

W. Secret 351

Chapter 351: The Spell Library

The Spell Library of the royal family was hidden in the depths of the Palace.

Being at the heart of the Imperial City, it was natural that the Palace would be heavily guarded. The Elemental Swordsmen outside were merely the external security. In reality, the moment Merlin stepped into the Palace, he had a feeling that he was in the midst of intense potential danger.

There were sure to be many powerful Spell Casters within the Palace who monitored the every movement of anyone who entered the Palace. The fact that Merlin could feel the danger meant his Mind Power was considered decent. Particularly its acuity was much better than most Spell Casters of the same level.

The eighth prince wore a calm and unperturbed expression and was clearly very familiar with the Palace. The many guards that they had encountered bowed respectfully toward the eighth prince.

Merlin followed closely behind the eighth prince, passing through floors of corridors, and turned around many hidden places. Even Merlin had somewhat lost his sense of direction.

“Hmm? What powerful Mind Power!”

Merlin suddenly felt a burst of Mind Power which was unparalleled in intensity, enclosing down upon them as it swept across him and the eighth prince. Merlin had practically no secrets left to speak of.

This Mind Power had reached the stage of the Ninth-level, and there was even a certain amount of difference from Wizard Bammou’s Mind Power. It was because Merlin himself had often felt Wizard Bammou’s Mind Power, so he was able to sense the general level of this Mind Power.

The level of Mind Power for most Spell Casters was the same level as the spells that they had constructed. Only a small percentage of them, like Merlin or Wizard Bammou, had incomparably strong Mind Power, for one reason or another. This only applied to a minority of Spell Casters.

Now that this burst of Ninth-level Mind Power had appeared – if it was not Mind Power which was particularly powerful for its level, it indicated that there was a mighty Ninth-level Spell Caster here!

Seeing that Merlin had turned alert, the eighth prince shook his head, then called out hoarsely, “Wizard Fosse, I’m the eighth prince. Please open the Spell Library.”

Merlin frowned. There was only an empty space here, save for pure-black cast bronze statues situated at both ends. The details of the statues were rather exquisite, and the carvings were life-like.

“Rumble.”

Suddenly, a crack materialized between these two wondrous pure-black bronze statues and widened rapidly as if it was parting the space itself.

Furthermore, lines of mysterious runes emerged on the bronze statues. Even Merlin had not noticed that there were mysterious runes engraved on the bronze statues.

The eighth prince took two steps back and turned to Merlin, breaking into a smile. “The royal family has a deep and extensive legacy – everyone knows that. As the most important wealth of the royal family, it’s natural that the Spell Library is well-hidden. There’s a Ninth-level Spell Caster guarding inside throughout the year. Without him to open the Runic Magic Circle as well as numerous other mechanisms, even a Great Wizard can forget about trying to force his way into the Spell Library within a short time.”

Merlin narrowed his eyes slightly. Between the two black bronze statues, there was a long, deep-reaching flight of stone stairs. It turned out that the Spell Library was here. Indeed, it was well hidden. That colossal Mind Power that he had felt earlier must be the Ninth-level Spell Caster who was guarding the Spell Library.

“Let’s go.”

The eighth prince led Merlin straight down the flight of stairs.

In the pitch-dark passage of the stone stairs, the air was filled with a musty odor. People must often pass by here.

“Clap clap clap.”

The eighth prince clapped his hands lightly. Instantly, a flicker of firelight appeared in the darkness. Following that, flames materialized on the two walls flanking the stone stairs, lighting up the pitch-black passage.

Merlin could distinctly feel that this passage was heading downward. The weather outside was rather parched, but deep in the underground was a chill that could cut to the bone.

Finally, they reached the end of the stone stairs. There, they found two large brass doors, on which there was an imprint of a palm.

This palm imprint looked peculiar. Moreover, lines of mysterious runes protected the large brass doors. Breaking down the doors using brute force would be rather unrealistic. No matter whether it was Merlin or the eighth prince, they would not be able to do that now.

Still, the eighth prince appeared to have done this routinely. He stretched out his right hand and gently pressed into the imprint on the large brass doors. Following that, the mysterious runes on the door gradually brightened with white light, and the large brass doors began to slowly open.

“Creak.”

The large brass doors opened, revealing a large, elegant hall which was decorated lavishly.

The four walls of the large hall were inlaid with marble that shone like mirrors, and the floor was made of layers of gilded rock. Above the hall, there were a few enormous, transparent hanging lamps made of veluriyam. In these lamps, there were precious pearls the size of fists.

The pearls glowed with a bright and gentle radiance, lighting up the spotless hall as if it was daylight. There was no need for firelight at all.

Even Merlin himself was speechless upon seeing such a sumptuous large hall. Regardless of whether it was the gilded floor or the marble as sleek as a mirror or the precious pearls in the

hanging lamps made of veluriyam, these were all priceless. Any one of the pearls in the lamps used for illumination would be an invaluable treasure outside which would be worth a handsome sum.

The Blackmoon royal family had always claimed that their heritage dated back to three thousand six hundred years ago, and they descended from the Molta Empire royal family. For now, one could put aside the question of whether the Blackmoon royal family was just making themselves look good. Just the amount of resources they had was enough to prove that the royal family should not be underestimated for they would be a match for any large-sized spell casters' organization.

The eighth prince stared at the lavish hall, and a zealous light flashed across his eyes. As a member of the royal family, he had come to the Spell Library countless times, but each time he would still be stunned.

However, not even a prince could enter the Spell Library at will and would need the permission of Bhutto XVI. Only the king of the Kingdom of Blackmoon could visit the Spell Library as he pleased.

In the Kingdom of Blackmoon, there were many places that were as important as the Spell Library which only the king could visit. The eighth prince's thirst for power mostly arose from his visits to luxurious spaces like the Spell Library, which evoked the desire and ambition deep in his heart.

"One day, I shall possess everything of the royal family!"

The eighth prince mumbled softly. Following that, he raised his head suddenly and drew in a deep breath. Then, he yelled, "Wizard Fosse, show yourself."

"Whoosh."

As soon as the eighth prince spoke, a gust of black wind appeared in the air. Merlin could not even sense when the black wind had appeared.

Thereafter, the black wind dissipated, revealing a purple-haired old man who stood tall and straight in healthy spirits.

The purple-haired old man swept his gaze casually across Merlin and the eighth prince, then began to say slowly, "Your Royal Highness the eighth prince, it doesn't matter if you come to the Spell

Library, but this Spell Caster behind you – he has no royal blood and isn't a member of the royal family. Has my lord forgotten the rules?"

Merlin narrowed his eyes slightly and sized up the purple-haired old man who had just appeared. So, he was the Guardian Wizard of the Spell Library, the powerful Ninth-level Spell Caster Wizard Fosse!

The Spell Library was an important place for the royal family and was guarded by a powerful Ninth-level Spell Caster of the royal family, who would not let any outsider enter. Although Merlin had not entered the actual Spell Library, the eighth prince had already breached the rules by bringing Merlin to where the Spell Library was.

Nevertheless, the eighth prince seemed unconcerned and gazed steadily at the purple-haired old man. Suddenly, he said, "Wizard Fosse, do you still remember you owe my mother a promise?"

At the mention of the eighth prince's mother, Wizard Fosse's face shifted slightly, following which he seemed extremely uncomfortable. He could only nod powerlessly. "Of course, I remember the kindness of the queen consort! That promise I made her is still as valid now. However, eighth prince, you must remember that this promise only works once!"

A smile tugged at the corner of the eighth prince's mouth. "Once is enough. You wouldn't be willing to kill the fourth prince for me, so I'll use this promise for Wizard Merlin. I'd like to let Wizard Merlin enter the Spell Library. He'll get one day and can look through any spell he likes, just like us members of the royal family. Wizard Fosse, what do you say?"

Only then did the situation dawn upon Merlin. It was not surprising that the eighth prince had made the vow so solemnly. In fact, non-members of the royal family were not allowed to enter the Spell Library, but the Spell Caster guarding the Spell Library owed the eighth prince's mother a promise.

This was the reason the eighth prince was so confident.

Wizard Fosse hesitated for a moment, following which he glanced at Merlin before saying slowly, "My lord, a day's time is far too long. I can grant you eight hours at most, and upon seeing the spells inside, he mustn't pass it on to anyone else. A contract must be signed!"

The eighth prince frowned – what could one do in eight hours? Selecting the spells alone would take a few hours, to say nothing of having to memorize those complicated spells as he was not able

to bring them out. However, just as he was about to further negotiate with Wizard Fosse, Merlin stepped forward beside him. “My utmost gratitude to Wizard Fosse. Eight hours will be enough!”

Seeing that Merlin had agreed, the eighth prince nodded. “Very well, eight hours it is. Wizard Merlin, go ahead and sign the contract. I’ll wait here outside for those eight hours, and you won’t have to worry about anything during this period.”

Now that the eighth prince had just defeated the fourth prince, he had great influence among the many members of the royal family in the Imperial City. Anyone would know that the eighth prince was the one who was most likely to ascend the throne.

With the eighth prince outside the Spell Library, even if some other member of the royal family came, the eighth prince could stop them. No one would dare to cross him. Moreover, they had the support of Wizard Fosse who was the Guardian Wizard. Merlin’s safety was absolutely secured.

“My gratitude to Your Royal Highness the eighth prince for his trouble!”

Merlin bowed slightly toward the eighth prince, following which he took a deep breath and followed behind Wizard Fosse, entering the Spell Library before them.

“Bam!”

The large doors of the Spell Library shut tight. There was no one who could spy on what was happening inside.

Chapter 352: Deriving a New Spell!

Merlin wandered around the Spell Library of the royal family. Even though he had seen the mountains of volumes of spells inside the Resource Tower, the sight before him still astounded him.

Volumes and volumes of books were piled upon the rows of vermillion bookshelves. They were also tagged clearly – Zero-level spells, First-level spells, Second-level spells, Third-level spells, Fourth-level spells, Fifth-level spells, and Sixth-level spells.

These spells were further divided into Wind-type, Fire-type, Water-type, Thunder-type, Ice-type, Earth-type, Darkness-type, and so on. It could be said that the types of spells were incomparably comprehensive, and there was a great number of them too.

Merlin picked out one of the Darkness-type spells at random. Darkness-type spells were hard to come by. Even when he was in the Resource Tower of the Dark Magic Region, the number of Darkness-type spells could be counted on one's hand, and the spells were not that powerful.

Merlin's Darkness-type spells were obtained strategically by Wizard Leo from Abyss Fort. However, the Darkness-type spell that Merlin now picked up casually was the spell that Merlin had painstakingly searched for in Abyss Fort – the Fourth-level spell Darkness Nightmare.

Darkness Nightmare was a Fourth-level spell, known to be the pinnacle of Hallucinating spells. Merlin's current Mind Power was still a long way from being able to construct Darkness Nightmare, so naturally, he had not constructed it. Nevertheless, Merlin also possessed the Spell Model of Darkness Nightmare.

Therefore, Merlin compared the Spell Model of Darkness Nightmare from Abyss Fort to the one from the Spell Library. He found that the two Spell Models were more or less the same, which meant that the Darkness-type spells in the Spell Library of the royal family were genuine, and they even had a more complete selection of Darkness-type spells than Abyss Fort.

"It wasn't surprising that they're compared to a large spell casters' organization. The resources of the royal family is inconceivably extensive!"

Merlin murmured in a low voice. What a large number of spells – he estimated that there were more than ten thousand spells or even more. This would be of enormous help in populating the database of the Matrix.

"Select the spells at your own pace. Remember, you can only be here for eight hours. Once the time is up, I'll come and get you!"

Wizard Fosse reminded Merlin, following which he hid in the darkness in a flash. Nonetheless, Merlin did not get the feeling that he was being watched as if Wizard Fosse was not concerned about Merlin stealing a spell.

Merlin heaved a small sigh. Of course, he would not steal a spell because he did not need to do something like that. He planned on using the Matrix, employing every spell here to populate its

database. In other words, he was going to duplicate the entire centuries-old collection of the Spell Library of the royal family.

“Matrix, prepare to scan all the spells in the books!”

“Beep, task received. Begin scanning. Please be patient!”

The Matrix began its scanning. Not even a Great Wizard would be able to find out about the Matrix. Therefore, Wizard Fosse would not be able to discover the Matrix even if he used his Mind Power to spy on Merlin.

Scanning such a tremendous number of books would require some time. Thus, Merlin began to wait patiently, occasionally flipping through some spells at random, acting as if he was looking for a spell.

Although Wizard Fosse was not spying on him with Mind Power, Merlin knew that there was surely another more hidden method that would allow Wizard Fosse to monitor his every move.

