

W. Secret 311

Chapter 311: Eve II

“Creak...”

The door was gently pushed open, and a cold wind poured in, blowing on Merlin’s black robe, lifting it slightly.

Merlin did not raise his head but only squinted, his fingers gently tapping on the table.

“Master.”

The person who walked in was Wizard Bammou who had always been mysterious. In front of Merlin, Wizard Bammou looked very respectful.

“How’s it going?”

Merlin asked casually.

“Master, I’ve already found out their motive. The old half-man half-snake guy was ordered by the eighth prince to protect your family at Wilson Castle. As for the real purpose, it was to win over Master’s mentor, Wizard Leo!”

Wizard Bammou reported some of the information that he had heard to Merlin in simpler terms, and only Wizard Bammou, a “freak” with the Mind Power of a Great Wizard, could hear everything so stealthily.

“Sure enough, it’s all for my mentor...”

In fact, Merlin had already guessed it. His Royal Highness held great power in the Kingdom of Blackmoon. Even an ordinary spell casters’ organization would not necessarily be in his mind. After all, the power of the royal family of the Kingdom of Blackmoon actually represented powerful

intimidation, certainly not worse than a large spell casters' organization. Otherwise, it would not be able to startle the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon.

Back then, after Leo killed Osseus, he immediately became a household name. He also possessed the legendary Darkness Eye, which was capable of killing powerful Seventh-level Spell Casters. Merlin's heart was definitely very clear that this represented a huge meaning for powerful Spell Casters.

As for Merlin, he was only noticed by the eighth prince because of his slight relation to Wizard Leo. He hoped to contact Wizard Leo through Merlin.

After a long ponder, Merlin gradually stood up, and his narrow face showed a hint of coldness. He muttered with a low voice, "Whatever the reason, the eighth prince saved Wilson Castle, so even if he wants to see Wizard Leo, I'll also help him! However, before this, some things must be prepared..."

Wilson Castle was already unsafe, and his identity was not the same as the past anymore. Even if there was the intimidation of the Dark Magic Region, it was difficult to guarantee Wilson Castle's safety without any actual protection. Thinking of this, the coldness in Merlin's eyes intensified.

This time, Merlin indeed had a faint plan in his mind when he brought Wizard Bammou back to Wilson Castle, and now, his heart was even more determined. If he let Wizard Bammou remain in Wilson Castle, he would then be able to completely rid himself of any worries.

Even then, Merlin had never thought of making the Wilson clan a Spell Caster clan, but now the progress of the situation forced him to make this consideration. Moreover, most importantly, Conxion and Celia did not have the Spell Caster Quality but Macy's child, little Cole had displayed Spell Caster Quality at a young age.

This was precisely an opportunity for the Wilson clan to become a Spell Caster clan.

"I didn't expect that after killing Weiss and Bluebird, and becoming the key Spell Caster prioritized for training in the Dark Magic Region, yet in the eyes of other people, I'm still merely the most valued student of Teacher Leo..."

Merlin also felt somewhat regretful because he had indeed gone through many things ever since entering the Dark Magic Region and had gradually grown from a newbie Wizard to a rather powerful Spell Caster.

Yet, in the eyes of those truly powerful Spell Casters, he would always be a student of “Wizard Leo”, and the halo above his head would still be inseparable from the Dark Magic Region and Wizard Leo.

“Master, I’ve something to say, but I don’t know if I should say it?”

Wizard Bammou, who had always been respectful, for whatever reason, looked to be uncertain and hesitant today.

“What’s wrong?”

Merlin looked at Wizard Bammou in confusion.

Wizard Bammou took a deep breath and then sighed. “Master, it’s about your mentor, Wizard Leo. When I was spying for you about any news, I accidentally heard those people mentioning ‘Darkness Eye’. Is it true that Master’s mentor really succeeded in cultivating Darkness Eye?”

So, it was really regarding Darkness Eye. Merlin naturally knew what Darkness Eye meant. Even the Spell Casters of Abyss Fort did not know the true use of Darkness Eye.

Nevertheless, in this world, there were always some Spell Casters who knew Darkness Eye such as His Royal Highness the eighth prince of the Kingdom of Blackmoon. It was highly likely that he knew what Wizard Leo cultivated was the true Darkness Eye. Otherwise, he would not even pay much attention to the Dark Magic Region, and to pay such a great deal to contact Wizard Leo through Merlin.

“That’s right, my mentor has indeed cultivated Darkness Eye. What about it? Wizard Bammou, do you know about Darkness Eye?”

Merlin knew that Wizard Bammou was a powerful Spell Caster from centuries ago, so some of the Spell Caster knowledge that he acquired was far beyond himself. It would not be surprising if he knew about Darkness Eye. After all, Wizard Bammou even knew about the Ship of Nikola, the Fire Maxim and so forth, let alone Darkness Eye.

Upon hearing Merlin's affirmative answer, Wizard Bammou's expression was very odd. After a long pause, he inhaled deeply and sighed. "Master, maybe you don't know, Darkness Eye was a Pandora Demon Ability created by the Great Legend of Darkness, Wizard Oflas. Rumor has it that with Darkness Eye, the Great Legend of Darkness led countless powerful Spell Casters to conquer one great dimension after another, and exiled many great gods. He was one of the most powerful Legends among all Spell Casters thousands of years ago!

"Apart from the Great Legend of Darkness, Master Oflas himself, other people who tried cultivating Darkness Eye had not succeeded. There was even a rumor circulating around for thousands of years that this Darkness Eye actually carried a curse. Any Spell Caster, whom once cultivated Darkness Eye, would eventually die in great suffering along with a perpetual curse..."

After listening to what Wizard Bammou had said, Merlin frowned. He only knew that Darkness Eye was very powerful. There were in total seven forms, which was created by the Great Legend of Darkness, Wizard Oflas throughout his entire life.

However, he did not expect that such a powerful Pandora Demon Ability had actually carried a so-called "curse". Merlin naturally did not believe in any curse whatsoever. In his viewpoint, the failure of cultivating Darkness Eye could only mean that the Spell Casters who had cultivated Darkness Eye back then had made mistakes in their cultivation methods or other aspects.

Seeing Merlin's undecided look, Wizard Bammou shook his head slightly and continued. "Master, Darkness Eye really is peculiar. Just because it was a Pandora Demon Ability created by the Great Legend of Darkness, there are countless powerful Spell Casters who will attempt to cultivate it as long as they have constructed Darkness-type spells. Of course, among them will be some powerful Great Wizards who had even begun condensing Maxims.

"However, even for those Great Wizards who started condensing Maxims, once they begin to cultivate Darkness Eye, they'll eventually be engulfed by Darkness Elements inexplicably, and the state of their deaths would be bizarre. Some Great Wizards will even be swallowed up by Darkness Eye... Which is why there's this rumor that Darkness Eye is a cursed Pandora Demon Ability. Except for the Great Legend of Darkness Wizard Oflas, no one can cultivate Darkness Eye. If Master's mentor cultivated Darkness Eye, then in the future, Master should never try to cultivate Darkness Eye..."

Wizard Bammou also felt rather helpless. He knew that Merlin would basically not give any regard to the things that he had said. In the face of a powerful Pandora Demon Ability, no one could resist the temptation.

If he had not seen a powerful Spell Caster who had cultivated Darkness Eye die a miserable death in front of him, Wizard Bammou would not resist but try to cultivate Darkness Eye too.

“You’re afraid that I’ll cultivate Darkness Eye, and die before the hundred year period has reached, pulling you along to doom too?”

Merlin saw that Wizard Bammou’s face was filled with anxiousness, and finally recovered his senses. It turned out that Wizard Bammou was worried about the slave contract.

Merlin and Wizard Bammou had signed a slave contract, which was the most unfair of all contracts. Once Merlin died as the “master” of the contract, then Wizard Bammou as a “slave” would have no chance of surviving either. The powerful slave contract would also kill Wizard Bammou in a flash.

After all, Merlin and Bammou’s slave contract also incorporated a trace of the Flame Maxim’s power. Even if Wizard Bammou became a true Great Wizard, even when he condensed a Maxim and became a Legend, it would still be impossible to resist the slave contract which incorporated the power of Maxim.

That was precisely why Wizard Bammou was worried about Merlin’s mentor’s cultivation of Darkness Eye, fearing that if Merlin also cultivated Darkness Eye, he would then be dragged into doom too.

There was an embarrassment on Wizard Bammou’s face. Although he had become Merlin’s slave, it was still only for a hundred years time. A hundred years was not really considered long for a Seventh-level Spell Caster like him. He did not want to get out of several hundred years of torture in the Flame Prison just to die without a clear reason.

“Alright, Wizard Bammou, I’ll keep the issue with Darkness Eye in mind and not simply cultivate it.”

Merlin nodded in the end. It was not that he really believed in the curse of Darkness Eye, but that Darkness Eye itself was a very powerful Pandora Demon Ability. In addition, Wizard Leo did not intend to pass down Darkness Eye to him. Therefore, even if Merlin wanted to cultivate it, he did not know how.

One day, in the event that he had really become a Fourth-level Spell Caster, perhaps Merlin would consider it and study Darkness Eye carefully.

“Lord Viscount, it’s already late. The two ladies hoped Lord Viscount would rest early.”

The voice of the old castle’s maid was heard from outside the door. Merlin lifted his head and looked at the sky. It was indeed already quite late. When he was in the Dark Magic Region, he did not pay much attention to the sky.

“Master, Bammou shall take his leave then!”

Wizard Bammou also left in a timely manner, his figure silently vanishing into the nightlight. Only Merlin knew that with Bammou’s current immense Mind Power, he was well aware of everything happening in the entire Wilson Castle. Nothing could escape Wizard Bammou’s senses.

“Go ahead.”

Merlin pushed the door open and glanced at the maid who was looking downward. He could not make out her looks clearly in the dark, but he did not bother, as he slowly lifted his feet and walked upstairs.

Chapter 312: Eve III

The room upstairs was still illuminated. The maid brought Merlin to the front of the house and bowed slightly, then turned and left respectfully.

Merlin reached out and pushed the door open, a glimmer of fire caught his eye.

The layout of the room was very simple but it had a very warm feeling, especially on the large chair, where two graceful, beautiful women sat.

“Charise? Avril? So you’re both here...”

Merlin smiled, casually taking off his robe and hanging it on the shelf. Avril remained still. She seemed to be sulking while Charise smiled generously as she stood up and walked toward Merlin.

“Merlin, how long will you stay this time?”

Charise gently patted off the dust on Merlin's robe and asked softly.

Compared to Avril, Charise seemed to be more caring as a wife. Every time Merlin returned to Wilson Castle, he could feel a rare feeling of comfort from Charise.

"I'm not sure, I've to deal with a lot of things this time. After all, many things have happened in Wilson Castle in this period of time and I've let it scare you all... I'll spend as much time as I can and wait until everything is arranged properly before I leave."

Merlin did not know how long it would take. He estimated that it would perhaps take a few months to arrange the things in Wilson Castle.

"You still have to go..."

Avril, who was on the side, was a little unhappy. Although she had become a beautiful lady, the innocent temperament had still not disappeared, and it made Merlin feel like he was back to the time when he first arrived at Prakash City.

Merlin smiled. He was not angry. The moment he embarked on the path of a Spell Caster, he was destined to always be away from his family.

"Right, where's Celia and Conxion?"

Merlin noticed that he did not see the two little ones in the room.

"Of course they've been taken downstairs to rest."

Charise went close to Merlin, and her plump body clung tightly to Merlin, presenting a feeling of attachment. Merlin could understand Charise and Avril's feelings. This moment belonged to him and his two beautiful wives.

...

Nobody knew how much time had passed. Merlin even began to feel somewhat tired. It was not known how many times Charise and Avril had tossed around on the big spacious bed.

Gently stroking the smooth skin of the two, Merlin breathed a sigh of relief. There was a rare moment of peace in his mind.

“Merlin, I... I want a child!”

Charise, who had fallen asleep initially, opened her eyes again suddenly. Her blushed face showed a hint of lust, mixed with a different kind of temptation.

However, Merlin’s heart sank slightly. When he returned to Wilson Castle this time, he noticed the changes to Charise and Avril. It seemed that there were some differences.

Avril was more straightforward as there were not many hidden secrets in her heart. Although Old Wilson tried to let Avril take over the matters of the Wilson clan, now it seemed that Avril was unable to control the entire proceedings of the Wilson clan in front of a former princess like Charise.

Everyone could see that now, besides Old Wilson, the real person in control of everything with regards to Wilson Castle was Charise. Luckily, the relationship between Charise and Avril was also quite harmonious, and no misunderstanding had occurred.

