

W. Secret 431

Chapter 431: Sky-Piercing Peak

The time which he had used the divinity was far too short. Even if that divinity was wondrous, Merlin did not think that it would increase his Mind Power by much. Based on his understanding, an increase of one time over would be considered decent.

With Merlin's Mind Power currently in the beginning stage of the Sixth-level, an increase of one time over would mean that he was still in the same state. The higher a Spell Caster's level was, the more amount of Mind Power needed for a breakthrough.

However, when Merlin looked at his current Mind Power, he was stupefied and somewhat incredulous. His current Mind Power was not at the beginning stage nor the middle stage but had reached the terrifying peak of the Sixth-level.

That was right, the peak of the Sixth-level, after a transformation that took merely an hour. Such colossal Mind Power was enough to construct numerous Fifth-level spells.

It was the first time Merlin had truly experienced how awesome divinity was. It was not surprising that even the Great Honored Legends were powerless facing gods who possessed divinity, and could only suppress or exile them yet had no way of killing them.

Gods who had divinity were indestructible. The wondrous properties of divinity exceeded the common imagination, and even Legendary Wizards wanted to carry out research on divinity.

"Phew..."

Merlin was extremely excited following which he gradually calmed his turbulent emotions.

"If I could get more divinity, won't that mean I don't have to worry about increasing my Mind Power anymore?"

Some thoughts crossed Merlin's mind. However, he could only imagine how wondrous divinity was. Even Legendary Wizards wanted to study it and ascertain its fundamental properties, to say nothing of ordinary Spell Casters. It was nearly impossible for them to obtain divinity.

Moreover, the gods of the entire continent were mostly banished. There were no more gods, so how would one obtain divinity?

Merlin's idea to get more divinity and use it to increase his Mind Power could only remain nothing more than his musings. It was far too unrealistic. The fact that he was able to come across this strand of divinity in the ancient castle and increase his Mind Power was already an unexpected fortune.

Moreover, he had learned of a few secrets regarding Spell Casters thousands of years ago in a dimension that had no master in addition to the fact that only Great Wizards could leave this continent and set foot in other dimensions. These were all a great harvest.

Nonetheless, Merlin could not linger here any longer, and could not even stay in Subzero Snowfield. He had originally arrived at Subzero Snowfield by accident. If it was not for the threat of Darkness Eye, Merlin would have been willing to stay in Subzero Snowfield for a long time, waiting for the southern Spell Caster world to calm down before returning.

However, with the threat of the fourth form of Darkness Eye, Merlin had no way of continuing his stay in Subzero Snowfield. There was not much left of his Maxim, and he needed to look for a new one.

From the first and second volumes of the Neverending Book, Merlin had learned of the location of the third volume. It was at Sky-Piercing Peak, situated in the southern Spell Caster world. Therefore, if he wanted to acquire the Maxim left behind by the master of the Neverending Book, he would have to go to Sky-Piercing Peak.

Merlin exited the ancient castle, bringing with him the puppet "Number Three". He checked upon the Flame Maxim and the Ice Maxim in his Awareness. Based on the current consumption speed of suppressing the fourth form of Darkness Eye, these two Maxims could last him for at least one more year.

A year's time was far too short for a Spell Caster. Thus, Merlin had no choice but to get a new Maxim. He had set his heart on this matter, and it was an important task that must be fulfilled.

If he obtained the third volume of the Neverending Book yet still did not obtain a Maxim, then Merlin would be in danger. With his current state, he would not be able to suppress the fourth form of Darkness Eye no matter what.

Merlin had been forced into a high-risk situation. Still, back when he was facing Wizard Blackmurk's relentless pursuit, Merlin had no better option other than releasing the seal on the fourth form of Darkness Eye.

"I'll wait for a while and inform Ernie and Watson to hurry here as soon as possible. Following that, we'll return to the south together!"

This time, Merlin's trip to Subzero Snowfield had reaped him plenty of benefits. Not only had his capabilities increase but he also gained two Seventh-level slaves. A Seventh-level Wizard was a mighty force even in the southern Spell Caster world, let alone two of them.

In addition, there was the dark red puppet, Number Three, which Merlin had just gained control of. Its abilities were extraordinary too. To be able to withstand Merlin's Incinerating Fire and Glacier Country, it must possess strength comparable to a Seventh-level Wizard.

In this manner, Merlin's power alone was already comparable to a massive Spell Caster clan with an extensive legacy, one which was most formidable.

Thus, Merlin sent a message to Ernie and Watson through the contract paper. Both of them had been following behind Merlin and Blackmurk, but Merlin and Blackmurk were far too fast and they had been unable to keep up. Now, they were still far behind.

Merlin waited for one day more. Only then, in the distant sky, two figures appeared before landing on the ground. They were Ernie and Watson.

"Master."

"Master."

Ernie and Watson gazed somewhat curiously at Number Three by Merlin's side. It should be known that Number Three, being a puppet, was unusual to begin with, in addition to the eye-catching dark red color of its body. It left a deep impression on people even after just a glance.

“This is a puppet I’ve just obtained. There’s something urgent I need to attend to. I’ve to hurry back to the southern Spell Caster world. Are you both willing to go with me?”

Merlin spoke straightforwardly.

Ernie and Watson exchanged a glance. Ever since they had become Merlin’s slaves, they knew that Merlin was from the south, and would have to return sooner or later. It was just that they did not think it would be this soon.

Although Merlin seemed to be asking them, how could they refuse as slaves? Even if they had to leave Subzero Snowfield which they grew up in, they had no choice in the matter.

“We’re willing to accompany Master.”

Upon hearing their agreement, Merlin nodded. Following that, he delayed no longer. Wind Elements surged around his body and engulfed the three of them, and they flew off quickly into the distance.

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In the late autumn, the dense woods were piled thick with fallen leaves. The withered, yellow leaves spun to the ground as if to herald the arrival of late autumn.

There was even a slight chill in the mountain woods. In this unfrequented area, a magnificent peak soared through the clouds, causing onlookers to click their tongues in amazement.

This was Sky-Piercing Peak, the most famous peak in the south. There seemed to be no way to measure its height for it was rumored to pierce through the clouds. Only those powerful Spell Casters would dare to reach the top of the peak.

At the foot of the mountain, there were blocks of buildings as well as a huge castle. This looked to be a small city with a dense population, and people went in and out constantly.

However, this was not a small city, and there was no such city established in the depths of the mountains. In this mountain forest which was isolated all around, only Spell Casters could possibly set up a bustling town here.

This was the Mill clan who controlled Sky-Piercing Peak!

The Mill clan was considered a sizable force in the southern Spell Caster world. As a Spell Caster clan, they had a long heritage but their resources were still lacking in comparison to other spell casters' organizations. Thus, though they were well-established, they were merely a Spell Caster clan.

However, as they dominated Sky-Piercing Peak, they were relatively well-known in the southern Spell Caster world.

At the moment, the entire southern Spell Caster world had descended into chaos. Nonetheless, this border area was calm and peaceful. As Sky-Piercing Peak was at the northernmost part of the south and was surrounded by dense mountain forests, even the average Spell Casters would rarely come here.