This was, in fact, true. Presently, Merlin’s every movement was known to Wizard Fosse. His task was to guard the entire collection of the Spell Library. As the eighth prince had brought up the queen consort’s kindness toward him in the past, Wizard Fosse had reluctantly agreed to let Merlin enter the Spell Library.

However, if Merlin really dared to steal a spell from the Spell Library, he would show no mercy.

From the looks of it, Wizard Fosse saw that Merlin was well-behaved, only looking through the Spell Models. Perhaps he was memorizing the complicated Spell Models, but he did not try to steal a spell.

“Humph, how deep is the collection of the Spell Library? How vast? The higher the level of a spell, the more difficult it would be to memorize the Spell Model. This Merlin is futilely trying to memorize Fifth-level and Sixth-level spells – what a waste of time and opportunity! With a one-in-a-million chance like this, and only eight hours, he might get something out of it if he commits to memorizing some Fourth-level spells. However, since he’s biting off more than he can chew, his success will be limited!”

Wizard Fosse saw that Merlin had begun looking at the Fifth-level and Sixth-level spells and thought that it was because Merlin was “biting off more than he could chew”, wasting his time and opportunity.

After all, it was common knowledge for Spell Casters that if one’s Mind Power had not broken through to a similar level, one would be unable to simulate more advanced spells, and it would take a great effort just to memorize it alone.

Merlin currently only possessed Fourth-level Mind Power. So naturally, if he wanted to memorize those Fifth-level and Sixth-level Spell Models, it would be an arduous and useless task. Wizard Fosse mistook this as Merlin “biting off more than he could chew”.

However, in reality, Merlin was only putting on a show, looking through the Spell Models at random. He did not need to strain his Mind Power to memorize those complicated Spell Models at all. With the Matrix scanning every spell in the Spell Library, he could look through them at his leisure after he had gone out.

Wizard Fosse misunderstood Merlin’s intentions and paid him less attention. He also did not disturb Merlin at all. He hoped for the eight hours to pass by as quickly as possible so that Merlin could be sent away, preventing any unnecessary trouble.

After all, Wizard Fosse was breaking the rules. If this was discovered by the elders of the royal family, Wizard Fosse would be heavily punished even though he was an elder himself.

...

“Beep, scan completed. There are thirty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-nine spells in total. Should this all be stored in the database?”

In just one hour, the Matrix had finished scanning all the spells of the Spell Library. Still, the number of spells had dumbfounded Merlin for a moment.

There were over thirty thousand spells. Merlin was somewhat taken aback. Initially, there were only two hundred or so spells in the Matrix. According to his deductions and estimations, a thousand spells or more should be enough to derive a new spell.

However, now he had no less than over thirty thousand spells to populate the database. Did this mean that he would be able to derive a new spell right away? As he thought of this, Merlin's heartbeat sped up involuntarily.

"Matrix, begin data integration process and derive a new Fourth-level spell!"

Merlin drew in a deep breath and forced himself to calm his restless emotions, then gave the Matrix this command.

"Beep, processing data integration. Derivation of new Fourth-level spell in progress... Beep, command error. Please input command in detail and bind with Mind Power!"

The command voice of the Matrix rang out suddenly. Merlin's second attempt at processing data integration was still unsuccessful.

"Command error? I need to bind with Mind Power?"

Merlin furrowed his brow. The Matrix was merely an ordinary quantum calculator and was a product of the pinnacle of science development in his previous life when there was no such thing as Mind Power. Nonetheless, the Matrix now requested the binding of Mind Power, which might mean that the Matrix had undergone a change when it had crossed over with Merlin back then.

The Matrix was now no longer just a simple "calculator".

Although he did not know what had happened to the Matrix, Merlin knew that if he did not follow the steps of the Matrix, he would never be able to derive a new spell.

Therefore, Merlin responded softly, "Bind Mind Power!"

"Beep, binding of Mind Power successful. Please input task!"

"With the spells in the database as a foundation, derive a new Fourth-level spell..."

After a pause, Merlin felt that something was not right. After he thought about it, he realized that the scope of Fourth-level spells was far too wide. Even if the Matrix had outstanding operational

abilities, this command was too vague. In addition, it would need to derive based on over thirty thousand spells. The amount of calculation required would be astonishing.

Therefore, Merlin corrected himself and went on. “With the spells in the database as a foundation, derive a new Fourth-level Fire-type spell!”

“Beep, task received! Analysis is in progress...”

After having done all this, Merlin began to wait nervously. Without realizing it, several hours had passed since he entered the Spell Library.

Whether or not he could derive a new spell was of utmost importance to Merlin. During the most glorious age of Spell Casters, a few truly prodigious Spell Casters were even able to construct their own spells alone from the Fourth-level onward.

Merlin naturally was not gifted in spell construction. He was able to achieve what he had today thanks to the Matrix. Therefore, the Matrix was the foundation of his success.

In the past, the Matrix only derived the stability, compatibility, power, and other aspects that made up a relatively decent and well-rounded Spell Model. This was in fact already a huge benefit which pleased Merlin greatly. His present success was inseparable from the assistance of the Matrix.

However, the Matrix seemed to have undergone some form of change now. It was no longer just for simple calculation and analysis of Spell Models. Merlin also wanted to use it to derive new spells.

For this goal, Merlin had made numerous sacrifices and had gone to great lengths to obtain this chance to enter the Spell Library, collecting over thirty thousand spells for the Matrix. This resulted in over thirty thousand reference points, enough for the Matrix to continue its data integration process.

This was all conjecture on Merlin’s part, which was to say he was just simply estimating. Whether or not the Matrix could derive new spells – for now, there were no examples of success.

Four hours, five hours, six hours, seven hours...

The time slipped by quickly. Without realizing it, Merlin had been in the Spell Library for over seven hours. There was not much time left in the eight hours set by Wizard Fosse.

Wizard Fosse had even begun focusing his attention on Merlin, silently waiting for the end of the time limit!

“Whoosh.”

The space before Merlin’s eyes flashed suddenly. Wizard Fosse appeared without warning, mysteriously popping up before Merlin once more.

“Your time is up. You should leave!”

Wizard Fosse fixed his cold gaze upon Merlin.

Disappointment washed over Merlin’s face as he mumbled, “It didn’t work? Or was my idea too simplistic, to derive a new spell...”

With a bitter smile, Merlin stood up slowly, and followed behind Wizard Fosse, traveling once more through that mysterious and deep-reaching passage of stone stairs.

“Beep, data integration process successful!”

The detached mechanical female voice rang out once again in Merlin’s head. However, this time Merlin trembled all over, and irrepressible expression of glee instantly appeared on his face.

Chapter 353: The Matrix and the Flame Maxim I

Merlin followed close behind Wizard Fosse through the cold stone staircase. The mechanical female voice of the Matrix kept reverberating in his mind.

“Beep, data integration process is successful. A total of two hundred and thirty-nine Fire-type Fourth-level spells are derived! Data incomplete, please continue to collect data and populate the database!”

The Matrix had actually derived more than two hundred Fire-type Fourth-level spells. Although more than thirty-thousand spells were populated into the database, the Matrix still felt that the data was incomplete hence that surprised Merlin. This amount of data that had been accumulated over the centuries was comparable to that of a large spell casters' organization. Yet, it still was not enough to populate the database of the Matrix.

"It seems that I still have to continue searching for spells whenever I have the chance and populate the database!"

If there was one person most familiar with the Matrix, it had to be Merlin. Although the data in the database was not really "complete", but "complete" was only a relative term. If it had indeed been completed, the spells derived from the Matrix would surely be very terrifying, with almost no obvious weaknesses.

Even though the database was still not "complete", the spells derived were still very powerful. Merlin immediately exported more than two hundred spells derived from the Matrix. He wanted to see what was so unique about them.

In the end, the only problem with the new spells that he had derived was compatibility. When Merlin looked at all the Spell Models, he suddenly realized that all Spell Models actually had more than ninety percent compatibility. Some of the spells had even reached a hundred percent compatibility.

That was really hard to imagine. Even for spells from the same origin, if they were to be constructed in the Awareness, it would still be impossible to reach a hundred percent compatibility.

A hundred percent compatibility could only be achieved by self-derivation and construction, by matching with one's own Mind Power, previously constructed Spell Models, and so on.

Merlin vaguely understood why the Matrix needed to bind Mind Power previously. It was so that the spells could be derived according to his Mind Power, so that there would be higher compatibility.

These Fourth-level Fire-type spells were mostly Offensive spells. Of course, there were some spells which were Binding-type or had other effects. Nevertheless, after the Matrix followed Merlin and warped into this current world, some changes seemed to have occurred. When it derived spells, it would construct a brand-new spell based on Merlin's previously constructed spells.

In fact, when it came to constructing new spells, this was also the most common method used by Seventh-level Spell Casters. If the previously constructed spells were basically violent Offensive spells, the new spells must be derived in a similar manner too. Only then would it be easier to derive new spells, of which would have increased its compatibility.

That was precisely what the Matrix had done. It combined spells that Merlin had previously constructed including the Zero-level spell Fireball, the First-level spell Furious Flame, the Second-level spell Sea of Purgatory Fire, and the Third-level spell Condensed Fire.

These four spells were all Fire-type spells that were extremely violent, had immense attacking power, and were absolutely explosive. Therefore, the total sum of more than two hundred new spells derived from the Matrix this time was also equipped with violent characteristics and exceptionally strong attacking power.

A Fourth-level spell was a qualitative improvement from a Third-level spell. Its power would be increased by multitudes, and it would also be much stronger in every aspect. A Fourth-level spell could also fuse with the second stage of a Pandora Demon Ability as well.

Merlin had a concern now. If he were to derive new Fourth-level spells using the Matrix, could he still cultivate his previous Pandora Demon Abilities up to the second stage?

That was Merlin's concern, but now he had no way of testing it either. He could only wait until he became a Third-level Spell Caster in the future. Nonetheless, he could still experiment by constructing a Fourth-level spell.

Still, even if he could not integrate Pandora Demon Abilities, Merlin could not give up the Fourth-level spells which were derived either. After all, constructing a new spell that would suit oneself best was the highest goal of all Spell Casters. Before becoming a Great Wizard, Spell Models were of vital importance. As for self-derived spells, one need not worry about their stability and compatibility as they were surely the most suited spells for that particular Spell Caster.

In the deep stone-cold staircase, Merlin felt a surge of turbulent emotions. Perhaps, even he himself did not realize what it meant to be able to derive and construct a new spell while still at the stage of a Fourth-level Spell Caster.

Even in the most glorious era of Spell Casters, those who could independently derive and construct new spells while at the stage of a Fourth-level Spell Caster level were the most outstanding, freakish, and genius Spell Casters. Moreover, their ultimate achievements later in life were almost impossible to imagine.

Numerous thoughts flashed across Merlin's mind. However, a ray of bright light slowly emerged in front of him. He had reached the end of the stone staircase. Merlin hurriedly shut down the Matrix. He still lacked the ability to construct Fourth-level spells, so he could only temporarily store those derived Fire-type Fourth-level spells in the Matrix.

"Swish swish."

Both Merlin and Wizard Fosse emerged from the stone staircase. The eighth prince had been waiting outside the stone staircase all along. When Merlin came out, a smile etched on the eighth prince's face as he quickly came to greet him. He asked softly, "Wizard Merlin, how is it? Did you find anything useful in the royal family's Spell Library?"

Merlin had already calmed the excitement in his heart earlier. Thus, he replied in a calm manner, "The royal family's Spell Library has a rich heritage indeed. The number of spells inside is beyond imagination. Plus, there's a myriad of varieties. It has definitely exceeded what the Dark Magic Region has to offer."

"What Dark Magic Region? Our royal family's Spell Library could even rival those of the large spell casters' organizations!"

Wizard Fosse, who was standing beside them said in a dissatisfied attitude when he heard Merlin comparing the royal family's Spell Library with that of the Dark Magic Region.

Merlin did not mind. He only shrugged it off with a smile. Although Wizard Fosse's words were very rude, it was the truth. The Dark Magic Region, which was high up and beyond grasp in the eyes of roaming Wizards, was merely a small spell casters' organization.

Even the most powerful Spell Caster in the Dark Magic Region was only a Ninth-level Spell Caster. Meanwhile, in the Blackmoon royal family, any random Spell Caster who was tasked to guard the Spell Library had turned out to be a Ninth-level Spell Caster. There was really no place for comparison between the two.

The eighth prince quickly diffused the matter by saying, "Wizard Fosse, you can't put it that way. When the Dark Magic Region was at their prime back at the time, they were actual contenders to those large spell casters' organizations."