Compared to Avril, Charise had many things hidden in her heart. Yet, she was also rather capable, able to take care of the entire Wilson clan, so she could be considered a very virtuous wife.

“Tell me, Charise, what happened?”

Merlin knew that Charise would never simply say that she wanted a child. It must have been because of the many things happening in the Wilson clan that she had such an idea.

Charise gently stood up and brushed her messy long hair, then leaned in Merlin’s embrace. In a passionate voice, she said, “Merlin, I’m different from Avril, she doesn’t know anything, and she only wishes that you can stay in Wilson Castle all the time... However, you’re a Spell Caster. You’re destined to not be able to stay in the family forever!

“You’ve come a long way. The Wilson clan has encountered an unprecedented crisis. If it was not for the eighth prince, I’m afraid that the clan would’ve already suffered from the disaster. I’ve only realized that at this moment, the Wilson clan is no longer an ordinary clan. Even if we want to be ordinary, we can’t stay being ordinary ever again.

“I’ve heard ‘Snake Elder’ and his people mentioning before that the Wilson clan will eventually need to develop into a Spell Caster clan. Otherwise, it’ll never be peaceful. This is the destiny of the Wilson clan, and a Spell Caster clan needs people with Spell Caster Quality. Both Celia and Conxion don’t possess a Spell Caster Quality.”

Speaking of this, Charise did not continue anymore, and Merlin finally understood why she was so desperate to have another child.

The Wilson clan would eventually develop into a Spell Caster clan, and even now, Merlin already had such an idea. However, this would require many people with Spell Caster Quality. Celia and Conxion did not own such qualities, but Macy’s son, Cole had Spell Caster Quality.

Presumably, the arrival of the “Snake Elder” and the other Spell Casters during this period of time had finally made Charise realize that the Wilson clan can only become a Spell Caster clan while high hopes may have been placed on little Cole.

Yet, Cole was Macy’s son after all, not Merlin’s. Charise, as the princess of the Kingdom of Lights royal family, had a natural sensitivity to this issue, so deep down, she became rather impatient.

After pondering for a moment, Merlin smiled and said, “I’m sorry this made you all worried. Wilson Castle will not be in trouble again in the future. This time, I’ll handle the family affairs. I’ll arrange everything, whether it is Conxion or Celia, they’re both my children!”

Merlin knew that he still could not make Charise feel at ease, but during this time in Wilson Castle, he did not mind if Charise and Avril worked harder. If they could really produce children with Spell Caster Quality, that would naturally be better, and also in line with Merlin’s vision.

At the inception of each Spell Caster clan, their member count was very scarce. Sometimes, only one descendant with the Spell Caster Quality could appear in one generation. This required several generations of effort and accumulation, and only then, it would possibly develop into a prosperous Spell Caster clan.

Charise also nodded obediently, looking at the dark night sky outside the window. The emotions that had accumulated in her heart for many years also finally opened up abruptly.

“Merlin, I’m a little homesick. Can we go back to the Kingdom of Light?”

“Go back?”

Merlin’s thoughts also seemed to return to Blackwater City, and he thought of Anson, little fatty Gutt, the tall Miss Carice, and the ill-tempered old man Etha...

There were too many, too many people, and Merlin still remembered them very clearly. However, the former Kingdom of Light should have already transitioned into the Holy Light Empire by now.

“Sure, we can go back, we’ll definitely go back!”

Merlin said firmly. Charise was the princess of the Kingdom of Light royal family. It may not be possible for her to forget the Kingdom of Light in this lifetime, but as a princess of an extinct kingdom, she was powerless and just simply unable to return to the Kingdom of Light.

“Merlin, maybe there’s really a chance to go back... In the past six months, I’ve heard Count Selin mention once that the border of the Kingdom of Blackmoon seemed to be somewhat unstable. After the Holy Light Empire had stabilized their influence, they began to stir trouble at the border, so it is very likely that this will ignite another crusade...”

Charise carefully described the news that she had heard to Merlin.

“The Holy Light Empire is actually going to launch a crusade?”

Merlin frowned. The word “crusade” could not be used lightly. When the Kingdom of Light was still in existence, it was invoked by the Church of Light into launching several crusades against the Kingdom of Blackmoon, which was termed as the Eastern Heresy Crusade. The famous Slaughterhouse War was precisely one of the wars of previous crusades.

Old Wilson was also granted the title of baron because he survived the Slaughterhouse War and earned a great military honor.

Therefore, every crusade was incomparably cruel. Whether it was ordinary people or Spell Casters, none were willing to face the brutality of crusades.

“This is just a rumor. I’ll find out more about it when I have time.”

Merlin started pondering. If it was really a crusade, he was worried that the landscape of the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon would change, and it would even involve a big number of spell casters’ organizations.

Charise had expressed some of her concerns to Merlin, so she was able to fall asleep pretty quickly, showing a look of tranquil sleep. No matter how strong Charise was, she was just an ordinary woman, confiding in Merlin was what she needed more than ever.

...

“Wizard Hill!”

In the humble log cabin, Merlin once again saw the old man in a black robe.

The black-robed old man was now a bag of bones, but he looked quite well and would be able to live for another few decades. Merlin’s potion to stabilize Spell Models could only help the black-robed old man reach such a level.

“Wizard Merlin, you’re finally back... I’m pretty much useless now. I’ve promised you I’d take care of your clan, but in the end, an old man like me couldn’t do anything when facing those powerful Spell Casters.”

After seeing Merlin, the black-robed old man looked rather embarrassed. He was just an Entrance-level Spell Caster whose Spell Models were not even stable yet. He served no use at all when faced with those First-level, Second-level, and even Third-level powerful roaming Wizards.

“Don’t we have the eighth prince? Wilson Castle is no longer in danger... Wizard Hill, this time I’m here to cordially invite you, hoping that you’ll join my Wilson clan.”

Merlin smiled. Since he had decided to make the Wilson clan a Spell Caster clan, he would naturally need to make some preparations.

“Join the Wilson clan? Wizard Merlin, you’re preparing to turn the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan?”

The black-robed old man pieced things together quickly. It would not be easy to become a Spell Caster clan, especially in current circumstances, where those people had their eyes set on the Wilson clan. If the eighth prince’s people left, the Wilson clan would truly be exposed to danger.

“Wizard Hill, does the Wilson clan still have a choice? A Spell Caster clan, this is the only way. Otherwise, the Wilson clan’s position will be even more precarious. As for those threats, since I’m back this time, I’ll naturally have to settle them once and for all...”

Merlin’s face showed a hint of cold-heartedness.

After a long pause, the black-robed old man shook his head slightly and said, “I think forget it. I’m already dying so I’ll be of no use. The knowledge you’ve learned in the Dark Magic Region has surpassed me far more than a hundred times. It’ll not be useful even if I join the Wilson clan. I actually enjoy quietly recalling the past like now, it feels pretty good...”

Merlin nodded. The black-robed old man was now in a good state of mind. He was no longer a Spell Caster. He just wanted to live the rest of his life quietly.

After leaving the black-robed old man’s residence, Wizard Bammou appeared mysteriously beside Merlin.

“Master, ‘Snake Elder’ has sent a message to the eighth prince. It shouldn’t be long before the eighth prince’s response reaches Wilson Castle.”

Wizard Bammou had been closely watching “Snake Elder’s” every move.

“Very well, it’s our move now. The Wilson clan’s affairs can only be handled by ourselves! We might as well give the eighth prince some welcoming gifts this time. Inform Snake Elder’ that we’re ready to go!”

Merlin casually replied a few words as he looked up to the sky. It sounded like there were no doubts in his tone.

Chapter 313: Vanquishing 1

In the quiet Wilson Castle, the rustling sound of Snake Elder drawing on a white sheet of paper could be heard.

“Creak...”

Two ugly Wizards quickly walked in, and said in a respectful manner, “Snake Elder, Merlin has informed us that he’s about to make his move. His first target is Taran City!”

The large, jade-green earrings on the ugly male Wizard swayed slightly. In addition to the peculiar, intricate tattoo on his face, he appeared rather sinister and frightening.

“Oh? Taran City is right next to where Lebis City used to be. Count Taran has been running things for a few generations, gathering a formidable group of roaming Wizards under his command. Particularly during recent years, there’s a Fourth-level Spell Caster called Wizard Finello who designed a gigantic Runic Magic Circle in Taran City.

“Tsk... Tsk... A roaming Wizard who’s capable of mastering Runic Magic Circles is really hard to find! With this Runic Magic Circle, most Fourth-level Spell Casters are of no threat to Taran City.”

After a pause, Snake Elder narrowed his eyes and lifted his head to look at the two ugly Wizards, and cautioned them. “If Merlin isn’t in any danger, then you mustn’t intervene no matter what happens. Do you understand? We’re only responsible for Merlin’s safety, and if Wizard Finello of Taran City wants to kill Merlin, then you must rescue and bring him back at all costs. This is also what His Royal Highness the eighth prince requested. If both of you step in, Wizard Finello of Taran City won’t dare to act against you. Being a mere roaming Wizard, he wouldn’t dare go against the intimidating power of His Royal Highness the eighth prince!”

The two ugly Wizards exchanged a glance. They understood what Snake Elder was asking of them. Their only task was to look after Merlin no matter how much trouble he stirred up, as long as they guaranteed his safety.

“Snake Elder, be rest assured. Heh heh, this Merlin thinks that he can act so superciliously just because he’s a prodigy of the Dark Magic Region. Very well, this time, he’ll learn that it’s not a good idea to provoke certain roaming Wizards.”

The ugly Wizard laughed coldly, apparently not looking kindly upon Merlin’s “madness” this time around.

“Alright, go on then. Report back to me at any time. I believe it won’t be long before news of His Royal Highness the eighth prince will reach us. Then we can start on our journey back to the Imperial City as quickly as possible...”

With a wave of his hand, Snake Elder dismissed the two ugly Wizards. Following that, he lowered his head and returned his attention to the paper on the table...

...

On the spacious street, four figures walked at a leisurely pace. However, if one took a closer look, one would find that although this group seemed very slow, there were in fact traces of Wind Elemental fluctuations floating around their bodies. They were powerful Spell Casters who had enveloped themselves in spells to quicken their journey.

The most noticeable ones were the two Wizards who followed behind, covered in brightly colored tattoos from head to toe and had hideous features.

“Old freak, so it’s just Merlin and his mysterious aide who are going to Taran City?”

The ugly female Wizard stared at the two figures in front, suspicion flashing in her eyes.

“Heh heh, old hag, our job is to follow Merlin and protect him while we’re at it. It’s no concern of ours how many people he’s bringing to Taran City or what he does.”

The group of travelers consisted of Merlin and Wizard Bammou, along with the two ugly Wizards sent by Snake Elder who were acting as “witnesses”. Nonetheless, the two subgroups, whether it was Merlin and Wizard Bammou, or the two ugly Wizards, did not talk to each other throughout the entire journey.

Wizard Bammou who was walking in front would sweep his Mind Power over the two ugly Wizards behind him from time to time. Wizard Bammou's Mind Power was comparable to a Great Wizard's and he was able to prevent the two ugly Wizards from realizing what he was doing.

"Master, it seems like the two behind us are quite 'concerned' about Master's safety. Snake Elder had given them the order that no matter how much trouble Master causes, they wouldn't get involved as long as Master isn't in danger. However, once Master's safety is at risk, they'll protect Master at all costs."

Wizard Bammou was conscientious in reporting to Merlin, even though he felt that these people were not worth mentioning and that they were underestimating Merlin.

It should be known that although Wizard Bammou's "master" was not too strong, these Third and Fourth-level Spell Casters were still no match for him by far. Any Spell Caster who wanted to hurt Merlin had to be at least a Fifth-level Spell Caster.

Furthermore, not even Bammou knew what the true extent of Merlin's powers was. In short, from Wizard Bammou's perspective, Merlin was really a "mystery"—unfathomable and unpredictable—and was not the "weak" Wizard Snake Elder and the rest thought he was.

"The one that matters to them is Teacher Leo!"

A smile tugged at the corner of Merlin's lips. The eighth prince had really pulled out all stops in order to win Wizard Leo over and had even spent so much just on Merlin. Admittedly, it was widely rumored that Merlin was Wizard Leo's prized pupil. Still, even a mere rumor was enough to make the eighth prince go to such lengths.

To put it another way, this indicated how anxious the eighth prince was to win over Wizard Leo.

"Hold on."

Merlin suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked toward the sky. At an unknown time, a few black crows had appeared in the bright sky, circling in the air.

"What bad luck to encounter crows."