If Sky-Piercing Peak had not been so special, no Spell Caster would ever come here. Thus, though the southern Spell Caster world was in chaos, it was still calm as always around here.

In the quiet mountain forest, birds were chirping. A small woodland critter would occasionally tread by softly, resulting in intermittent rustling sounds.

“Whoosh.”

From thin air, four figures suddenly descended quickly.

These four figures seemed to be led by a black-robed young man who was in the middle. He did not speak, only gazed at that highest peak.

“Master, to think that there’s really such a unique peak in this world. It’s my first time seeing such a high peak!”

Wizard Ernie spoke, moved by the sight.

“Indeed. Such a high peak would be difficult to find in Subzero Snowfield.”

Wizard Watson was just like Ernie. Both of them had only been in Subzero Snowfield since young and had never stepped foot beyond that land. Naturally, they had never gazed upon such a majestic peak like Sky-Piercing Peak.

In fact, it was Merlin’s first time at Sky-Piercing Peak. Although he was astounded deep down, he did not move or speak, and his expression did not shift at all. At all times, he was paying attention to the changes in the first and second volumes of the Neverending Book.

There was a special connection between these volumes of the Neverending Book. Once they were close to each other, some changes would occur. According to the clue provided by the first two volumes of the Neverending Book, the third volume, along with the Maxim left behind by the master of the Neverending Book, should be on Sky-Piercing Peak.

“Master, there’s a Spell Caster clan up ahead.”

Ernie swept across the area with his Mind Power and immediately knew of the situation in Sky-Piercing Peak. If they wanted to enter Sky-Piercing Peak, the Spell Caster clan below the peak would inevitably be alerted by their presence.

“That’s the Mill clan. We’ll go straight up for we don’t have to care about them!”

Merlin spoke coldly. The Mill clan was nothing but a mere Spell Caster clan. The strongest in that clan might perhaps be a Seventh-level Spell Caster but Merlin currently possessed the fourth form of Darkness Eye. He could wipe out even Eighth-level Spell Casters, to say nothing of a Seventh-level Spell Caster.

“Swish.”

With that, Merlin led Ernie and the rest, rapidly flying toward the peak.

Nonetheless, such a huge disturbance, with four figures at that, naturally attracted the attention of the Mill clan. In particular, as Merlin neared the peak, there were flickering runes, indicating that there was an expert in runes among the members of the Mill clan.

“Hum.”

Merlin and the rest came into contact with the runes and were immediately encircled by these runes. Below them, a few figures quickly flew out from the Mill clan, heading toward Merlin and the rest.

Chapter 432: Third Volume of the Neverending Book I

“Who are you? This is a restricted area. You’re not allowed to come near Sky-Piercing Peak. Leave now!”

The few figures in the distance were yet to arrive but their voices had traveled ahead of them. They were Spell Casters from the Mill clan, and their tones were brutish.

At this moment, Merlin and the others had accidentally triggered a Runic Magic Circle, so they were surrounded by it. Although the Runic Magic Circle had been meticulously laid out by the Mill clan, its workmanship was quite shoddy and thus, did not contain a lot of power.

Merlin could not be bothered to use the Runic Heartprint, so he simply used spell power to break it open forcefully.

“Incinerating Fire!”

A wisp of fire flew out from Merlin’s finger and subsequently burned bigger and bigger. In the blink of an eye, a large fire was raging around them. The pale white flames emitted a frighteningly high temperature. Under the intense burning of Incinerating Fire, the Runic Magic Circle glowed dimly and disappeared.

“Whoosh.”

Merlin and the others appeared once again at the base of the mountain. The few figures flying toward them from afar were slightly astonished. Naturally, they were aware of the Runic Magic Circle that surrounded Sky-Piercing Peak. The fact that these few Wizards appeared meant that they had managed to break the Runic Magic Circle.

“Who are you? This is a restricted area belonging to the Mill clan. Outsiders are not allowed to enter without permission!”

From the foot of the mountain, an elderly Wizard flew toward them. He peered at Merlin and the others with a cautious look.

Merlin regarded the Spell Casters from the Mill clan coldly and said, “I need to enter Sky-Piercing Peak!”

Once he finished speaking, Merlin did not spare these Wizards another look, and took off toward Sky-Piercing Peak. Every moment he spent dithering, it would consume more power from the Maxim, so he was not willing to waste his time on the Mill clan.

“Swish.”

Seeing that Merlin and the others had completely ignored them, the Spell Casters from the Mill clan looked slightly enraged. Before they could utter another word, they sensed that the Elemental fluctuations emitted by Wizards Ernie and Watson.

“Seventh-level!”

A trace of shock appeared on the face of the elderly Wizard. These were Seventh-level Spell Casters. The Elemental fluctuations which emitted from both their bodies were characteristic of Seventh-level Spell Casters.

The fact that the two followers were Seventh-level Spell Casters, accompanied by their respectful behavior toward Merlin, the elderly Wizard could not help but feel slightly shocked. The words in his mouth died, and he could only watch wide-eyed at Merlin and the others flying toward Sky-Piercing Peak.

“Sky-Piercing Peak is the foundation of the existence of our clan. They mustn’t be allowed to enter freely! However, they have at least two Seventh-level Spell Casters, so we can only request the Seventh-level Wizards to act.”

The Mill clan was a formidable Spell Caster clan. Although they did not have a Ninth-level Spell Caster like the Dark Magic Region to safeguard the fort, they had a number of Seventh-level Spell Casters!

These Seventh-level Spell Casters were in charge of protecting the status of the entire Mill clan, so unless it was a truly dire situation, they would not be called upon.

However, right now, Merlin and the others were adamant about entering Sky-Piercing Peak. As it was the foundation of the existence of the Mill clan, the secret of Sky-Piercing Peak must not be discovered by others...

Thinking along these lines, the elderly Wizard quickly flew toward the Mill clan at the foot of the mountain.

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In mid-air, Wizard Ernie's Mind Power was constantly surrounding the mountain, so naturally, he noticed the departure of the elderly Wizard.

"Master, the Wizards from the Mill clan has left but I'm afraid they won't give up so easily!"

Wizard Ernie cautioned Merlin carefully.

"Don't mind them!"

Merlin's voice was icy. He was completely unconcerned about the Mill clan. If they tried to stop him, then he would no longer hold back. He was starting to like bloodshed.

He knew that this was due to the subtle influence of Darkness Eye but he was unable to control it.

"Oh? There's a change?"

Merlin paid close attention to the two volumes of the Neverending Book in his hands. When he was at the foot of the mountain, there was no change to the Neverending Book. However now, at mid-level, the two volumes of the Neverending Book were emitting a soft glow. This confirmed that Sky-Piercing Peak contained the third volume of the Neverending Book.

Since there was now a clue, Merlin did not hesitate and sped up toward the peak of the mountain. Nevertheless, this mountain was called the Sky-Piercing Peak for a reason. Despite Merlin flying into the clouds at an incredible speed, he was yet to reach the peak.

“Hoo...”

