordsman! However, after careful observation, he found that when he stood beside Macy, the Spell Model would, in turn, forcefully absorb the Fire Element around them. Even the Fire Element in Macy's body was forcefully absorbed into the Spell Model.

Therefore, Merlin could not help Macy at all. He would get in the way of Macy trying to collect Fire Element.

There was nothing Merlin could do in this situation. Instead, he shook his head and stood up. "Macy, since it's so cold, you should rest early."

After that, he went upstairs and returned to his room.

Sitting in Moss's carriage, Merlin was meditating with his eyes closed.

After cultivating for a few days, his Mind Power had an obvious enhancement. However, it still forced for him to construct the second Spell Model in his Awareness.

"Young Master Merlin, we are here."

The carriage came to a pause. Moss pushed back the curtain and said.

Mind Meditation Method could be cultivated anytime and anywhere. He could also wake up from it anytime and anywhere. He did not particularly need a quiet room to cultivate it. Thus, upon hearing Moss's words, Merlin opened his eyes and jumped off the carriage.

Merlin was going to his etiquette class today. He found that there was not much meaning to practicing Fireball more in the castle anymore. He could already control the fireballs with precise Mind Power now, so he did not need long-hour practices anymore.

Merlin walked straight to class. He saw Gutt and Anson on the second floor, but they seemed to have not noticed Merlin. They were staring at the faraway Tirath.

Tirath was holding many invitation cards in his hands as he handed to the people who came to the etiquette class.

Merlin approached the two and patted Gutt's shoulder. He asked softly, "What is Tirath doing?"

Gutt jumped in surprise. He only relaxed after seeing it was Merlin. He curled his lips. "What more? Today's Tirath's birthday. He is going around to invite people to attend his birthday ball."

"Birthday ball?"

Merlin was not interested in this at all. Moreover, with his relationship with Tirath, the latter would never invite him.

"Hey. Merlin, you may not know about this. The good part always comes last. Tirath came here today to specially invite Teacher Gia."

Gutt sneered. As soon as he finished his words, Gia came down from upstairs.

Merlin squinted his eyes slightly. Gia was not lightly injured yesterday, so her face still appeared slightly pale. However, the red mark caused by Merlin on her forehead had now disappeared. He did not know what medicine Gia had used that could heal her wound that quickly.

After Tirath saw Gia, he quickly approached her. With proper noble's etiquette, he handed the invitation to Gia with both hands respectfully. He said with smiles, "Teacher Gia, today is my birthday. I have organized a birthday ball and I hope you will attend the event!"

"Your ball?"

Gia raised her head and took a glance at Tirath. Following that, her expression became cold and stiff as she said. "Apologies. I have some business to attend to today. I'm afraid I can't attend the event."

After that, without caring about Tirath's shocked expression, she headed straight towards Merlin.

"Merlin, come with me. It's something important. About you."

Gia came close to Merlin's ear and whispered to him.

Merlin's expression changed but quickly recovered. He saw the people around him were full of shock. Gia's 'whispering' to him and her coldness towards Tirath had caused a distinct comparison. It had obviously caused some misunderstandings amongst the crowd.

"Let's go."

Merlin had a calm expression. After that, he followed Gia and left the building.

Tirath glared at the backs of Merlin and Gia as they disappeared from his line of sight. He stayed rooted at the same place for a long time, with his face livid. The invitation card in his hands had also fallen to the floor. He had not thought that Merlin had gotten hooked up with Gia silently just like that.

“Haha. Sad Tirath. What a surprise. Little did I expect Merlin to hook up with Gia just like that. Look at them. Something must be going on between them!”

Fatty Gutt snickered, but he also seemed a little confused. So, he asked Anson, “Anson, do you know when Merlin and Gia got together?”

Anson’s expression kept changing. After a while, he heaved a long sigh and shook his head. He said, “I don’t know. How many times have Merlin come here in total?”

Anson felt complicated. After all, he could not forget about Gia as soon as he met her. Now that Merlin had become so close to Gia, it was hard for him to accept this.

Merlin was right behind Gia. They came directly to the wide yard. The view here was great. They could see if there was anyone around in just one glance. They would not have to worry about people listening in on their conversation here.