The two ugly Wizards at the back also resentfully eyed the two crows in the air. In general, the circling of crows above signified an ill omen of things to come.

“Swoosh!”

A ball of flame quickly ascended into the sky and engulfed the crows, turning them into ashes in the blink of an eye.

Merlin casually raised an arm. His gaze had already landed on the massive, white rampart in the distance.

“Taran City!”

It was Taran City, Merlin’s first target. As he thought about the crows, Merlin’s mouth pulled into a grim line. Perhaps they represented the turmoil that Taran City would face today.

“Come on, we’ll go straight in!”

Merlin said in a low voice. Still, he seemed to have thought of something and turned back to the two ugly Wizards. “If you guys can’t keep up, you can reach Taran City later.”

After Merlin spoke, the two ugly Wizards seemed to be at a lost, not understanding what Merlin meant. Just then, the figures of Merlin and Wizard Bammou suddenly rose into the air slowly, their bodies encircled in strong Wind Elements. They immediately flew toward the imposing Taran City.

“This... They’ve flown away? Wizard Merlin and his aide are able to fly?”

“A Fourth-level Spell Caster – Merlin’s aide must surely be a Fourth-level Spell Caster or even higher. Wizard Merlin seems to be wearing a Flying casting tool as well. They’ve left us just like that? So, they had been holding back for us before this...”

The two ugly Wizards wore bitter expressions. They had been secretly comparing their Magic Power and speed to Merlin’s, but now it appeared that Merlin and Wizard Bammou had just been waiting for them to hurry along at their “slow pace”. Otherwise, if Merlin and Wizard Bammou had flown the entire way, they would have reached Taran City long ago.

The expressions on the Wizards kept on shifting as they stared at the disappearing figures of Merlin and Wizard Bammou. The ugly male Wizard clenched his jaw furiously, and growled, “Let’s hurry, we need to reach Taran City as soon as possible. To think that Wizard Merlin would enter Taran City with such swagger when it’s protected by a Runic Magic Circle! Not even Snake Elder would dare to barge into Taran City. If Wizard Merlin is killed by the people of Taran City, we won’t dare to show our faces to Snake Elder and the eighth prince.”

Taran City was protected by a Runic Magic Circle as well as countless roaming Wizards. Such a force could be considered tremendous and had made Taran City’s position as a somewhat neutral city-state. The other princes would not force Taran City to pledge allegiance to any one side.

As they thought about the possibility of Merlin running into danger, the two ugly Wizards dared not treat the matter lightly. Snake Elder had repeatedly emphasized the importance of keeping Merlin safe. The mere thought of Snake Elder’s rage if any harm came to Merlin was enough to scare the wits out of the two ugly Wizards.

...

The busy Taran City had unexpected visitors today. Two small black dots suddenly appeared in the distant sky and were closing in fast.

Perhaps the Normies would not even be able to tell what was in the sky, but to those Spell Casters who were monitoring every movement in Taran City at all times, this was a shocking development.

“Oh no, two Spell Casters are flying toward Taran City. Identities unknown!”

A few Spell Casters immediately began to report this to Taran City, and many powerful Elemental Swordsmen began to get ready as their bodies flickered with powerful Elemental fluctuations.

All of these Elemental Swordsmen were intermediate Elemental Swordsmen and were capable of injuring Spell Casters. In great numbers, they were rather terrifying.

“Halt! This is Taran City. No matter who you are, if you don’t halt, you’ll be killed!”

On the tall ramparts, a man decked out in majestic silver armor yelled at the two small black dots in the sky.

“Boom!”

In response to the armored man, innumerable fireballs blocked the sky and rained down in a torrent, melting a hole in the rampart. Almost half of the rampart collapsed, and the shattered pieces tumbled down, causing a disturbance in the city-state.

“It’s an enemy attack! Kill them!”

Taran City responded very quickly. Countless Elemental Swordsmen instantly bellowed at the sky and a wide-ranging burst of firelight flared up into the air. This was the full-force attack of the intermediate Elemental Swordsmen, and it was even comparable to a Third-level spell.

This was the importance of numbers. One or two intermediate Elemental Swordsmen might not be a threat, but if hundreds and thousands of them gathered, their strength would be petrifying.

Endless Fire Element transformed the sky into a fiery red hue as if it was caught in raging flames, and the two black dots in the sky were instantly engulfed.

“Fire?”

A cold voice suddenly came down from the sky.

“Bang!”

Thereafter, the flames which filled the sky burst open as innumerable sparks descended. The fiery red blaze turned a pale white. Even the solid ramparts were scorched and broken through. These ramparts, which had taken up so much labor and materials, were burned down in this short time by the white blaze.

“Feeble, they’re really so feeble. Master, no matter how many Normies there are, they’re still Normies at the end of the day.”

Wizard Bammou watched the struggling crowd of Normies on the ramparts and shook his head forlornly. Normies were completely unable to intervene in a battle between Spell Casters.

Even the extremely terrifying war fort was totally useless in the face of powerful Spell Casters. The only thing that could take on Spell Casters was the power of other Spell Casters!

“Wizard Finello, who are these two people?”

At last, the chaos in Taran City caught the attention of Count Taran.

Chapter 314: Vanquishing 2

Wizard Finello was dressed in a blue Wizard robe, and not a single strand of his gray-white hair was out of place. He wore two plain rings on his slender fingers, and his aged face looked rather rosy. He appeared to be full of life and vigor, making anyone who looked at him feel reassured.

“Honorable Count Taran, these two Spell Casters are no more than unexpected visitors. Although we don’t know who they really are, their boldness in assaulting our Taran City has sealed their fate. My lord, just watch what happens.”

Wizard Finello’s voice was steady, and he appeared to be completely confident without the slightest trace of panic as if the chaos in Taran City was merely a minor disturbance.

Count Taran looked gloomy, but he had always had the utmost faith in Wizard Finello so he slowly nodded. “In that case, you have full authority to deal with this matter. These two wicked Wizards have brazenly slaughtered the people of my Taran City and must be sentenced to death!”

“As you wish!”

A smile appeared at the corner of Wizard Finello’s lips, following which he turned and fixed his gaze on the two tiny black dots in the sky, his eyes glittering brightly.

“Beth, go on, take your people and bring down those two. Remember, we want them alive!”

Wizard Finello extended a pale finger and spoke to a thin, dark Wizard behind him.

The thin, dark Wizard looked up and glanced at the two tiny dots in the sky before nodding wordlessly and quickly lead a few mysterious Spell Casters into the crowd.

...

Taran City was now in utter disorder, especially the section near the rampart. The area was pervaded by black smoke, and the white flames were still burning at countless spots. No one dared to approach these flames. Once they came into contact, they would instantly be burned to ashes.

“Master, someone’s coming!”

In mid-air, Wizard Bammou’s tremendous Mind Power was focused on Taran City. There was not a single movement in the city-state that could be hidden from him.

“Swish! Swish!”

There was no need for Wizard Bammou’s warning. Merlin had already spotted five or six Spell Casters dressed in black robes on the rampart. Their gazes were fixed unwaveringly onto the sky.

Fierce Elemental fluctuations were shimmering all over these Spell Casters. As they gathered and the runes on their bodies flickered, a “powerful” sensation could be felt.

Although Merlin’s direct breach into Taran City might seem impulsive and reckless, he had done his research long ago. Wizard Finello of Taran City was a roaming Wizard who specialized in runes.

It was really rare to come across a roaming Wizard who was a master in runology. It was because of this that Wizard Finello had assembled a team of Spell Casters under him. With the combination of various Runic Magic Circles, they formed a powerful force.

These five Spell Casters, when gathered, had the strength of a Fourth-level Spell Caster!

“Activate the Runic Magic Circle, Sky Blockade!”

Down below, a thin, dark Spell Caster was leading a team of Wizards. This was Wizard Beth who was assigned by Wizard Finello.

Wizard Beth led the other Spell Casters in activating the Runic Magic Circle. In an instant, the entire Taran City was enveloped in a faint layer of white light. Moreover, mysterious runes constantly fluttered above Taran City.

This was a Runic Magic Circle that covered the entire Taran city. It was also the Runic Magic Circle on which Wizard Finello had spent several years of hard work – the Runic Magic Circle of which he was proudest!

Wizard Finello raised his head and looked at the sky, his Mind Power sweeping across Taran City. A feeling of control sprang up within him. He had devoted so many years to the research of runology. What he had accomplished now was only a minor success.

However, he was satisfied even so. Among the roaming Wizards, many Spell Casters did not even know what runes were, yet he was able to design such a colossal Runic Magic Circle and was in no way inferior to those powerful Wizards in spell casters' organizations.

“Before my Runic Magic Circle, even Fourth-level Wizards have no way of casting Flying spells. Drop down!”

A fierce light glinted in Wizard Finello's eyes. The runes that covered the entire sky transformed into a huge net as they intersected with each other. The dense rows of runes were cast toward Merlin and Wizard Bammou who were still in the air.

“The Wind Element has been erased?”

Merlin immediately felt that something was out of the ordinary. The Wind Element surrounding him no longer seemed able to support the flight of the Flying casting tool.

He knew that he was restrained by the gigantic Runic Magic Circle. After all, Merlin was only able to fly because he relied on a Flying casting tool.

As for Wizard Bammou, his expression remained unchanged. Despite the Runic Magic Circle flickering over his body, the Wind Elemental fluctuations around his body did not diminish in the slightest. Instead, a disdainful light shone in his eyes.

“Master, this Runic Magic Circle is rather troublesome indeed. Please allow me to destroy it straight away.”

Wizard Bammou was rather impatient. He was a Seventh-level Spell Caster and could destroy an entire large city with a single spell. He was considered to be someone frightening and dangerous. If he was placed in a spell casters’ organization, he would definitely be part of the core team of higher-ups.

However, Merlin shook his head lightly. “Bammou, don’t attack. This matter can only be resolved by me, which is to say, Wilson Merlin. This is key to whether or not the Wilson clan will have influence and might in the future!”

Merlin knew clearly that he held many roles – as a Spell Caster of the Dark Magic Region, as a student of Wizard Leo, and so on. These were all part of his privilege, yet no one ever associated him with the Wilson clan.

If he wanted to turn the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan, this was his chance. He must not rely on his advantages but instead display his own powerful capabilities in full. Even if he could not leave the shadow of the Dark Magic Region or Wizard Leo, it must not be like how it used to be, when others would only know of Wizard Merlin from the Dark Magic Region, and not know of Wizard Merlin from Prakash City’s Wilson clan!

“Swoosh!”

In an instant, Merlin’s figure fell from the sky and landed heavily onto the collapsed rampart. He stood facing the five Spell Casters who were dressed in black robes.

“Kill!”

Seeing that Merlin had landed, the five Spell Casters roared all at once as complex runes flickered over their bodies. Following that, the runes were accompanied by turbulent Fire Element, and a sea of fire flared up into the sky, transforming into a Flame Dragon that rushed toward Merlin to swallow him.

The Flame Dragon snarled unceasingly, and Merlin sensed that this explosive strength was very unstable. This was only a spell forcibly cobbled together by a Runic Magic Circle, thus, its might was able to reach such a terrifying point in a short time.

The five Third-level Spell Casters were able to erupt with the frightening strength of a Fourth-level Spell Caster in this manner.

“Fire-type spell?”

Merlin stared at the ferocious Flame Dragon, yet a cold smirk tugged at his lips, and he allowed the wild flames to burn and gradually engulf his body.

“Sputter.”

However, these fierce flames did not turn Merlin into ashes. Instead, it became weaker and made strange noises. The wisps of flames were rapidly absorbed into Merlin’s body.

The surging Magic Power flowed within the Spell Models of Merlin’s Awareness. With the Flame Maxim, most Fire-type spells would only serve to replenish Merlin’s Magic Power.

This strange spectacle would make anyone tremble with trepidation. Even Spell Casters who were widely experienced did not know what to make of it. They had never encountered someone who was able to absorb spells.

“Since all of you like fire so much, I’ll return it to you!”

Merlin’s eyes turned cold and Fiery Collapse was unleashed with a single thought. Wisps of white flames followed the Second-level spell, Sea of Purgatory Fire, as it erupted.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Sea of Purgatory Fire was merely a Second-level spell but its sheer force was rather astonishing, especially now that Merlin’s Magic Power was abundant. Once the raging flames erupted, they formed an actual sea of fire which burned everything it touched, turning all into ashes.

Regardless of whether they were a Third-level Spell Caster or another Spell Caster, no one was able to withstand these white flames. After a moment where they struggled distressingly in the blaze, they did not move anymore.