Hearing what the eighth prince said, Wizard Fosse did not continue to argue. Merlin knew this period in history. Indeed, the Dark Magic Region had their golden days. During their most glorious time, they had indeed shown quality to compete and was comparable to large spell casters' organizations. They had Great Wizards who personally served there, and they produced endless high-tier Spell Casters too.

Still, that was a matter of centuries ago. At that time, Great Wizard Fidel, the founder of the Dark Magic Region was still around. It was the reason why they had such power.

The eighth prince did not ask Merlin what spells he chose in the Spell Library either. Everyone needed some secrets, and the eighth prince knew this too well. He too had some personal experiences at "concealing information".

Just as Merlin was ready to depart with the eighth prince, he was stopped by Wizard Fosse.

Wizard Fosse took out a contract paper from his ring and said coldly, "Sign this contract. You shall never pass the spells in the royal family's Spell Library to others!"

Wizard Fosse had long been ready. Although he had broken the vow once because of the promise to the queen consort by letting Merlin enter the Spell Library, his duty was to guard the royal Spell Library after all. The main purpose was to prevent the spells from spreading to the outside world.

Members of the royal family would naturally not need to sign a contract. Such individuals like the eighth prince had already passed many royal spells to the people outside. This time, Merlin played a very important role in the big battle against the fourth prince. In fact, Perfect Armor, a spell which was a vital gamechanger in the battle, was actually a spell that belonged to the royal family. Yet, it was passed to Merlin by the eighth prince.

Nevertheless, when Merlin had entered the Spell Library, he had more or less memorized some spells. Wizard Fosse would naturally not take another risk and let Merlin pass the spell outside. Hence, he had to sign a contract.

Fortunately, Merlin had already agreed to sign a contract before entering the Spell Library, so there was no hesitation on his part. It was only a procedure to make sure that he would not spread the royal spells to the outside world. He had used the Matrix to integrate the data of many royal spells and had derived numerous new spells, but those were not subjected to any restrictions.

Those brand-new spells could be handled by Merlin in any way he wanted. It was until a point where with the integration of the Matrix, Merlin could continue getting all kinds of new spells limitlessly. By that time, Merlin would no longer be in any need to worry about spells in his quest of turning the Wilson clan into a powerful Spell Caster clan.

The inheritance of spells was not exactly that simple. It was the most basic form of inheritance for a spell casters' organization. Like Sterling House, even though they had a Great Wizard at their service for almost a century already, they still had not collected as many spells. The incomplete collection of spells also became an obstacle which prevented them from becoming a spell casters' organization. They could only painstakingly keep themselves running by relying on Great Wizard Sterling, with his own fame and influence as their only source of support.

Merlin had the Matrix and more than thirty-thousand spells from the Blackmoon royal family's Spell Library. By processing them through data integration, endless new spells of various types could be derived. These would come in an enormous number and there would be a complete array too. Almost single-handedly, Merlin had possessed a heritage of spells which was almost similar to that of a large spell casters' organization.

As long as adequate time was given, it would not be a problem at all for the Wilson clan to slowly expand and develop to greater heights. At that time, they could even become like those scarcely-seen top Spell Caster clans, where the strength and heritage of one Spell Caster clan alone could rival those powerful spell casters' organizations.

Before long, Merlin signed the contract with Wizard Fosse. A trace of Merlin's Magic Power was deposited into the contract paper too. The contract would now effectively exert its constraining effect on Merlin.

"Alright, eighth prince, you can all leave now! Please go back and tell the queen consort that Fosse is grateful for her help, but Fosse is now the guardian Wizard of the Spell Library, and he no longer owes anyone any promises!"

Wizard Fosse's tone was disrespectful. With a flap of his robe sleeve, he vanished mysteriously. The stone-cold staircase disappeared along with him, leaving only the two vivid black bronze statues on the ground.

The eighth prince took a deep breath. A complex expression flashed in his eyes. This time, he had used up a promise from Wizard Fosse, which could be considered as a huge price.

"Wizard Merlin, let's leave as well."

Subsequently, the eighth prince brought Merlin with him and quickly left the Palace.

Chapter 354: The Matrix and the Flame Maxim II

Back in the eighth prince's manor, Wizard Leo could no longer wait for his spiritual retreat. He would use the Tear of God to eliminate his own defects, so it would take some time before he could come out again.

Merlin had recently used the Matrix to derive many new spells, so there were many details that he had to scrutinize too. Hence, he bid farewell to the eighth prince and returned to the quiet courtyard.

“Since the Matrix can derive Fourth-level Fire-type spells, can it derive Fifth-level or Sixth-level spells too?”

Merlin was already quite impatient. He wondered what could be so unique about the Fifth-level and Sixth-level spells derived from the Matrix.

Thus, Merlin immediately activated the Matrix and commanded it, “Matrix, based on the database, derive a new Fire-type Fifth-level spell!”

“Beep, task established. Starting to derive Fire-type Fifth-level spells, please wait...”

The emotionless mechanical female voice made Merlin feel very affable. However, just when he was waiting silently as usual, there was a skyrocketing change in his Awareness.

“Boom!”

In Merlin's Awareness, the Flame Maxim tumbled violently. The Flame Maxim, which was originally the size of a palm, was rapidly shrinking. Initially, it was also possible to activate the Ship of Nikola several times using the Flame Maxim, but now, the Flame Maxim had disappeared inexplicably, which instantly evoked fear in Merlin.

“What happened? How can the Flame Maxim disappear all of a sudden?”

The Flame Maxim had completely vanished without any apparent reason. Even Merlin did not know why. Even if he found out now, he could do nothing about it. All he could do was to watch the Flame Maxim continue to diminish and disappear.

“Beep, if the Matrix continues deriving Fire-type Fifth-level spells, mysterious energy will be absorbed. Do you wish to continue?”

“Eh, mysterious energy?”

It was the first time that Merlin heard that the Matrix needed to absorb energy. The Matrix was merely a calculator, though it might have undergone some unusual changes after it had followed Merlin to this strange world. It had acquired the ability to bind Mind Power, and now, it could even absorb mysterious energy.

There was a vast difference between deriving a Fifth-level Fire-type spell and re-analyzing an existing Fifth-level spell. It involved an enormous amount of calculations, so even if it consumed some energy, Merlin could understand.

However, when Merlin carefully checked the energy used by the Matrix, the look on his face changed instantaneously. He hastily ordered the Matrix, “Stop deriving the Fire-type Fifth-level spell immediately!”

“Abort task?”

“Abort!”

Merlin replied with no hesitation.

“Beep, task aborted!”

The sound of the Matrix seemed to be reverberating in his mind. Merlin only recovered his senses after a long moment. His expression became extremely concerned.

Merlin found that the mysterious energy absorbed by the Matrix was actually the Flame Maxim!

The Flame Maxim was a power that could only be wielded by Great Legends as it was above any other power. Only by comprehending the Essence of the Elements and seeing through their nature could a person condense a Maxim.

If those Great Wizards were outstanding in a certain field and wanted to improve further, they must fully understand elements and condense Maxims. Only then would they become Legendary Spell Casters!

The Flame Maxim in Merlin's Awareness was left by the Great Legend Nikola on the Ship of Nikola. It was not condensed by Merlin and had always been in his Awareness. Besides being able to suppress Fire-type Spell Models and help Merlin resolve the threat of some powerful Fire-type spells, it really had no other role.

Merlin was incapable of mobilizing the power of Flame Maxim. Only when combined with the Ship of Nikola could it command unparalleled power!

Nonetheless, Merlin never thought that the Matrix could absorb the power of Flame Maxim. Besides, it began absorbing when he was deriving Fourth-level Fire-type spells instead of Fifth-level spells.

Merlin did not notice it because the power absorbed from the Flame Maxim when deriving Fourth-level spells was not too obvious. However, a huge amount of Flame Maxim was required to derive Fifth-level spells. This was the factor that triggered the change of the Flame Maxim in his Awareness, which led Merlin to the discovery that the Matrix was able to absorb the Flame Maxim.

Merlin also did not know the reason behind this change to the Matrix either because now, both the Matrix and the Flame Maxim had become somewhat unfamiliar to him.

If it was the previous Matrix, it would not absorb any energy at all, and it was even more unlikely for it to absorb the Flame Maxim. Perhaps warping into this world with Merlin had caused some major changes in the Matrix.

The Flame Maxim was extremely important to Merlin. Even if he could not use it now, just by having it in his Awareness, it had helped Merlin nullify many powerful Fire-type spell attacks thrown at him.

Moreover, Merlin's Fiery Collapse relied on the Flame Maxim to be integrated into the spell. Seeing that Merlin had already derived a new Fire-type Fourth-level spell, Fiery Collapse could also be

evolved into the second stage. If there was a problem at the time and he was without the suppression of the Flame Maxim, it could end up being life threatening.

Therefore, he could not by any chance completely exhaust the Flame Maxim now. Hence, without any hesitation, Merlin stopped the Matrix from absorbing the Flame Maxim to derive Fifth-level spells.

After all, Merlin was not sure how much power would be consumed from the Flame Maxim for the derivation of Fifth-level spells. If the entire Flame Maxim was drained, the derivation would not succeed either. Then, would that not be a complete waste of effort? 1

“It turns out that spells derived from processing the data integrated into the Matrix require power consumption of the Flame Maxim. Fifth-level spells already require immense power, then what about Sixth-level spells or even Seventh-level spells which I don’t have any reference to?”

Merlin did not dare to imagine anymore. Initially, he thought that as long as he collected all kinds of spells and populated the database, he could use the Matrix to derive new spells, but now it seemed that things were not that simple.

Perhaps some changes had happened to the Matrix as it crossed over to this world, so it was able to derive brand-new spells, but at the cost of absorbing power from the Flame Maxim. In short, the Matrix was no longer the super-quantum calculator that Merlin was familiar with in his past life.

If it were not for Merlin, and even if other people had populated the database, they would not be able to derive new spells either. Merlin had also gone through many trials and tribulations to obtain this one and only Flame Maxim from the Ship of Nikola.

If the power of this Flame Maxim was exhausted, it would then be near impossible to derive new spells in the future. Thus, besides continuing to collect spells, he needed to search for other Maxims.

Nevertheless, how precious was the power of a Maxim? Even Great Wizards would eagerly scramble for it. 2 Even in the most brilliant era of Spell Casters, there were scarcely Spell Casters who could condense Maxims. Therefore, it was even rarer for someone to leave a Maxim behind.

“Swoosh.”

Suddenly, Merlin took out a thick book from his ring. Upon closer inspection, it was actually the first volume of the Neverending Book that Merlin had gotten back then.

There were three volumes of the Neverending Book. The first and second volumes contained a number of spells from First- to Third-level and Fourth- to Sixth-level respectively. Meanwhile, the third volume of the Neverending Book contained some cultivation methods for Pandora Demon Abilities.

Merlin had the first volume of the Neverending Book, so he unearthed the secrets of the Neverending Book. As long as he could collect all three volumes of the Neverending Book, he could obtain a Maxim sealed by the Wizard who left the Neverending Book behind.

That was to say that currently, Merlin was attempting to get hold of the whereabouts of a Maxim. If there was a chance to get this Maxim in the future, he could once again derive some brand-new spells by depending on the Matrix.

“Phew...”

At the thought of that, Merlin slowly sighed in relief. Obtaining the power of a Maxim might be incredibly difficult, but compared to a helpless situation where there was no clue at all, he at least had an idea how to.

“Wizard Merlin!”

Right at this moment, a familiar voice came from outside the door. Merlin’s heart moved and he immediately opened the door. He recognized the voice of his visitor – it was the eighth prince.

“Your Royal Highness, the eighth prince!”

Merlin pushed open the door and saw that it was precisely the eighth prince who was standing outside.

The eighth prince wore a luxurious costume. Perhaps it was because he got rid of his fierce competitor, the fourth prince, so he now looked more majestic. He had a faint shadow of Bhutto XVI whom Merlin first saw back then.

“Wizard Merlin, I’ve now collected almost all the potion materials that I’ve promised you. I’ve sent people to check all the shops in the entire Imperial City, and this is what I’ve received. I’ve even run a search in the royal family’s vault, and have finally found these potions materials.”

Subsequently, the eighth prince handed over a ring in his hand.

“Sorry for the trouble, Your Highness!”

Merlin did not refuse the offer either, and he immediately took the ring from the eighth prince’s palm. This was one of the terms that the eighth prince had promised Merlin, which was to try his best to gather Mokra Potion materials.

Merlin had previously exchanged a hundred portions of the potion materials from the Resource Tower of the Dark Magic Region. That amount was already quite huge, but when he saw the potion materials in the ring given by the eighth prince this time, he could not help but inhale sharply. He was utterly shocked.

The ring was filled with Mokra Potion materials. It was fair to say that it was an overwhelming amount. Merlin counted roughly and estimated that there was at least a thousand Mokra Potion materials.