At last, a few silhouettes landed on the peak of the mountain, which were none other than Merlin and the others. Due to the incredible height of Sky-Piercing Peak which was way above the clouds, there was a strong, cold air that blew in their faces like a sharp knife, causing pangs of pain on their faces.

Fortunately, all of them had Defensive spells, and Merlin’s physique had been primed to an impressive level, so none of them were bothered by the terrible conditions at the peak.

Merlin assessed the surroundings of the peak with his gaze. The ground was littered with dents and dips like it had experienced a big battle.

However, in one corner of the peak, there was still a patch of even ground. The area was shrouded with Runic Magic Circles, obviously placed there by the Mill clan.

The entire Sky-Piercing Peak had been occupied by the Mill clan for many years, so they must have discovered something unique about it. Merlin was thus worried that the third volume of the Neverending Book, and the Maxim left behind by the mysterious Wizard in Sky-Piercing Peak had been discovered.

When Merlin approached the Runic Magic Circles, the two volumes of the Neverending Book in his hands glowed even brighter than before. It was clear that the third volume of the Neverending Book probably lay inside the Runic Magic Circles. Otherwise, these two volumes would not display such a reaction.

These Runic Magic Circles were much more complicated than the ones at the foot of the mountain. Therefore, Merlin had no choice but to rely upon the power of the Runic Heartprint. In between his brows, the Runic Heartprint loomed faintly as it began to examine the Runic Magic Circles.

“Hum.”

Once the Runic Heartprint was activated, under the veil of its power, the structures of the Runic Magic Circles were all revealed before Merlin, so he could easily break through the Runic Magic Circles.

As Merlin was preparing to break through the Runic Magic Circles, a few enormous Mind Powers suddenly appeared and swiftly locked onto Merlin and the others.

“Oh?”

Merlin turned urgently and cast his gaze toward the sky in a distance.

Wizard Ernie and Wizard Watson were both sporting an ugly look because it was their responsibility to be the lookout. However, now, the opponents’ Mind Powers were sweeping the peak of the mountain with an air of superiority. It was obvious that the opponents’ Mind Powers, and perhaps their abilities, were more powerful than Ernie and Watson.

“Master, someone is coming!”

Wizards Ernie and Watson immediately became alert. The Spell Casters who were coming were not simple. There were three of them, and all three were Seventh-level Spell Casters. They were obviously the strongest forces in the Mill clan.

“Swish swish swish.”

Soon, three figures descended at the peak of the mountain. Dressed in purple robes, these Spell Casters held a piercing look in their eyes. The strong elemental fluctuations on their bodies clearly did not hide their statuses as powerful Seventh-level Spell Casters!

“Sky-Piercing Peak is a restricted area belonging to the Mill clan. We hope these Wizards can leave, else you’ll have to bear the consequences!”

The leading Wizard took a good look at Merlin, Ernie, and the others, and a cautious look appeared in his gaze, so his tone was very polite.

“Bear the consequences?”

Wizard Ernie sneered and took a step forward. “There’s something my Master needs at Sky-Piercing Peak!”

“Master?”

The three Seventh-level Wizards from the Mill clan were slightly taken aback. The fact that a Seventh-level Wizard referred Merlin as “Master” showed that he was the one to be feared the most.

Therefore, the three of them shifted their gazes onto Merlin.

Merlin frowned. The third volume of the Neverending Book had been located, so he could no longer be bothered with this nonsense from the Mill clan. A violent emotion began to bubble inside his heart.

“Glacier Country, suppress!”

“Boom!”

Once Merlin’s command fell from his lips, the surrounding air in the atmosphere froze, and a layer of translucent light ray enveloped these Spell Casters.

“Crack.”

Even the ground began to freeze. The expressions on the Seventh-level Spell Casters from the Mill clan shifted quickly when they felt their bodies turning stiff.

Glacier Country was a special Pandora Demon Ability invented by the Legend of Ice. Although it had not been useful against Wizard Blackmurk’s Alchemy Creature, it was simply because the Alchemy Creature was too strong. Using it against these three Seventh-level Spell Casters from the Mill clan, on the other hand, was an easy task.

These three Seventh-level Wizards did not possess any Pandora Demon Ability, so they were considered the weakest of all Seventh-level Wizards. The Wizard robes on their bodies as well as their spells were all useless against the suppressing powers of Glacier Country.

“Fire!”

Merlin slapped his hand down mercilessly, and endless flames burst to life in an instant, which turned Glacier Country into a sea of flames.

With the suppression and binding power of Glacier Country in addition to Incinerating Fire, this ruthless combination would be hard-pressed to counter even for a Seventh-level Wizard with Fusion Pandora Demon Ability, let alone the weakest Seventh-level Wizards.

Therefore, the three Seventh-level Wizard who had braved the forefront did not even get a chance to act before they were turned into ashes among the flames.

“Ernie, Watson, Number Three, all of you wait here. Anyone who comes to the peak, kill them!”

Merlin withdrew his Incinerating Fire, and Glacier Country also slowly disappeared. However, Ernie and Watson were both still staring wide-eyed, feeling shaken to their cores.

Those three from the the Mill clan were Seventh-level Wizards. Though they were weak and did not have Pandora Demon Abilities, they were still Seventh-level Wizards!

These powerful Seventh-level Wizards were killed by Merlin with just a wave of his hand and were not even able to put up the slightest trace of resistance. Merlin’s tactics once again made Ernie and Watson feel overwhelmed.

“Yes, Master!”

Despite their hearts being shaken to the core, Ernie and Watson did not dare to neglect or disobey Merlin’s orders.

“Fuh...”

Merlin exhaled lengthily. Without the harassment from the Mill clan, a burden was lifted, so he could now search for the third volume of the Neverending Book at Sky-Piercing Peak.

Hence, Merlin quickly turned around, and squinted his eyes at the complicated Runic Magic Circles on the peak.

Chapter 433: Third Volume of the Neverending Book II

The Runic Heartprint loomed between Merlin's brows, and then out flew several mysterious runes, quickly forming a complex Runic Magic Circle which pressed down on the Runic Magic Circles in a distance.

"Crack".

With the help of the Runic Heartprint, the complicated Runic Magic Circles were broken in an instant, revealing a deep valley.

There was a cavernous hole inside the deep valley. Based on Merlin's observation, he discovered that the hole seemed to have been excavated in a deliberate manner. It must have been accidentally discovered by the Mill clan.

The hole must contain certain secrets. Otherwise, the Mill clan would not hide it warily with the Runic Magic Circles.

"Swish".

Merlin did not hesitate and stepped inside.

The passage was very dark, and a little damp, so Merlin extended a finger. A small, pale-white flame flickered to life at the tip of his finger, lighting up the entire passageway.

The further Merlin walked inside the hole, the stronger the vibration of the two volumes of the Neverending Book in his hands. There was no doubt that the third volume of the Neverending Book laid in the depths of this passage.

Therefore, Merlin was even more cautious than before. If the Neverending Book was inside the passage, then why did the Mill clan not take it?

If it truly was the third volume of the Neverending Book, it would contain vast amounts of Pandora Demon Abilities, so how come the three Seventh-level Spell Casters from the Mill clan earlier did not cultivate any Pandora Demon Ability?

