

A Wizard's Secret

A Wizard's Secret #Chapter 31 - Read A Wizard's Secret Chapter 31

Chapter 31: Territory I

Merlin sat in Moss' carriage, laying down on his side slightly and going along with the bumps of the carriage. He was unmoving; Merlin was currently meditating. This type of Mind Meditation Method did not require any stringent conditions to be met; it could be cultivated whenever and wherever.

Right then, Merlin wanted to construct the second Spell Model in his Awareness as soon as he could. To do that, it was necessary for him to strengthen his Mind Power, and so far, the only way to increase his Mind Power was to meditate.

“Master Merlin, we've arrived.”

Moss' voice sounded out softly. Following which, Merlin opened his eyes and pushed the curtains of the carriage aside before jumping down.

This was already the third successive day that Merlin had attended etiquette class. During these past three days, Gia's disappearance had already begun to arouse the suspicions of some people.

Therefore, Merlin had to pay even closer attention to the reactions of the people there.

He had just walked into the room on the second floor when he saw the little fatty Gutt. He was sitting in front of an organ with his two fat hands on the keys, currently performing a piece.

Although Merlin did not understand music that much, even he could not stomach the music played by Gutt. This was not music at all, it was a racket.

How could all ten of little fatty's fingers that were full of meat like thick firewood sticks be suitable to play music?

They had a music class today. There were some other people in the room who just could not stand the torturous sounds Gutt was making. Thus, with angry roars, they chased Gutt off the organ.

The little fatty Gutt did not mind at all. After seeing Merlin come in, he came over to Merlin's side cheerfully. With one hand on Merlin's shoulder, he said casually, "Merlin, you've been so punctual these past few days arriving here, hehe, this isn't your style. Could it be that you're waiting for Gia?"

Little fatty Gutt had a mischievous grin on his face and even made eyes at Merlin.

Merlin was already used to Gutt's jokes, so he did not mind. Instead, he asked in a low voice, "Right. Gutt, you're well-informed, so do you know why Teacher Gia hasn't been coming these few days?"

Gutt shook his head. "I don't know. Gia's identity is mysterious, and she was hired on a temporary basis as well. No one even knows where she lives, so don't even talk about knowing of any news about her. I heard that there's already a candidate as the new history teacher and they'll be coming to class tomorrow, hehe, perhaps she'll be even more charming and touching than Gia!"

Merlin did not contribute any further to the conversation, but there was a slight sigh of relief in his heart. Gia had been sent by the Kingdom of Blackmoon, so naturally, her identity had to be kept a secret. It would not have been discovered by anyone.

In that case, however, she had disappeared and no one was able to investigate and discover the real reason why. This was extremely fortunate for Merlin. By the time the new history teacher took office, who would still remember Gia?

"Merlin, you be careful around Tirath recently. Ever since he failed at inviting Gia to the dance for his birthday, he's never come here again. He's been shifty and mysterious lately, don't know what he's up to."

Gutt advised Merlin out of kindness.

"I'll take note."

Merlin nodded, but he did not mind it much in his ear. Right now, he was most concerned about his Mind Power and when he would attain the level at which he could construct the second Spell Model.

After returning to Wilson Castle, Merlin was just about ready to go back to his room and meditate. Nowadays, other than eating and sleeping, practically all of his time was spent on meditation and increasing his Mind Power.

Awareness was still necessary for meditation, which was why the effect of meditation would not take place in the unconscious state he would be in after he fell asleep.

Meditation had to happen in an indistinct, seemingly real yet unreal state for his Mind Power to grow gradually.

Therefore, Merlin could not meditate when he was sleeping. Otherwise, he would use all eight hours of sleep to meditate so that his Mind Power would grow faster.

Nevertheless, it was at this moment that the butler came up to him. He said to Merlin, in a soft voice, "Master Merlin, there are two City Defense Troop knights outside. They say that they've come to look for the baron on the orders of the castellan."

"Knights from the City Defense Troop?"

Merlin frowned. He did not feel favorable towards the knights from the City Defense Troop now. The last time they came, they had taken him away and sent him to the Guardian Swordsman of the church for interrogation. He had even faced the extremely dangerous Wizard Jason. He had been lucky that Wizard Jason had not discovered anything out of the ordinary, allowing him to escape danger.

"Let them all in."

Merlin spoke coldly. Although he felt dissatisfied with these knights from the City Defense Troop, they had still been sent by the castellan so he could not choose not to see them. After all, in Blackwater City, the most powerful person was still the castellan.

Very soon, two tall and big knights wearing silver light armors came into the hall. After the butler introduced Merlin to them, they gave a small bow as a form of salutations before speaking in a respectful manner, "Master Merlin, we're here on the honorable castellan's orders. We've come to inform Baron Wilson to come to the Castellan's Mansion after three days for a meeting with all the aristocrats in Blackwater City to join forces in dealing with the issue of the bandits."

It turned out to be the problem of facing the bandits. Merlin had also heard about how great numbers of bandits had suddenly appeared around Blackwater City and continuously attacked some small towns surrounding the city. Even with the City Defense Troops mobilized, they had not been able to eliminate those bandits. In addition, Old Wilson seemed to also have encountered some small gangs of bandits on his trip to collect taxes on his territory this time. He had even sent General Prat back to despatch some heavy armored knights.

The appearance of the bandits could already be considered a certain threat to Blackwater City, which was why the castellan had not hesitated to mobilize all the aristocrats of Blackwater City. He wanted to unite in fighting against those bandits.