“There’s surprisingly this many potion materials. I may not get to enter the Spell Library again but getting so many Mokra Potion materials alone meant that even if I have to pay a bigger price, it’s still worth it!”

Merlin could not contain his excitement. He had also slightly underestimated the prosperity of the Imperial City and the eighth prince’s capability. As the capital of the Kingdom of Blackmoon, almost all the major chambers of commerce would set up branches here, so it would naturally not be short of all kinds of potion materials.

With the eighth prince’s influence, all the major shops were searched and reaped of the materials. Hence, the number of potion materials obtained in the end was naturally very impressive.

“Haha, I’m happy as long as Wizard Merlin is content!”

The eighth prince burst out in laughter. Thereafter, he got up and left Merlin’s courtyard with his guards.

Chapter 355: Level Up, Third-level Spell Caster!

“If there’s a thirty percent success rate for these thousands of Mokra Potion materials, there’ll be at least three hundred Mokra Potions!”

Merlin was also utterly shocked by this number. Three hundred Mokra Potions was almost ten times more than the number of Mokra Potions that he had successfully prepared last time.

“Phew...”

After a long moment, Merlin gradually calmed down. With so many Mokra Potion materials, he would not have to worry about the growth of his Mind Power in the distant future.

Currently, Merlin’s Mind Power had not reached the peak of the Fourth-level, but he was not far behind. While there were still fourteen Mokra Potions from his earlier batch, it was enough to boost Merlin’s Mind Power to the Fifth-level.

Wizard Leo was still in the Tear of God spiritual retreat, in an effort to eliminate the defects caused by Darkness Eye. He would not be leaving the Imperial City anytime soon. This would be the best time for Merlin to take the Mokra Potions.

“Bammou!”

Merlin used the contract paper to summon Wizard Bammou.

“Swoosh!”

Bammou was in the eighth prince’s manor when he felt Merlin’s call, so he quickly appeared in the courtyard.

“Master, is there anything I can do for you?”

Bammou stole a glance at Merlin and asked humbly.

“Bammou, I’m going to consume potions, so I need you to guard around and don’t let anyone disturb me!”

Merlin learned his lesson from the previous time. When taking Mokra Potions and falling into a deep slumber, there must be someone on guard. Now that Wizard Bammou had arrived at the Imperial City, he was naturally the most suitable candidate for the job.

“Master, please be rest assured that no one will bother you!”

Bammou and Merlin had signed a slave contract, so Bammou’s life and death was in the hands of Merlin. Naturally, it meant that he must protect Merlin with all his heart and soul.

Merlin was very reassured by Wizard Bammou, so he nodded and closed the door. Then, he began making some preparations before consuming the Mokra Potions.

After consuming a Mokra Potion, the most dangerous aspect was falling into a deep sleep. Every time a Mokra Potion was consumed, one would have to sleep for at least three days.

However, it was not Merlin’s first time consuming a Mokra Potion. Thus, with minimal effort, he consumed the Mokra Potion and fell into a deep sleep.

His Mind Power was growing rapidly too, and the effectiveness of the Mokra Potion was taking effect.

When Merlin woke up three days later, he briefly reviewed his Mind Power and took another Mokra Potion immediately. There was no stopping at all.

One potion, two potions, three potions...

In the blink of an eye, more than a month’s time had passed. Merlin was originally left with fourteen Mokra Potions, but he had consumed them continuously for more than a month, so now, there were only two potions left.

Presently, Merlin's Mind Power had already reached the peak of the Fourth-level. Yet, he still could not break through to the Fifth-level. This was also a quantitative accumulation. In Merlin's quest to improve and achieve a breakthrough in his Mind Power, it had always been a wild process of accumulation and forced improvements.

This method was the most secure, but the Mind Power required was much larger. If it was a general Spell Caster, having such Mind Power in addition to time, a successful breakthrough would be in the works. However, for Merlin, he was unable to attain a breakthrough by any means. It was precisely due to the lack of time that his Mind Power could not transform as fast.

The only thing that Merlin was missing was time. Since his Mind Power had not undergone a breakthrough, it meant that further accumulation was still necessary. Looking at the remaining two potions, Merlin decided that it was better to just simply take them all.

Consumption of two Mokra Potions in a single sitting was an act that Merlin only dared to do after consuming many Mokra Potions. Otherwise, the pain alone would make any typical Spell Caster lose his sanity.

In addition, Merlin's act of directly taking two Mokra Potions would even prolong the time of being in a deep slumber. Still, it was different from the six days of sleep that Merlin had anticipated. This time, Merlin had actually slept for ten days.

Merlin had only slowly woken up after ten full days. The moment he woke up, he had already noticed the changes in his Mind Power.

"Breakthrough?"

Merlin felt that everything in front of his very eyes seemed to have become more subtle. His Mind Power extended infinitely, almost covering the entire manor in an instant.

Fifth-level Mind Power was ten times stronger than Fourth-level Mind Power. It was not surprising that it took Merlin so many Mokra Potions before he could barely break through.

"There's finally a breakthrough. I should be constructing all my Third-level spells next so I can become a Third-level Spell Caster!"

Merlin's Mind Power had broken through to the Fifth-level, and now it was sufficient to construct all Third-level spells. However, he needed to understand some of the recent changes that had occurred in the Imperial City before he began the construction of Third-level spells.

"Bammou!"

Merlin called out to Wizard Bammou.

"Master, is there any order for me?"

Wizard Bammou opened the door. He had only given Merlin a brief look, but he could already feel the changes in Merlin's body. Knowing that Merlin had taken the potions for some time, he must have achieved a breakthrough.

"Bammou, how's Teacher Leo?"

Merlin was most concerned about Wizard Leo's situation now. Wizard Leo had taken Tear of God in an effort to dispel some of the shortcomings caused by the cultivation of Darkness Eye, so he could successfully level up to become a Seventh-level Spell Caster. If Wizard Leo could become a Seventh-level Spell Caster, it would be great news for both the Dark Magic Region and the eighth prince, and even Merlin.

Wizard Bammou hesitated for a moment, and he whispered, "Master, Wizard Leo hasn't come out yet. There's also no movement from him. The defects of Darkness Eye aren't easy to resolve. Even with the Tear of God, it'd still take a very long time..."

Merlin frowned. It had been almost two months now. Surprisingly, there was still no news from Wizard Leo yet. Besides, hearing Wizard Bammou's tone, he did not seem to be quite optimistic with regard to Wizard Leo.

Hence, Merlin's gaze froze slightly, and he said in a low voice, "Bammou, to be honest, what do you think about Teacher Leo having the Tear of God? Is it capable of resolving the defects of Darkness Eye?"

Merlin knew that Wizard Bammou had a certain understanding about Darkness Eye.

Wizard Bammou took a deep breath, but he had to answer Merlin anyway. “Master, Darkness Eye is a cursed power. The Tear of God may be precious, but there’s still a limited amount of it from the Church of Light. In the past, some people have gotten it before but after so many years, I’ve not heard of anyone who could cultivate Darkness Eye to its fullest...”

Although Bammou did not directly answer Merlin’s question, the meaning of his words was already clear.

Merlin could not help but frown. Even he did not expect that Darkness Eye was so much of a nuisance, that even Tear of God could not resolve its defects. In addition, Bammou was not optimistic about Wizard Leo’s situation.

However, Merlin could not be of much help in this matter anyway. He could only wait quietly, hoping that there would be good news.

“Alright, you continue guarding outside. Inform me right away if you have news about Teacher Leo.”

Almost immediately, Wizard Bammou silently left the place again, leaving only Merlin in the room.

Merlin took out a thread-bound book from the ring. It contained many Third-level spells. These were some of the spells that the eighth prince gave to Merlin previously – spells that only the royal family could construct.

These spells were actually stored in the database of the Matrix too. Merlin had compared them and found that they were exactly the same. It showed that the eighth prince had indeed given his all and really retrieved all the royal spells in a bid to win Merlin’s support.

Merlin flipped through the spells in the book, then put it back into the ring and started pondering.

Now, in Merlin’s Awareness, three Third-level spells had been constructed – Condensed Fire, Darkness Vortex, and Perfect Armor. He still needed to construct the remaining three elements, Ice-type, Wind-type and Thunder-type Third-level spells. Only then, he could become a Third-level Spell Caster.

Merlin’s Mind Power was already enough to support six Third-level spells, but now, he was facing another dilemma – the choice of spells.

The data integration of the Matrix had been able to derive a new spell. Since Fourth-level spells could be derived, then Third-level spells could surely be derived too.

Therefore, Merlin had two choices now – to choose the newly-constructed and derive Third-level spells or to use the ready-made Third-level spell.

Using derived spells naturally had many benefits such as increased spell power, higher compatibility, and so on. The benefits were indeed many, but the Matrix would need to consume power from the Flame Maxim when deriving spells.

Right now, Merlin was most lacking of power from the Flame Maxim. There was only a small amount of Flame Maxim left. If it was consumed too much, it would be very difficult to derive a second Fourth-level spell in the future.

“For Third-level spells, even if I use derived spells, the power may be increased a little, but it’ll not make much of a difference. Only constructed spells of the Fourth-level show a qualitative difference! Why bother consuming the precious Flame Maxim now just to increase a small amount of spell power and compatibility?”

Countless thoughts swirled around in Merlin’s mind. He was also carefully thinking about it. The more he organized his mind and thought about it carefully, the more he felt that he should not waste the power of the Flame Maxim to derive Third-level spells.

Merlin would need to construct a Fourth-level spell in the future. Now that the power of the Flame Maxim was too low, and if there was not any left, how would he be able to derive a Fourth-level spell?

If he could not derive Fourth-level spells, he would lose much more than he would gain. After all, Fourth-level spells were the real qualitative change. The overall power of the spell would be greatly improved.

After a long moment of careful consideration, Merlin finally made the call. Instead of using the precious Flame Maxim to derive Third-level spells, he decided that he would use the royal spells given by the eighth prince to construct the remaining spells.

He had already made up his mind, so the question left now was which spell to choose. This was much easier. Merlin had carefully filtered them and selected the Third-level Wind-type spell Shadow Gust, Third-level Thunder-type spell Infinite Thunder, and Third-level Ice-type spell Frozen Space.

Whether it was Shadow Gust, Infinite Thunder or Frozen Space, they were all spells that were extended from the basis of secondary spells.

These spells were actually of the same origin. This would be an advantage too as there was higher compatibility between each of them. With that, the Spell Models could be more stable in the Awareness too.

In the future, when Merlin would derive brand-new Fourth-level spells using the Matrix, he should also choose spells with almost a hundred percent compatibility based on these spells. When he leveled up into a Great Wizard in the future, it would be easier to fuse Spell Models together only if spells with higher compatibility were chosen.

Many Spell Casters had already considered the possibility of becoming a Great Wizard in the early days when they construct low-level spells such as First-level, Second-level, and Third-level spells. Otherwise, even if they had more outstanding talent, their quest to become Great Wizards would not be a bed of roses, much less condensing Maxims and becoming Legends.

Even though Merlin did not deliberately control the compatibility of his spells, by relying on the Matrix, his spells still had higher compatibility than those genius Spell Casters.

After selecting the spells, Merlin immediately started the Matrix. He began to analyze the spells step by step, proceeding to choose the best Spell Model, and then simulating them into his Awareness.

A process like this was extremely easy for Merlin!

For the next few days, Merlin had been constructing spells. The moment the last spell, Frozen Space, was simulated into his Awareness, Merlin felt his entire body tremble. It seemed that all the Spell Models had reached an equilibrium point.

That wonderful feeling had clearly let Merlin know that he was already a Third-level Spell Caster!

Chapter 356: Hidden Danger I

Merlin slowly opened his eyes. He was officially a Third-level Spell Caster now. If he took a step further and became a Fourth-level Spell Caster, he could build a tower by himself in the Dark Magic Region!

Back then, Kleis, the genius of Dark Magic Region, was only a Third-level Spell Caster when he betrayed the Dark Magic Region.

At present, as a Six-Elemental Spell Caster, Merlin had constructed Condensed Fire, Darkness Vortex, Perfect Armor, Shadow Gust, Infinite Thunder, and Frozen Space. All six of these spells were Third-level spells.

Originally, with Merlin's status as a Six-Elemental Spell Caster, nobody of the same Wizardry level and without any Pandora Demon Abilities would be worthy to be his opponent. Merlin was not afraid of even a leap-level challenge.

However, Spell Casters did not only rely on normal spells in combat. There were also Pandora Demon Abilities, Runic Magic Circles, casting tools, and so forth. At present, Merlin relied mainly on the enhancement of Pandora Demon Abilities, which could increase the power of spells by multitudes. With that, he could become comparable to a Sixth-level Spell Caster.