Everything seemed to be shrouded in mystery.

As Merlin ventured deeper inside, a glimmer of light finally appeared at the end. It was the kind of glow from candlelight, and Merlin wondered if there was a member of the Mill clan waiting inside?

Merlin's Mind Power kept a close look out on his surroundings. At the end of the passage, he came to an underground chamber. On its walls, lit candles illuminated the entire room but there was not a single Spell Caster in sight.

The chamber also contained traces of activities of Spell Casters. It appeared that the Mill clan often sent their Wizards to check on this place. So, what was the secret that warranted so much effort from the Mill clan?

There was only one entrance to the chamber which was a gigantic stone door. The opening mechanism was simple as it was situated right next to the door itself. When Merlin opened the stone door, he saw an amazing sight.

A chilling wave of destructive aura filled the room in an instant. Even Merlin felt suffocated at this moment and dared not take another step forward.

In front of him was a huge Runic Magic Circle like a clear glass crystal. There was a power that was as thick as a pillar inside, at the same time, exuding an overwhelmingly vicious aura.

"Maxim! It's the terrifying Thunder Maxim!"

Merlin was undoubtedly familiar with this Maxim. This familiar aura was the Maxim he had been dreaming of, the treasure that he had been searching for in Sky-Piercing Peak. Furthermore, judging from the fluctuation of its aura, it was obvious that it was a Thunder Maxim.

Up till now, Merlin already possessed the Flame Maxim and the Ice Maxim. Whereas Sky-Piercing Peak was hiding the Thunder Maxim. Due to the destructive nature of the Thunder Maxim, it would be difficult for an average Spell Caster to approach the Maxim, not to mention obtain it.

Moreover, the Runic Magic Circle which was encasing the Thunder Maxim was incomparably complicated and contained a fearsome power. Once the Runic Magic Circle was touched even slightly, it would unleash a destructive attack.

At this moment, Merlin finally understood why the Mill clan spent so much effort protecting Sky-Piercing Peak and why they would send people to check on the chamber.

They had already found the hidden Maxim in Sky-Piercing Peak!

This Thunder Maxim was probably the Maxim left behind by the mysterious owner of the Neverending Book. The third volume of the Neverending Book was just lying next to the Thunder Maxim. It was not that the Mill clan did not want the third volume of the Neverending Book but they were simply unable to obtain it.

Not only were they unable to get close to the Thunder Maxim but they also feared the attack from the Runic Magic Circle. Thus, they deliberately built such a chamber to guard this Thunder Maxim while they figured out a way to get close to the Thunder Maxim or the third volume of the Neverending Book.

Unfortunately, a Maxim left behind by a Great Legend coupled with a personally-arranged Runic Magic Circle was certainly no easy feat that could be cracked by those three weakest-tier Seventh-level Spell Casters from the Mill clan. Even a spell casters' organization with Ninth-level Spell Casters might not be able to crack open this Runic Magic Circle.

For one, this Runic Magic Circle was not ordinary. It was not a mere defensive Runic Magic Circle but a defensive plus attacking Runic Magic Circle. Once it was triggered, the person would immediately be attacked by the Runic Magic Circle at full force.

Considering that it was a Runic Magic Circle that had been personally arranged by a Legendary Wizard, if it attacked at full force, who on earth would be able to withstand the attack?

Therefore, the Mill clan had discovered the Thunder Maxim and the third volume of the Neverending Book for naught because they were helpless against it. They could only see it in front of their eyes but were unable to obtain it.

This was the regret of a weak Spell Caster! They found a treasure chest but could not open it.

“Hum”.

Merlin took a deep breath and activated the Runic Heartprint. The glowing Runic Heartprint clearly displayed before Merlin, every structure of the Runic Magic Circle that had been personally arranged by the Legendary Wizard.

However, after carefully studying the structure of the Runic Magic Circle, it was Merlin's turn to sigh deeply. This Runic Magic Circle was indeed too complicated to solve.

It was the most complicated Runic Magic Circle that Merlin had ever seen, excluding the combination of the Runic Magic Circles that covered the entire Dark Magic Region. Back in the day, the Runic Magic Circles in the Dark Magic Region had been put together by the Great Wizard Fidel with great effort.

The Great Wizard Fidel's understanding of runology was almost at its peak or else he would not be able to conceive such an astonishing and priceless Runic Heartprint.

With the help of the Runic Heartprint, Merlin was able to progress from being illiterate in runology to being able to set-up and tear down some complicated Runic Magic Circles. These accomplishments were made possible with the power of the Runic Heartprint.

The same was true for this Runic Magic Circle before him. It was extremely complicated but it was not entirely impossible to crack. It would only take a very long time.

With the Runic Heartprint, Merlin did not believe that there was any Runic Magic Circle that could not be cracked. Nevertheless, Merlin also had another worry. If he somehow managed to break through the Runic Magic Circle and the Thunder Maxim came bursting out, how would he be able to withstand such terrifying power?

The last time, Merlin was only able to suppress the Ice Maxim by relying on spell derivation by the Matrix. He used the Matrix to rapidly consume the Ice Maxim, and with the help of the Flame Maxim, eventually managed to suppress it.

Right now, on the other hand, Merlin needed the power of the Maxim to suppress Darkness Eye. Since keeping Darkness Eye constantly suppressed required the powers of the Maxims, Merlin needed a large number of Maxims.

The Thunder Maxim was very large, so Merlin did not want to simply exhaust it. Otherwise, he would no longer be able to suppress the fourth form of the Darkness Eye.

“Swoosh”.

Merlin took out the first and second volume of the Neverending Book. At this moment, the two volumes were changing rapidly and seemed eager to fly out from Merlin’s hand.

Merlin considered for a moment and decided to allow nature to take its course. He wanted to see what would happen when the three volumes were combined.

“Whoosh whoosh.”

Merlin did not suppress the two volumes of the Neverending Book any longer and allowed them to fly out.

In a flash, the two volumes of the Neverending Book flew toward the Runic Magic Circle but hovered outside like they were being obstructed by the Runic Magic Circle. At the same time, inside the Runic Magic Circle, the third volume of the Neverending Book which was lying next to the Thunder Maxim also appeared to have sensed the presence of the other two volumes. It began to glow brightly and flew toward the two volumes of the Neverending Book.

The third volume of the Neverending Book was vastly different from the first two volumes. It exuded a mysterious and powerful aura, just like a powerful Spell Caster.

Surprisingly, the Runic Magic Circle did not block the third volume of the Neverending Book from passing through, so it penetrated the barrier of the Runic Magic Circle and rapidly intertwined with the other two volumes.

There was dazzling light mid-air in the chamber. The three volumes of the Neverending Book were slowly combining. As mentioned in the Neverending Book, only the combination of all three volumes would reveal the Maxim.

Therefore, once these three volumes were combined, there should be a close linkage to the Thunder Maxim. Merlin was slightly excited to see what happened next.

Seconds turned minutes, and time continued to pass. After more than an hour, the dazzling light on the three volumes of the Neverending Book had finally subsided. In the air, a new Neverending Book had appeared.