“Pandora Demon Ability... This is a Pandora Demon Ability!”

At a distance, Wizard Finello saw the white flames that Merlin had unleashed, and he became agitated instantly. As the white flames reflected in his gaze, his eyes filled with a greedy light.

Pandora Demon Ability was something he dreamed of day and night. Even though he had gained great powers through runology, he still had not obtained any Pandora Demon Ability to this day.

Wizard Finello desired it so much that he had even harbored plans to take advantage of Merlin from the Dark Magic Region, but with the sudden appearance of His Royal Highness the eighth prince, he no longer dared to threaten the Wilson clan.

Initially, he thought that he would never obtain a Pandora Demon Ability in this lifetime, but now, an unexpected visitor had appeared, and this visitor possessed the Pandora Demon Ability that he longed for.

“Wizard Finello, think of a plan quickly. That wicked Wizard is fast approaching!”

In contrast to Wizard Finello’s excitement toward Pandora Demon Ability, Count Taran was rather worried. Wizard Finello, whom he held in such high regard, was still not able to dispose of the two mysterious Spell Casters even after activating the Runic Magic Circle.

Upon seeing the fearful expression on Count Taran’s face, the eyes of Wizard Finello still burned with a feverish passion, and he said hoarsely, “My honorable lord, please be rest assured. I’ve already surmised the identity of this person...”

“His identity? Wizard Finello, who is this evil Wizard?”

Count Taran turned blank and asked hurriedly.

“Heh heh, my lord, do you still remember the Wilson clan of Prakash City? Someone who possesses Pandora Demon Ability, who arrives on our doorstep so boldly – who else could it be other than that

mysterious Wizard Merlin? However, oh foolish Merlin, even if you're a Spell Caster of the Dark Magic Region, you're not allowed to run amuck in a city-state of our kingdom! Doesn't he know that without the advantages of being in the Dark Magic Region, he's not even worth a mention? Some prodigious Spell Caster he is – a dead prodigy is no longer a prodigy!"

A wild and frantic look washed over Wizard Finello's face. This was a once in a million chance for him, a chance to obtain Pandora Demon Ability!

"O Great Modoya, the designated spirit of runes, bless me with your strength!"

Wizard Finello gave a roar. Instantly, the entire Taran City seemed to quake fiercely, and mysterious runes filled the sky and blanketed the ground, enclosing Taran City. Streams of mysterious energy were frantically bestowed upon Wizard Finello, and a fearsome burst of force gradually emerged.

Chapter 315: Vanquishing 3

Blessed with a wild power, the force of Taran City swelled up frenziedly. Traces of mysterious energy were bestowed upon Wizard Finello. From a distance, the entire Taran City seemed to have turned into an ocean of fire, flooded with a firestorm of horrifying force.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Two figures sprinted from afar and stopped at Taran City. They were the two ugly Wizards.

However, when they saw the frightening state of Taran City, their faces revealed how aghast they were.

"Damn it, Finello has summoned the full strength of the Modoya Magic Circle! The Modoya Magic Circle is a Runic Magic Circle that Finello unexpectedly obtained. Setting it up is a complicated process, but once it's done, it'll gather the powers of all Spell Casters within the Runic Magic Circle and control all Elements. All of these forces will be bestowed upon the user, and his powers will increase by many times over instantly."

The two ugly Wizards who wore huge jade-green earrings appeared very unhappy. In such a situation, entering Taran City would be heading to their own doom.

Perhaps if they had appeared in Taran City earlier, Finello would still have some reservations and not dare to attack Merlin. However, now that he had summoned the full force of the Runic Magic Circle, it was inevitable that he would attack to kill. Even if the eighth prince became furious later, Finello was capable of engaging the troops of other princes.

Still, if Merlin died in this manner, the first ones to bear the brunt of his death would be the two ugly Wizards.

“We can only wait and pray that Merlin won’t die off so quickly. There may still be a chance for us to make it. We need to ask for Snake Elder’s help now!”

The two ugly Wizards were rather powerless now, so they quickly sent out a mysterious rune that sank into the air and flew off into the distance in the blink of an eye, carrying a message for Snake Elder in Wilson Castle.

...

“Whoosh!”

A rune twinkled slightly and turned into a beam of white light as it was caught by Snake Elder.

The initially calm face of Snake Elder changed abruptly after he saw the white light.

“Crush.”

The tables and chairs around Snake Elder were suddenly ground to a fine powder by a violent gale. The entire room swayed and tottered as if it was on the verge of collapsing.

“Damn you, Finello, damn you! Ruining the plans of His Royal Highness the eighth prince, not even ten thousand deaths would be enough for you!”

The pale face of Snake Elder was now flushed red. At first, there were only green scales on his neck, but now a green force emerged around him and intricate scales rapidly wrapped around his entire face, making him look sinister and frightening.

“I hope I’m not too late!”

In a single step, Snake Elder disappeared from the room and quickly transformed into a green whirlwind, flying into the distant sky.

...

In Taran City, Merlin watched calmly as Wizard Finello’s force continued to grow. From a Fourth-level Spell Caster’s force, it kept growing, wildly growing, until it suddenly broke through to the Fifth-level and kept on increasing.

The entire Taran City was covered in runes. Merlin could distinctly feel that Taran City had been under the control of Wizard Finello through the establishment of the Runic Magic Circle. Every Spell Caster within the area was firmly controlled by Wizard Finello regardless of whether they were willing. By now, their bodies no longer belonged to them, and all their Magic Power, elemental force, and the rest of it was completely stripped away and turned into runic force which was absorbed into Finello’s body.

This was the power of the Runic Magic Circle, a power that had never declined ever since the golden age of Spell Casters. At one time, runology was something that powerful Spell Casters must master.

“Haha, Merlin, I couldn’t find you in the Wilson clan before this since you hid in the Dark Magic Region, and no one could do anything. Now, it’s too bad that you’ve shown yourself, and you’ve come to Taran City! This is the Modoya Magic Circle that I’ve studied for decades. What do you think? It’s not bad, isn’t it? How do I fare against the Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region? Your Dark Magic Region specializes in runology, but I’m afraid that no one is more accomplished in this field than me...”

Wizard Finello was covered in dense lines of mysterious runes from head to toe and was enveloped in a layer of brilliant, colorful light. In a single step, he traversed a distance of several meters, and after a few quick steps, he was standing before Merlin, staring at him in a composed manner.

“A roaming Wizard is only a roaming Wizard in the end...”

Merlin shook his head lightly and a mocking smirk appeared on his face. It was true that Wizard Finello now appeared very powerful, having designed such a formidable Modoya Magic Circle, but his technique of setting up the Runic Magic Circle was passable at best.

The lofty towers in the Dark Magic Region, in truth, represented a Spell Caster's deepest understanding of runes. For instance, even though Wizard Leo's tower did not seem to contain any sort of power, Merlin knew very well that it would be impossible for even a Seventh-level Spell Caster to break in.

The towers of the Dark Magic Region were the truly scary parts of the organization. Being the Dark Magic Region that specializes in runology, they had practically channeled the strongest powers of runes into the construction of those towers.

Merlin even had the idea that, if the Wilson clan became a Spell Caster clan sometime in the future, he could build a runic tower in Wilson Castle using the tower-building method of the Dark Magic Region.

Nonetheless, it was only a vague plan for now. There were many other factors to consider, and the Dark Magic Region might not necessarily agree to reveal their method of building towers.

Therefore, as he looked at Wizard Finello trying to make a big show of his runes, Merlin did not know whether to laugh or cry. A roaming Wizard could only know so much. Wizard Finello thought that just because he had spent his life studying runes, he had achieved some amazing accomplishment, but in fact, it had not a single redeeming feature!

"Merlin, you're so stubborn. I've heard that you've killed Weiss and Bluebird of Ozmu and obtained their Pandora Demon Abilities. Heh heh... So, now you're under the delusion that you're some bona fide prodigy, that you can look down upon everyone? That's where you're greatly mistaken, for they were no more than Third-level Spell Casters. I'm a powerful Fourth-level Wizard, now blessed with the Modoya Magic Circle which combines the powers of over a hundred Spell Casters in Taran City. Now, I'm comparable to a Fifth-level Spell Caster! Haha, do you know how strong a Fifth-level Spell Caster truly is?"

Finello's face was ashen. Merlin's contemptuous look a moment ago had made him feel a flash of humiliation. At this moment, the force surrounding him became even more ferocious. With a simple lift of his hand, violent gusts of wind spun into Storm Giants that whistled as they thundered toward Merlin.

"Earth Veil."

A dirt-yellow light instantly materialized over Merlin, wrapping around him securely. The defensive strength of Earth Veil, after being combined with the Pandora Demon Ability, Fuse Earth, reached the standard of a Fifth-level spell. Thus, Merlin was not fearful at all.

“Crash! Crash! Crash! Crash!”

Mysterious runes, which carried the force of a storm within them, crashed into Merlin noisily, but Merlin did not even take a single step back and appeared very calm.

“Is this all you’ve got?”

Merlin shook his head, and then lifted his head abruptly, and extended his hands in a clap.

“Pandora Demon Ability, Fiery Collapse!”

The white flames quickly surged from Merlin and flew toward each of the Storm Giants. All of the Storm Giants, upon encountering the white blaze, shattered instantly and were completely scattered in the wind.

“Weak, far too weak.”

Merlin’s Fiery Collapse destroyed everything in its path. None of the runes were able to hold it back. The flames rapidly gathered and began to speed toward Wizard Finello who was in mid-air.

Wizard Finello’s face shifted slightly as he saw the white flames. He drew in a deep breath and runes began to emerge over his body and quickly solidified in mid-air.

“Spirit of Modoya, I summon your Image!”

Most of the runes on Finello quickly vanished and the force around his body was greatly diminished, but those runes began to burn and transform into a raging blaze. These flames gradually converged in mid-air and formed a golden Flame Giant.

The golden Flame Giant was faceless, and its entire body burned with a fiery blaze. As it faced Merlin’s Fiery Collapse, the golden Flame Giant simply reached out a large hand and smacked it

down heavily. The surrounding Flame Element was erased suddenly and a high whistling sound could be heard.

“Sputter! Sputter!”

Merlin’s white flames, under the furious hit of the golden Flame Giant, quickly vanished. Fiery Collapse was no longer of any use.

Merlin narrowed his eyes slightly. Ever since he had cultivated Fiery Collapse, it had never failed him despite only reaching the first form. In particular, after the Flame Maxim was forcibly combined into the spell, the might of Fiery Collapse became even greater and was even a threat to a Fifth-level Spell Caster.

Since Fiery Collapse was no longer effective, Merlin took a step back, and an icy chill appeared in his hand.

“Pandora Demon Ability, Glacial Finger!”

An icy blast of air quickly flew toward the Flame Giant but before it could reach the Flame Giant, it was evaporated due to the high temperature. It was useless as well.

Currently, among Merlin’s Pandora Demon Abilities, Glacial Finger was comparatively weaker and could only be used against Fourth-level Spell Casters. Glacial Finger became useless against an opponent stronger than that. After all, it was not combined with any other spells.

“Haha, Merlin, now that you’re trapped in my Runic Magic Circle, there’s nothing for you to do but die!”

Finello saw that the golden Flame Giant was effective, so he cast more Flame Giants one after another. His powers seemed to be limitless, and he unleashed five golden Flame Giants in a row.

In an instant, the Flame Giants were everywhere, trapping Merlin in the middle. These Flame Giants were comparable to a Fifth-level Spell Caster and possessed terrifying strength, so even though Merlin had the Pandora Demon Ability, Fuse Earth, he dared not lower his guard.

As he looked at the approaching Flame Giants, Merlin drew in a deep breath, and the black robe he was wearing fluttered lightly. He stared at Wizard Finello and a cold light flashed in his eyes.

“Enough of playing around. It’s time to end this!”

Even after Merlin spoke, Wizard Finello still wore an unabashed smile on his face.

“Whoosh...”

Suddenly, everyone could not help but look toward the sky. Peculiar darkness that looked like a tidal wave was descending...

Chapter 316: Vanquishing 4

In the afternoon, Taran City had been lit up in dazzling sunlight, but now, this sunlight was nowhere to be seen. The light itself seemed to be distorted, and it was so dark that one would not even be able to see their own hand.

“What intense Darkness Element... What spell is this?”

The two ugly Wizards were still waiting outside Taran City. A moment ago, they saw firelight soar into the skies of Taran City as a few exceptionally large Flame Giants attacked wildly and shrilly. Every movement packed an astounding force.

However, the Flame Giants seemed to have disappeared all of a sudden, and Taran City had descended into pitch-black darkness. Not even their Mind Power were able to probe into the situation.