With Merlin's current strength, which was apparently below the Seventh-level, few people had been able to threaten him. Of course, it was only on the condition that his opponent did not have a powerful Pandora Demon Ability or a powerful Runic Magic Circle.

If that someone was like Wizard Leo who had the terrifying Darkness Eye, then even if Merlin's current strength were to be greatly improved, it would still be a sure fact that he would not be Wizard Leo's opponent.

"If Pandora Demon Abilities aren't integrated into the spells, my Six-Elemental spells could obviously not keep up with the speed of my improvement in strength."

Merlin was very clear that his current opponent was no longer a Third-, Fourth-, or Fifth-level Spell Caster, but a Sixth-level or an even more powerful Seventh-level Spell Caster!

In face of such a powerful opponent, his Third-level spells Frozen Space and Infinite Thunder would actually be of no use and would not help Merlin much. After all, these two spells did not have powerful Pandora Demon Abilities.

Although Merlin had Glacial Finger, it could not be integrated into Ice-type spells. Merlin had secretly made up his mind that even if he became a Fourth-level Spell Caster, he would not continue cultivating Glacial Finger. He would find another Ice-type Pandora Demon Ability instead.

As for Thunder-type spells, there was not even a Pandora Demon Ability, so it would not be of much help to Merlin's strength now.

Of course, as a Six-Elemental Spell Caster, even if there were no Pandora Demon Abilities, as long as one could become a Great Wizard, spells could be fused with each other thereafter. Once spells as many as six elements were merged, the power unleashed would be far greater than those Three-, Four-, and Five-Elemental Spell Casters.

Therefore, even in the most glorious era of Spell Casters, Six-Elemental Spell Casters would still be an absolute genius without having to cultivate any Pandora Demon Ability. As long as one could persist until the level of Great Wizardry, one could immediately crush Great Wizards of the same level and become a top Spell Caster!

However, it was currently the declining era of Spell Casters. Let alone Great Wizards, even Seventh-level Spell Casters were unusually rare. Even those Spell Casters who were most optimistic about Merlin dared not have extravagant hopes regarding Merlin's wish of becoming a Great Wizard.

Therefore, to become a top-notch Spell Caster, Merlin had to become a Great Wizard step-by-step, and then combine spells of six elements. There was no feasibility at all for that to happen to Merlin in a short period of time.

"It seems that I have to hurry to find Ice-type and Thunder-type Pandora Demon Abilities that could be integrated into spells. As long as the spells of all six elements have Pandora Demon Abilities that could be integrated into spells, my strength will surely be improved drastically! "

Merlin's plan was to continue looking for Ice-type and Thunder-type Pandora Demon Abilities that could be integrated into spells. This was not whimsical at all. In Merlin's plan, he already had two ways of obtaining Ice-type and Thunder-type Pandora Demon Abilities.

The first way was that he could exchange some Pandora Demon Abilities with the Dark Magic Region. However, everybody had a certain degree of selfishness in them, just like Wizard Leo back then, who did not pass on Darkness Eye to the Dark Magic Region. Merlin also wanted to keep some of his own secrets, so unless it was a last resort, Merlin would not want to exchange with the Dark Magic Region either.

In addition, most Pandora Demon Abilities of the Dark Magic Region had only two stages or two forms. Hence, they were not exactly that powerful. Merlin also intended to find more powerful Pandora Demon Abilities.

The other way was to find the third volume of the Neverending Book. Rumor had it that the third volume of the Neverending Book recorded some powerful Pandora Demon Abilities.

Previously, Merlin had already found some clues regarding the second and third volumes of the Neverending Book in its first volume.

Among which, the second volume of the Neverending Book was hidden on one of the beaches of the Death Sea, and the third volume of the Neverending Book was hidden in the Rock Cavern.

The Death Sea was not so bad. It might be very dangerous, but at least he had heard of it before. As long as he surveyed around carefully, it should not be difficult to locate. On the contrary, in the case of the Rock Cavern, Merlin had never even heard of it.

Fortunately, Merlin did not desperately need Ice-type and Thunder-type Pandora Demon Abilities. He was still far from becoming a Fourth-level Spell Caster now. At the very least, his Mind Power was not enough to construct a Fourth-level spell. After all, a Fourth-level spell was a qualitative upgrade, so the Mind Power required was also very huge.

Moreover, Merlin's current strength was enough to cope with most threats. In days to come, he could just spend more time inquiring about the Death Sea and the Rock Cavern.

“Creak...”

Merlin pushed the door open. Wizard Bammou felt the movement and immediately appeared in front of Merlin.

“Bammou, how's Teacher Leo?”

Wizard Bammou shook his head gently. “There’s still no movement from Wizard Leo. On the other hand, the eighth prince came to look for Master recently, but I turned him away.”

Merlin frowned. It was not because of the eighth prince, but because of Wizard Leo.

It had been such a long time. Even if he needed to use the Tear of God to eliminate the defects in his body, he would still not require such a long time. Could there be any problems?

Right when Merlin was worrying about that, suddenly, there was intense Darkness-type elemental fluctuations in the entire manor as though the entire sky had darkened out of the blue.

Merlin’s expression changed abruptly. He fiercely turned his head toward the northwest of the manor. He had Darkness Heart, so he was most sensitive to Darkness-type elements. Thus, he was able to detect the anomaly in the first place.

Such dramatic darkness fluctuations made Merlin shudder with fear. There was no one except Wizard Leo who could cause such a big disruption in the eighth prince’s manor.

“It’s bad. Maybe something has happened to Teacher Leo. Bammou, investigate it with me!”

After he finished speaking, Merlin immediately marched toward Wizard Leo’s courtyard with Wizard Bammou.

...

Wizard Leo’s courtyard was more secluded, but when Merlin and Wizard Bammou arrived, there was already a crowd standing outside the courtyard. Most of them were some Spell Casters and guards.

On the innermost part of the crowd, protected by many Spell Casters and bodyguards, was the owner of the manor, the eighth prince!

Merlin arrived outside the courtyard and was not blocked by anyone. Now, the entire manor had known that the eighth prince held Wizard Leo and Merlin in high regard. Therefore, Merlin's status was admirable too.

After seeing that Merlin had arrived, the eighth prince said with a dignified look, "Wizard Merlin, good that you've come. Quick tell me, what's going on? Is Wizard Leo constructing a Seventh-level spell or is he cultivating Darkness Eye?"

Merlin bowed slightly at the eighth prince, then shifted his gaze to the courtyard in front.

This courtyard was inhabited by Wizard Leo. Yet, the courtyard was already shrouded in thick Darkness Elements now. In the sky above the courtyard, there was a huge black vortex which was spinning wildly and forming a strong gust of wind .

Although it was a vortex, when the Darkness Elements continued to condense, the vortex gradually became compact. If looked closely, it resembled a giant eye.

Such a huge phenomenon was certainly not caused by the construction of a Seventh-level spell. As for whether or not it was the cultivation of Darkness Eye, Merlin was not really sure. After all, his understanding of Darkness Eye was perhaps even equal to that of the eighth prince.

"Bammou, is this because Teacher Leo is cultivating Darkness Eye?"

Merlin might not know much about Darkness Eye, but Wizard Bammou had a certain understanding about it, so he asked Wizard Bammou.

"Oh? Wizard Bammou has some understanding regarding Darkness Eye?"

The eighth prince turned to look at Wizard Bammou again. He also valued Wizard Bammou highly . Although he was Merlin's entourage Wizard, he was a powerful Seventh-level Spell Caster after all. Such a Spell Caster would not be ignored in any faction.

Bammou also transfixed his stare at the giant eye above the courtyard. He only glanced at the eighth prince after a long moment and immediately said, "You've over-complimented me, Your Royal Highness. Who could really understand Darkness Eye? I only have some simple knowledge with regard to Darkness Eye. Based on my understanding, Wizard Leo isn't exactly cultivating Darkness

Eye. Instead, I think that he's only beginning to eliminate the defects of Darkness Eye using the Tear of God."

"He had just only begun using the Tear of God to eliminate the defects of Darkness Eye?"

Merlin still had some doubts. After all, Wizard Leo had been in the courtyard for two months.

Bammou continued. "Wizard Merlin, you should soon feel the life force of the Tear of God. We can wait a little longer. It's now an extremely critical moment for Wizard Leo. Any disturbance will put Wizard Leo in jeopardy!"

Having said that, Wizard Bammou's expression also became solemn.

Merlin once again turned his gaze to the sky. The giant eye, which was condensed by countless Darkness Elements, looked like it was scrutinizing everybody. It looked really creepy, sending cold shivers down everyone's spines.

"Hum hum hum..."

Suddenly, numerous Darkness Elements began to ascend into the sky. To everybody's shock, a ray of white light had appeared in the pitch-black Darkness Elements.

Merlin's eyes glimpsed. As soon as this white light appeared, it quickly expanded and exuded a sacred and bright life force. Merlin could not be more familiar with this life force. While he was in Blackwater City back then, this was precisely the life force which was exuded by the shrine of the Church of Light.

Perhaps, as Master Bammou had said, Wizard Leo had begun using the Tear of God!

Chapter 357: Hidden Danger II

The life force of the light in the sky had gotten richer and thicker as though they were about to overcome the Darkness Elements in the sky.

The eighth prince abruptly turned around and whispered to the three Seventh-level Spell Casters, “My three Wizards, please lead the other Spell Casters to guard the entrance of the courtyard. Don’t let anyone else enter!”

The three Seventh-level Spell Casters also knew that it was currently the most crucial moment for Wizard Leo. Hence, they immediately stationed Wizards outside and guarded the courtyard tightly.

Seeing the eighth prince’s arrangement, Merlin faintly nodded too. Then, he continued to look at that ray of white light in the sky.

The white light and the Darkness Elements in the sky were constantly intertwined, but the white light seemed to have taken the upper hand. It looked like the Darkness Elements were about to be dispelled anytime soon.

Wizard Bammou seemed to understand Darkness Eye quite well. As long as the white light prevailed and could dispel the Darkness Elements, it would mean that Wizard Leo had successfully eliminated the defects of Darkness Eye.

Looking at the current situation, things were heading for the better.

“Boom!”

Suddenly, the white light in the sky started tumbling and spread rapidly. It was violently erupting, swiftly covering the entire plateau of Darkness Elements.

Joy appeared on Wizard Bammou’s face as he said in a hurry, “Wizard Leo has braced himself and is ready to use the Tear of God to completely eliminate the defects of Darkness Eye.”

The current situation was extremely beneficial to Wizard Leo. The white light suddenly erupted, dispelling almost all of the Darkness Elements. Now, it only needed to disperse the remaining bit of Darkness Elements in order to eliminate the defects of Darkness Eye.

However, just when the crowd had sighed in relief, the white light began to flicker. At the same time, the thick Darkness Elements gathered again, especially from the courtyard, where it exuded immense Darkness Elements.

These Darkness Elements once again condensed into a giant eye, but this giant eye was not just black anymore as it now had a faint radiance of blood. It looked very similar to Darkness Eye in Wizard Leo's forehead.

The changes that occurred in the sky made everyone feel at a loss. Although no one knew what was going on, everyone could feel that this was not a good sign because the life force of Tear of God had gradually weakened.

Moreover, this giant eye in the sky was clearly condensed by countless Darkness Elements as it did not exude any life force. Nonetheless, Merlin and the others felt that this giant eye had become "alive". It stared at everyone, sending cold shivers down their spines.

"A power that is cursed... Darkness Eye, it's indeed not that easy to cultivate. Even the Tear of God couldn't eliminate its defects!"

Wizard Bammou looked at the "giant eye" in the sky with mixed feelings. Darkness Eye was powerful, but it held a great defect. Even if Wizard Leo had gotten the Tear of God, it was still extremely difficult to rely on the Tear of God to reverse the defects of Darkness Eye. The current changes meant that the Wizard Leo's efforts had failed.

As time went by, Darkness Eye in the sky gradually began to collapse. Merlin and the eighth prince looked at each other with rather solemn expressions.

"Let's go in and see Wizard Leo."

The eighth prince whispered to Merlin. Even if they did not hear Wizard Bammou's words, everyone could see that Wizard Leo had, unfortunately, failed this time.

Merlin nodded and then walked into the courtyard with the eighth prince.

"Teacher Leo, how are you?"

Merlin hesitated but he still called out loud.

There was no response from inside the house for a long moment. Just as the eighth prince was ready to call out again, a hoarse voice was heard from inside the house, “Merlin and Your Royal Highness? Come in!”

“Creak...”

Merlin quickly opened the door and walked in with the eighth prince.