“Gia, say it. What’s the matter?”

Merlin gradually halted his footsteps and asked calmly.

Chapter 27: Fierce Battle I

Gia also came to a halt. She turned around and said softly, “The thing is Mr. Etha has left something with me. I didn’t know what it was before. Yesterday, after I went back, I opened it and found Mr. Etha’s message in it. He asked me to pass the thing to you.”

“Teacher Etha’s thing is with you?”

Merlin stared right into Gia’s eyes and continued asking, “Where is it now?”

“I have hidden it in a secluded place. Come with me.”

After saying that, Gia turned around and left.

Merlin squinted his eyes and stared at Gia’s back. At last, he followed Gia away.

Walking out of the building, Moss approached him and asked, “Young Master Merlin, do you need the carriage?”

Merlin waved his hands. “No need for that. I’m only out for a while. You just wait here.”

Moss saw Merlin going out with a beautiful woman, so he did not ask any further sensibly. He returned to his carriage again.

Thus, Gia and Merlin walked around a few streets to finally arrive at a pleasant courtyard.

“Let’s go. The thing’s inside.”

A gleam that was not easily noticeable flashed in Gia’s eyes. She brought Merlin into the place.

The yard was extremely wide. There were only a few bald trees, but there was no snow accumulated on the ground. This showed that someone had often cleaned this place.

There was a staircase made of rock here. Going up the stairs, they reached the main door. It appeared to have led to the parlor.

The door was shut tight. As Gia came to the front step, she suddenly turned around and asked, frowning, “Merlin, the thing’s inside. Why have you stopped?”

Merlin paused. He looked at the door and a smile appeared on his face.

“Gia, how many people are there inside?”

Gia was stupefied, but she still acted calmly and said, “This is my secret stronghold. Only I know about it.”

“Is that so? Let me test it out then.”

As soon as he finished his sentence, two fireballs appeared beside Merlin. They floated silently in the air, emitting horrendous heat with their presences.

“Master Rolin, do it!”

Gia immediately howled. Her whole being retreated into the house at a great speed. However, Merlin was even quicker. The fireballs flew towards Gia at an incredible speed according to the guidance of Merlin’s Mind Power. They left a whiff of smoke in their track.

“Boom, boom.”

With two explosions, a fireball was crashed into Gia’s thigh directly, but she seemed to have prepared for this. A delicate shield in her hand had blocked the fireball just in time.

However, since the fireball exploded, the strong impact had pushed her into the house. Merlin did not know if she was alive or dead.

Another fireball crashed into the sturdy door. The scorching heat had burnt a hole in the door.

“Swoosh, swoosh.”

A series of black arrows shot out from the house. These arrows were very short and blotted out the sky and land. One glance at it, one could tell that these arrows were shot from a crossbow rather than a usual bow.

The arrows had a great speed. In an instant, ten arrows had approached him. The Spell Model in Merlin’s Awareness trembled violently, then two fireballs appeared again.

Merlin quickly jumped to the back. Right after that, two fireballs instantaneously exploded. A strong impact had blown off the approaching arrows that instead fell to the ground.

The yard was quiet again. Merlin looked at the house on alert. A figure slowly came out of the house. He stood at the top of the stairs, gazing upon Merlin condescendingly.

“You actually found us out... Have we shown a flaw? Or does the problem lie in Gia?”

After the dust had fallen, Merlin could clearly see the figure standing on the stairs. He was a middle-aged man about forty years old. He was near two meters in height and seemed muscular. His face was also bearded. He held a huge sword that imposed a strong condescending air around him. It was as if he was a beast in a dormant state.

The Spell Model in Merlin’s Awareness was absorbing the Fire Element from the outside with all its might. He had cast four Fireballs in total just now. That grey frame had already turned red, indicating that he could trigger the Large Fireball.

“Gia lied to me. But haven’t I used her as well? Her words are full of loopholes. I didn’t kill her in Teacher Etha’s house because I want her to bring you guys out into the light.”

“Although the Church of Light is dangerous, they won’t notice a small city like Blackwater City, so I will be safe. But you are different. You know my identity. You bunch are a hidden danger to me and have to be eliminated!”