As such, the two ugly Wizards were apprehensive, and they did not dare to enter Taran City rashly. All they could do was wait outside anxiously, occasionally peering into the distance, hoping to see the figure of Snake Elder...

...

“Darkness Tide!”

Merlin stood in the midst of the darkness. Everyone who was in the area was enveloped by the darkness and was caught in the illusion, except for him and Wizard Bammou.

The strengthened version of Darkness Tide in addition to the enhancement of Darkness Heart, was currently Merlin's greatest strength. No matter how many Spell Casters he was facing, as long as their Mind Power was insufficient, they would be trapped in the illusion.

"Rumble! Rumble!"

Although Darkness Tide had sunk everyone into an illusion, the five golden Flame Giants were not really affected. They were transformed from the Runic Magic Circle, and possessed no consciousness, so as long as the Runic Magic Circle was not broken, they would still have their formidable fighting powers.

Merlin furrowed his brows. These Flame Giants were rather troublesome. It was a good thing that even Wizard Finello was caught in the illusion of Darkness Tide, thus the Flame Giants were no longer controlled by anyone. Now they were simply making their attacks instinctively due to the Runic Magic Circle and posed a much smaller threat.

"Fiery Collapse!"

Merlin aimed at one Flame Giant and unleashed Fiery Collapse all while he frantically simulated the Flame Maxim, emitting traces of the Maxim's force.

Although it was only a trace of the Flame Maxim's force, the Maxim itself was made to suppress all flames, being at the core of all flames. Therefore, this trace of the Flame Maxim's force was enough to slow down the golden Flame Giant.

Merlin took this opportunity to unleash Fiery Collapse in full. The white flames wrapped around the Flame Giant and began to burn furiously, constantly consuming the flames on the Flame Giant's body.

After all, the Flame Giant was like a Fifth-level Spell Caster. Even though Merlin's Fiery Collapse had been forcefully combined with his spells, its might was barely at the standard of the Fifth-level. As a result, when it encountered the Flame Giant, it was at a slight disadvantage and needed a long time of attack to defeat the Flame Giant.

“Bang!”

At last, one of the Flame Giants exploded with a loud bang and was quickly dispersed into the air.

Following that, Merlin took a deep breath. The force of the Flame Maxim was subtly emanated, and the dispersed flames seemed to have found their target. They frantically burrowed into Merlin’s body and was turned into Magic Power by the Flame Maxim.

“It’s a shame that the Flame Maxim couldn’t be changed. Otherwise, it could be strengthened further, and my control over Fire-type spells would be even greater!”

Merlin observed the Flame Maxim in his Awareness regretfully. Ever since he obtained the Flame Maxim on the Ship of Nikola, he had been unable to gain full control of this Flame Maxim. Moreover, when he utilized the Flame Maxim to move the Ship of Nikola, a third of the Flame Maxim was used up and was not restored in the slightest up until now.

Only Legendary Wizards were able to consolidate a Flame Maxim. With each use, it was diminished further, and currently, Merlin had no way of replenishing the Flame Maxim. He could only rely on the Flame Maxim’s force to suppress Fire-type spells.

Of course, the Flame Maxim was not all-powerful. Merlin had always been able to sense the Flame Maxim. In this manner, he could gradually deepen his understanding and perception of the Maxim. Who knew, maybe one day, after he had become a Seventh-level Spell Caster, the Fire-type spells that he created would have terrifying strength.

Nevertheless, for now, Merlin only had limited use of the Flame Maxim’s powers. It was able to suppress most Fire-type spells, but if it encountered a Seventh-level Fire-type spell, it was likely that a small wisp of force emitted by the Flame Maxim wouldn’t have much of a suppressive effect. Even now, as he faced the five Flame Giants, Merlin was cautious and prudent, needing to take them on one by one.

After one Flame Giant had been destroyed, Merlin stuck to the same method and demolished the other four Flame Giants. The dispersed flames were used by Merlin to replenish the Spell Models in his Awareness.

“Fiery Collapse!”

After he had resolved the matter of the Flame Giants, Merlin's gaze landed once more on the Spell Casters of Taran City. These Spell Casters were more or less all acting under Wizard Finello.

It was also because of these Spell Casters that Wizard Finello, after activating the Runic Magic Circle, was able to turn into a powerful Wizard, comparable to a Fifth-level Spell Caster, in one move!

Therefore, without the slightest bit of mercy, Merlin waved his hand gently. Flames covered the sky and turned into sparks of firelight as they descended, darting in all directions as they ceaselessly claimed the lives of Spell Casters.

These Spell Casters were all trapped in the illusion of Darkness Tide and could put up no resistance at all. A small flicker of flame was enough to turn each of them into ashes.

There were no pitiful wails, no noisy cries, not even the stench of blood. Everything appeared calm and tranquil, but in the pitch darkness of Taran City, those wisps of white firelight were enough to make anyone shake in terror. Wherever the firelight appeared, it was sure to leave behind the ashes of some Spell Caster.

In the blink of an eye, over a hundred Spell Casters were wordlessly burned to ashes by the blaze. Their lives were all "harvested" by Merlin.

"As expected, after losing such a great number of Spell Caster, the power of the Modoya Magic Circle is much weaker."

Merlin saw that upon Wizard Finello's body, the flickering light of the mysterious runes was no longer as bright, and his force was clearly diminished. Before this, Wizard Finello's force was comparable to a powerful Fifth-level Spell Caster's, but now, even when blessed by the power of the runes, his force was merely at the peak of the Fourth-level.

A Fourth-level Spell Caster was nothing much to Merlin. Wizard Finello was no longer a threat to Merlin.

"This robe isn't too shabby."

Merlin reached out and snatched the robe that Wizard Finello was wearing. This was a robe which was inscribed with many runes and was comparable to the robe that Merlin had exchanged for in the Resource Tower.

Naturally, Merlin would want to keep a robe like this. Now that he wanted to turn the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan, he could not do without various spells, casting tools, and the like.

Therefore, he had even collected all the rings worn by the Spell Casters, more than a hundred of them, whose lives he had “harvested”.

“The ring too.”

Wizard Finello was like a completely unresisting lamb. He was stripped of his robe and ring by Merlin.

“Hmmm? There’s more good stuff?”

After Merlin had taken Wizard Finello’s robe, he noticed that at Wizard Finello’s chest, there was a sort of disc which was the size of a palm. It was engraved with dense lines of runes and was implanted into the skin.

“Rip!”

Without the slightest bit of mercy, Merlin immediately ripped apart the flesh at Wizard Finello’s chest. Instantly, blood sprayed out, and the palm-sized disc was in Merlin’s hand.

At the moment when the disc was ripped out, Merlin clearly sensed that the Runic Magic Circle of Taran City was rocking fiercely as if it would collapse at any moment.

“Could this be the legendary Runic Magic Disc?”

Merlin’s eyes gleamed. This was a treasure indeed. Only great Spell Casters who had mastered runology and alchemy were able to transfigure a Runic Magic Disc.

Some powerful Spell Casters were able to engrave a Runic Magic Circle into a casting tool, which could be used by any Spell Caster who was adept in runology. The powerful Magic Circle within the Runic Magic Disc could be activated without having to waste effort in setting it up, and it could be carried away at any time, making it convenient to use.

This was also the main reason those powerful Spell Casters were willing to study runology. With the Runic Magic Disc, one's power could be substantially increased, and it was much better than many casting tools.

For instance, Wizard Finello was able to exhibit the strength of a Fifth-level Spell Caster immediately after he activated the Runic Magic Circle. Through this, Merlin could tell how powerful the Runic Magic Circle was when it was engraved into a Runic Magic Disc!

After he had harvested all he wanted from Finello, Merlin dispelled the Darkness Element that filled up the sky with a great wave of his hand. A ray of light gradually began to shine through the sky which was initially pitch black.

The entire Taran City slowly began to come alive once more. The Normies who were caught in the illusion did not even know what had happened. They only felt like they had just experienced a peculiar dream.

There was only Wizard Finello left. He was only wearing thin clothes now, and his wizened frame was exposed in front of everyone. His appearance was so pitiful, his face was drained, and he looked just like a normal, derelict old man.

“My robe, my ring, and my Runic Magic Disc...”

Wizard Finello fixed his gaze on Merlin. He instantly understood his situation. He did not even have his Runic Magic Disc, so the Runic Magic Circle that he had so painstakingly set up was useless now. The only thing that was waiting for him was a miserable ending.

However, Wizard Finello drew in a deep breath, and said meekly, “Wizard Merlin, I’m defeated, but I’m still a Fourth-level Spell Caster and a master of runology. I’m willing to sign a contract and become Wizard Merlin’s most loyal slave!”

Now that Wizard Finello had fallen to such a stage, he could not be bothered with much else. He was even willing to sign a slave contract with Merlin.

“Slave?”

Merlin barked out a cold laugh and was about to say something when suddenly, in the distant sky, a burst of green light appeared rapidly. Within that enormous, horrifying green glow was the faint silhouette of a giant snake.

“Finello, if you dare to harm Wizard Merlin, no one would be able to save you!”

Along with that enraged voice, a giant snake rose up above Taran City in a violent, whistling gale. The snake’s tremendous size was unequaled, and it was covered entirely in intricate green scales. Its massive, sinister head poked through the clouds, and its prying eyes fixed onto Taran City down below.

Chapter 317: A Demonstration of Power 1

The giant python circled above in the clouds, its eyes glittering with a horrifying light of red-blood color, making everyone tremble in fear!

At the moment, almost everyone in Taran City had looked up toward the sky, their mouths agape, and their faces full of a terror they could not conceal.

“Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Two figures quickly entered Taran City. It was the two ugly Wizards who had been waiting outside the city-state this entire time. Upon seeing the giant python in the sky, their faces darkened, and they called out softly, “Snake Elder, you’re finally here. We’re not strong enough to handle this matter, so please punish us!”

“Humph! For you guys, I’ll punish you myself when we get back!”

The giant python in the air was Snake Elder of Wilson Castle. Merlin knew that Snake Elder came from a tribe of alpine Snake People, but he had no understanding of what special powers they possessed. Even the records of the Dark Magic Region only mentioned them in passing.

Now it appeared that these alpine Snake People were not merely Spell Casters. Their way of living, their anatomy, and so on, were different from most people.

As soon as Snake Elder spoke, he fixed his huge eyes on the Runic Magic Circle which sprawled across Taran City. Following that, he extended his long body slightly from the clouds.

“Bang!”

The snake’s body, which was as wide as a bucket, whipped ruthlessly toward the Runic Magic Circle in Taran City down below. The blow that carried inconceivable force landed squarely on the Runic Magic Circle.

The Runic Magic Circle, which had just suffered Merlin’s attack, was defenseless by now and was smashed to pieces. The light of the Runic Magic Disc that Merlin had obtained seemed to dim as well.

With a single attack, Snake Elder had destroyed the Runic Magic Circle that Finello had designed. His powers went far beyond the Fourth-level Spell Caster persona that he had displayed.

Perhaps Snake Elder was really just a Fourth-level Spell Caster, but once he transformed into his enormous python form, his strength was increased many times over and reached the stage of a Fifth-level Spell Caster, or even higher.

It was not surprising that the alpine tribe of Snake People was so valued by His Royal Highness the eighth prince, for they had such extraordinary capabilities. Merlin was secretly on his guard as well due to this.

Following the destruction of the Runic Magic Circle, Snake Elder seemed to notice Merlin and Wizard Finello down below. Thereafter, the gigantic python vanished without a trace, and he transformed once more into an eccentric old man dressed in a black robe.

“Wizard Merlin, are you alright?”

Snake Elder came down from the clouds and immediately went to Merlin. He swept his Mind Power hastily over Merlin and saw that he was unharmed. At this, he heaved a small sigh of relief. He had hurried so frantically because he was afraid that he would be too late.

“Hmm? Wizard Finello, how kind of you. You know that Wizard Merlin is an honored guest of His Royal Highness the eighth prince, yet you still dared to activate the Modoya Magic Circle. Did you think that you can run to the other princes and disregard His Royal Highness the eighth prince just like that?”

Snake Elder’s gaze was incomparably severe as it fixed firmly onto Wizard Finello. The admonishment in his eyes was obvious.

However, Wizard Finello only opened his mouth without speaking, his face gray as ash and filled with a powerless expression.

By this point, Snake Elder felt that something was wrong. He looked around him and saw that Taran City was reduced to crumbling walls and destroyed buildings. Even the gigantic solid ramparts were collapsed completely. Moreover, there used to be many Spell Casters in Taran City, but now, besides Wizard Finello, there were no other Spell Casters.