Just as they entered, the two saw Wizard Leo, seemingly slumped on a chair. His head was drooping low, and his life force seemed to be very chaotic. There were also thick Darkness Elements enveloping Wizard Leo.

“Teacher Leo, can the Tear of God resolve the defects of Darkness Eye?”

Merlin could not help but ask Wizard Leo.

“Resolve?”

Wizard Leo shook his head gently, then slowly looked up. They found that Wizard Leo’s appearance had altered greatly. His face had become as pale as paper, and that pair of hollow eyes looked even more terrifying.

Darkness Eye in his forehead seemed to have become even more bizarre. Just glancing at it briefly had already caused Merlin to break into a cold sweat. It looked exceptionally odd.

“It can’t be resolved. Even the Tear of God can’t resolve the defects on me! When I cultivated Darkness Eye at the very beginning, I should’ve thought that there’ll be such a consequence. It can’t be resolved no matter what I use...”

Wizard Leo’s tone sounded grim and full of helplessness.

The Tear of God might be the only way for Wizard Leo to eliminate the defects of Darkness Eye, but now it had failed too. This had seemingly ended Wizard Leo’s hopes of becoming a Seventh-level Spell Caster.

In particular, due to the simulation of the Tear of God, some changes seemed to have happened to Darkness Eye in Wizard Leo's forehead, and the situation did not look too good.

"Your Royal Highness the eighth prince, thank you for your concern. I'm already alright now. I just need to restore some Magic Power."

Wizard Leo glanced at the eighth prince as he said slowly.

The eighth prince nodded and said, "If that's the case, I won't bother you then! Just take your time and recuperate in the manor. If you need anything, Wizard Leo, just tell me directly."

Subsequently, the eighth prince and his people departed from Wizard Leo's courtyard.

"Teacher Leo, are you really alright?"

There was only Merlin and Wizard Leo left in the house. Merlin could also figure out that Wizard Leo had deliberately wanted to put-off the eighth prince. He obviously had something to say to Merlin that he did not want the eighth prince to know.

Wizard Leo glanced outside the door with a profound look, a smile appearing on the edge of his lips. "Merlin, Wizard Bammou's really good. With him outside, we won't have to worry about our safety."

After a pause, Wizard Leo's expression gradually became serious. He muttered, "It's the defects of Darkness Eye, Merlin. I'm somewhat convinced now that Darkness Eye is indeed a cursed power..."

"Cursed? Teacher Leo, what exactly are the defects once Darkness Eye is cultivated?"

Merlin pondered for a moment. Still, he could not help but ask. Whether it was Bammou or Wizard Leo or even the eighth prince, they had always mentioned that Darkness Eye was a cursed power. Except for Oflas, the Legend of Darkness who created the Darkness Eye, no one had truly cultivated Darkness Eye to the fullest.

Wizard Leo lifted his head. Darkness Eye in his forehead was glimmering with a bloody illumination, which looked unusually eerie.

After a long moment, Wizard Leo still shook his head and said, “Merlin, you don’t need to know about the secrets of Darkness Eye yet. Wait until I decide to pass on the cultivation technique of Darkness Eyes to you in the future. Then, I’ll tell you the defects that come along with it.”

It seemed that deep down, Wizard Leo was still hesitating whether or not to pass down the cultivation method of Darkness Eyes to Merlin in the end. After all, Darkness Eye had obvious defects, and Wizard Leo was now suffering from them. Even the precious Tear of God could not resolve it.

“Alright, you can go back first. I may need to rest for some time.”

Wizard Leo waved his hand and signaled Merlin to leave. His expression revealed a trace of fatigue.

Merlin rose to his feet and bowed slightly to Wizard Leo, then left the house.

Bammou was already waiting outside. When he saw Merlin coming out of the house, he quietly followed Merlin.

“Bammou, do you know what are the specific defects of cultivating Darkness Eye?”

Merlin thought of Wizard Leo’s appearance earlier. He had a fear that the failure of resolving the defects of Darkness Eyes using the Tear of God was not really as simple and easy as described by Wizard Leo.

Wizard Bammou helplessly shook his head instead. “Master, all I know are the rumors of Darkness Eye. Darkness Eye is a cursed power. Except for the Darkness Legend Wizard Oflas, no one could cultivate Darkness Eye to its full capacity. As for the specific defects, I’m afraid only those who had truly cultivated Darkness Eye will be clear about it.”

After he finished speaking, Wizard Bammou still took a glance back at Wizard Leo’s courtyard. The meaning of his words could not be more obvious. Wizard Leo surely knew what defects Darkness Eye brought.

Merlin frowned. He feared that Wizard Leo was reluctant to reveal the defects of Darkness Eye in order to keep it confidential. After all, even though Darkness Eye was flawed, it was still desired by

countless Spell Casters. Once the specific defects of Darkness Eye were spread, it would be extremely unfavorable for Wizard Leo.

Seeing that Wizard Bammou did not know what the specific defects of Darkness Eye were, Merlin did not continue, and directly went back to his courtyard.

At this time, there was already a blue-robed Spell Caster waiting in Merlin's courtyard.

Merlin's eyes glimpsed slightly. He knew this Spell Caster. He was a Fourth-level Spell Caster that the eighth prince trusted – Wizard Glinde.

Glinde also saw Merlin, so he hurriedly stepped forward. He smiled as he said, "Wizard Merlin, His Royal Highness the eighth prince wants to see you!"

"Oh? Do you know what His Royal Highness has in mind, Wizard Glinde?"

Merlin asked curiously. The eighth prince had specially sent Glinde here, so it was definitely not a small matter.

Glinde gently shook his head. "His Royal Highness didn't say. Wizard Merlin would naturally know why when you go there."

Merlin nodded and said to Wizard Bammou, "Bammou, you stay here. I'll go see the eighth prince."

Wizard Bammou did not say much either. His figure vanished again in the blink of an eye, just like a ghost, so much so that it made Wizard Glinde very astonished. Now, he finally understood why His Royal Highness the eighth prince would highly value Merlin. It was not entirely because of Wizard Leo. Instead, it was because Merlin himself had admirable strength.

"Wizard Merlin, please come with me."

Shortly after, Merlin followed behind Wizard Glinde and walked toward the eighth prince's residence.

Chapter 358: Emergency I

Glinde brought Merlin to a luxurious living room. It was not the manor's conference hall, but the courtyard where the eighth prince usually rested. Generally, the eighth prince rarely met with Spell Casters here.

"Your Royal Highness the eighth prince, Wizard Merlin has arrived!"

Wizard Glinde waited respectfully outside the living room as he announced softly toward the living room.

"Wizard Merlin, come in."

The eighth prince's voice came from the living room. Outside, Wizard Glinde displayed a smile on his face and ushered Merlin into the living room.

The lighting in the living room was a little dark. Merlin did not use Mind Power to check around the living room either. Instead, he squinted and simply scanned around the room. Then, he saw the eighth prince's figure sitting on a chair in the living room.

There was a cup of red bloody liquid in the eighth prince's hand. He was carefully tasting it, seemingly enjoying the exotic delicacy.

"Your Royal Highness the eighth prince, I wonder what you need from me?"

Merlin asked slowly after he gave the prince a slight bow.

When the eighth prince saw Merlin, he stood up right away and pointed to the other cup of red bloody liquid on the table. He said with a smile, "Wizard Merlin, come and taste it. This is Bloodfire wine, a tributary gift that Waleson City had just given to His Majesty. Tsk tsk, it tastes really good. I've only managed to get this little after much effort."

"Bloodfire wine?"

A unique wine smell had also wafted into Merlin's nostrils. Curiosity got the better of him as he picked up the Bloodfire wine on the table.

“Thank you, Your Royal Highness.”

After Merlin expressed his gratitude to the eighth prince, he savored the opportunity and tasted it gently.

“Ah...”

A touch of coldness emanated from the tongue, and then the rich fragrance of the wine spread out in the mouth. Its taste was indeed very mellow, but this alone, was naturally not enough to fascinate the eighth prince so much.

Just as Merlin was about to put down the wine glass, there was immediately a burning sensation which spread from the throat straight to the stomach. This burning sensation then spread quickly toward the entire body, just like he was placed in a blazing flame. However, this scorching feeling was not at all uncomfortable. There was a feeling of heartiness in it instead.

“It’s a terrific wine!”

Merlin’s eyes glinted brightly too as he could not help but give praises to the wine. On the aspect of taste, this Bloodfire wine had definitely topped the charts indeed.

“Wizard Merlin, have a seat.”

The eighth prince smiled and sat on his chair. He was shaking his wine glass slightly, and he stared at Merlin with a narrowed gaze.

Merlin did not utter a single word either, displaying a calm look. Eventually, it was the eighth prince who spoke first, “Wizard Merlin, I heard that you came to Prakash City from the Kingdom of Light. I wonder how much you know about the Church of Light?”

“Hmm?”

Merlin's expression changed slightly. Nevertheless, when he thought of the eighth prince's power, it was absolutely a walk in the park for him to investigate his background. After all, many people in Prakash City knew that Merlin and the Wilson clan migrated here from the Kingdom of Light.

Merlin only replied slowly after a long moment, "I don't really know much about the Church of Light. Just that after coming to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, I heard that the Church of Light had controlled the entire Kingdom of Light, and even strived to wipe out the Royal Family of Light. They had successively annexed several small kingdoms too, forming the Holy Light Empire."

The eighth prince nodded and gently lowered his glass. His expression gradually settled. He muttered, "Yes, the Church of Light has now replaced the Royal Family of Light and controls a huge country – the Holy Light Empire!

"The Holy Light Empire has been quiet for a few years, but recently they had suddenly made a move, deploying two hundred thousand soldiers to the border. In addition, they are still increasing the number of troops. Wizards from the Church of Light had faintly made an appearance too. I'm afraid that soon, the Holy Light Empire will launch another crusade again!"

"Crusade!"

Merlin's heart shuddered a little. Upon mentioning a crusade, the Slaughterhouse War had to be brought up. It was seemingly the most brutal war ever. Countless ordinary soldiers and Spell Casters had served in the Slaughterhouse War. Yet, only very few had survived.

In such a war, even a Seventh-level Spell Caster would appear to be very minute!

Previously, when Merlin returned to Wilson Castle, he had heard Charise mention this incident. The Holy Light Empire and the Kingdom of Blackmoon had both increased their troops along the border. The two sides seemed to be ready to wage a full-scale war and the situation was extremely tense.

Merlin was still somewhat unmoved by that. However, now that the news came out from mouth of the eighth prince, it would naturally not be the same. The Holy Light Empire might really be brewing a barbarous crusade.

Although news of the crusade had somewhat rocked Merlin's heart, he quickly recovered his calmness. Instead, he looked at the eighth prince with suspicion. He feared that the eighth prince did

not only tell him about the crusade just because that he had previously been in the Kingdom of Light.

Surely enough, the eighth prince continued. “Crusades may be brutal, but it’s undeniably a good chance for my royal family to expand our power. If there really is a crusade, then all the city-states must participate in the war. I’ll plead His Majesty to let me command our troops at the front line!”

Merlin faintly understood what the eighth prince really meant. He intended to use the crusade as an opportunity to weaken the power of the various city-states and strengthen the royal family’s rule.

Even if they could not be weakened, then the eighth prince could also take advantage of this opportunity to expand his power. By the time when he faced the competition from the ninth prince and the thirteenth prince, he would then have a greater advantage. After all, besides the fourth prince, there were still the ninth prince and the thirteenth prince, who were still eyeing the throne with covetous desire from outside the Imperial City. Hence, it was logical that the eighth prince should make the necessary preparations earlier.

“Wizard Merlin, if the crusade really breaks out, I hope that Wizard Merlin can give me a helping hand. I can also fulfill Wizard Merlin’s wish. After conquering Blackwater City, I’ll grant it to Wizard Merlin!”

The eighth prince’s purpose was to firmly secure Merlin in his battalion. After all, Merlin’s strength was comparable to that of a Sixth-level Spell Caster. Moreover, he had Wizard Bammou as his aide. Such a pair of forces may not be as important as Wizard Leo, but it was also vital enough.

In the eighth prince’s heart, Merlin was now the most worthy person to be recruited apart from Wizard Leo.

“Blackwater City?”

Little fatty Gutt, Miss Carice, and the others, as well as Charise’s eager gaze, flashed in Merlin’s mind. Charise always wanted to return to the Kingdom of Light, but she never had the chance to.

After a long ponder, Merlin replied very cautiously, “Your Royal Highness, I’m very willing to help you, but it’s just that I’ll return to the Dark Magic Region in the future, so I don’t know if I’ll have such a chance...”