However, this new Neverending Book had completely changed form. For starters, there was only one volume left, and it glowed radiantly with a golden shimmer. Mysterious runes loomed faintly on top of it.

“Hum hum hum”.

The runes on the Neverending Book and the extremely complicated Runic Magic Circle intertwined with one another, and thereafter, the complicated Runic Magic Circle unexpectedly began to gradually disappear.

This caught Merlin by surprise. Apparently once the three volumes of the Neverending Book were combined, it served such purpose. It seemed that he would not need to activate the Runic Heartprint and painstakingly dismantle this complicated Runic Magic Circle after all.

Following the collapse of the Runic Magic Circle, the terrifying aura of the Thunder Maxim started to ricochet uncontrollably around the chamber. Even Merlin felt like he was caught in a tidal wave, seemingly small and helpless.

Merlin tried his best to hold on, and with through strong gritted teeth, he caught the Neverending Book in mid-air. The moment the Neverending Book came into contact with his hand, Merlin felt the terrifying aura of the Thunder Maxim being absorbed by the Neverending Book. Suddenly, Merlin was completely unaffected by the surge of the Maxim.

Moreover, the Neverending Book faintly emitted a strange power that seemed to be linked with the Thunder Maxim, allowing him to get closer to the Thunder Maxim with ease.

“Holding the three volumes of the Neverending Book allows you to absorb the Thunder Maxim!”

On the cover of the Neverending Book, small golden letters began to flash into view. They were all written in the ancient Molta language so it was probably left behind by the mysterious Legendary Wizard.

“The Neverending Book! I see, in order to absorb the Maxim, I’ve to rely on the Neverending Book!”

Merlin’s eyes shined brightly. Now he knew the true importance of these three volumes of the Neverending Book. Otherwise, even if he had found the Thunder Maxim by himself, he would be in the same quandary as the Mill clan, completely helpless against the Thunder Maxim and the Runic Magic Circle.

This Thunder Maxim was different than the Ice Maxim where it was meant to be passed down and absorbed by another Wizard. As long as the Wizard held the three volumes of the Neverending Book, the Thunder Maxim could be easily absorbed.

Merlin took a deep breath and reined in his excitable emotions. He held the golden Neverending Book tightly in his grip and began to edge closer to the Thunder Maxim with the destructive aura.

Chapter 434: The Thunder Maxim

Thunder was a violent element by nature. Although both Thunder-type spells and Fire-type spells were Offensive spells, there was a vast difference between the two.

Fire-type Offensive spells were mostly longer-lasting or used high temperatures to burn their opponents. These spells could be sustained for extended periods but their explosive powers were weaker by comparison.

On the other hand, Thunder-type spells were distinctive in their instantaneous explosive powers. Their biggest advantage was that they were extremely violent, and could detonate an explosion of unparalleled power in an instant.

The same was true of the Thunder Maxim. A violent, destructive aura filled the surrounding atmosphere. Despite Merlin’s wide repertoire of tactics, if even the slightest trace of the power of the Thunder Maxim had leaked out, he would not be able to withstand the terrifying power of the Thunder Maxim.

However, Merlin was now holding the Neverending Book with all three volumes combined, which acted as a key to absorb and fuse together with the Thunder Maxim. Only with the three volumes of the Neverending Book in hand that it was possible to get close to the Thunder Maxim without harm.

Merlin's figure quickly moved toward the Thunder Maxim. The violent aura continued to swirl around the chamber. However, with the protection of the Neverending Book, he was safe.

Although Merlin was not harmed by the Thunder Maxim, the closer he got toward the violent Thunder Maxim, a terrifying amount of pressure began to exert on the Thunder-type Spell Models in his body. It felt as if these Spell Models would collapse if he got any closer to the Thunder Maxim.

Fortunately for Merlin, all his Spell Models had been carefully constructed by the Matrix, especially his Fourth-level spells, which were completely derived using the Matrix. Their compatibilities were as high as a hundred percent. Thus, the Spell Models were extremely stable and able to withstand such great pressure.

Perhaps, this was also one of the tests of the Great Legend. If someone was unable to bear the force of the Thunder Maxim and as a result his Spell Models collapsed, how then would such a Wizard be worthy of inheriting the Thunder Maxim?

"Whoosh".

Merlin fiercely bit his lip and despite the huge pressure on his body, increased his pace. Quickly, he came before the Thunder Maxim. With an outstretched hand, he grabbed the Thunder Maxim in his hand.

"Boom!"

The Thunder Maxim exploded with a burst of violent power. Merlin felt like he was completely submerged in water, unable to put up even a trace of resistance as the Thunder Maxim pierced into his body.

However, the Thunder Maxim was unlike the Ice Maxim. For one, the Thunder Maxim was massive. Its size was even bigger than both the original Flame Maxim and the Ice Maxim put together.

Despite such a massive Thunder Maxim entering Merlin's Awareness, it stayed genially inside his Awareness. Of course, the reason for its geniality was because Merlin possessed the three volumes of the Neverending Book, thus fulfilling the preconditions set by the Great Legend who had left behind the Thunder Maxim. As a result, Merlin was able to obtain the Thunder Maxim smoothly.

The fact that he was able to obtain the Thunder Maxim so easily stumped even Merlin himself. In an instant, the terrifying and suffocating aura in the chamber subsided.

At a glance, it might have seemed easy for Merlin to obtain the Maxim. However, the truth was, obtaining the Thunder Maxim required the combination of three volumes of the Neverending Book, and possessing any individual volume would reveal nothing but false leads.

Thus, even after so many years, the only Wizard who had managed to compile all three volumes was Merlin. Furthermore, it was partly attributed to chance that he had managed to compile the three volumes. Therefore, although it appeared simple for Merlin to obtain the Thunder Maxim, it required a perfect alignment of a series of circumstances to be able to smoothly obtain it.

The Thunder Maxim sat quietly in Merlin's Awareness. Although it had been deliberately left behind by the mysterious Legendary Wizard to be inherited by another Spell Caster, due to the unique nature of Maxims, its power would not be able to be used by anyone besides a Legend.

Nevertheless, this Thunder Maxim also contained a message. Inside the Thunder Maxim was a message from Wizard Saitu, the mysterious Legend who left behind the three volumes of the Neverending Book.

Wizard Saitu was a powerful Wizard who had achieved Legendary status through this Thunder Maxim. The purpose of him leaving behind this Maxim was attributed to his own impulsive behavior. If anyone managed to obtain this Thunder Maxim, the person would be able to go to a specific dimension to search for Wizard Saitu. Then, upon passing Wizard Saitu's test, the person would become Wizard Saitu's student.

Merlin slowly opened his eyes. He had received all the information contained in the Thunder Maxim. He did not expect that this Wizard Saitu occupied a dimension.

During the Spell Casters' most glorious era, Legendary Wizards exiled the gods and began to step into other dimensions. One after another, the dimensions were occupied by Spell Casters. With the accumulation of large amounts of resources, countless powerful Wizards were able to be molded.

Therefore, some of the powerful Legendary Wizards occupied one or more dimensions. Wizard Saitu was obviously a powerful Wizard who occupied his own dimension.