Wizard Finello currently was not even wearing his robe, he stood in place like a skinny sack of bones with a forlorn and abject expression. This was a shocking difference from the strong, proud Wizard Finello of the past.

“Snake Elder!”

Finally, it was Merlin who spoke. He fixed his calm gaze upon Wizard Finello and said “Snake Elder, you’ve come just in time. I’m about to present the eighth prince with a generous gift!”

“A generous gift?”

Snake Elder frowned in doubt.

“The entire Taran City!”

Merlin pointed toward the massive Taran City, including Count Taran who was huddled in the corner. When Count Taran witnessed the battle between Merlin and Wizard Finello earlier, he felt an unparalleled burst of regret. With Finello defeated, what hope did he have left?

Nonetheless, after the arrival of Snake Elder, Count Taran seemed to have regained some hope, and hastily said to Snake Elder, “Snake Elder, Taran City is willing to pledge allegiance to His Royal Highness the eighth prince.”

“Tsss...”

By now, no matter how slow Snake Elder was, he must have finally caught on. As it turned out, he had come too late indeed, except that the ending was not what he had expected but was instead Merlin’s easy conquest of Taran City.

Based on Wizard Finello’s exceptionally pathetic state, he had no will left to fight anymore and had surrendered everything to Merlin. Merlin had relied on his own strength to settle the matter of Taran City.

“Snake Elder, I’m also willing to pledge allegiance to His Royal Highness the eighth prince.”

Wizard Finello, upon seeing Snake Elder, said this hurriedly as well. He could feel Merlin’s intention to kill him, so defecting to the eighth prince was naturally his best fate.

“Burn!”

Before Snake Elder could speak, Merlin pointed at Wizard Finello from a distance. Streams of white flames instantly engulfed Wizard Finello, burning him furiously.

At the moment, Wizard Finello did not even have a robe or the Runic Magic Disc. At best, he was at the standard of a Fourth-level Spell Caster – how would he be able to withstand Merlin’s Fiery Collapse?

As such, under the blaze of the white flames, Wizard Finello’s body was quickly reduced to ashes at a visible speed.

Snake Elder looked toward Merlin with a complicated expression and said nothing. Who knew what he was thinking?

After a long moment, Merlin gave a slight smile, and said to Snake Elder, “Snake Elder, Taran City is the first gift that I shall present to His Royal Highness the eighth prince. Following this, there’ll

be more gifts, but I'll need your help to send over someone to receive these gifts. Otherwise, I'm afraid that things will descend into inevitable chaos."

After a pause, wisps of Wind Elemental fluctuations emerged around Merlin.

"Swish!"

Merlin immediately flew into the air, his figure twinkling as it disappeared into the distance. All that was left behind was his indifferent voice, saying, "Next, Guinomi City!"

Wizard Bammou followed after Merlin respectfully and was gone from Taran City in the blink of an eye.

After waiting for Merlin to leave, the two ugly Wizards asked Snake Elder carefully, "Snake Elder, Merlin has gone on to Guinomi City. His abilities are far beyond our expectations. Do we follow him?"

Snake Elder cast a deep look at Merlin's disappearing figure, and pondered for a moment before he gradually spoke, "It seems like even His Royal Highness the eighth prince was mistaken. A Six-Elemental Spell Caster, whom the Dark Magic Region fostered with special attention, who is known to be even more of a prodigy than Kleis – how could someone like this possibly be that simple? What's more, even a Spell Caster like Wizard Leo, who is well regarded by His Royal Highness the eighth prince, has his eye on Merlin..."

After a pause, Snake Elder seemed to have arrived at a decision. He said in a low voice, "The both of you stay on in Taran City and take over its operations. Don't make any more mistakes. Otherwise, when you return to the clan, you'll never be allowed out again. Heh heh, what an unexpected bonus this is. Perhaps Wizard Merlin himself is worth our efforts of enticement. I want to head there and see how strong Merlin really is so that I can provide His Royal Highness the eighth prince with more information to help him make a decision."

A strange light twinkled in Snake Elder's eyes, and a strange monstrous force could be felt. Thereafter, he soared into the air and headed toward where Merlin had gone.

...

"Master, Snake Elder is following behind us."

Beside Merlin, Wizard Bammou spoke softly. They were currently on their way to Guinomi City, which could be considered to be relatively far away. Even if they flew, they would need a good period of time.

“Ignore him.”

Merlin had already guessed that Snake Elder would follow them closely. His Royal Highness the eighth prince only wanted to win Wizard Leo over through Merlin, but now that Merlin had displayed his true strength which far surpassed the estimation of His Royal Highness the eighth prince, Snake Elder would naturally follow behind to ascertain the truth.

Nevertheless, this was also what Merlin needed. He wanted the Wilson clan to become a Spell Caster clan without a hitch, a clan that had a degree of influence. Other than relying on the advantages of being in the Dark Magic Region, it was more important that his own abilities were recognized by a majority of other Spell Casters.

When he had killed Weiss and Bluebird, his influence had only grown within a small circle of Spell Casters. After all, only those Wizards within the spell casters’ organizations who kept tabs on Ozmu would know who Bluebird and Weiss were.

There were even some Spell Casters who gave the credit to the Dark Magic Region. To them, Merlin was merely a lucky one who had benefited from the privileges of being in the Dark Magic Region and under Wizard Leo.

This time, Merlin wanted to act as a dominating force, sweeping all obstacles out of the way, in order to establish his reputation and make the name of the Wilson clan one that was well known in the Spell Casters’ world.

“How far away are we from Guinomi City?”

After flying for a long moment, Merlin felt that the Wind-type Magic Power was almost about to give out. After all, he was flying thanks to the Flying casting tool and was using up a tremendous amount of Magic Power. His store of Magic Power as a mere Second-level Spell Caster, of course, was no match for those Spell Casters above the Fourth-level.

Wizard Bammou thought about it for a short moment before he said, “We would still need about one or two hours before reaching Guinomi City.”

Merlin nodded. With such a long journey ahead, he was no longer in a rush to get there. Instead, he slackened his pace and began to sort out his harvest from Taran City.

His biggest harvest was undoubtedly Wizard Finello’s Runic Magic Disc. He would just need to be adept in runes to bring out the power of the Runic Magic Disc, and his abilities would be significantly boosted.

Of course, this Runic Magic Disc required the assistance of many Spell Casters, failing which its powers would be lessened by a great degree.

“Bammou, how much do you understand about runes?”

Merlin was not adept in runes, and naturally, he thought of Wizard Bammou.

Wizard Bammou shook his head with a dismal expression. “Master, the field of runology is deep and extensive. Most Spell Casters can become very powerful simply by focusing on one field. I’m no genius, so I don’t have much understanding of runology.”

Merlin felt rather frustrated. He wanted to give the Runic Magic Disc to the Wilson clan as a sort of trump card so that if they encountered a strong enemy, the Runic Magic Disc could be activated to protect the clan.

However, not even Wizard Bammou was proficient in runology. Even if Merlin had the Runic Magic Disc, he was not able to unlock its powers.

‘It seems like in the future, when I’m selecting people with Spell Caster Quality in the clan, I’d have to keep an eye out for any talents in runology or alchemy.’

Many thoughts flashed across Merlin’s mind. In order for a Spell Caster clan to enjoy long-term peace and stability as well as prosper constantly, it would need the support of all sorts of talents.

...

Who knew how long it was before Merlin lifted his head to see an immense city that had a distinct design. It looked more like a fortified stronghold.

A wide stone pillar slanted into the skies, looking as if it would topple over at any time. It was a strange sight, but this was a landmark of Guinomi City – something completely unique and easy to recognize.

“Master, we’ve arrived at Guinomi City!”

Wizard Bammou looked at the peculiar city-state before him as he said in a calm tone.

Chapter 318: A Demonstration of Power 2

“Guinomi City.”

Merlin glanced at the strange ramparts of Guinomi City. There was a world of difference between this outlandish design and the other city-states in the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

Snake Elder had not caught up to them yet, but Merlin knew very well that it was not because Snake Elder could not keep up with their speed. Conversely, he was hanging back on purpose, maintaining a distance far behind. It was clear that he wanted to observe Merlin’s capabilities without confronting the people of Guinomi City.

After all, those Spell Casters would recognize Snake Elder. If he recklessly showed himself, it might not bode well for the eighth prince.

“We’ll go straight in. Anyone who is a Spell Caster must die!”

Merlin’s expression was calm, but his voice revealed a cold hard edge that would make anyone tremble in fear.

“Swish! Swish!”

With that, Merlin and Bammou quickly flew into Guinomi City.

...

In the luxurious House of Counts, a banquet was going on, celebrating the sixtieth birthday of Count Guinomi. Guests came from different ranks of the aristocracy, and there were also some Spell Casters dressed in their finery.

“My Honorable Lord, Wizard Toblin has arrived!”

A pretty female guard dressed in silver armor said to Count Guinomi. There was not a single male guard in the entire banquet, only young pretty female guards with full figures.

This was one of Count Guinomi’s greatest pleasures. He liked young pretty girls. Besides his guards, even the servants in his home, his carriage driver, and so on, consisted of beautiful maidens. Moreover, once these girls exceeded the age of twenty-five years, they would be fired by Count Guinomi.

For Count Guinomi, this lewd and depraved life was his daily existence. If a day went by without any woman, he would go mad. It was also due to this that Count Guinomi did not, in fact, have the people’s support in Guinomi City. On the contrary, many Normies despised him to the core.

However, no one could do anything as Count Guinomi seemed to be well aware of this. He was smart enough to bring along powerful Spell Casters who secretly protected him. He was adept at winning over and recruiting roaming Wizards with powerful abilities, providing them with all they desired.

One of these was Wizard Toblin. This Fourth-level Spell Caster was cruel and vicious. For the sake of his research in alchemy, he had slaughtered over a hundred Normies, using various inhumane methods of experimentation on them.

He was even hunted down by some Spell Casters, but narrowly escaped to Guinomi City and was enlisted under Count Guinomi’s command. He became Guinomi City’s strongest Spell Caster, and also served as the count’s right-hand man.

“Haha, quick, invite Wizard Toblin to come in!”

Count Guinomi quickly said to the guard.

Following that, Wizard Toblin, who was dressed in a black and gray robe, came into the hall and bowed slightly before Count Guinomi. “My Honorable Lord, I’ve arrived late today, but it was to prepare some potions. This potion would boost one’s physique, and would even work well with Normies!”

As he spoke, Wizard Toblin brought out a small vial of black potion and handed it to Count Guinomi.

Count Guinomi’s eyes brightened. Of course, he understood what Wizard Toblin meant when he said “boost one’s physique”. Count Guinomi was not a Spell Caster. He was only a normal Elemental Swordsman. His long years of a lewd and depraved existence had weakened his body. A large majority of the powerful Spell Casters he recruited were apothecaries who were skilled in brewing potions.

It was by relying on the potions frequently made by these Spell Casters that he was able to live on healthily until now.

“Haha, how considerate of you, Wizard Toblin. Please have a seat. I’ll show everyone how it’s done today at this banquet!”

Count Guinomi appeared to be in good spirits. After he accepted the potion, he consumed it impatiently with the help of a female guard.

After he had taken the potion, the eyes of Count Guinomi glazed over and he seemed to be completely at ease. Ignoring the presence of others, he pulled a tall and slim female guard who was standing beside him onto his lap.

The guard’s face did not change as if this was not the first time something like this had happened. Yet, as she stared at Count Guinomi and Wizard Toblin, she could not conceal the glint of disgust and loathing in her eyes.

“Not bad, not bad. Wizard Toblin, your potions are getting better and better!”

Soon enough, Count Guinomi clapped his hands and stood up once more. His face, which was somewhat pale before, was now rosy-colored, and he was also in vigorous spirits. It was obviously the effects of the potion that he took.

Wizard Toblin gave a faint smile and was about to say something when he suddenly seemed to notice something.

“Wind Shackles!”

“Swish!”

In the split second that Wizard Toblin raised his hand, the female guard, who was initially meek and resigned next to Count Guinomi, suddenly drew out a white dagger and thrust it straight toward Count Guinomi.

“Slash!”

The female guard was quick, and the dagger viciously cut across Count Guinomi’s chest. However, it was merely a scratch for the blade of the dagger only broke the skin of Count Guinomi’s chest, after which a strong gust of Wind Element restricted the movements of the female guard.

This was the spell cast by Wizard Toblin, saving Count Guinomi’s life once again.