"Alright, I know, I'll definitely inform father as soon as I can."

Merlin beckoned with his hand, getting the butler to send the two City Defense Troop knights out.

In just a short while, the butler had sent the two knights out before coming back into the hall. He spoke to Merlin, "Master Merlin, I'll immediately send someone to inform the baron."

However, Merlin waved his hand and said calmly, "That's unnecessary, I'll personally go to the territory this time and inform father."

"Master Merlin, the area around Blackwater City isn't safe now."

The butler advised him against the idea hurriedly. He did not wish for Merlin to encounter bandits on the way there and suffer an untimely death.

"We can despatch more knights as escorts. Even though there are no more of father's heavy armored knights in the castle, if we send a few dozen more of the other knights to go with me, nothing bad will happen. Alright, that settles the matter. I'll set off early tomorrow."

Merlin spoke in an unquestionable tone of voice. He was so determined because, in actual fact, he merely wished to take this opportunity and have a look outside of Blackwater City. Ever since he had arrived in this world, Merlin had not been to anywhere other than Blackwater City.

This was such a good opportunity. How could he miss it?

"Master, I'll go and make preparations now."

Seeing that he was unable to dissuade Merlin, the butler could only go downstairs and make preparations. After all, Merlin's safety was very important. Even without the might of the heavy armored knights, the power of Merlin's convoy must not be weak. It would take some time just to pick and choose the knights who would be part of the convoy.

Chapter 32: Territory II

On the next day, just as dawn broke, the Wilson Castle bustled with activities. Troops of light-armored knights, comprised of more than sixty men, assumed their positions near the main doors.

"Be careful, don't stop along the way, go straight to your father's territory."

Macy urged Merlin to be cautious. She had received news that Merlin was going to the territory last night. By then, the butler had made arrangements for everything; even if Macy had wanted to stop him, it would have been too late.

Merlin nodded before stepping into the horse carriage. The journey this time was far and would take almost a day to complete. The person driving the carriage was still Moss. Hence, Merlin would have someone familiar with him.

“Moss, let’s go.”

At Merlin’s orders, Merlin slowly left Wilson Castle under the escort of many knights.

The carriage quickly drove out of Blackwater City. This was the first time that Merlin was coming out of the city to see the outside world, therefore he did not meditate. Instead, he pulled the curtains in the carriage aside and observed the scenery outside the city everywhere.

The roads outside the city were very bumpy; they could not be compared to the roads in the city that were inlaid with flat stones. The roads outside the city were, at best, some mud mixed in with some gravel that had been spread at random on the ground. There were gullies everywhere, causing the ground to be high in some places, and low in the others. Even if Moss could be more skilled at driving the horse carriage, he would still have no way of stabilizing the carriage.

It was fortunate, then, that Merlin’s current body had already become very strong and fit after going through the nurturing of the mysterious posture on the relief sculpture. Therefore, Merlin could still withstand being slightly tossed about like this.

Merlin’s carriage was in the middle of the team of knights. Pulling aside the curtains in the carriage, Merlin was able to see a knight on the side. He was around sixteen or seventeen years of age and still looked very young. However, his hands were full of thick calluses, caused by long years of wielding the sword.

“What’s your name?”

Merlin asked the young knight.

The young knight hurriedly answered in a respectful manner. “Master Merlin, I’m called Yaguez.”

“Yaguez, how many years have you been in Wilson Castle?”

“Master Merlin, I was chosen by the honorable baron three years ago. Then, after two years of hard training, I was finally promoted to a knight.”

There was a hint of gratitude and pride on Yaguez's face. Merlin knew that to be a knight of an aristocrat was already a glory in the eyes of the common folk.

The entire family of a person who had become a knight of an aristocrat within his territory would receive some tax exemptions or reductions. Therefore, it was the dream of many civilian children to be a knight by the side of an aristocrat.

To become a knight at the age of sixteen or seventeen, Yaguez should also have really great talent, in addition to his hard training.

"Do you have a fire type physique?"

Merlin continued to ask because he could sense that some Fire Elements in the surroundings were entering the sides of Yaguez's body without ceasing.

"Yes, Master Merlin. I possess a fire type physique, but had I not met the honorable baron, I'd have starved to death a long time ago. The baron has said before that a knight must be loyal, righteous, brave and devoted. I will follow the baron and be his subordinate throughout my entire life and be his knight. This is also my first time carrying out a task, Master Merlin. Don't worry. Even if we encounter bandits, I will definitely protect you."

Yaguez spoke in a solemn and extremely sincere voice. Merlin could feel that those were the true thoughts coming from Yaguez's heart.

Looking at Yaguez's sincere face, Merlin nodded gently before putting the curtains of the carriage down and drawing his head back into the carriage.

"Protect me?"

Merlin could not help but shake his head. The current physical fitness of his body was such that he could basically match the peak of a First-level Elemental Swordsman already. In addition, he was also a mysterious and powerful Spell Caster. Who would he need to protect him?

Nevertheless, this also indirectly reflected Old Wilson's methods. Every knight under him was extremely loyal to Old Wilson.

This also caused vigilance to be raised in Merlin's heart. Old Wilson had an abundance of tricks and was extremely perceptive. If he met Old Wilson in the territory, he could not say much and must be careful and prudent, to avoid revealing any tell-tale flaws.

Merlin had only watched the sceneries outside the city for a while before he lost interest. Thus, he laid down on his side in the carriage and began to meditate on his Mind Power.

“Master Merlin, we’ve arrived at the territory.”