However, many years had passed since then, and even the Molta Empire had collapsed and became nothing but a drop in the endless flowing river of history. There were no longer any Legendary Wizards left in the Glorious Land. In addition, it was unknown whether this Wizard Saitu was still alive.

Merlin took a deep breath and said slowly, “This discovery about the dimension is still far from my reach. The most important problem to solve is this ticking time-bomb, the fourth form of the Darkness Eye. It’s most unfortunate that despite obtaining this Thunder Maxim, I can only temporarily delay but not eradicate the backlash from the fourth form of Darkness Eye!

In order to control the fourth form of Darkness Eye, Merlin would have to wait until he leveled-up to a Seventh-level Wizard where his Mind Power had undergone a transformation and had constructed a Seventh-level Darkness-type spell. Only then, would he be able to subdue the fourth form of Darkness Eye.

Before that, even with the power of the Maxim, all the Maxim could do was suppress the fourth form of Darkness Eye. Additionally, to keep it constantly suppressed would require steady consumption of the Maxim. If the fourth form of Darkness Eye was wielded, then it would consume even more of the Maxim to suppress its backlash.

Therefore, upon obtaining the Thunder Maxim, the first thought that came to Merlin’s mind was not to derive new Fifth-level spells but to check how long would it be able to suppress the fourth form of Darkness Eye.

According to Merlin’s analysis which was based on the current consumption rate of existing Maxims used to suppress Darkness Eye, as long as he did not wield the fourth form of Darkness Eye frequently, the Thunder Maxim would be able to suppress Darkness Eye for another few decades.

The time period of a few decades was probably nothing more than a snap of a finger to most average Spell Casters but in Merlin’s eyes, it was a relatively long time.

This was because from the time Merlin first came into contact with spells up to his present level, his growth had taken less than a decade. Thus, a few decades were enough for Merlin to make earth-shattering changes.

“Fuh...”

Merlin exhaled deeply. With the Thunder Maxim, he could temporarily stop worrying about the backlash of Darkness Eye. Based on the current growth pace of Merlin's Mind Power, a few decades would be enough for him to become a Seventh-level Spell Caster.

However, the only remaining concern was how to derive new spells. Regardless of Fifth-, Sixth- or Seventh-level spells, they all required large amounts of Maxim to be derived.

As a result of the divinity, Merlin's Mind Power had achieved the peak of Sixth-level, so he was able to construct a number of Fifth-level spells. Due to the scarcity of Maxim, however, he was considering whether he should first use some of the power from the Thunder Maxim to derive some spells and become a Fifth-level Spell Caster as soon as possible.

However, with much consideration, Merlin temporarily set aside the idea to use the Thunder Maxim to derive Fifth-level spells. After all, the Thunder Maxim had been difficult to obtain, and thus, he should not simply exhaust it.

Perhaps, this was also the final Maxim that Merlin would be able to find. Hence, it was most important to use it to suppress Darkness Eye.

As for the derivation of new Fifth-level spells, Merlin could take a closer look at the Matrix in the future, whether it could only derive new spell using Maxims.

If it was possible to leverage on other kinds of powers to derive new spells, then Merlin would no longer have to worry about the scarcity of Maxim. Regardless, all of these will require more time to ponder.

"Swish".

Merlin left the chamber and flew out of the passage.

"Master!"

Wizards Ernie and Watson quickly flew before Merlin while Puppet Number Three walked mechanically to Merlin's side.

"Did anyone come here?"

Merlin asked slowly.

“Master, the Mill clan seems to revere your power, so they did not dare send anyone else here.” Wizard Ernie reported with a tinge of pride. Earlier on, Merlin had casually slain three Seventh-level Wizards who were even more powerful than Ernie and Watson. While this shocked Wizard Ernie to no end, he was also somewhat thankful.

As long as they tried their best to follow after Merlin and gave their best, even as slaves, they would definitely reap some benefits from him. Merlin was already so powerful right now and would likely become even more powerful in the future. So, following a powerful Wizard would not humiliate their statuses as Seventh-level Wizards.

The principles of Spell Casters in Subzero Snowfield differed greatly from those who had matured in peaceful environments. In Subzero Snowfield, they abided by “the survival of the fittest” rule, so following after a powerful Wizard was not considered shameful in the least.

A strange glimmer flashed in Merlin’s eyes, and a smile appeared on his lips. “No one came? Even though the Mill clan did not come, I have some questions to ask them!”

Upon finishing his words, Merlin’s figure rose into the sky and flew toward the foot of the mountain. Ernie and the others exchanged a look with one another and quickly followed behind him, flying toward the Mill clan at the foot of the mountain.

Chapter 435: The Mill Clan

Soaring above the lush green forest were three Spell Caster in long white robes, flying slowly toward one of the distant peaks. One of them was a purple-haired female Wizard, and upon seeing the peak that towered into the clouds, she laughed. “Wizard Seashell, in front of us now is Sky-Piercing Peak. There’s a Spell Caster clan called the Mill clan in Sky-Piercing Peak. They have a long history as well as a powerful heritage. The clan has three Seventh-level Spell Casters whose abilities aren’t too bad!”

“Not too bad?”

Next to her, a strange and rough-looking man with a few large golden earrings in his ear sneered. “No matter how powerful the Mill clan is, could they be more powerful than the Sina clan that we’ve just slaughtered ten days ago?”

This Sina clan was not a simple clan as they had produced an Eighth-level Spell Caster!

An Eighth-level Spell Caster may seem insignificant to spell casters’ organizations but for a Spell Caster clan to produce an Eighth-level Spell Caster was an earth-shattering event.

Many powerful Spell Caster clans had never produced any Eighth-level Spell Casters. Since the emergence of the Eighth-level Wizard, the Sina clan quickly became one of the top Spell Caster clans in the southern Spell Caster world.

Even so, this powerful Spell Caster clan which produced an Eighth-level Spell Caster was reduced to ashes by the hands of these three Spell Casters. The entire clan was wiped out overnight.

Particularly, it was the leader among the three – Wizard Seashell – who had personally delivered the killing blow on the Eighth-level Wizard from the Sina clan. Right now, these three had flown all the way to Sky-Piercing Peak, and their target was the Mill clan at the foot of Sky-Piercing Peak.

...

In the great conference hall of the Mill clan, there were several Spell Casters. Most of them were Sixth-level Wizards with strong elemental fluctuations all over their bodies.

Despite a large number of powerful Spell Casters gathered together, there was no movement. The atmosphere felt unusually dull, and many Spell Casters held a somber expression like a great calamity had befallen.

“Clap”.

Suddenly, an aged Wizard at the front of the great hall clapped his hand and said in a deep voice, “Everyone, the Mill clan is now facing the most precarious situation we’ve ever met. A few days ago, three Wizards from Ozmu, led by an Eighth-level Wizard named Seashell, began to select some Spell Caster clans to be slaughtered, and even the powerful Sina clan was completely eradicated. We’ve received news that these three, including Seashell, are heading toward Sky-Piercing Peak. There’s a possibility that the Mill clan will be their next target.”

This news was obviously already known to the Spell Casters sitting in the great hall but they were helpless against it. Everyone felt a great danger descending upon them.