The eighth prince could figure out that Merlin meant a “polite rejection” as he did not directly agree too. The eighth prince was naturally disappointed, but he still responded with great enthusiasm, “Very well, Wizard Merlin, I welcome you back any time!”

Merlin bowed a little. After asking for permission to leave, he turned around and left the living room.

...

“Crusade, Blackwater City, Kingdom of Light...”

Merlin returned to the quiet courtyard, still mumbling under his breath. His mind still reverberated with the crusade mentioned by the eighth prince.

With regard to the Kingdom of Light, Merlin did not have any nostalgic feeling at all. He just wanted to go back to Blackwater City. In the beginning, the eighth prince’s suggestion did sway Merlin a little because he offered to give him Blackwater City.

When Merlin left Blackwater City, he said that he would definitely return to Blackwater City. Now there was such an opportunity, Merlin had to think carefully.

However, the crusade was way too dangerous for Merlin now!

“I still don’t have enough strength. In a crusade, even a Seventh-level Spell Caster would appear to be minute and will easily get killed. Below the Seventh-level, I can almost be considered mere cannon fodder... If I really want to go, I should at least have the strength of a Seventh-level Spell Caster!”

Merlin was very clear about the atrocity of crusades. Back then, Old Wilson had personally experienced the crusade, and he had even survived the most brutal Slaughterhouse War.

In the horrific Slaughterhouse War, those Spell Casters below the Seventh-level were no different from cannon fodder.

Merlin was merely a Third-level Spell Caster now. Although he had the enhancement from Pandora Demon Abilities, he still could not rival a Seventh-level Spell Caster. At most, he only had the strength of a peak Sixth-level Spell Caster.

To participate in the crusade with such strength would be very dangerous, and his fate would most likely bode ill rather than well. Therefore, though he wanted to return to Blackwater City badly, he still had no choice but to reject the eighth prince's invitation.

"It seems that it's better if I increase my Mind Power as soon as possible, and strive to reach the stage where I can construct Fourth-level spells earlier!"

Merlin's current strength had reached a bottleneck. Apart from becoming a Fourth-level Spell Caster, it was basically difficult to further improve. Nonetheless, constructing Fourth-level spells required much larger Mind Power. His current Mind Power was far from sufficient.

The Mokra Potions had all been consumed too, so now he could only prepare Mokra Potion first. Fortunately, Merlin obtained the full support of the eighth prince and had gotten thousands of Mokra Potion materials.

With enough potion materials, the only thing Merlin lacked now was adequate time.

Thus, Merlin began preparing the Mokra Potions.

...

Half a month later, Merlin had already prepared a few Mokra Potions. During this time, he had fully devoted himself to the brewing of Mokra Potions and did not bother to learn about what was happening outside.

"Master, Wizard Leo has asked you to go over. It seems that there's a very urgent matter."

Wizard Bammou's voice was heard from outside the house.

Merlin frowned. When preparing potions, the last thing he wanted was to be disturbed because once he was disrupted, he might not be able to accurately grasp the heat of the potion, which would then lead to the failure of the potion brew.

Currently, Merlin was preparing a Mokra Potion, but he was interrupted by Wizard Bammou. The potion brew had officially failed, so there was vaguely some fury deep in his heart.

“Creak...”

Merlin fiercely pushed the door open, staring coldly at Wizard Bammou. He sighed, “What happened? I thought Teacher Leo is meditating?”

Feeling the anger beneath Merlin’s tone of voice, Bammou did not dare to linger and hastily said, “Wizard Leo seemed to have received some news from the Dark Magic Region, so he asked me to look for you, Master.”

“News from the Dark Magic Region?”

Merlin was slightly surprised. The anger in his heart had also diminished significantly . Since the Dark Magic Region had sent a message to Wizard Leo, there might really be an emergency.

Hence, Merlin could not care about brewing potions anymore. Alongside Wizard Bammou, he hurriedly rushed to the courtyard where the Wizard Leo was staying.

Chapter 359: Emergency II

Merlin saw Wizard Leo walking out of his house the moment he arrived at his courtyard.

“Teacher Leo, what happened?”

Merlin hurried up and asked in a low voice.

Wizard Leo took a deep breath and extended his frail fingers. Mysterious runes flew out from the Dark Magic Ring on his finger immediately. A deep-toned and slightly anxious voice rang out from these mysterious runes, “Leo, hurry back to the Dark Magic Region. Something big has happened!”

Merlin could feel his heart move. This voice sounded very familiar. He thought about it for a moment, and asked hesitantly, “Is that Wizard Heusius?”

Merlin was not familiar with the Seventh-level Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region. The only one he was familiar with was Wizard Heusius. He also knew that Wizard Leo had a very tight-knit relationship with Wizard Heusius.

“Yes, it’s Heusius. He knew that I came to the Imperial City because I briefly mentioned it to him before I left. I don’t exactly know what’s going on, but Heusius is a very cautious man. He wouldn’t send such messages for no reason. I’m afraid that something big has really happened. Merlin, we need to go back to the Dark Magic Region as soon as possible!”

Wizard Leo had already decided to rush back to the Dark Magic Region. Now, he was only informing Merlin as he had prepared to bring Merlin back with him.

Merlin also nodded. “Alright then, let’s go and explain the situation to the eighth prince.”

Shortly after, Merlin and Wizard Leo went to bid farewell to the eighth prince.

...

“It’s a pity, Wizard Leo, Wizard Merlin. Since there’s something in the Dark Magic Region that requires you to go back, I’ll naturally not stop you. Nonetheless, I just want to let you two know that we welcome you back at any time!”

After listening to what Merlin and Wizard Leo had said, a slight disappointment showed on the eighth prince’s face. Wizard Leo was the strongest Spellcaster that he had guarding him. With Wizard Leo here by his side, the eighth prince could handle things more smoothly and effectively in the Imperial City.

“Let’s go then.”

Wizard Leo did not add anything either. He brought Merlin with him and left the eighth prince’s manor right away.

Merlin ordered Wizard Bammou who was behind him, “Bammou, go back to Wilson Castle and protect the Wilson clan. Everything else can wait until I’ve returned.”

Deep down, Bammou felt slightly relieved as he could finally return to Wilson Castle and restore his Magic Power with a peace of mind. He did not really enjoy staying by Merlin's side because he found himself busy every single day as though there were endless things for him to do. There was almost no time for him to recover his Magic Power.

“Whoosh whoosh.”

After everything was arranged, Merlin and Wizard Leo leaped into the air and quickly flew toward the Dark Magic Region.

...

“Swoosh.”

A white light flashed by, frightening a few seabirds which were playing on the beach.

Two figures emerged from the white light. They were Merlin and Wizard Leo, who were rushing a long journey back from the Imperial City to the Dark Magic Region.

Wizard Leo did not stop for long and continued to walk inside. Meanwhile, Merlin looked at the stone tablet of the Dark Magic Region, only to find that the black cat Didimoss seemed to have not appeared for a long time.

“Teacher Leo, why hasn't the spirit of the Runic Magic Circle of the Dark Magic Region Sir Didimoss appear recently?”

Merlin could not help but pointed at the stone tablet as he asked Wizard Leo.

Wizard Leo stared deeply at the stone tablet, and said meaningfully, “Sir Didimoss has gone into in a deep slumber. As the spirit of the Runic Magic Circle, he could manipulate all Runic Magic Circles of the entire Dark Magic Region. The only Ninth-level Spell Caster that was controlling the Runic Magic Circle needed Sir Didimoss' cooperation. Hence, it should be a long time before he would wake up again... Alright, let's go. Let's find out what has happened to the Dark Magic Region.”

After he had finished speaking, Wizard Leo took the lead and entered the Dark Magic Region. Merlin once again glanced at the stone tablet that the black cat Didimoss resided. As the spirit of the Runic Magic Circle, it was necessary for him to cooperate with the powerful Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region to control the entire Runic Magic Circle.

This may also involve some secrets of the Dark Magic Region, so Wizard Leo would not say too much.

Merlin did not stop there for long either as he followed Wizard Leo into the Dark Magic Region.

Upon just entering the Dark Magic Region, Merlin saw the familiar tall towers once again. At the thought that he might become a Fourth-level Spell Caster in the near future and could build a tower all by himself, Merlin's mood seemed to become a little excited.

Everything was calm in the Dark Magic Region. It did not look like something big had happened. Still, they could only truly be sure what had happened until they met Wizard Heusius in person.

"Teacher Leo, I shall go back to the tower first."

Merlin bid farewell to Wizard Leo. After all, it was Master Heusius who was looking for Leo. There must be something very important, so Merlin had no reason to follow.

However, Wizard Leo frowned instead and shook his head gently. "You don't have to go. The message that I got from Heusius meant that I have to bring you along."

"Bring me along?"

Merlin was a little surprised. How could this matter be related to him?

Wizard Leo did not say anything. He brought Merlin with him and flew to the few tallest tower in the Dark Magic Region.

It was not Merlin's first visit to Wizard Heusius' tower. Thus, he only threw a few casual looks at it and then looked toward the front.

Just when Merlin and Wizard Leo had just arrived at the tower, a black-robed Spell Caster came up to them – it was Wizard Heusius.

As a Seventh-level Spell Caster, Wizard Heusius had a very lofty status. In addition, he had a relaxed look, but this time, his expression was extremely solemn, and his eyes had revealed his worries.

“Heusius, tell me what happened. Why have you called me back so urgently?”

The blood-shot vertical eyes in Wizard Leo’s forehead glimpsed slightly. Adding that with Wizard Leo’s slim as a “dry carcass” body, it looked even more terrifying.

Heusius did not answer immediately, but instead, he asked in a slightly grim tone, “Leo, what’s wrong with you?”

Wizard Leo’s current image had changed too much. It was because he had forcibly employed the fourth form of Darkness Eye when dealing with Wizard Tanin and Wizard Morston. As a result, he had been devoured by Darkness Eye as a form of a backlash, thus this horrendous appearance.

“Nothing really, it’s just a little problem with Darkness Eye, it’s not a first.”

Wizard Leo responded casually, seemingly not worried at all.

Seeing that Leo had mentioned Darkness Eye, Wizard Heusius did not continue to ask. After all, Darkness Eye was very magical. Back then, no one had thought that Leo would be able to kill Wizard Osseus from Ozmu. Therefore, perhaps there was indeed something peculiar with Darkness Eye which could explain why it had made Wizard Leo become like this.

Moreover, apart from the drastic change in his appearance, which now looked really horrifying, the life force on Leo’s body had not changed much.

Heusius took a glance at Merlin and then said deeply, “A huge incident has indeed happened, but it’s an incident which involved all spell casters’ organizations! Recently, our Dark Magic Region got a notice from Blacksand Fort, a large spell casters’ organization. They called for us to go to the Blacksand Fort summit in a month’s time.”

“Isn’t the Blacksand Fort summit held every once in ten years? It has only been eight years since the last one. Even if there was to be one, wouldn’t that be in another two years?”

Wizard Leo looked at Wizard Heusius suspiciously. There must certainly be another hidden reason why Blacksand Fort would hold the summit in advance.

Heusius pondered for a moment, then slowly said, “There’s naturally a reason why Blacksand Fort is holding the summit in advance. In fact, the summit was only an excuse. This time, they wanted to gather various spell casters’ organizations using the name of the summit. It’s to discuss a huge matter together.”

“What huge matter?”

Even Merlin was holding his breath and listening carefully to Wizard Heusius’ answer.

Wizard Heusius took a deep breath and spit out the word from his mouth, “Ozmu!”

“Ozmu? You mean, Blacksand Fort is now ready to deal with Ozmu?”

The blood-shot eyes in Wizard Leo’s forehead opened fiercely, exuding bursts of blood-light illumination. It revealed the unrest in Wizard Leo’s mind.

Ozmu was a mysterious organization. Almost no one knew where its old nest was. No one knew how many members Ozmu had, or how strong they really were.

The only thing everyone knew was that Ozmu would launch a large-scale assault every once in a while. Be it blackmail or recruit, in short, Ozmu would try whatever they could to bring all the genius Wizards of some spell casters’ organizations or Spell Caster clans into Ozmu.

Besides, Ozmu also had an outrageous rule which applied to all Spell Casters who were recruited – once their strengths had attained maximum capacity in the future, they had to return to their previous spell casters’ organization or clan which they had betrayed to wipe them out.

Therefore, every spell casters’ organization or Spell Caster clan bore a shared hatred toward Ozmu. Yet, for so many years, Ozmu had still existed, and they were getting stronger and stronger. Nobody could inflict any sort of major loss on Ozmu.

Previously, Wizard Leo had hunted Osseus down for thousands of miles, and also succeeded in killing him. This incident had become quite a sensational event in many spell casters' organizations, making Wizard Leo famous and elevating his great name.