After who knew how long, Merlin woke up from his meditation.

“We’ve arrived?”

Merlin lifted the curtains in the carriage and discovered that it was already sunset; the color of the sky was gradually becoming somewhat dusky. At the end of the small, winding road was a gigantic castle. It was the castle in Old Wilson’s territory.

This castle looked extremely ancient with pointed and conical roofs. The bricks on the walls were already turning black, and he could see that there was a section of the wall that had been repaired

Merlin leaped down the carriage and walked forward. A few knights guarded Merlin by staying around him; although they had already reached the territory, they still did not let down their guard.

“Stand still, who are you people?”

The moment they came near to the castle, four guards blocked the road.

A knight next to Merlin hurriedly stepped forward and said, “This is Master Merlin, he has come to the territory to see the baron for an important matter.”

“Master Merlin?”

Those few guards were somewhat doubtful. They had never seen Merlin, but they had also heard that Baron Wilson had a son called Merlin.

“Master Merlin, please wait for a moment. We’re getting General Prat to come forward and confirm.”

The guards did not let Merlin into the castle. Instead, they sent people off into the castle to look for General Prat.

Merlin frowned. It was not because he felt disgruntled over being blocked, but because the guards in the castle were somewhat too careful and prudent. Could it be that something had happened to the castle, causing the security of the castle to be this tight?

“I’ll ask Prat in detail after he arrives.”

Merlin was already aware that something might have happened in the castle during this period of time. However, he could only learn everything after Prat had come.

After waiting for a moment, Prat's figure finally appeared. He walked over with quick steps and berated, in a loud voice, "Let me through quickly, he is Master Merlin, all of you take a good look now and remember him well. When Master Merlin comes in the future, you're not allowed to stop him!"

General Prat reprimanded the guards severely for a while, before bringing Merlin into the castle.

As they walked, Merlin inquired. "Uncle Prat, has something happened on the territory? Why are such strict precautions being taken?"

Prat hesitated for a moment. After that, he lowered his voice and said, "It's all because some time ago, a huge gang of bandits was discovered around the territory. For security, the entire territory has been plunged into a state of war. Precautions are very strict."

Merlin was rather surprised. He had not encountered a single bandit on his way here. He had originally thought that the territory had not been invaded or harassed by the bandits. Never had he imagined that the situation had already become so severe.

Chapter 33: Meeting

It was somewhat cold outside. Merlin wrapped his big coat tightly around himself and followed Prat. They walked approximately a hundred meters before they came to the bottom of a mottled wall. All of a sudden, Prat halted his footsteps and turned around to speak to Merlin, "Master Merlin, we've arrived. It's here."

Merlin looked to where Prat was gazing. As expected, not far in front of them, a strange wind had appeared in the air. The area occupied by this strange wind was not large; a vortex was formed, spinning without ceasing at the moment. It was emitting noises like the whimper of a baby.

"That's strange, the wind isn't rising!"

Merlin frowned. This was a really strange wind. Other than this, there was no wind in any other places. Merlin took a few steps forward to get closer to this strange wind. He acutely discovered that this strange wind was not in a disorderly state; it followed a certain regularity, as though some mysterious energy was controlling this strange wind.

"Master Merlin, this strange wind is exceedingly strong. We've had a few knights who'd wanted to check it out, but they were bruised by the flying stones in the strange wind.

By the time we waited until the wind had disappeared to take a closer look, we couldn't find anything out of the ordinary. It's extremely odd."

Prat glanced at Merlin and said in a soft voice.

However, Merlin was no longer paying attention to Prat's words. At the moment, he was using his Mind Power to check out this strange wind.

Sensing through his Mind Power, Merlin could feel numerous Wind Elements. They were all very violent, but these violent Wind Elements seemed to have been confined by an orderly energy, so they could only turn according to a certain rule.

The typical characteristic of a spell was to cause Elements to move according to a certain rule! The spells released by a Spell Caster was, in actual fact, Elements operating according to a defined pattern under the effect of Spell Models.

For example, the Fireball that Merlin had mastered at the moment was to operate according to the Spell Model of the Fireball; those violent Fire Elements were condensed into a small fireball, which made it possible for it to possess a terrible destructive power.

The strange wind in front of him seemed to be a sort of spell!

However, this sort of spell was really scattered. Its power had been reduced to the lowest possible, and could only maintain control over Wind Elements within a few square meters. Therefore, this would not have been produced by a Spell Caster prompting a Spell Model, but a spell automatically released by a casting tool without being controlled by anyone.

Casting tools were tools created by Spell Casters to help cast magic. For example, magic staffs and scrolls belonged to the category of casting tools. Merlin had also seen from old man Etha's Spell Manual that every casting tool was extremely precious. Usually, only powerful Spell Casters above the First-level could, after expending great amounts of efforts and materials, create casting tools.

Therefore, even old man Etha had not had any casting tools.

When the thought came to him that the appearance of this strange wind was possibly caused by a casting tool, Merlin's heart became very excited. Any piece of casting tool would be something a Spell Caster had always dreamed of.

However, although Merlin felt very excited in his heart, he did not reveal any changes on his face. Instead, he said in a cool voice, "Uncle Prat, wait here, I'll go near and take a look."

General Prat exhorted, "Master Merlin, you have to be careful. Don't get too close to avoid getting hurt."

Merlin nodded. Following which, he took a few steps forward and approached the strange wind.

The force of the strange wind was very strong, indeed. Furthermore, it was such a cold day; the strange wind sliced across his face, causing a pain that felt as though he had been cut by knives. However, Merlin did not stop. He unleashed his Mind Power and began searching for the source of this strange wind.

