

A Wizard's Secret

Chapter 38: The Fight I

“Swish!”

Queiro's greatsword which was emitting a terrifying light slammed down directly toward Old Wilson's head.

Despite the great shock, Old Wilson quickly regained his focus. Both of his hands clenched tightly around the greatsword, and he groaned in a low voice. In an instant, the greatsword burst into a fiery flame. Gradually, the fire became bigger and burned intensely while emitting a scorching temperature.

“Light Sword!”

“Flame Cleave!”

It was as if diamond cut diamond when the two greatswords collided with one another. As a result, the flames intertwined and the white light produced strange noises.

“Bang!”

The flames on Old Wilson's greatsword was obviously not a match for the white light on Queiro's greatsword, yet both men staggered a few steps backward simultaneously. Surprisingly, they were somewhat on an equal strength.

“Third-level Light Swordsman!”

Old Wilson narrowed his eyes. After the previous round, he had already got hold of his opponent's ins and outs. The other party was a Third-level Light Swordsman who was evidently more skillful at manipulating Elements than himself.

“What a powerful force! A Second-level Fire Swordsman definitely doesn't possess such mighty pure strength!”

Queiro was also astonished. The former pride in his face was gradually replaced by concern. He noticed that Old Wilson was only a Second-level Fire Swordsman but in a contest of strength, they were rather equal. The explosive power within Old Wilson's burly built was indispensable.

“See, Queiro, you can’t deal with him alone. Haha, Angus is right to not underestimate him. An opponent who survived the Slaughterhouse must be someone extraordinary!”

Another man in a golden mask came forward to Old Wilson. Slowly, he drew out a greatsword, demonstrating that his action spoke louder than words.

“Yet another Third-level Light Swordsman!”

Old Wilson examined the two men carefully as he tried to come up with a countermeasure.

“Attack!”

The two Third-level Light Swordsmen – Queiro and Lelo – joined together to attack Old Wilson. In an instant, the place where the three of them were standing was cleared into a relatively quiet space. No one wanted to be close to them. Once they were near, they would be injured by the scattering Light Elements and Fire Elements.

Although Old Wilson was besieged by two Third-level Light Swordsmen, he was still able to support himself and carried on. His outstanding talents had gifted him a powerful force that seemed almost endless. Therefore, even if he was only a Second-level Fire Swordsman, he was able to rival against an Elemental Swordsman who almost reached the peak of Third-level potential.

The more Queiro and Lelo fought against him, the more their faces fell. Before this, the two of them were confident that it was easy to kill Wilson. Now, they were struggling to keep up.

“He’s a monster. How is his body so strong?”

The two men glanced helplessly at Angus who was watching the fight.

Angus was the last man wearing a golden mask. He had been paying attention to Old Wilson. He noticed that Old Wilson waved his massive greatsword like a giant, fearless in fighting against the two Third-level Light Swordsmen.

Even in terms of strength, neither Queiro nor Lelo dared to confront Old Wilson. If they were not careful, they would be defeated by his terrifying force.

“It seems that even Lord Bishop has underestimated Wilson. Such powerful people do exist in this small city of Blackwater...” Angus whispered to himself as he pulled out the greatsword on his back gradually.

“Swish!”

A ball of dazzling white light, much stronger than Queiro's and Lelo's, radiated from the greatsword.

Angus grasped the greatsword with both hands and quickly dashed near Old Wilson, ready to join the battle.

'Three Third-level Light Swordsmen... More than fifty First and Second-level Light Swordsmen... They're definitely not a group of ordinary bandits but the guardians of the church!'

During this time, Merlin was kept safe under the protection of Prat and numerous other knights in the territory where he was leisurely observing the situation on the battlefield.

The strength of Old Wilson had far exceeded Merlin's prediction. The powerful Old Wilson, who was like the God of War, relied on pure strength to compete against the two forceful Third-level Light Swordsmen. This was indeed extremely astonishing to watch.

When Merlin had not mastered the power of the spell, his dealing with Rolin, also a Third-level Elemental Swordsman, had left him wretched where he almost died in Rolin's hands.

Therefore, he understood thoroughly the might of Third-level Elemental Swordsmen.

"Young Master Merlin, please head back to the castle. We pledge our lives to defend the castle!"

General Prat had quietly arrived in front of Merlin. He took out his greatsword while staring coldly at the bandits in front.

Led by two Second-level Light Swordsmen, there was a group of bandits rushing directly toward the castle. Prat had come forward to protect with his back to the wall.