Merlin’s tone had turned cold and stiff. In truth, back when he was still in old man Etha’s house, Merlin had already realized Gia was lying. However, if he killed Gia on the spot, the people behind Gia from the Kingdom of Blackmoon would track him down by following the clues.

Thus, Merlin let Gia go in the meantime and went with her plot. He prepared to deal with everyone behind Gia who came from the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

The bearded man seemed calm and said faintly, "Young Spell Caster, you are indeed smart. But, you Spell Casters are all the same. Egoistic. Arrogant. Especially Etha, that old thing. He doesn't even listen to my order. For his casting tool, not only did he leave Blackwater City without a warrant, he even took you as a disciple. Hmph, he should feel lucky that he died so early. Or else, I will let him know Spell Casters are nothing to be arrogant about!"

The bearded man's spirit elevated once again. The incredible pressure pressed towards Merlin and invoked a sense of danger in Merlin. His opponent must not be a normal Elemental Swordsman. He might be a Third-level Elemental Swordsman or above.

Moreover, from the man's words, Merlin felt that he seemed to resent the old man Etha a lot. He even had a biased opinion against Spell Caster.

This was a person that abominated Spell Caster greatly.

"How can you compare yourself to Teacher Etha? Stop the trash talk! We'll know after we fight!"

Merlin stopped the talking. He waved his hands slightly and a fireball flew straight towards the bearded man in a swoosh.

Even before it had come close to the man, he stomped his feet to seemingly caused trembles to spread throughout the whole yard. In a blink of an eye, a devouring flame rose around his body.

The flame was half a meter tall and almost warped the air around him due to the heat. He was a strong Third-level Fire Swordsman!

This was Merlin's first time seeing a Third-level Fire Swordsman. The strongest Elemental Swordsman he had seen before was Swordsman Bogg who followed the church's Wizard Jason to Blackwater City recently. However, Swordsman Bogg was only a Second-level Elemental Swordsman and was far less strong than the bearded man.

"Hehe. Zero-level spell, Fireball? Young Spell Caster let me show you the power of flame controlled by Fire Swordsman. Flame Cleave!"

The bearded man raised the huge sword in his hands. As if he was not afraid of the fireball emitting horrifying heat at all, his huge sword was swung down ferociously downwards.

Chapter 28: Fierce Battle II

The flames on the greatsword leaped up another meter ferociously; when the blade was slashed down, the power of the violent flames immediately erupted. Even Merlin, who was a few dozen meters away, was able to feel the violent impact.

Before this violent impact, the fireballs that Merlin had unleashed were instantly swallowed up by the ferocious flames on the greatsword.

A slight chill went through Merlin's eyes. This was his first encounter where the Fireball had not worked. Moreover, his Fireball had been broken through with such a violent, forceful method.

"Your Fireball is only a Zero-level spell. If you want to talk about brutality, my Third-level Fire Swordsman power can completely suppress your Fireball. Young Spell Caster, you will be the first Spell Caster to die under my sword, haha!"

The bearded man began to guffaw. His eyes were filled with fervor and craze, as though to be able to slash a Spell Caster to death was something he had always dreamt of.

Merlin hurriedly took a few steps back. The bearded man seemed to understand Spell Casters and magic very well, and the reality was, indeed, just as the other party had mentioned; Merlin was currently at a disadvantage. His Fireball was unable to be of much use at all against the bearded man.

Of course, Merlin was also clear that his current feeling of being overextended was not because a Third-level Elemental Swordsman was truly more powerful than a Spell Caster.

Even an Entrance-level Spell Caster was definitely not someone a Second, or Third-level Elemental Swordsman could match.

Merlin was now at a disadvantage because, in reality, there were just too few spells that he had mastered by now. He only had one spell; if he could build and structure a binding sort of spell in his Awareness, then the situation right now would be greatly different.

Therefore, he also had to be very prudent when choosing his spells. A powerful spell might not be suitable for himself; the best spells should be the ones that were in tandem with his usage, to be able to achieve the optimum results.