He could only find the casting tool that was unleashing the strange wind if he could find its source.

"Uncle Prat and the others have already searched, but they've not discovered anything. This means that, perhaps, the casting tool is not on the ground, but buried underground."

Merlin carefully did his analysis. He had the help of his Mind Power, so he was able to easily explore the source of this strange wind. It was under a corner of the wall, directly stretching down into the ground. Just as he had concluded after his analysis, there was definitely a casting tool buried underground there.

Merlin had found the source of the strange wind and had come to the conclusion. After analysis, it was very possible that a casting tool had been buried somewhere underground. However, with Prat next to him now, watching him, Merlin did not have the opportunity to search for this casting tool. He could only quietly commit the approximate position to memory and wait until daytime tomorrow before he could come and look for it.

Having made a firm decision in his heart, Merlin withdrew. Prat hurriedly took a few steps forward and shone the weak candlelight upon Merlin, asking in a concerned manner, "Master Merlin, are you alright?"

Prat had seen Merlin stand without moving in front of the strange wind just now. He felt that it was strange, and had even thought that Merlin had been injured by the strange wind.

Merlin shook his head gently. "I'm fine. Go back."

Prat took a careful look over Merlin's entire body but did not find any wounds. His felt relief in his heart and followed Merlin from behind, ready to return to the castle.

However, they had just gone halfway when they suddenly heard noises made by the hooves of horses outside. A team of cavalry was directly charging towards the castle.

Delight sprang up in Prat's heart. He hurriedly said to Merlin, "The baron must be back. Master Merlin, let's go and receive the baron quickly."

"Father?"

Merlin murmured in a low voice as his expression kept shifting. It had been a while since he arrived in this world. Finally, he was about to meet with Old Wilson.

Old Wilson was the person closest to Merlin, so he did not know whether Old Merlin would discover some signs.

"Master Merlin, let's go quickly. The baron often talks about you even in the territory."

Seeing Merlin was just standing there without making a move, General Prat hurriedly urged him.

"En, let's go, it's time you should meet up..."

Prat did not notice the change in Merlin's expression. Thus, they speedily walked towards the castle.

After a short while, many servants came out of the castle. They lit up the lights that embellished the inside of the castle, causing the place to look as bright as day, before respectfully welcoming the return of Old Wilson.

"Baron, sir!"

With a quick step, Prat immediately knelt to the floor with one knee and saluted Old Wilson.

Old Wilson was riding on his horse at the moment. He wore a black armor and had a burly body build, thick eyebrows and big eyes. His body emitted an aura that felt as horrifying as a wild beast.

Currently, Old Wilson wielded a greatsword in his hand. There were even some traces of fresh blood left on the body of the sword; it seemed as though he had just been through a great battle.

"Eh? Merlin?"

Finally, Old Wilson's eyes fell on Merlin. His body had just been releasing the aura that felt as terrifying as a wild beast. However, after seeing Merlin, the aura immediately turned into a thick emanation of love, causing Merlin to feel very intimate.

"Father!"

Merli took a deep breath and walked a few steps forward as well, letting out his voice in a yell.

Chapter 34: Casting Tool I

Merlin had always imagined the moment when he would finally meet Old Wilson, picturing all sorts of possibilities in his mind. However, he felt unusually calm when it actually happened.

“Merlin, why are you here?”

Old Wilson jumped off the horse swiftly and paced to Merlin. His eyes brimming with gentle love.

Merlin had to tilt his head slightly upward when speaking to Old Wilson who had a great stature. He was nearly two meters tall and appeared as strong as a horse. A bloody smell assailed Merlin’s nostrils as soon as his father came near.

“Father, have you encountered bandits?”

Merlin did not hurry to answer but replied with a question.

Old Wilson gently sheathed his bloody greatsword back into its scabbard and replied nonchalantly, “It’s not a big deal, just a few bandits that I’ve killed. Come on, let’s head inside.”

Hence, Merlin followed Old Wilson into the castle. Old Wilson took off the black suits of armor with the help of servants. Merlin was shocked as he watched the three servants walked away carrying the armor with difficulty. Old Wilson’s black suit of armor must have weighed at least three hundred catties.

Having a Normie put on an armor that weighed nearly three hundred catties was already a question, not to mention to travel in it. However, Old Wilson could move about freely and even combat in that armor. It showed that Old Wilson physical quality was rather extraordinary.

Initially, Merlin thought Old Wilson was only a Second-level Fire Swordsman, but now it seemed that Old Wilson was more than he appeared on the surface. A usual Second-level Fire Swordsman could never manage such a heavy armor.

Not only was Old Wilson a Second-level Fire Swordsman, he was also endowed by nature’s natural gift. He who possessed exceptional force had extremely outstanding physical quality. Even his pure physical force was stronger than any other Second-level Elemental Swordsman.

'No wonder father survived the expedition to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, also known as the Slaughterhouse. Besides having accumulated an abundance of military exploits that eventually made him a noble, his physical quality was his biggest asset!'

At the moment, Merlin could sense that numerous Fire Elements were being absorbed into Old Wilson's body at an accelerated speed. Old Wilson should have already reached the vertical limit of Second-level Fire Swordsman by now. When the suitable moment arrived, it was likely that he would upgrade to a Third-level Swordsman!

Merlin could not see through the actual strength of Old Wilson, but he deeply believed with Old Wilson's terrifying strength, he could easily be on par with a Third-level Elemental Swordsman.