"Come on, I've survived the Slaughterhouse, not to mention you little bandits!"

Prat sounded rather crazy. His greatsword also emitted traces of flame but they were not as strong as Old Wilson's as he was only a First-level Fire Swordsman. The dozens of knights guarding Merlin simply was not strong enough to deal with the hundreds of bandits and two Second-level Light Swordsmen in front.

"Young Master Merlin, don't worry, Yaguez will definitely protect you."

The person nearest to Merlin now was the young knight Yaguez who was about sixteen or seventeen years old. He was the one who had escorted him to the castle.

Yaguez had a stern look on his face and it was washed with determination. Merlin believed that Yaguez would not hesitate to stand up and protect him in any chance of danger.

“Yaguez, you’ll be a great knight someday!”

A smile flashed across Merlin’s face as if he did not feel the tension of the situation. Then, he jumped off the horse and walked straight toward Prat.

“Uncle Prat.”

“Well? Young Master Merlin? Why haven’t you return to the castle? It’s dangerous –”

Merlin shook his head slightly before Prat could finish his sentence and interrupted calmly, “Uncle Prat, gather the remaining knights and retreat to the back to defend the castle. As for these bandits...”

As his voice fell, Merlin looked quietly at the group of bandits who were galloping at the speed of the wind.

“Whoosh!”

Without warning, two fist-sized fireballs appeared in front of Merlin, floating silently in the air while exuding an intimidating atmosphere.

“As for these bandits... Let me handle them!”

Prat was still stunned when Merlin’s voice echoed in his ears.

Merlin stretched out his fair hands and gently pointed forward. In the blink of an eye, the two fireballs floating in front of him flew toward the bandits who were rushing toward Merlin.

Chapter 39: The Fight II

Angus finally struck and fought with great speed. The white light radiating on his greatsword flew toward Old Wilson like a venomous snake.

“Whoosh!”

Without mercy, a ray of white light pierced through Old Wilson’s black armor. Fresh red blood immediately oozed from the slit.

Old Wilson retreated a few steps and held his hand to the wound. He narrowed his eyes and gave Angus a deadly stare. His armor was manufactured after three years of work, using materials of the highest resistance and could resist almost any kind of spears and swords. Even a Third-level Elemental Swordsman would struggle to break his armor.

Due to this, he was able to fight against the two Third-level Light Swordsmen – Queiro and Lelo – with such ease. This armor suit had definitely proved its worth.

However, this armor could no longer effectively assist Old Wilson in defending from his opponents. Angus' strike had left Old Wilson feeling deeply threatened, which was something that he had experienced in the Slaughterhouse. It was an influential existence extremely on par with a Fourth-level Elemental Swordsman.

The difference between Elemental Swordsmen was indeed very much distinct – First-level to Third-level were beginner Elemental Swordsmen, Fourth-level to Sixth-level were intermediate Elemental Swordsmen, and Seventh-level to Ninth-level were advanced Elemental Swordsmen.

Therefore, even though there was only one gap from Third-level to Fourth-level, it was a massive one.

Angus, who was right in front, ranked somewhere between Third-level and Fourth-level, though infinitely close to Fourth-level as he was extremely powerful. Even with Old Wilson's innate talent and sturdy defensive armor, it was difficult to fight against Angus.

“It seems that I'll not escape from fate today... Tell me, why does the church want my life?”

Old Wilson looked rather savage as he licked his dried lips while he spoke. He had already guessed by now that these people were not bandits but people from the church!

Angus raised aloft the greatsword in his hand, his palms wrapped tightly around the handle. “What's the point of knowing now? Queiro, Lelo, do it!”

Although Angus was, in fact, more powerful than Old Wilson, he chose to not underestimate his opponent. To be safe, he sought assistance from Queiro and Lelo to ensure nothing would go wrong.

“Boom!”

Suddenly, a violent explosion erupted. Countless red flames caught on and scattered around. As the wind blew, the fire which was accompanied by a burning smell drifted along.

“What happened?”

Angus furrowed his brows as he shifted his attention to the direction of the strange noise.

...

“Bang!”

As the low-pitched sound left Merlin’s lips, the two fireballs exploded in the speedy flight. The nearest bandit was only half a meter away from the explosion.

The fireballs released by Merlin contained horribly high heat. Although they were only the size of a fist, they were made up of a myriad of compressed Fire Elements.

The fist-sized fireball was able to directly melt an armor made of fine iron. Once blown up, the scattered flames were enough to cause terrible deaths.