The offensive nature of Merlin's current Fireball could be considered very strong amongst Zero-level spells. However, no matter how powerful it was, he was still bound hand and foot now without a Binding spell, being suppressed by the bearded man.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh.

All of a sudden, a few black arrows flew out from the house, shooting toward Merlin silently.

Nevertheless, Merlin's Mind Power had enveloped the many meters surrounding him. He could immediately sense any changes the moment they occurred so he was already aware of when the arrows flew out of the house.

Merlin was unable to dodge the violent attack of the bearded man in front. He could only unleash another Fireball to block him.

"There's not much Magic Power left. At most, only four or five more Fireballs can be cast!"

Although Merlin had been constructing the Spell Model for quite some time, it had still only been slightly more than a month. He was already at his limit to be able to cast a dozen plus Fireballs now.

"Looks like they can't be killed if the Large Fireball isn't cast."

A glimmer of light flashed across Merlin's eyes. Judging by the direction the arrows from which the arrows had been shot, there should be two people in the house holding powerful bows, paying as much attention as they could here. Once they found a suitable opportunity, they would not hesitate in shooting and unleashing their arrows. This was an extremely great threat to Merlin.

So, he had to fight and end the battle quickly!

Having thought until there, Merlin no longer hesitated. His Mind Power was immediately triggered and was already turning into a red horizontal frame.

"Large Fireball!"

Merlin stretched his hand and pointed; a cluster of fireballs that was thrice the size of the previous smaller fireballs appeared in the air. The terrifying temperature burned the air so much that it became contorted. The internal structure seemed to be extremely unstable and needed Merlin's Mind Power to forcefully suppress it. Otherwise, a huge explosion could happen.

Such a gigantic fireball could be said to be a leviathan ¹ ; it was impossible for it not to attract attention.

"Not good. Is this a First-level spell?"

The bearded man's face changed when he felt the immense energy contained within the gigantic fireball. His entire person made an immediate decision and instantly backed off. He had an excellent understanding of magic; even though the gigantic fireball before him was not a First-level spell, it was already impossibly close to it. Such tremendous power was definitely not something he, as a Third-level Fire Swordsman, could block.

By then, the bearded man was no longer thinking about how Merlin could suddenly cast such a powerful spell. Instead, with a burst of energy, he frantically retreated backward, wanting to distance himself from the gigantic fireball in the air.

Even as he was retreating, he took the greatsword in his hand and, as though he was throwing a flying spear, concentrated all of his power and swung his right hand forwards brutally.

The greatsword turned into a beam of white light. In a beautiful line of a parabola, it shot speedily toward Merlin. The friction between the greatsword and the air even produced slivers of sparks. It could be seen just how fast it was.

“Explode.”

Merlin's eyes narrowed slightly; his Mind Power immediately triggered the detonation of the gigantic fireball.

Boom.

Despite the fact that the fireball was still a meter or two away from the bearded man, the power produced from the explosion of the fireball was far too great. The violent impact immediately sent the body of the bearded man flying.

As for the greatsword thrown out by the bearded man, it had also been blasted by the fireball into a few pieces.

After the smoke and dust settled, Merlin saw the bearded man lying on the ground. He was facing downwards, sprawled over the stone steps, unmoving. There was a pool of blood on the ground. It was a startling sight.

Merlin did not go up hastily. Instead, he released another fireball, which landed directly upon the back of the bearded man. A bloody hole was blasted open on his back, revealing the densely packed white bones inside.

Merlin only went forward upon seeing that the bearded man was not moving at all, bent over the ground with half his brains practically blasted open. He was already dead.

The might of the Large Fireball caused even Merlin to be somewhat astonished.

However, Merlin did not think about it further; there were still people in the house. He had to kill them all before he could breathe easy.

Swoosh.

With a swift step, Merlin immediately leaped into the house. Inside the pitch dark building, he instantly dodged a few cold glistens of light. Those were black arrows. Luckily, Merlin had come prepared. Two clusters of fireballs speedily flew towards the direction from which the arrows had been shot.

“Explode.”

Merlin immediately detonated the two fireballs. The people hiding in the Dark instantly let out agonizing cries; the moment the fireballs had exploded, in the weak light of the fire, Merlin saw two men in black outfits being sent flying by the explosion and falling to the floor, never to move again.