The female butler led Old Wilson to the bathroom. Moments later, Old Wilson, brimming with energy, entered the hall in a new change of clothes.

The dauntless bloody smell lingered on Old Wilson disappeared when he removed the black armor; without it, he appeared as mild as a lamb. He walked over to Merlin's side and patted his shoulder lightly as his eyes inspected Merlin from up to down. A few seconds later, a smile washed over his face. "Not bad, you've grown up as a strong man, just like your father!"

It was evident that Old Wilson was genuinely delighted at the improvement of Merlin's health. No one who had seen Merlin at his previously weak form would believe he was Old Wilson's son.

"Oh right, Merlin, why are you here at the manor instead of Blackwater City? Did anything happen back home?"

A hint of austerity flashed across Old Wilson's eyes. That gentleness hung on his face just moments before had seemingly turned into something frantic.

Fortunately, Merlin's Mind Power was forceful enough to suppress his inner emotions instead of being charged by Old Wilson's sudden violent pang.

"Father, everything is alright back home. I'm only here to notify you that the castellan wishes to invite all noblemen in Blackwater City to his residence for a meeting, in order to solve the issue with bandits."

Merlin provided a full account of the incident to his father, Old Wilson, whose brows knitted together in concentration.

After a moment, Old Wilson finally raised his head and spoke softly, "Almost every small town around Blackwater City was harassed by the bandits, but what's strange is that not one town has experienced any destructive damage. It was as if these bandits had more planned than mere looting."

“No matter what, these bandits must go. Otherwise, the small towns around Blackwater City and many of the noblemen’s manors will never be peaceful again. I’ve encountered a small group of bandits when I patrolled the area a few days ago. They were only a small group slightly bigger than ten, and their force wasn’t strong either. My heavy knights knocked them down in an instant. But our effort to locate the swarm of well-hidden bandits was still to no avail.

“It shall make the operation easier if the whole noble force of Blackwater City was to gather. Oh, right, did Augustin mention the date of this meeting?”

“Probably the day after tomorrow,” Merlin replied softly.

“The day after tomorrow? Very well. That gives us plenty of time if we depart tomorrow. Merlin, we’ll leave for Blackwater City tomorrow.”

Old Wilson came to a decision quickly. It seemed this gang of bandits posed a huge threat. Even Old Wilson thought the force of Blackwater City’s every nobleman was needed to drive out these bandits.

Merlin rose from his dream in the early morning of the next day. Dawn had just broken, but servants were already shuttling back and forth on their duties.

Merlin dressed up and headed right downstairs.

Old Wilson was still not awake. Merlin glanced toward the direction of Old Wilson’s room. Last night, he thought he saw that alluring female butler tiptoe into Old Wilson’s bedroom.

Merlin shook his head as if to dismiss the distracting thoughts. He extended his gaze at the enclosure wall outside of the castle. He remembered that peculiar gush of wind last night had come just right from under that mottled wall.

“Young Master Merlin!”

Most of the guards and servants in the castle had already familiarized themselves with Merlin. They bowed respectfully at each encounter with their young master. Merlin nodded with smiles and headed outside of the castle.

“Whizz...”

The early morning of winter was freezing cold. The slight amount of snow that fell last night had covered the surface of the earth with slippery dampness.

Merlin checked his surroundings. Only after making sure that no one was in sight did he head for the enclosure wall. Soon, he arrived at the place where the strange wind whooshed last night. The ground surface on this area was unusually even, probably a forced work of the gush of wind last night.

“Here we are.”

Merlin came to the corner of the wall and squatted silently. That strange wave of spell he sensed last night was probably concealed right underneath the wall.

The soil underneath the wall was soft and moist, hence Merlin extended his hands and began to dig with caution.

A few moments later, among the dampen soil, Merlin’s hand felt a hard, cold object.

“This is the casting tool?”

Merlin was delighted. He did not care to look at the object unearthed before he wrapped it around with the cloth that he brought along beforehand. Then, he headed back to the castle as if nothing happened.

Chapter 35: Casting Tool II

Once he was back to his room, the impatient Merlin quickly opened the wrapped parcel hidden in his arms. Inside was a handful of dark soil and a hard item.

Merlin could not identify the shape of the item as it was covered with dirt. Hence, he fetched some clean water and began rubbing gently on the hard item in an effort to remove those soil stuck to its surface.

Soon enough, the treasure that had been given a thorough cleansing gradually revealed its true identity. It was a pendant. The small pendant was in the shape of an inverted triangle. A ruby gem about the size of a soybean was placed in the middle of the inverted triangle.

Under faint candlelight, the ruby glistened with a lustrous brilliance.

However, Merlin was not bothered with the gem inlaid on the pendant. Although a ruby was a rare treasure, its value was nothing compared to a casting tool. Merlin was more curious if that pendant was actually a casting tool.

Therefore, Merlin rapidly gathered his Mind Power to shroud the pendant.

“Swish.”

In the blink of an eye, Merlin felt a horrifying whirl trying to draw his Mind Power into the pendant. Merlin was overjoyed. He stopped resisting and allowed his Mind Power to be absorbed into the pendant.

Merlin's Mind Power induced that inside of the pendant was a completely enclosed space. It was constructed by hundreds and thousands of confined tiny cells. Every cell seemed to possess a certain mysterious power.

Some tiny cells seemed to be trapped with rather active Wind Elements. However, it appeared that these cells were broken due to unknown reasons. As a result, some Wind Elements had leaked out of the casting tool.