Moreover, this explosion was caused by two fireballs at once. The bandits who came galloping at high speed were directly blown up by the two fireballs before they could figure out what was happening. Even the two leading Second-level Light Swordsmen were hit by the unexpected heatwaves and fell heavily on the ground, both gravely injured.

This sudden change had shocked many people. Merlin glanced toward the place where Old Wilson was under siege by the three Third-level Light Swordsmen. Merlin went straight to the old man who was in a hot water.

“The heretic! The heretic! The evil heretic from the Kingdom of Blackmoon!”

Finally, someone recognized Merlin’s identity and began to scream in terror.

“The evil heretic that blasphemes against God!” a Second-level Light Swordsman shouted aloud and soon his body was shrouded in an aggressive white light. A greatsword in hand, he charged toward Merlin from behind.

“Fireball!”

Using his Mind Power, Merlin could sense movements in his surrounding without having to turn his head around. Therefore, he quickly released a fireball and sent it across his back.

“Whoosh!”

The speed of the fireball was extremely fast, leaving only a faint trail of red shadow before it slammed into the chest of the Light Swordsman.

The chest of the Light Swordsman could not resist the force of the fireball at all. It melted instantly and burned a bloody hole in the chest of the Light Swordsman.

“Plop!”

The Light Swordsman, not even anywhere close to Merlin, fell directly to the ground, his chest emitting black smoke.

‘A Large Fireball next!’

Merlin noticed in his Awareness that the gray horizontal frame representing Large Fireball had turned red. This meant that he was able to release a Large Fireball.

Due to Merlin’s recent incessant meditation practice, his progress on Mind Power advanced rapidly. His control of the fireball had reached the point of perfection. For instance, the fireball released earlier was much faster in speed, making it impossible to defend, than that in Blackwater City.

This was the benefit of a strong Mind Power as it allowed better control of spells.

After killing this Second-level Light Swordsman, Merlin raised his head and looked around at the surrounding bandits. Everyone was afraid of Merlin where no one dared to come forward.

Heretic is used to address on a person who represented evil, cruelty, and mastered peculiar power! Moreover, now that they saw the spells released by Merlin with their own eyes, they felt unbelievably and incredibly fearful, hence they dared not come forward.

Thousands of bandits were stunned by Merlin. He looked around and never did he feel more confident than at this moment. He felt “powerful” for the first time.

‘Spell Caster is the existence of the world’s strongest force!’

Merlin thought of a sentence in old man Etha’s Spell Manual, used to describe the Spell Casters. It seemed not far from the truth.

As no one stepped forward, it did not take Merlin long to reach Old Wilson’s side. He held the injured old man gently by hand and looked at the three men wearing golden masks.

“Father, leave them to me,” Merlin said softly to Old Wilson.

“Spell Caster... I didn’t expect to encounter a Spell Caster here. Even though you’re just an Entrance-level Spell Caster, that’s not something we can deal with. Unfortunately, we didn’t bring forth our archers. Otherwise, an Entrance-level Spell Caster will not pose

any threat,” Angus, who was still wearing the mask, ended his sentence with a long, meaningful sigh.

His tone was full of unwillingness.

Chapter 40: Grand Operation

After Angus finished his sentence, Merlin studied the masked man in front of him carefully. The other person knew much about Spell Casters. Besides, he addressed Merlin as a “Spell Caster” rather than a “heretic” like the others.

Indeed, he had spoken the fact. Merlin could not cope with hundreds and thousands of arrows with his mere Zero-level spell.

“Angus, a heretic is enough for you to give up?”

Another masked man shifted his attention at Merlin. In that instant, the white light on his greatsword shone even brighter.

“Merlin, be careful. All three of them are Third-level Light Swordsmen,” Old Wilson reminded Merlin weakly as he pressed his palm at the wound on his stomach.

“Attack!”

One of the masked men was furious at Merlin’s indifference. The white light on his greatsword extended to almost a meter long and was aimed directly at Merlin from the top.

“Fireball!”

A hint of coldness flashed across Merlin’s eyes. He threw his hands out and two fireballs rose up into the air instantly. This was not a Large Fireball but a normal Fireball. Based on Merlin’s current accumulated Magic Power in the Spell Model situated in his Awareness, he was able to cast more than ten spells simultaneously.

As his Mind Power increased, the fireballs he released moved at a greater speed and became even harder for the others to avoid.

“Bang!”