Having gotten rid of the two crossbowmen, Merlin continuously searched the house with his eyes. He had blasted Gia into the house using his Fireball previously but seeing that Gia’s corpse was not on the floor, it was very clear that Gia was not yet dead. She must have concealed herself.

The house was very dark inside, but some traces of blood could vaguely be seen on the floor, stretching to a corner in the house. The corners of Merlin’s lips revealed a hint of a smirk as he followed the traces of blood on the floor and searched.

In the corner of the wall, Gia was stubbornly clutching at her thigh, with her back leaning against the wall. The blood on the floor had flown out from her thigh; although she had blocked Merlin’s fireball just now with a shield, her thigh had still been injured by the impact of the violent explosion.

“Merlin, don’t kill me, I’m forced to do this as well. Now that you’ve killed Master Rolin, and the headquarters set in Blackwater City by the kingdom have been completely destroyed by you, I can serve you from now on. I can help you seek out information, you can do whatever you want to.”

Forcing herself to withstand the pain in her thigh, Gia straightened her torso and proudly puffed up her ample bosom, her eyes filled with provocation.

Chapter 29: An Unexpected Gain

“Whatever I want to?”

Merlin's eyes narrowed slightly as they swept across Gia's ample bosom unscrupulously.

"Yes, I'll follow you by your side from now on. You can do whatever you want to."

A smile broke out on Gia face as she spoke in a charming and fascinating manner.

"Too bad, you're already of no use..."

Merlin's slightly narrowed eyes revealed a cold glint of his intention to kill.

Swoosh.

A cluster of fireball immediately shot out from Merlin's hand and brutally crashed into Gia's chest. Instantly, a bloody hole was burnt through on her voluptuous chest; the flesh that had been charred black sharply contrasted the pale white skin of her breasts.

Gia's eyes opened up, big and wide, as though she was finding it somewhat difficult to believe.

After Gia had been killed, Merlin once again walked to the corpse of the bearded man. After fumbling about with the body, Merlin found a few pieces of paper which were slightly yellowish from the body of the bearded man.

"En? Is this... a Spell Model?"

Merlin was rather stunned. He had not imagined that he would be able to find a Spell Model from the bearded man's body, something that only Spell Casters could use. However, this was not the time to carefully look at what the Spell Model was in particular. He still needed to deal with it quickly here first.

Thus, Merlin dragged out those few corpses and piled them up in the yard before releasing a fireball. Eventually, these four corpses were quickly burnt in the fiery blaze, becoming deformed. No one could recognize who they had been.

Following that, Merlin simply dug a hole in the yard and buried the ashes that had been produced after the four corpses had been burnt.

After he had handled all that, Merlin left the yard immediately.

Hoo...

Merlin had just walked out from the yard when a chilly wind hit him, as though there was still a faint scent of blood. He turned his head once more to glance at the yard; after tonight, there would not be any smell of blood anymore, basically. As long as no one

went in and looked carefully, no one would be able to see the bloodshed that had happened here.

Going against the cold wind, Merlin wrapped his clothes around him and walked along the street corners with a calm expression on his face.

Merlin returned once more to the small building. Seeing that Moss was still sitting inside the carriage, he went forward and called out softly, "Moss, send me home."

Moss gave Merlin a glance of suspicion, but he did not ask any questions. Driving the carriage quickly, they went back to Wilson Castle again.

In the room, Merlin sat on a high, wooden stool. The dim, yellow candlelight flickered unceasingly, as Merlin closed his eyes. He was still reflecting on today's fight and kills.

This was his first time killing people, both in his past and present lives, and he had killed four! However, Merlin had not felt uneasy at all while he had been killing them. Instead, he had felt very calm.

"That courtyard was the secret headquarters of Gia and the others, so definitely no one knows about it. They'd even refrained from communicating with the other people in Blackwater City to maintain their secrecy. That's a good thing for me. At least no one will notice it."

Merlin carefully thought about the possible dangers that this incident might bring. If there was any danger, he was afraid that it would be because Gia and the rest still had companions out there. However, the probability of this was very small. They would definitely have gathered their strongest forces to face a Spell Caster.