Perhaps that was the reason for the peculiar wind that appeared outside of the castle.

"What an incredible casting tool!"

Merlin, who was shocked to his mind, finally retrieved his Mind Power.

The tiny cells inside of the pendant were out of Merlin's current knowledge, but he did a daring estimate that they were utilized to store spells.

The concept was similar to certain Spell Scrolls. Powerful Spell Casters could adopt special methods to cast spells unto Spell Scrolls. By possessing any of these Spell Scrolls, even with a weak capability, a slight trigger using Mind Power could easily activate the spell stored and eventually erupt a compelling force.

A typical Spell Scroll could only store one spell at a time. Once the Spell Scroll was activated, the spell being stored would be released. In other words, Spell Scroll was a one-time depletion casting tool.

However, the pendant in Merlin's hand could possibly store more than just one spell. The seemingly infinite number of tiny cells in the pendant was indeed empty space to store spells. Each tiny cell could hold in a spell.

Merlin utilized his Mind Power to carefully count the number of tiny cells inside the pendant. There was a total of one hundred and fifty-eight cells, that was to say, this casting tool was able to store one hundred and fifty-eight spells.

A casting tool like this may be rated as a ghastly one. It was not something that any Spell Caster could easily produce.

Merlin turned the pendant around. On its back was engraved a couple of words in Molta language.

"Bell."

On the back of the pendant was engraved the name "Bell." In Etha's Spell Manual, the old man mentioned the long tradition for Spell Casters to carve their own name on each casting tool they invented.

Hence, "Bell" should be the inventor of this casting tool.

"I wonder if this 'Bell' is still alive."

Merlin murmured to himself. He looked at the pendant in hand. There were numerous broken tiny cells on this pendant, which were the cause for the leaking of Wind Elements previously stored in there, and later produced that gush of peculiar wind outside of the castle. It was safe to say that this pendant was probably an invention of several hundred years ago, perhaps even longer.

No doubt a Normie would have been gone in such a long time. But it was different for Spell Casters, especially Spell Casters which possessed forceful power. They could live up to two or three hundred years.

Merlin naturally had no idea if there was any Spell Casters that lived up to hundreds and thousands of years. Even old man Etha had no clue about this. After all, old man Etha was only an Entrance-level Spell Caster. How much could he possibly know about the untellable secrets in the world of Spell Casters?

This pendant was produced by "Bell," hence Merlin simply named it as the Bell Pendant. Merlin could not care much whether this "Bell" was still alive. He was only eager to find out if this casting tool was still usable.

Therefore, once again, he quickly focused his Mind Power into the pendant. This time around, he checked those tiny cells carefully. There was a total of one hundred and fifty-eight tiny cells, but most had been destroyed and left emptied.

Perhaps someone else had already released the spells stored in this Bell Pendant, which resulted in those shattered cells. That, or they had been left alone for too long and eventually broke down.

Merlin counted attentively and realized there were only eighteen tiny cells in the pendant that remained in good shape. This meant that he could still store eighteen more spells in this casting tool.

"Eighteen more spells... That should be enough!"

Merlin chuckled to himself. He thought this casting tool had completely lost its function, but who knew. Still, he had to get it tested out before he was sure he could still store spells in this pendant.

He made up his mind and gathered his Mind Power into the pendant once more. In some of those tiny cells still held spells that had been stored in there since who knew when. Due to the prolonged time span, countless Wind Elements was leaking out from those broken tiny cells little by little, waiting to erupt when the time came.

Merlin was not going to let such unpredictability happen. Right away, he utilized his Mind Power to activate those broken tiny cells in Bell Pendant.

“Whoosh... whoosh... whoosh...”

All of the sudden, waves after waves of a mad wind appeared in the room. They were the remnants of spells being left inside of those tiny cells in the Bell Pendant. The destructive force was not too strong; hence it did not result in a massive disaster.

Still, the room was turned into a complete mess.

After destroying all the remnants of spells left in Bell Pendant, Merlin started to think about casting spells into the pendant. At the moment, Merlin knew only one spell, which was Fireball. However, due to special reason, Merlin could also release Large Fireball that was as powerful as a First-level spell.

If he were to store any spell, undeniably he should store Large Fireball which was powerfully forceful in order to maximize the potential of Bell Pendant.

However, that raised another question – could the Bell Pendant withstand Large Fireball, which was almost similar to a First-level spell?

Merlin was not able to make an accurate inference for now. At least not until he had tried it out.

A Large Fireball could only be released after Merlin stored three normal Fireball.

Therefore, Merlin swiftly performed three normal Fireball. When the gray horizontal frame in Awareness turned red, Merlin shrouded his Mind Power onto the Bell Pendant to further agitate the red horizontal frame.

“Large Fireball!”

In an instant, a burning sensation seemed to rise quickly. Fortunately, Merlin had already aimed Bell Pendant at the huge fireball. At the stimulation of Merlin’s Mind Power, the Bell Pendant released a powerful force of attraction almost immediately.

This force of attraction immediately absorbed that huge fireball into the pendant.

Merlin was overjoyed. He promptly extended his Mind Power into the Bell Pendant. He found out that the huge fireball had indeed been stored inside one of those tiny cells

firmly. Merlin only had to stimulate this huge fireball slightly with Mind Power to release it.

“It’s a success, the Bell Pendant can endure Large Fireball!”

Merlin finally heaved a sigh of relief. There was a total of eighteen tiny cells inside of Bell Pendant. In other words, the pendant was able to store eighteen Large Fireball. This meant that Merlin could continuously release eighteen Large Fireball at his wish. Its tremendous force was beyond imagination.