The real reason was that Osseus was a Seventh-level Spell Caster in Ozmu. Therefore, this incident could bring such a great impact and cause such a big shock.

Now that Blacksand Fort was planning to deal with Ozmu through organizing a summit, it made Wizard Leo naturally very surprised.

Wizard Heusius gently shook his head instead. "It's not that Blacksand Fort is now ready to deal with Ozmu. It's actually those top-notch large spell casters' organizations that want to deal with Ozmu! Heh heh, the impact of Ozmu on small and medium-sized spell casters' organizations like us wasn't really that great. However, for large spell casters' organizations, Ozmu has caused much damage to them. After all, there were numerous genius Spell Casters in the large spell casters' organizations. Hence, Ozmu has also planted their focus on those large spell casters' organizations.

"This time, Blacksand Fort had discussed with other top-notch large spell casters' organizations in the dark. They need to unite most of the spell casters' organizations and deal with Ozmu together, so its scale is the largest ever. In addition, these large spell casters' organizations have already made up their minds. Even if they can't destroy Ozmu this time, they must also make Ozmu suffer a huge loss, so that they won't be able to stir any more trouble in a short time."

The things that Wizard Hersius had said should only be known to only the higher-ups of the spell casters' organization as it could be deemed highly-confidential.

To deal with Ozmu, in which many large-scale spell casters' organizations had discussed in private and had made up their minds, this was indeed a major issue affecting the entire Spell Caster world.

Chapter 360: The Runic Tower

Wizard Leo remained silent for a moment. Then, he raised his head and said, "Ozmu is far more mysterious than us Dark Magic Region. Who knows where their headquarters is? If we can't find their base, how can we incur damage or even destroy Ozmu?"

Ozmu had the ability to exist for so long, and even large spell casters' organizations could not do anything to it. So naturally, it must have its unique traits. If it was so easy to be destroyed, then Ozmu might have already been long gone.

Wizard Heusius continued. "Of course. If we want to inflict a heavy hit upon Ozmu, we have to find its old nest! On this point, Blacksand Fort had secretly revealed a info that they've secured the location of the old nest. As long as there's a decision to act upon, the Great Wizards will lead the command and we'll directly infiltrate it!"

"The old nest of Ozmu has been located? How is that possible?"

Wizard Leo was still somewhat in disbelief. Although Ozmu had had a long history, no one had been able to find its old nest.

"Whether it's true or not, as long as we attend the Blacksand Fort summit in a month's time, everything will become clear."

Wizard Heusius locked gaze with Wizard Leo. There seemed to be another hidden meaning behind that look.

"You want me to go?"

Wizard Leo suddenly understood what Heusius meant.

"Not only do I want you to go. The other two Seventh-level Spell Casters and I will go too. However, I only require you and Merlin to attend the summit. This time, in order to attract a large number of Spell Casters, and in an attempt to unite the numerous forces, Blacksand Fort had even broken the convention by inviting some Spell Caster clans. They even shelled out very precious things to be the prizes for the winners of the summit.

"Wizard Leo, you should be aware that we, the Dark Magic Region, Abyss Fort, Fire City, and Ashes Region are sidelined. In so many spell casters' organizations, we were really just nothing, but on the surface, we're equal. Hence, we'll naturally compete with each other. The original purpose of the summit is for all the spell casters' organizations to flaunt their potential by sending the best Spell Casters in their respective organizations. The Spell Casters will be categorized as the best below the Seventh-level and the best below the Fourth-level, respectively.

“For the Spell Caster below the Seventh-level, we have you, Leo. As for the Spell Caster below the Fourth-level, we have Merlin, the Six-Elemental Spell Caster. I believe that in the summit this time, even if you can’t shine, you would surely put up an excellent performance, and at least triumph over Abyss Fort, Fire City, and Ashes Region!”

The meaning of Heusius words were already very clear. The relationship between the Dark Magic Region and Abyss Fort, Fire City, and Ashes Region was not really close. They had always been secretly competing, and would only unite in face of a common threat such as the previous time when they were threatened by Ozmu.

Therefore, in the Blacksand Fort summit this time, the Dark Magic Region wanted to suppress the other three spell casters’ organizations, and perhaps the other three spell casters’ organizations also had the same idea.

The original intention was to head there and discuss how to deal with Ozmu, but instead, Ozmu had now become a trivial matter. Those large-scale spell casters’ organizations may consider the ideas of some medium-sized spell casters’ organizations, but they would not pay much attention to small-scale spell casters’ organizations.

Many small spell casters’ organizations had only one Ninth-level Spell Caster, and some did not have any at all. Such a force was really not worth mentioning for those large spell casters’ organizations who had dozens or even hundreds of Ninth-level Spell Casters.

Inviting small spell casters’ organizations to the summit was only a simple gesture.

“Since you’ve come to a decision, I’ll head to Blacksand Fort in a month time!”

After all, Wizard Leo was a member of the Dark Magic Region, so he must also obey the decision made by the Dark Magic Region. However, as Wizard Leo had demonstrated immense strength even though he was not yet a Seventh-level Spell Caster, his strength was already comparable to that of a Seventh-level Spell Caster. Therefore, the Dark Magic Region also treated Wizard Leo as a Seventh-level Spell Caster.

They would automatically ask for his opinion with regard to all things related to Wizard Leo.

Seeing that Wizard Leo had agreed to go, Heusius was clearly relieved too.

Thereafter, Wizard Leo and Merlin left Wizard Heusius' tower.

Wizard Heusius' tower was one of the tallest towers in the Dark Magic Region. As a Seventh-level Spell Caster, his tower was naturally built differently from all the other Spell Casters.

Nonetheless, after leaving Heusius' tower, Merlin was surprised to find that there was another peculiar tower which was shrouded in mysterious runes. It was not lower than Heusius' tower.

Yet, the Spell Casters entering and exiting this tower were low-level Spell Casters, which made Merlin somewhat puzzled. In the several years that he had been in the Dark Magic Region, Merlin still did not fully understand everything in the Dark Magic Region.

"Teacher Leo, this tower is built by which Wizard?"

Merlin asked Wizard Leo who was beside him.

"You don't know this tower?"

Wizard Leo cast a suspicious look at Merlin. After seeing Merlin shaking his head, only then did Wizard Leo pat gently on his own forehead. "Actually, it's my fault for never mentioning it. Although you've been in the Dark Magic Region for some time, your actual time spent in the Dark Magic Region hasn't been very long. So, it's normal for you to not know this tower.

"This tower was built by the founder of the Dark Magic Region, the almighty Great Wizard Fidel. It's called the Runic Tower! This Runic Tower had a total of seven floors, each containing a mystical spirit of runes. As long as one could pass the floors one by one, and then finally defeat the spirit of runes on the seventh floor, one could obtain the treasures left by Great Wizard Fidel. As for what the treasure is, no one knows because the Runic Tower only allows Spell Casters below the Fourth-level to attempt it. Therefore, after thousands of years since the inception of the Dark Magic Region, there were at most Spell Casters who had entered the fifth floor. Nobody had been able to step into the sixth floor, let alone the seventh floor."

After a pause, Wizard Leo could not help but smile. "You almost missed the opportunity to attempt the tower. However, it's now still a very suitable time for you attempt it. You're not a Fourth-level Spell Caster yet, so with your strength, you should be able to reach the fifth or even the sixth floor! Throughout the thousands of years history of the Dark Magic Region, no one had ever succeeded to the sixth floor. Even the legendary Kleis could only reach the fifth floor back then."

Merlin looked at the Runic Tower once again and said, “Since it was built by Great Wizard Fidel himself, it was obviously prepared for Spell Casters below the Fourth-level. It wouldn’t hurt to try. Teacher Leo, I shall go and try it out then.”

Wizard Leo seemed to be interested too as he nodded. “Back at the time when Kleis reached the fifth floor, I didn’t get to witness it myself. This time, I can’t be missing it one way or another. I’ll go with you.”

Then, the two turned their directions and flew toward the Runic Tower.

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Presently, there were only sparse Spell Casters in front of the Runic Tower.

The Spell Casters who could come to the Runic Tower were basically Spell Casters below the Fourth-level. Their purpose would naturally be to try their luck and attempt the Runic Tower.

In this Runic Tower, there were some precious treasures on each floor, which were originally placed by Great Wizard Fidel. As long as one passed the floor, one could get some treasures.

However, after a millennium, many Spell Casters had already passed through the first five floors. Thus, the treasures of the first five floors had all been swept away cleanly.

Only on the sixth and seventh floors would there still be treasures left by Great Wizard Fidel, but for so many years, no one could pass the sixth floor.

“Wizard Sarah, are you ready? Among the three of us, only your study of runology isn’t too comprehensive. We both have already mastered every detail of the Runic Magic Circle, and we won’t go wrong. ”

Among the crowd were three Spell Casters – two males, and one female. They seemed to be somewhat like mavericks as there was no other Spell Casters around them. The remaining Spell Casters each tossed them respectful looks. It seemed that the identity of these Wizards was not that simple.

The man who spoke earlier was a male Spell Caster with short blond hair, and he said that to another female Spell Caster.

The female Spell Caster, who was known as Wizard Sarah, frowned. She replied in a rather dissatisfied manner, “Don’t worry Ilman, I’ve already understood how the Kleinman Runic Magic Circle works. As long as Envia has indeed gotten the Runic Magic Disc, then this time we have real hopes of passing the fifth floor or even the sixth floor!”

The remaining tall male Spell Caster, who was called Envia by Wizard Sarah said in a deep tone, “I’ve paid a huge price to obtain this Runic Magic Disc, so there won’t be anything wrong with it! It only needs three Spell Casters who are proficient in runes to operate it. Let’s go and see how many floors we can pass this time?”

It was not their first attempt at the Runic Tower. Each of them could pass the fourth floor all by themselves. It was just that the fifth floor was way too difficult and they could not get past it. Hence, they spent a big price to get this Runic Magic Disc.

The Spell Casters who challenged the Runic Tower were allowed to use the Runic Magic Disc, but the number of Spell Casters who chose to unite their forces could not exceed three.

Runology had always been a specialty of the Dark Magic Region. Great Wizard Fidel’s aim of building this Runic Tower could also be to cultivate some outstanding Spell Casters who would excel at runology.

“Swoosh swoosh.”

Just as the three were preparing to enter the Runic Tower, two Spell Casters descended directly from the sky, one of whom had a bloodshot vertical eye in his forehead, which looked extremely menacing and terrifying.

“It’s Wizard Leo!”

Such a horrific appearance would only belong to Wizard Leo, the famous Wizard of the Dark Magic Region. Many Spell Casters recognized Wizard Leo at first glance.

Despite Leo’s atrocious look and his identity as a Sixth-level Spell Caster, coupled with his killing of the Seven-level Spell Caster from Ozmu, his status in the Dark Magic Region was no less than

those Seventh-level Spell Casters. Therefore, although the surrounding Spell Casters had some fear in their hearts, they still bowed toward Wizard Leo one after another.

“That person beside Wizard Leo seems to be Wizard Merlin?”

“It’s really Wizard Merlin. He hasn’t challenged the Runic Tower yet, right?”

“Indeed. Wizard Merlin has never challenged the Runic Tower. Back then, Kleis had passed the fifth floor, but unfortunately, he didn’t pass the sixth floor, so he didn’t get the treasure. Perhaps, Wizard Merlin could pass the sixth floor!”

Seeing Merlin alongside Wizard Leo, many Spell Casters were able to immediately guess Merlin’s purpose here. He had come to challenge the Runic Tower. Merlin was the best Spell Caster in the Dark Magic Region after Kleis – he was even a Six-Elemental Spell Caster!

Thus, the Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region would inevitably compare Merlin and Kleis. It was just that the two of them had never really battled against each other. Now, it was possible to compare who was better between the two by their attempts at the Runic Tower.

In the distance, Wizard Sarah, Wizard Envia, and Wizard Ilman looked at each other and felt the grimness in each other’s eyes.

“Merlin has actually come. Back then, Kleis almost passed the sixth floor. This Merlin was said to be in no way inferior to Kleis, and that his future potential is far brighter than that of Kleis. Maybe he can really beat the sixth floor, and obtain the treasures! We’ve paid such a huge cost to get the Runic Magic Disc, all so we can get through the sixth floor, and get the treasure. We can never let any other people pass the sixth floor before we do. Come, let’s challenge the Runic Tower now!”

Wizard Envia said with a low voice, his expression seemed a little anxious.

The other two Wizards nodded in unison. They did not dare to look down on Merlin. After all, Kleis, the Five-Elemental Spell Caster back then was already scary enough, let alone Merlin, who was a Six-Elemental Spell Caster.

Hence, the three did not stop for any longer and quickly entered the Runic Tower.