The entire banquet became incomparably silent. Everyone stared at the sullen face of Count Guinomi in fear and dread. It was not the first time something like this had happened, but every time it did, it meant that some people in Guinomi City would be killed off by the heartless Count Guinomi.

“Damn it, Felinda, why did you try to kill me?”

Count Guinomi roared at the female guard in rage.

The female guard glared at Count Guinomi spitefully with a cold smile. “Heh, Count Guinomi, I’ve wanted to kill you long ago. Look at everyone around you. Is there no one who would not want to kill you? Fate is unkind – you’re not dead yet. Haha, kill me then, at least I’ll be free at last...”

Count Guinomi's chest was heaving unsteadily, and he appeared to be furious. He pointed at the female guard, and said darkly, "Heh heh, it's not that easy to die. However, your clan will suffer along with you for your foolish action! Go, capture everyone in Felinda's clan, and let no one go free!"

Many guards came in from the outside and ruthlessly dragged the female guard away.

"I'm willing to pay any price, and I pray for the devil to appear now and kill the heartless Guinomi, saving the entire Guinomi City..."

Her anguished cries echoed in the castle, but there was no devil in this world. Even if there was, no devil would be able to fulfill her wish.

"That's enough, carry on with the celebration!"

The female guard's expulsion from the banquet was only a small snag in the evening. Soon enough, Count Guinomi had recovered his good spirits and had summoned another pretty female guard, carrying on with the banquet within the castle.

"Bang!"

Just as the banquet had resumed its festivities, it was interrupted abruptly by a loud sound. Furthermore, this time, the large doors of the castle were shattered instantly. Solid rock pieces scattered everywhere and fell to the ground.

The aristocrats in the hall were frightened out of their wits and retreated to the back, their eyes fixed upon the doorway. There, two unfamiliar figures appeared, and one of them was holding onto the female guard who had been dragged out.

"I'm no devil, but I can fulfill your wish!"

The young man who held the female guard gave a strange smirk as he said softly to the female guard.

“Swoosh!”

As soon as the young man spoke, Wizard Toblin immediately stood up and appeared beside Count Guinomi in a flash. He said in a low voice, “My lord, these are powerful Spell Casters. You should withdraw for now.”

Wizard Toblin was evidently able to perceive the threat that the two newcomers posed, and his face appeared very solemn.

Count Guinomi was somewhat distressed, but he remained relatively calm, having faith in Wizard Toblin’s capabilities. Therefore, he gave a slight nod. “Wizard Toblin, you should be careful as well. I’ll go and summon all the Spell Casters within the castle now. Humph, they dare to break into my castle. No matter who they are, they must pay a heavy price!”

With that, Count Guinomi began to evacuate from the castle under the protection of some guards and Spell Casters.

“Do you think you can leave?”

The calm gaze of the young man fixed upon Count Guinomi, his face full of mockery. Following that, he began to walk toward Count Guinomi step by step, in a leisurely manner.

“I don’t know which Spell Caster you are, but I’m Wizard Toblin. Perhaps there’s some misunderstanding between you and Count Guinomi. Whatever request you have, my lord will surely fulfill them...”

Wizard Toblin also walked forward a few steps and stood in front of Count Guinomi. His comfortable life in Guinomi City was inseparable from Count Guinomi’s trust in him.

Thus, no matter what, he would first need to ensure that Count Guinomi would live.

“Toblin... That’s right, you’ll be the first to die. Remember my name – Wilson Merlin!”

This young man was Merlin who had hurried from Taran City to Guinomi City. Realizing that the Spell Caster before him was Toblin, the smile tugging at his lips turned icy.

During Merlin's investigation, he discovered that Wizard Toblin of Guinomi City was one of those who went to Wilson Castle back then. If Snake Elder and the rest, who were sent by His Royal Highness the eighth prince, had not made it in time, Wilson Castle might no longer exist.

"Merlin? Merlin of the Dark Magic Region? So, it's you... So, what if you've come back?"

Upon hearing that the young Spell Caster before him was Merlin, Wizard Toblin's eyes flashed with a malicious light. He knew that Merlin, having come all the way back, would not just let the matter rest.

Perhaps it would be troublesome to kill Merlin, but not killing him would lead to even greater trouble. Therefore, even if Toblin was apprehensive about the Dark Magic Region's retaliation, he would not hesitate now that Merlin had come here.

"Boom!"

A violent gale whistled as it swept toward Merlin. This was a Fourth-level spell which was strong enough to crush any defensive powers into dust.

Merlin could not even be bothered to look at the blustering gale. Instead, he extended a hand, pressing forward slightly with his fingers.

"Fiery Collapse!"

The white flames began burning furiously right away. Any defensive forces in the path of these flames were swept aside. Wizard Toblin did not even have time to cast a spell before his body was engulfed in the white flames.

The blaze vanished quickly, but Wizard Toblin's figure had also completely disappeared without a trace. Wizard Toblin, whom Count Guinomi had seen as his support, who was a powerful Fourth-level Spell Caster, could not even withstand one attack from Merlin.

"As for all of you... Die as well!"

Merlin looked toward the aristocrats in the hall. Everything these people did filled Merlin with loathing. He was not someone who would kill Normies but Count Guinomi's behavior earlier had disgusted him to the core, and there was a tyrannical mood within him that he needed to unleash.

"Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!"

Endless flames flew from Merlin and swallowed the entire castle. Regardless of whether they were aristocrats or Spell Casters, they were rapidly turned to ashes upon the lightest touch of the white flames.

There were no pitiful cries, no stench of blood, and there was not even an atmosphere of chaos and disorder. Yet anyone who witnessed this scene with their own eyes would feel a throbbing in their chest.

Even the female guard, who had earlier descended into despair and did not hesitate to pray for the "devil", could only stare blankly at the raging flames before her eyes without uttering a word.

"Wizard Merlin, stop this right now!"

At this moment, a rather anxious voice rang in Merlin's ear.

Chapter 319: Conclusion and a Moment of Peace I

At last, Snake Elder had appeared, yet when he saw the empty castle before his eyes, he was slightly bewildered. He wore a complicated expression, and wanted to speak but hesitated to do so.

"Wizard Merlin, kill those Spell Casters if you like – a Spell Caster like Toblin should be killed off anyway, but as for Normies, especially Count Guinomi, His Royal Highness the eighth prince still needs them to oversee the affairs of Guinomi City. Now that he's dead, I'm afraid that Guinomi City will descend into momentary chaos."

Snake Elder did not think that Merlin would act so fast, alongside having such an appetite for murder. He did not even let a Normie like Count Guinomi get away.

"Snake Elder, you're too late... As for Guinomi City, I believe that you'll take care of it. This is the second gift. Following this, there's still a third gift!"

With that, Merlin prepared to leave. Just then, the female guard who had been in a daze finally recovered from her shock and quickly stepped forward to kneel before Merlin. “Honorable Sir Wizard, please take me on.”

“Take you on? Aren’t you from Guinomi City? Why not go back to your clan?”

Merlin stared at the female guard and questioned doubtfully. He had overheard her words earlier and gained a vague understanding of the situation here, which was why he was intent on killing Count Guinomi.

A dismal look appeared on the female guard’s face as she said softly, “Honorable Sir Wizard, my name is Felinda. It’s true that I’m from Guinomi City but I can’t go back to my clan. What’s more, I’ll never want to come back to Guinomi City. Please take me on sir, I’m even willing serve as an ordinary servant!”

Felinda was not reluctant to leave Guinomi City at all. The most unfortunate part of her past happened here, and it was her desperation toward her reality that drove her to make an attempt on Count Guinomi’s life despite risking everything. Although she had failed, Merlin’s appearance had allowed her to live on. It was natural that she did not want to stay in Guinomi City.

Snake Elder carefully sized up Felinda. After a long moment, he spoke suddenly, “Wizard Merlin, you should take her on. Aren’t you planning to establish the Wilson clan as a Spell Caster clan? She has some Spell Caster Quality. Although it’s nothing to shout about, it shouldn’t be a problem for her to become an Entrance-level Spell Caster if you’re willing to nurture her. Moreover, Spell Casters who are brought up in this manner would be most loyal to the clan.”

Merlin felt a slight jolt in his heart. He had not paid close attention before this. Now, after Snake Elder’s reminder, he noticed upon a closer observation that Felinda had Spell Caster Quality.

People who had Spell Caster Quality were far too rare. Even Merlin’s children, Celia and Conxion, did not have Spell Caster Quality.

Just as Snake Elder had said, now was merely the beginning for the Wilson clan to become a Spell Caster clan. It was at this time that they would need a large number of Spell Casters. Spell Casters who were slowly cultivated by the clan would be the most loyal ones. In front of him, Felinda, who had no affection left for Guinomi City, was a suitable candidate.

Perhaps he would need to spend some resources on Felinda to turn her into an Entrance-level Spell Caster, but Merlin had spent the past few days killing countless Spell Casters and had obtained endless resources. Spending a little of that to cultivate Felinda was really nothing much.

“Felinda, I agree to take you on, but not as a servant. As for the specific details, I’ll find you and let you know after I’ve returned to Wilson Castle.”

After a pause, Merlin turned his gaze toward Snake Elder, and said in a low voice, “Snake Elder, if I could trouble you to arrange for someone to send Felinda back to Wilson Castle.”

“Haha, not a problem. I’ll do my best to find someone to send her back.”

Snake Elder promised lightheartedly. Merlin did not say much else and quickly flew away from Guinomi City with Wizard Bammou.

Besides Taran City and Guinomi City, Merlin had a third target – Fanya City, which was also the third gift that Merlin was about to present to His Royal Highness the eighth prince!

...

Fanya City was not far away from Guinomi City. Therefore, when Guinomi City fell under a single attack by Merlin, Fanya City soon received news of the incident.

Furthermore, they had heard that even Taran City, which was the strongest of them all, was successfully invaded by Merlin. Thus, the Spell Casters of Fanya City had no way of remaining calm. Even Count Fanya was burning with anxiety as he tried incessantly to formulate a countermeasure.

In the end, Fanya City decided to put up no resistance and go along with whatever Merlin asked of them. No matter how demanding his requests were, Fanya City would be willing to accept them.

At this point, Count Fanya was full of immeasurable regret. If only he had pledge allegiance to any one of Their Royal Highnesses the princes in the beginning, he would not end up like this today. One of the consequences of maintaining neutrality was that he would receive no powerful protection.

“Swish! Swish!”

Two figures quickly descended from above Fanya City. It was Merlin and Wizard Bammou.

“Wizard Merlin, I’ve been waiting here for a long time. These are all the Spell Casters of Fanya City who attacked Wilson Castle in the past. Other than Fourth-level Spell Caster Wizard Sternine, who had escaped and vanished without a trace the moment he heard of the rumors, the rest of these Spell Casters are under my control, and we’ll do whatever you say!”

Count Fanya waved a hand, and five of six Spell Casters were pushed forward. They appeared to be under some sort of control so they could not cast any spells. An expression of dread hung over their faces.

Thereafter, Count Fanya said nothing else. He felt powerless as well. He had handed over these Spell Casters without resistance and lowered his own status only because he was afraid.

Merlin’s previous action in Guinomi City had made Count Fanya afraid. Countless Spell Casters, even Count Guinomi, were burned to ashes. It could be said that Guinomi City was completely done for.

What would happen next to the city-state had been determined. It would fall under the eighth prince and be firmly controlled by him. No longer would it be linked to the Guinomi clan.

Merlin’s violent ferocity throughout his journey had induced a chill in Count Fanya’s heart. He would not dare to resist, and could only lower his own status, allowing Merlin to do as he liked. Perhaps he had a chance of surviving in this manner.

Looking at Count Fanya standing before him, Merlin’s intent to kill diminished substantially. Throughout this whole process, he had slaughtered far too many people. Nonetheless, there was a reason for this, which was to establish the name of the Wilson clan, as well as Merlin’s position as a powerful Spell Caster, so he was not merely known as a prodigious Spell Caster from the Dark Magic Region.

Now, Fanya City had given up on resisting him even before he had arrived. This meant that Merlin’s objective of “establishing reputation” had been achieved. Merlin’s current reputation was terrifying and impressive. After this, anyone who bothered with the Wilson clan would have to carefully consider Merlin’s furious retaliation instead of the Dark Magic Region’s stance.

“Hiss... Hiss... Hiss...”

Merlin splayed his fingers, and streams of white flames flew out rapidly, turning the Spell Casters under Count Fanya’s control into ashes.

Merlin would not be merciful in the slightest toward these Spell Casters who had attacked Wilson Castle before.

Seeing that Merlin had burned these Spell Casters just like that, Count Fanya could not help but begin trembling all over. Merlin’s decision was still unclear, so he did not know what was in store for him.