“Very well, the Bell Pendant can definitely increase my combat ability substantially!”

Hence, Merlin started utilizing his Magic Power in the room to repeatedly release normal Fireball. He then stored each Large Fireball he attained into Bell Pendant.

Although this process was troublesome and consumed an abundance of Magic Power, Merlin had the whole night to fill up all eighteen tiny cells left in Bell Pendant.

Thick snow covered the field of an abandoned ranch. A few men dressed in white robes and silver armors sat in front of the fire, seemingly in the middle of a discussion.

The campfire blazed merrily, emitting bursts of heat that melted the surrounding snow into puddles.

These three men were thin. They all had golden masks on their face to conceal their appearances from sight. One of the shorter men threw a piece of firewood at the fire, and said with a sneer, “Oh, it’s finally time to get started. But it’s only a Wilson, a Second-level Fire Swordsman. Is he worth the three of us to strike at once?”

“Queiro, of course, there’s no need to employ all three of us for just a Wilson. But, the church is involved this time, that’s why we can’t let our guard down.”

“Relo, Angus, let me deal with Wilson later. I would like to see how long a mere nobleman from Blackwater City can endure my force.”

“Alright, hush now, the both of you. The church does not care much about Blackwater City, let alone a mere Wilson. Still, Blackwater City forms a very favorable defensive circle with Grand City in the east and Rute City in the west. Therefore, we must take down these three cities at the least cost in order to cope with the possible intrusion from the Kingdom of Blackmoon during our temporary chaos.”

The last man who spoke with authority appeared to be the leader of the three. The other two listened attentively when he spoke.

“Angus, Lord Bishop had instructed for you to be the leader of us three. Tell us exactly what we should do.”

Angus looked up at the black void of space and said in a low voice, “Everything will be fine in Blackwater City under the inspection of Sir Jason. We’re responsible for things outside of Blackwater City, and we must ensure there aren’t any problems! Other towns lacking potential in strengths are not important enough to be of our concern, save for this Wilson’s territory that even stationed a group of heavy armor knights. Allowing them into Blackwater City is not going to benefit Sir Jason’s control on Blackwater City.

“That’s why Lord Bishop commands us to keep Wilson in his territory forever, at all costs! God will bless us; the God of Light will always be with us!”

Angus’s voice was cold. His body filled with the urge to kill.

“God of Light be with us!”

The other two men in golden masks suddenly stood up. Their expression solemn.

Dawn had just broken when someone knocked on Merlin’s bedroom door.

“Young Master Merlin, Lord Baron had asked for you to depart for Blackwater City at once.”

A maidservant dressed in gray called out softly.

“Alright.”

Merlin, on the other side of the door, was looking exhausted, his face as pale as a sheet. However, his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

That was because he had spent the whole night casting Fireball incessantly. He waited patiently while he replenished his Magic Power, and then continued casting more Fireball.

Hence, throughout the night, Merlin did not have time to even take forty winks. In spite of that, he managed to fill up every tiny cell in Bell Pendant before dawn. With this Bell Pendant, Merlin did not even have to use any Magic Power. With only a slight utilization of his Mind Power, he could continuously release eighteen Large Fireball.

Merlin rose to his feet. He used a thin linen rope to fasten the Bell Pendant and hung it in front of his chest. By doing so, it was convenient to release the spells in Bell Pendant without attracting too much attention.

“Isn’t it too early to set off?”

Merlin left his room and went downstairs. He realized numerous knights standing closely next to each other was already waiting outside of the castle. Among them, those two hundred heavy armored knights stood out the most. They were trained personally under Old Wilson with painstaking effort. Their combat abilities were amazingly terrifying.

By now, Old Wilson, who was also dressed in his black armor, stood on the stone steps outside of the castle. He frowned slightly as Merlin came downstairs. “What’s the matter? Have you not rest well last night?”

Merlin shook his head and smiled. “It’s nothing. I haven’t quite gotten used to the castle, that’s all. Father, are you deploying all the knights away from the territory?”

“Not all, but only the heavy-armored knights. The rest are to stay here in order to protect the territory from those bandits!”

Old Wilson shook his head slightly. He was not planning to completely remove the defensive force within the territory.

“Eh? What’s this noise?”

Old Wilson who was about to depart suddenly shifted his gaze to the distant. A chaotic noise muddled with irregular clatters of horses’ hooves came to ear, as clouds of smoke and dust filled the air.

“Oh no, the bandits. Knights, ready to fight!”

Old Wilson’s facial expression changed as he got hold of the situation, and immediately he shouted out the order.

Instantly, crowds of knights outside of the castle went on the alert. They drew the greatsword behind their back and got into a defensive formation. With utmost concentration, their gazes were affixed to the front.

Chapter 37: Bandits II

With the passing of time, the thick fog that shrouded the castle dispersed gradually. Now, everyone could clearly see the groups of knights that appeared in front of them.

They sped down the path, kicking up an overwhelming amount of smoke and dust into the air. The groups were estimated to be around two to three thousand knights, or even more.

Old Wilson and the knights in the territory were combat-ready and on alert. Their greatswords flashed with a cold light. At the command of Old Wilson, they would charge forward to fight immediately.

However, Old Wilson did not give the order even after stalling for a long time. Instead, he was getting more concerned.

“3,000 people, at least 3,000 bandits,” Old Wilson whispered. His facial expression grew even more serious.