The Sina clan was a powerful Spell Caster clan that had produced an Eighth-level Spell Caster. It considered one of the top Spell Caster clans in the southern Spell Caster world.

However, even such a powerful clan had been easily wiped out. The Mill clan might be powerful but they would not be able to resist Wizard Seashell and the others.

All the Spell Casters in Ozmu were prodigies in their own right, so anyone below or at the same level as they were rarely a worthy opponent. In this case, the Eighth-level Wizard Seashell was equivalent to a few extraordinary Eight-level Spell Casters combined.

“Clan leader, where are the three elders? Though this place is the foundation of the Mill clan, with the current situation, we better not dig our heels and instead move away as a clan! Worse comes to worst, we’ll just leave the southern Spell Caster world altogether.”

“That’s right, the southern Spell Caster world is completely mired in chaos right now. The Three Major Spell Caster organizations wanted to defeat Ozmu, and if they had succeeded, it would’ve been fine but they lost the battle and even a Great Wizard. Hmph, now all of them have retreated like a bunch of cowards to their respective organizations. They may have various trump cards that are enough to fend-off Ozmu’s attacks, but ironically, it is us, the small Spell Caster clans and small spell casters’ organizations that are being thrown under the bus instead. Ozmu’s revenge would be undoubtedly terrifying. How would we be able to resist them?”

“Ozmu is made up of a bunch of lunatics. They were unable to defeat the Three Major Spell Caster organizations, so they swore a blood purification of the entire southern Spell Caster world to eradicate the roots of the Three Major Spell Caster organizations! Facing this bunch of lunatics, there’s nothing the Mill clan can do. Let’s move away as soon as possible.”

“Move, move, the Mill clan cannot lose its heritage. No matter the price, we need to move away from here.”

The atmosphere in the great hall livened up in an instant. Most of the Spell Casters agreed to leave together as a clan.

It was a very difficult decision to make. The Mill clan had established themselves in Sky-Piercing Peak for a very long time, at least a few hundred years, and was deeply rooted in this place. Once they left this place, it would be akin to losing their roots. It was also uncertain whether the Mill clan would be able to achieve such a glorious status again in the future.

Nevertheless, facing the life and death of the clan, moving the clan away seemed to be the only option.

The Mill clan leader raised his head and swept a glance throughout the great hall. He nodded. “The three Seventh-level Spell Casters also toyed with the idea of moving, but due to the gravity of the implications, they were unable to make a decision. Earlier, one of the clan members reported that a few suspicious Spell Casters were trying to enter Sky-Piercing Peak, so the three Seventh-level Wizards went ahead to assess the situation. Let’s wait a while for the three Seventh-level Wizards to come back before deciding!”

Upon the clan leader’s mention of the three Seventh-level Spell Casters, many Wizards in the great hall felt their hearts raced slightly. The news about the three Seventh-level Spell Casters checking up on the suspicious intruders to Sky-Piercing Peak, however, were not considered sensational in their opinion.

After all, the secret in Sky-Piercing Peak was well-known by all the Wizards here. It was the biggest secret among the Mill clan as well as the reason they had decided to guard the surroundings of Sky-Piercing Peak in the first place.

“Who are these mysterious Spell Casters? Did Ozmu arrive already?”

Some Wizards began to worry because until now, the three Seventh-level Wizards had not returned.

“That’s impossible. Ozmu only dispatched three Wizards, and the daring intruders trying to enter Sky-Piercing Peak was a group of four. Let’s wait a little longer, the three Wizards should be done soon.”

Regarding the abilities of the three Seventh-level Wizards, the Spell Casters in the Mill clan were extremely confident. The fact that all three of them had departed together was a formidable force that would be able to solve most troubles.

This time, however, they were about to be disappointed. Just as the clan leader finished speaking, a cold voice reverberated from outside the great hall.

“I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed. Those three old farts will never come back again...”

“Who’s that?”

Most of the Spell Casters in the great hall were taken by surprise and stood up in a flurry. Countless Mind Powers began to check their surroundings but it was not necessary as soon enough, four figures flew into the great hall.

Leading the way was a young Spell Caster cloaked in a long black Wizard robe. The aura fluctuation on his body was not very strong but the elemental fluctuations emitted by the two Spell Casters beside him was extremely terrifying as they belonged to Seventh-level Spell Casters.

“Seventh-level Wizards?”

“Who are you?”

“Are these the people from Ozmu?”

The Spell Casters in the Mill clan immediately began to clamor, their gazes locked on the four Wizards who had appeared out of nowhere. They were stunned beyond belief. The news was too shocking. The three most powerful Wizards of the Mill clan, the only three Seventh-level Spell Casters, were dead!

For a moment, everyone suspected that Wizard Seashell from Ozmu had arrived.

“Clan leader, they are the ones who tried to enter Sky-Piercing Peak!”

A Fourth-level Spell Caster reported in a trembling voice.

“What actually happened to the three Wizards?”

The leader of the Mill clan, despite harboring a bad premonition, still could not believe it. How could three Seventh-level Wizards who went to deal with “a tiny little problem” died just like that?

“Swish.”

A dark red figure dashed forward and slammed into the midway-speaking Mill clan leader. Then, in an instant, this dark figure turned into a stone giant. Regardless of however many spells were released by its opponents, the stone giant was completely unaffected. It simply shook them off.

This dark red figure was Puppet Number Three which was controlled by Merlin, and this group of Wizards was none other than Merlin accompanied by Ernie and the others.

“Bang!”

Puppet Number Three smashed the Mill clan leader’s defensive spell with a single punch. Then, with a sweep, it grabbed and dragged him before Merlin.

“Clan leader!”

For a moment, numerous Spell Casters in the great hall began to react aggressively. They were ready to attack without regard but Wizards Ernie and Watson immediately wielded strong powerful spells in response. In an instant, the entire great hall plunged into an icy cold atmosphere, and two terrifying bursts of pressure filled the great hall.

The Wizards who were initially reckless and eager to attack gradually stopped their desperate actions.

Even if all the Spell Casters in the great hall had combined together, they would not be able to defeat both Ernie and Watson, two Seventh-level Spell Casters. Although the difference between the Sixth- and Seventh-level was only one level, the gap between their abilities was like heaven and earth. There were fundamental differences between the two.

Merlin, who was securely protected between both Ernie and Watson, turned his gaze toward the ashen-faced Mill clan leader.

“Earlier, you mentioned that the Three Major Spell Caster Organizations lost. What happened?”

Merlin asked in a calm voice.

“You’re not from Ozmu?”

The Mill clan leader was stumped. The power demonstrated by these Wizards were formidable but they did not appear to be from Ozmu.

“Answer my question!”

Merlin stared at him unblinkingly and the tone of his voice turned icier. A tinge of murderous intent began to radiate off his body, which secretly frightened both Ernie and Watson. They realized that Merlin’s murderous intent seemed to be getting stronger recently.

In fact, this situation was not only realized by Ernie and Watson but was also vaguely felt by Merlin himself. He noticed that he was becoming more and more “vicious”, and that murderous intents bubbled up easily in his heart. These were all the unseen influence brought about by Darkness Eye, and for Merlin, it was not a good thing.