The corner of Merlin’s mouth curled up into a sneer. Two fireballs blasted in the air, scattering numerous flames in all directions. In an instant, that masked man was engulfed in a sea of frantic flames.

The masked man screamed in the flames while his body gave off a burning stench.

The scattering flames released from Fireball were scorching hot, that they were able to melt fine iron, let alone a Third-level Light Swordsman.

The other party wailed a few more times before falling to the ground and then, there was a dead silence.

“Queiro!” Angus and Lelo shouted simultaneously.

At the same time, the white light around their body lit up in an instant. Both of them split into two different directions and rushed toward Merlin.

Merlin shook his head slightly. He found himself in a fix when he first dealt with Rolin but now he could kill a Third-level Elemental Swordsman with a flick of his fingers. In addition, he was more familiar with the power of a Spell Caster. His Mind Power had also advanced progressively where he was able to control spells with more precision.

Therefore, at the first moment the two men moved, Merlin had already cast a Large Fireball.

“Whoosh!”

A gigantic fireball floated in the air. The entire fireball appeared somewhat unstable as its concentrated Fire Elements were compressed to the extreme.

“Bang!”

Without a moment of hesitation, Merlin detonated the fireball right away. The gigantic fireball set off a huge wave and the violent force slammed into Angus and Lelo mercilessly.

Upon contact with the impactful force of the fireball explosion, they were thrown to the air accompanied by tiny scattering flames.

As the tiny scattering flames were produced from the Fireball, even a tiny flame was compressed by countless Fire Elements which could result in a terrifying force. A slight touch was able to drill a bloody hole into the human body.

However, both Angus and Lelo were Third-level Light Swordsmen. They could more or less resist the impact of the scattering flames but it was the strong force of the fireball explosion that affected them.

Merlin was not about to stop now. A Large Fireball had caused injuries on Angus and Lelo, hence he released two more Fireballs. Two fist-sized fireballs flew toward the men silently like a quiet ghost.

“Boom!”

A fireball penetrated through Lelo’s head directly, burning off half his head.

Angus managed to block the other fireball with his arm. Upon contact, the horrible heat of the fireball burned Angus’ arm right away. Enduring severe pain, Angus jumped on his horse and fled to the opposite direction immediately.

“It’s too late to leave now!”

Merlin would not let Angus escape. Although Angus rode away quickly, Merlin’s Fireball flew faster and slammed directly into Angus’ thin and defenseless armor. It was directly penetrated by the fireball and a large hole, the size of a bowl, burned Angus’ back.

Angus fell from the horse and there was no more movement.

All three Third-level Light Swordsmen were dead. The bandits who witnessed the death of their three leaders went into chaos. Countless bandits screamed and wailed for retreat.

General Prat seized this opportunity and led the remaining hundreds of knights in the territory to a violent charge. Moments later, at least 500 dead bodies surrounded the castle.

Merlin did not continue to fight. Instead, he helped the injured Old Wilson into the castle and directed the servants to start clearing the corpses outside.

Half an hour later, Prat returned to the territory with numerous knights. He reached the castle and reported to Old Wilson, “Lord Baron, the bandits have been driven off. It’s estimated that they’ll not pose a threat to the territory within a short period of time.”

Old Wilson, whose face was as white as a sheet, struggled to sit up and replied coldly, “Any captives?”

Prat nodded in response. Several knights brought more than a dozen wounded captives into the hall and made them kneel in front of Old Wilson.

Old Wilson narrowed his eyes as he swept his gaze across the dozens of captives. He asked in a deep voice, “Speak only the truth. What conspiracy has the church planned?”

The captives exchanged glances at each other before replying cautiously, “Lord Baron, we’re not part of the church. We’re bandits that loiter on the border between the Kingdom of Blackmoon and the Kingdom of Light. A year ago, our leader was killed by the guardians of the church. Later, we’ve been incorporated into this knight troop. Apart from the two hundred backbone members of the church, the rest of us are actually just bandits. We know nothing about the church’s conspiracy.”

“I heard that the church is going to have a grand operation and will take action on Grand City, Blackwater City, and Rute City.”

The captives looked at Old Wilson with pleading eyes after they had finished speaking.

“Bring them out and kill them all!” Old Wilson’s face turned ghastly pale, his tone as cold as ice. Soon, the dozens of captives were taken out by Prat to be murdered.

“Merlin, we must head back to Blackwater City as soon as possible!” Old Wilson lifted his head, revealing his tired face which was washed over with worry and concern.