Then, in a low voice, he called out to Prat who was by his side, “Prat, protect Merlin. No matter what the situation is, you’ve to keep him alive!”

Prat hesitated for a moment but he followed the order and went to Merlin. Ever since he left the battlefield with Old Wilson, he had never seen him feeling such worried and nervous.

“All heavy armored knights, get into formation. Be ready to charge!” Old Wilson yelled aloud.

In an instant, the knights dressed in black heavy armor aimed the long spears in their hands at the sky. They queued up behind Old Wilson, prepared for the charge at any time.

Soon, a large crowd of bandits swarmed forward in an orderly formation. They came to a halt at a few hundred meters away from the castle, and gradually, three men in white robes who were wearing golden masks emerged from the crowd.

Old Wilson narrowed his eyes. He figured that these three masked men should be the leaders of these bandits. On cursory examination, there was a large number of bandits and they seemed to be able to surround the entire castle.

In terms of quantity, Old Wilson’s most combative two hundred heavy armored knights were much lesser in comparison with the bandits. At most, they could gather up to a thousand including the other six to seven hundred knights within the territory. In comparison with the 3,000 bandits in front of them, Old Wilson’s strength was indeed too small.

Moreover, judging from the orderly marching of these bandits, Old Wilson concluded that their combat literacy was at a commendable level where it was only possible after rigorous training.

Seeing the group of bandits in front of him, Old Wilson felt that he was back at the cruel battlefield. He felt as if he was not facing a group of scattered bandits but a group of well-trained elite army troop.

“When were bandits eligible for such quality training?”

Old Wilson’s eyes flashed like lightning as his gaze swept across the large group of bandits in front of him, before finally landed his gaze onto the leaders of the bandits – the three men who were wearing golden masks. Only by defeating them that he was able to protect the territory.

At this thought, Old Wilson raised his greatsword with one hand, and shouted at the two hundred heavy armored knights behind him, “In the name of the knight’s glory, attack!”

“In the name of the knight’s glory, attack!”

Two hundred heavy armored knights yelled in unison. The tremendous momentum shown was so intense that it seemed like they did not regard those three thousand bandits in front of them as a threat. Their imposing manner shook the earth.

This was the heavy armored knight troop which Old Wilson had constructed after spending more than ten years of effort and almost half of the taxes collected from the territory. Finally, today would be these heavy armored knights’ first battle!

“Boom!”

Like a landslide, the two hundred heavy armored knights moved and shook the earth. Two hundred heavy armored knights followed closely behind Old Wilson as they rushed forward to the bandits like a black torrent.

Old Wilson fought at the forefront of his men. Leading the two hundred heavy armored knights, he rushed out to make a bloody opening path. No matter how many bandits were there, they could not seem to resist the impact of the heavy armored knights.

The heavy armor on the knights was not destructible by ordinary swords and spears as a powerful force was required to damage it. Only when the knights fell over the horse or when they were exhausted by the fight, which left them with no combat power, that these groups of heavy armored knights could be taken down.

Old Wilson led the two hundred heavy armored knights through the battlefield and killed more than 300 thieves in just one attack. Yet, he did not injure himself. The three men wearing golden masks in the distance looked at Old Wilson who was leading the heavy armored knights, attacking the bandits incessantly. Although they concealed their appearances, they looked tough to bring down.

“Such powerful heavy armored knight troop. This Wilson is indeed something. No wonder he survived the Slaughterhouse. It’ll be great if he can return to the arms of God...” one of the men wearing a golden mask muttered disappointedly.

“Angus, we can’t let him go on like this. I’ll take him down and that should collapse his heavy armored knights.”

The three of them could make out that Old Wilson was the soul of the heavy armored knights, just like the alpha in a pack of wolves. With Old Wilson charging in the front of the battlefield, this heavy armored knight troop was fearless, as if nothing would go wrong.

Therefore, to defeat this heavy armored knight troop, they must take down Old Wilson.

“Queiro, Lelo, the two of you go together. Be sure to eliminate Wilson!” Angus said coldly.

“Haha, Angus, be rest assured. It’s just a Wilson, how much does he have?”

Hence, the two white-robed men wearing golden masks rushed to Old Wilson on a horseback.

Although Old Wilson’s heavy armored knights were invincible that almost no one could fight against them, the number of bandits was too great in comparison after all. Even if they tried to break through from either side, they could hardly go beyond the tight encirclement. Instead, the number of bandits surrounding them seemed to increase gradually.

Queiro and Lelo quickly rushed down. They commanded some bandits to separate Old Wilson from his heavy armored knights.

Queiro, with short red-hair, rushed directly at Wilson’s face. He slowly pulled out a greatsword, all the while staring fiercely at Old Wilson.

“Remember, you’re dead in the hands of Queiro!” Queiro bellowed, and the greatsword in his hand released a blinding light. Even in the melee, this ray of light dazzled in the battlefield.

Looking at the ray of light on Queiro’s sword, Old Wilson’s expression changed as he realized it was an unbelievable powerful wave produced from the Light Elements. The voice that came through his throat next sounded slightly hoarse, “Light Elements... You’re a Guardian Swordsman from the church?”

Old Wilson was shocked. He thought he was dealing with bandits, not Light Swordsmen who could control the Light Elements. He was clear that this kind of Light Swordsman would surely be taken in by the church to become the Guardian Swordsman.

In the blink of an eye, these bandits had become the highly respectable Guardian Swordsmen from the church, and it came as a tremendous surprise. Even Old Wilson did not know what was going on.