“Swish!”

Another figure flew in from the distance. It was Snake Elder who had been following behind Merlin.

Upon seeing Count Fanya, Snake Elder nodded approvingly. Nevertheless, he did not say anything. Only Merlin could decide how this would be handled.

After a few rounds of close observation, Snake Elder now saw Merlin as a powerful Spell Caster who was on the same level as him. Therefore, there was naturally a shift in his attitude.

Perhaps Wizard Leo was the main target of the eighth prince’s enticement, but Merlin’s current capabilities meant that he was worthy of enticement as well, instead of merely being a means by which the eighth prince could approach Wizard Leo.

This was the most direct change in Snake Elder’s attitude toward Merlin!

After a long moment of consideration, Merlin gradually raised his head and said to Snake Elder, “Snake Elder, Fanya City is the third gift that I present to His Royal Highness the eighth prince! Count Fanya, what do you think?”

Seeing that Merlin was looking at him, Count Fanya felt a jolt in his heart and nodded hurriedly. “Wizard Merlin is right. From this day onward, the entire Fanya City will accept the orders and assignments of His Royal Highness the eighth prince!”

“Haha, Wizard Merlin, your third gift is not a small one. I shall report this faithfully to His Royal Highness the eighth prince. I believe that His Royal Highness the eighth prince would be very grateful toward Wizard Merlin.”

A burst of glee sprang up in Snake Elder’s heart. The eighth prince’s influence in the south was not that strong, but now he had obtained Taran City, Guinomi City, in addition to the undamaged Fanya City. These three city-states were closely linked to each other and could be combined into one along with Prakash City and Lebis City.

With this, His Royal Highness the eighth prince’s influence in the south would have swelled many times over in a short period of time. This was indeed a gargantuan gift!

“Snake Elder, the three gifts have been delivered. I’ll head back to Wilson Castle first.”

Merlin’s three main targets had been achieved, and his objective was accomplished as well. The name of Wilson Merlin would spread rapidly among the roaming Wizards, setting up a solid foundation for when he would develop the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan in the future.

Snake Elder nodded. “You might not have to wait much longer before news from His Royal Highness the eighth prince would arrive.”

Merlin understood Snake Elder’s implicit meaning. This was so that he would not be in a hurry to leave Wilson Castle, for the eighth prince still wanted to meet with Merlin regarding important matters.

“For at least half a year, I’ll be in Wilson Castle!”

After giving it some thought, Merlin replied softly. He needed to develop the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan. This effort would require a great amount of his time and energy. Even with Wizard Bammou’s assistance, Merlin’s presence was needed in Wilson Castle.

“Bammou, let’s go back to Wilson Castle!”

Merlin bid Snake Elder farewell and quickly hurried toward Wilson Castle along with Wizard Bammou.

Chapter 320: Conclusion and a Moment of Peace II

“Croak... Croak... Croak... Croak...”

It had just drizzled. A few frogs leaped out from the pond, taking turns to croak, disturbing the tranquility of Wilson Castle.

Charise, dressed in a long, pure white skirt, was playing with Celia in the hall, but her mind seemed to be somewhere else. Occasionally, she would look out from the hall.

“It’s been so many days. Why isn’t Merlin back yet? Has something happened to him?”

Charise was somewhat concerned. Avril had gone to rest, leaving Charise alone waiting in the hall. As more time passed, she became more and more anxious.

This time, Merlin had left suddenly. Although he explained briefly that it was to resolve some matter of the Wilson clan, he did not specify what the matter was. Not even Old Wilson knew what it was.

Avril was still her same old innocent and carefree self, not worried about anything. Still, Charise kept on worrying deep down. She remembered that the last time Wilson Castle was threatened, the attackers were not Normies, but were instead powerful Spell Casters. If Snake Elder had not hurried over, Wilson Castle would have been in grave danger.

Therefore, Charise guessed that Merlin’s current departure from Wilson Castle had something to do with the Spell Casters who had invaded Wilson Castle previously.

Charise’s understanding of Spell Casters was even better than Old Wilson’s. After all, she was from the Royal Family of Light, so she knew exactly how terrifying Spell Casters could be.

“Rumble!”

In the skies outside the castle, a thunderclap crashed fiercely, scaring Celia until she howled in tears. Following the rumbling of the thunder, it began to rain heavily outside.

As she saw how dark it was getting, Charise estimated that it was too late and that Merlin would not be coming back today. Thus, she brought Celia along as she prepared to retire for the night.

“Creak...”

The large doors of the castle were slowly pushed open, and a figure rushed in from outside, still dripping with rain and looking rather forlorn.

“Charise, you’re not yet asleep at this hour?”

This figure was Merlin who had rushed back to the castle. Although he and Wizard Bammou were both very quick, they only made it back to the castle by late night. Moreover, they had encountered the rain, and their robes were soaked through.

“Merlin, are you alright?”

Upon seeing Merlin drenched in rain, a smile spread across Charise’s face. Thereafter, she hastily called for a servant girl to bring a set of clean, dry clothes for Merlin.

“Celia, greet your father.”

When Merlin was not paying attention, Charise quietly told Celia.

Celia blinked her wide eyes lightly and looked at Merlin somewhat shyly. Nonetheless, after Charise’s urging, Celia cried out in a soft voice, “Father, I hear that you’re a great Spell Caster. Can you also create fireballs like Grandpa Hill?”

Merlin was slightly taken aback. It was the first time he had heard Celia call him “father”, and an indescribable warmth spread in his chest. Without realizing it, he had come into this world, with a wife, and a kid. He now belonged completely to this world!

The “Grandpa Hill” that Celia spoke of must be that black-robed old man. During these few years that Merlin was not around, the black-robed old man would come to the castle when he had time and had become familiar with Celia and Conxion.

It might be that, in Celia’s eyes, being able to create fireballs was enough to become a great Spell Caster.

“Of course, I can create not only one, but many fireballs.”

Merlin knelt down and looked deeply at Celia. Following that, he pointed lightly with one finger, and five small fireballs instantly appeared in the surrounding air.

The five fireballs floated quietly in mid-air, burning with a scorching temperature. However, under Merlin’s control, they would not hurt Celia and Charise in the slightest.

“It’s really fireballs, and these are bigger than the ones Grandpa Hill created, and prettier too. Father, I want to become a great Spell Caster too in the future and create these pretty fireballs!”

Celia longed for the future when she would become a great Spell Caster and “create” these pretty fireballs.

Merlin gently pinched Celia’s smooth cheeks. At this moment, there was only a warm fuzzy feeling left in his heart. The tyrannical mood, induced in him by the repeated slaughtering of the past few days, vanished without a trace.

“Alright, clever Celia. In the future, you’re sure to become a great Spell Caster!”

Merlin gave a rare smile, yet Charise looked on with a complicated expression. Celia had no Spell Caster Quality at all, so she was destined to never become a Spell Caster.

“Charise, has my father gone to rest?”

Merlin stood up and looked toward the second floor of the castle as he asked softly.

Charise shook her head slightly. “Although he doesn’t say it, your father is in fact worried about you as well. Every day he would stay up very late. He should still be awake now.”

“Mmm, take Celia to bed first. I have something to discuss with father.”

With that, Merlin headed toward Old Wilson’s room.

...

“Father!”

Merlin came to Old Wilson’s room. As expected, he saw that the room was still bright with candlelight.

“Merlin?”

Old Wilson opened the door in a hurry. Upon seeing Merlin outside, his face finally relaxed as he sighed in relief. It was just as Charise said – although Old Wilson did not display his anxiety openly, he was in fact worried about Merlin deep down.

“How was it, those Spell Casters...”

Old Wilson could not wait any longer to inquire about this. Although he did not know exactly why Merlin had left the castle, he could make a rough guess.

Merlin laughed. “Everything’s fine now. From today onward, no one will look down on the Wilson clan!”

Even though Merlin spoke calmly, his voice revealed his obvious confidence.

Old Wilson knew that based on Merlin’s expression, he had properly dealt with the matter. The previous crisis faced by Wilson Castle would not happen again.

Nonetheless, Old Wilson still had some concerns, but he could not bring himself to voice them as he looked at Merlin. Old Wilson was no longer the overbearing person he used to be in Blackwater City.

Perhaps it was because Old Wilson had seen many Spell Casters in the Kingdom of Blackmoon. Perhaps, after experiencing the crisis faced by Wilson Castle, he learned that despite having cultivated the postures on the mysterious relief sculptures and becoming a powerful intermediate Elemental Swordsman, he was still comparatively weak and puny.

“Merlin, what happened before was too dangerous. There’s only you in the Wilson clan who’s a Spell Caster...”

Old Wilson was also thinking about the Wilson clan’s future. If they were an average clan, the Wilson clan could continue to prosper by relying on Old Wilson’s formidable strength, in addition to the heavy armored knights he trained by himself.

However, Merlin was now a Spell Caster, so the Wilson clan was burdened with the label of “Spell Caster”. It was impossible to be an ordinary clan even if that was what they wanted.

Merlin gradually turned solemn, and he said seriously, “Father, I’ve come back to discuss the Wilson clan with you. You might have noticed that the Wilson clan is no longer a common clan. Therefore, I’ve decided to develop the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan.”

“Spell Caster clan?”

Old Wilson pondered about this for a moment before he said delightedly, “Merlin, you’re the one who holds the highest title in the Wilson clan. You’re not just a Spell Caster, you’re also Viscount Merlin! You have full authority to take charge of the clan. Since you’ve come up with this plan, I’ll support it wholeheartedly. Although I don’t have much of an understanding of Spell Casters, I know that it’s rare to find someone with Spell Caster Quality. Without Spell Caster Quality, it’s impossible to become a Spell Caster. So far, in the Wilson clan, only young Cole has Spell Caster Quality – how do we develop into a Spell Caster clan like this?”

Spell Caster Quality was a huge problem. The Wilson clan’s population was far too small. In particular, there were only three direct descendants – Celia, Conxion, and Cole.

Still, a Spell Caster clan did not need to rely absolutely on blood relations for its members. Many Spell Caster clans, in their beginning stages, had to recruit outsiders who had Spell Caster Quality in order to build up their clan.

If they could nurture a few powerful Spell Casters, then with the passage of time, a clan would gradually become a Spell Caster clan as it slowly stabilized. In the end, it would be passed down to future generations in an unbroken cycle.

This was what Merlin had decided to do. He had taken in the female guard Felinda in Guinomi City with this plan in mind.

However, there was also a hidden risk. Perhaps, after investing a huge amount of resources in them, the Spell Casters who were nurtured might decide to leave the clan without any intention of returning. Instances of this could be found anywhere.

Therefore, in order to recruit outsiders with Spell Caster Quality, one must have some sort of binding power. Signing a contract would be the best choice!

“Ah, contract paper, that’s no small amount of expenditure!”

Merlin was somewhat troubled. Before this, when he was alone, he even thought that elemental crystal stones were not that useful. However, once he planned on developing the Wilson clan into a Spell Caster clan, all sort of problems began to crop up.

Recruiting outsiders with Spell Caster Quality was quite a feasible plan, and once they signed a contract, there was no need to fear that they would betray the clan after becoming a Spell Caster.

Nonetheless, contract paper was extremely expensive. Merlin dimly recalled that in the Resource Tower, one could exchange for contract paper. It was just that the number of contribution points required was far too many. One sheet cost at least over a hundred contribution points.

Furthermore, this was merely an average contract paper. If Merlin wanted to sign a contract paper of the highest grade, it would be more expensive. Even if he decided to recruit only ten people with Spell Caster Quality, this meant that he would need at least ten sheets of contract paper if he wanted them to sign one. If he exchanged for it in the Resource Tower, it would cost him a thousand contribution points.

Not even a Fourth-level Spell Caster, who could build an individual tower in the Dark Magic Region, might necessarily be able to hand over so many contribution points.

Merlin gave the matter some thought. Even though it was expensive, contract paper was something necessary. It seemed like he would need to find some time to return to the Dark Magic Region to exchange for some contract paper.

It was already dark outside for it was midnight. Thus, Merlin did not further discuss the matter with Old Wilson but took his leave.

At first, Merlin thought about checking in on Felinda. Ever since he requested Snake Elder to send her back here, Merlin had not known if she was doing well in Wilson Castle. She was an important step in Merlin's plans. In the starting phase of the Wilson clan's development into a Spell Caster clan, Merlin would need to focus his efforts in nurturing anyone who had Spell Caster Quality.

"I'll take a look tomorrow."

After he thought about it, Merlin decided to head back to his room.