After pondering for a while, Merlin stopped thinking about it. He took out the yellowish pieces of paper that he had found on the bearded man's corpse. Surprisingly, there was a Spell Model on them.

Merlin had not looked at them carefully while he had been getting rid of the corpses, so he was not sure what kind of Spell this was.

Merlin pushed the candle lightly and put the yellowish papers under the candlelight, carefully looking through them.

"Frost, an Ice-type Zero-level spell."

There was a burst of glee in Merlin's heart; this was a Zero-level spell, and coincidentally, also a binding Spell he had been dreaming of.

Merlin already had the Spell Model for a Whirlwind. It was the second type of Zero-level spell recorded in old man Etha's Spell Manual; back then, the old man Etha had also cultivated the Whirlwind.

Nevertheless, the Whirlwind and the Fireball were the same; both of them were offensive spells. After analyzing, Merlin had come to the conclusion that this Whirlwind was actually not a Spell that was the most suitable for him.

He already had the Fireball, and its power was immense. What he urgently required was a support type or a Binding spell.

Now, he had obtained a Binding spell by accident, which coincidentally matched the usage of a Fireball. The combative effect would definitely be excellent.

As a Fire Swordsman, the bearded man had kept on him the Spell Model of Spell Casters. This was very strange in itself. However, thinking about how the bearded man seemed to be mysteriously hostile towards Spell Casters, Merlin could make a vague guess.

The bearded man must have also wanted to be a Spell Caster. Perhaps it was because of the fact that his Mind Power was too weak, he was unable to become a Spell Caster. Therefore, although he had the Spell Model of a Frost, there was nothing he could do with them.

Therefore, as time passed, the bearded man had nurtured an animosity toward Spell Casters.

The bearded man possessed a Spell Model but had been unable to cultivate it. Now, that had become an advantage for Merlin.

"Mind Power's still somewhat insufficient and unable to support two Spell Models. Looks like I'll have to wait a while before I can cultivate the Frost."

Merlin frowned. There was some resentment in his heart.

Although he was already cultivating the Mind Meditation Method, the growth of his Mind Power could only take place after a long period of time. It would take days and months for it to accumulate and grow. Merlin was unable to support a second Spell Model with the standard of Mind Power that he currently possessed.

"Looks like I have to spend some time meditating."

Merlin's Mind Power had now become his shortcoming. Because he owned The Matrix, all Spell Model construction problems that plagued every Spell Caster were not a bother at all to Merlin. What he lacked was a tremendous amount of Mind Power that would be able to support even more Spell Models.

On the second day, Merlin sat in Moss' carriage. He got Moss to drive the carriage on the streets, making a huge round; in actual fact, he was observing the courtyard where the bearded man and the others had lived in.

Just as Merlin had expected, there was no more scent of blood outside the yard now, and there were not many people in the area. To maintain their secrecy, the bearded man and the others kept minimal contact with the people around them. Therefore, even if they were to disappear for a year or so, it would not attract much attention.

Merlin let out a soft sigh of relief. The best ending to that would be for him not to be discovered.

However, there was still Gia. Her appearance was unusual in itself, therefore it had been very easy for her to attract attention. Moreover, she was the etiquette class teacher. Some suspicions would definitely arise if she were to disappear.

Therefore, Merlin attended etiquette classes over the next few days to understand the reactions of the people regarding Gia's disappearance, so that he could prepare himself to take countermeasures at any time.

The landmark building of Blackwater City was indisputably the Castellan's Mansion.

The Castellan's Mansion was encircled by great city walls. There was a castle inside with conical roofs. In front of the castle were even more knights of the City Defense Troop walking to and fro; it was difficult for Normies to even get close to the Castellan's Mansion.

Suddenly, a troop of knights who were charging ahead quickly appeared not far away from the Castellan's Mansion. By the looks of the attires on this troop of knights, they were vastly different from the knights of the City Defense Troop.

It was only until this troop of knights had come close that they could gradually be seen more clearly; there were twenty or so men in this troop of knights, counted from both the front and the back. They seemed to be escorting a carriage in the middle.

Escorting the carriage, these knights closed in on the Castellan's Mansion at high speed.

Chapter 30: A Distinguished Guest

The captain of the knights of the City Defense Troop immediately stepped forward, shouting at the troop which was galloping toward them from the distance, "Which aristocrat is it?"

Ordinary people were not allowed to form troops of knights; only aristocrats had the right to form them with a certain amount of knights to guard the safety of their territory. As for the others such as merchants, wealthy men and so on, all of them were not allowed to form troops of knights. They could only employ the services of some powerful Swordsmen at best.

The troop of knights before them slowly decreased their speed. The leading knight was a middle-aged man in his forties, wearing a helmet that looked like fire and a suit of heavy armor. Riding a mighty black steed, he slowly came forward and said in an indifferent and condescending manner, "I'm Baron Vingult Bore. I've brought an important guest to visit the honorable castellan today."

"So, it's Baron Vingult. Please hold on for a moment, I'll go and inform the honorable castellan about your arrival."

Naturally, the captain of the City Defense Troop knights knew who Baron Vingult was as he was an important aristocrat in Blackwater City. However, before he left to make his report, he gave a deep, hard look at the carriage that was in the middle of the knights. The identity of the person in the carriage must be extremely respectable, to be personally escorted by Baron Vingult.

Therefore, the captain of the knights did not dare to tarry. He hastily entered the Castellan's Mansion.

As Baron Vingult gazed at the great Castellan's Mansion, a hint of a blazing glow flashed across his eyes. Following which, he called out softly to someone behind him, "Tirath."

Tirath had followed as well, in the midst of the troop of knights. Hearing Baron Vingult's voice, he hurriedly took a few steps forward and said in a respectful tone, "Father, what are your orders?"

Baron Vingult's eyes narrowed a little. He lowered his voice and said, "In a while, Augustin definitely won't allow entry to all of you, so you take charge of the knights in the castle and be on guard here. Wait for me to come out."

Tirath squinted his eyes slightly. He asked somewhat worriedly, "Father, would there be any danger, if Augustin disagrees..."

"Disagrees? It'd be even better if he disagrees. After the business is done, who knows, the master of this Castellan's Mansion might have to be changed. As for danger... With the presence of that honorable sir, what danger could there be?"

Baron Vingult looked to the horse carriage behind him. There was even a hint of fear on his face.

In just a short while, the knight who had gone to send his report returned. He respectfully looked at Baron Vingult and said, "The honorable castellan has ordered that only the baron and the distinguished guest in the carriage may enter."

Baron Vingult nodded. "Lead the way!"

Saying thus, Baron Vingult and the mysterious carriage slowly followed the knight and entered the Castellan's Mansion.

Inside the reception hall of the Castellan's Mansion, the current castellan of Blackwater City, Baron Augustin, sat on a chair. He furrowed his eyebrows as he gazed out with bright, piercing eyes.

"Castellan, sir, Baron Vingult has arrived."

Baron Augustin hurriedly waved his hand, saying, "Welcome, Baron Vingult."

His voice fell when Baron Vingult strode into the hall with a big smile, before bowing slightly toward Baron Augustin as a form of etiquette between aristocrats.

Baron Augustin's expression did not change. He merely gave Vingult a cold look before saying calmly, "Baron Vingult, is there anything of importance that pushed you into not staying in your castle, and instead, coming to this Castellan's Mansion of mine?"

Despite Augustin's chilly tone of voice, Vingult was not offended. His expression remained the same. All he did was to lower his voice as he spoke, "Baron Augustin, I'm not the one who has come to find you this time. It's a distinguished guest instead!"

Having finished speaking, another man dressed in a white robe, with a silver crossed-swords embroidery in front of his chest, came into the hall.

When he saw this white-robed man, Augustin's expression changed greatly; he immediately stood up and said in a deep voice, "Wizard Jason, haven't you already killed the evil heretic the last time? Could there still be evil heretics in Blackwater City?"

Astonishingly, this white-robed man was Wizard Jason who had previously come from Grand City to Blackwater City and killed old man Etha.

Wizard Jason had a pair of extremely clear eyes that seemed to be able to see through a man's heart. He did not reply to Baron Augustin's question. Instead, he said with a spurious smile, "Baron Augustin, you should be making your decision already!"

Hearing those words, Augustin could no longer maintain his composure. He sat on his chair with a stunned expression as he hung his head, his face as dark as deep water.

Wizard Jason's purpose did not have anything to do with any evil heretic; it was for him to make his decision!

"Is the church finally taking action? Can't they wait a while longer?"

Augustin asked, with an ashen white face.

However, Wizard Jason's expression was somewhat indifferent and cold. He said with a sneer, "Baron Augustin, we've given you ample amount of time to consider this matter. Once we take action, the promise before this would be considered invalid!"

Augustin's lips were drying up. He looked at Vingult, who was beside Wizard Jason; he knew that if he still did not agree, the Vingult family would be the ones gaining an advantage eventually. As for the Augustin family, they might go on a complete decline due to a wrong decision made by him.

He could not afford to pay such a huge price!

After a long moment, Augustin slowly lifted his head. He took a deep breath and said in an extremely grave tone, emphasizing every word, "Wizard Jason, my City Defense Troop knights will obey your every assignment at any given time!"

"Haha, Baron Augustin. You're willing to return into God's embrace, and you'll still be God's most faithful believer. God will never abandon a faithful believer. Don't worry, we'll not be moving immediately, but we still need the cooperation of the castellan for what comes next."

"Wizard Jason, tell me, what should be done? I, from the Augustin family, am God's most faithful believer!"

Since the decision had already been made, Baron Augustin's heart relaxed instead.

"It's very simple. The castellan only has to invite all aristocrats in Blackwater City to the Castellan's Mansion for a discussion on the recent problem of frequent bandit attacks on the small towns. I believe all of them will come. By then, we'll naturally treat the aristocrats who are willing to have faith in God and become a believer well. But, if they're stubborn and foolish, I'll personally strike and kill them!"

After hearing Wizard Jason's plan, a chill pierced through Baron Augustin's heart. If this plan really succeeded, they would be able to capture all of Blackwater City's aristocrats in a single swoop.

Seeing that Wizard Jason's eyes had looked over to him, Augustin hurriedly said, "Wizard Jason, please don't worry. I'll surely inform all aristocrats of Blackwater City to come forth in my capacity as the castellan."

The matter was just about to be settled when Baron Vingult, who was on the side, suddenly stepped forward. In a low voice, he said, "Wizard Jason, Wilson is currently not in Blackwater City. He has gone to a land within his territory and has not return until now. If he isn't dealt with, I'm afraid that, by relying on the heavy armored knights in his hands, he would bring us a lot of trouble."

"Wilson? Castellan, what do you think should be done?"

Wizard Jason's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at Baron Augustin coldly.

Baron Augustin glanced at Vingult; everyone in Blackwater City knew about the grudges between Vingult and Wilson.

After a moment of contemplation, Augustin said in a low voice, "Wilson has been in the army for twenty years and has accumulated various achievements in war before finally becoming a baron. He could be said to have plenty of experiences on the battlefield! The heavy armored knights trained by him, close to two hundred of them, are the most elite amongst the elite. Even my City Defense Troop knights wouldn't be able to block the attack of the heavy armored knights under Wilson, I'm afraid. Moreover, Wilson himself is a Second-level Elemental Swordsman. His power is great, making him very difficult to fight!"

"But, you can't dismiss getting rid of Wilson if you wish to control Blackwater City. Based on his nature, it's absolutely impossible to get him to betray the Royal Family and rely on the church, so he has to be eliminated. In this case, we could delay the time of the meeting slightly so that Wilson has time to hurry back from his territory. By then, with Sir Jason in the city personally, what trouble could Wilson stir up that we should be afraid of?"

Wizard Jason nodded, seemingly in approval and praise. With a smile, he said, "Not bad, not bad, Wilson has to be dealt with! But it's unnecessary to delay the time. The castellan should still send people out to pass the invitation to all aristocrats, including Wilson Castle. As for Wilson, hehe, he won't be able to return, forever..."