Right now, however, he had no way to solve the influence of Darkness Eye.

Chapter 436: Complicated Battle Lines

Sensing the murderous intent rolling off from Merlin, the Mill clan leader took one glance at Merlin and understood his current predicament, so he sighed and began describing the current situation of the entire southern Spell Caster world.

“Initially, under the leadership of the Three Major Spell Caster organizations, the southern Spell Caster world launched a mission to destroy Ozmu! Ozmu’s old nest was discovered by the Three Major Spell Caster Organizations, so they united the powers of almost the entire southern Spell Caster world as well as six Great Wizards, countless Ninth-level Wizards, and numerous rune-proficient Wizards. Their force was so incredible that it might have been even mightier than the vicious war with the Kingdom of Light!

“However, the southern Spell Caster world lost badly! Ozmu managed to join forces with a few large spell casters’ organizations from the northern Spell Caster world. The northern Spell Caster world dispatched a few Great Wizards and they laid in wait for the attack. There was an ambush, and following a most excruciating battle, Shadow Thorn, Blacksand Fort, and Miracle City all lost a

Great Wizard. The southern Spell Caster world came back with massive losses. Since then, the Three Major Spell Casters Organizations have retreated to their respective organizations to lick their wounds, relying on their own trump cards to fend off Ozmu.

“Hmph. Those Three Major Spell Caster organizations can be a bunch of cowardly mice, and Ozmu will not be able to touch them but what can we do? Ozmu is made up of a bunch of lunatics, so they began to send their Wizards everywhere to slaughter and destroy Spell Caster clans and organizations. Those lunatics simply wreak destruction without purpose!”

Upon mention of Ozmu’s behavior, a trace of hatred appeared on the clan leader’s face. In fact, Ozmu’s behavior would make any Spell Caster indignant.

Merlin had been staring at the aged Wizard, and he could feel that the aged Wizard was not lying. If what the aged Wizard said was true, then the current situation of the southern Spell Caster world might be even more chaotic than before he left.

“Now the northern Spell Caster world is also involved. I thought that the northern spell casters’ organizations generally would not get involved in matters of the southern Spell Caster world? Why are they interfering this time? What benefits did Ozmu promise them?”

Merlin frowned. He could sense that the battle lines were becoming more and more complicated. This was, in fact, true as the battle line of the southern Spell Caster world was growing more chaotic by the day. It was to an extent that even the Three Major Spell Caster organizations were reluctant to show their faces and would only hide in their respective organizations.

“As to why the northern Spell Caster organizations would interfere, no one knows but it must somehow be Ozmu’s doing. As to what benefits were promised to twist the hands of the northern spell casters’ organizations, I’m afraid only Ozmu would know.”

The Mill clan leader shook his head. He only knew the basics. The details of the matter were unbeknownst to a small Spell Caster clan leader like himself.

Being able to call upon the help of the Great Wizards from the northern spell casters’ organizations must have cost Ozmu a bomb, but regardless, it helped them tide over their crisis and also won them the battle. The southern Spell Caster world no longer had the power to fight back.

Now, even the Three Major Spell Caster organizations had become cowardly mice, leaving the small and medium-sized spell casters' organizations and clans to fend for themselves against the powerful lunatics of Ozmu.

"You said that Ozmu is madly slaughtering and destroying the spell casters' organizations?"

Merlin furrowed his eyebrows, and a bad feeling trickled into his heart. If Ozmu had truly gone so berserk, then wouldn't the Dark Magic Region be in danger as well?

The Mill clan leader was slightly surprised but answered, "Going against the spell casters' organizations is slightly more difficult because even the smaller-sized spell casters' organizations tend to have a strong foundation that's hard to destroy. Most of Ozmu's targets have been Spell Caster clans. Nevertheless, Ozmu's recent behavior has been too crazy. I'm afraid even the spell casters' organizations in the southern Spell Caster world will not be spared."

Merlin wanted to ask for further details but he suddenly frowned, and turned around sharply, his gaze transfixed outside the great hall.

"Boom!"

Outside the great hall, there was a flash of violent elemental fluctuations followed by columns of flames that surrounded almost the entire Mill clan.

This was an indiscriminate and devastating attack on the Mill clan. The spell was a powerful Seventh-level spell!

"Haha. The Mill clan, be destroyed!"

Accompanying the violent spell were several bursts of maniacal laughter.

Many of the Spell Casters in the great hall paled. Someone exclaimed, "It's Ozmu, It's definitely Ozmu this time!"

"Besides Ozmu, no one would directly launch such a destructive attack!"

The Mill clan already received news that Ozmu had sent out three Spell Casters led by Wizard Seashell who were crazily slaughtering and destroying everything along their way in the southern Spell Caster world.

Furthermore, the direction that Seashell and the others were moving in was exactly toward Sky-Piercing Peak, so their arrival at the Mill clan was just a matter of time. The crowd in the great hall were still discussing whether to move as a clan to escape Ozmu's attack but had no idea that it was already too late. Seashell and the others had arrived.

The scorching flames spread into the great hall. In an instant, the great hall turned into a blistering hot stove.

Ernie and Watson exchanged a look at each other, and Ice Elements began to flash on their bodies. Amidst the sea of fire, slivers of cold air began to descend as both wielded Seventh-level Ice-type spells.

Both Ernie and Watson were Spell Casters who originated from Subzero Snowfield. It was a place where all sorts of resources were scarce but were naturally bestowed with a unique environment. Therefore, the Ice-type spells from Subzero Snowfield were all highly unique, and their execution was flawless.

Thus, both their Ice-type spells immediately extinguished the flames in the great hall, and also spread outward to try to break the opponent's Fire-type spell.

...

In the sky above the Mill clan, three powerful Spell Casters were coldly watching the destruction that was wrought upon the building by fire and tornado. Regardless of how much the Spell Casters of the Mill clan struggled, these three remained indifferent and their gazes were unbothered.

Suddenly, amidst the sea of flames, white slivers of cold air began to rise. The cold air extinguished a large area of flames and continued to spread to the surroundings, attempting to extinguish the flames.

The man with giant golden earrings on his ears sneered. "Seventh-level spells... Looks like the three old chaps from the Mill clan have acted. Anyway, these three are just ordinary Seventh-level Spell Casters without any Pandora Demon Ability – the weakest lot of Seventh-level Wizards. How would they be able to stand against us?"

As he spoke, the man with the golden earrings brought his hands together, and the Fire Elements on his body began fluctuating violently, painting the sky with a shade of fiery red.

The man with the golden earrings opened his eyes and they seemed to be glowing with fire. He stretched out a finger into the sky.

“Boom!”

It was like the entire sky was on fire. Blazes of flames began to rain down with a ferocious vengeance onto the Mill clan. The previously half-extinguished flames roared to life and burned bigger and more aggressive than before. Even the white slivers of cold air could not withstand any longer and were burned to ashes.

“Hehe. Looks like those three old chaps can’t hold it anymore. It won’t take long before we destroy the Mill clan and continue to our next target...”

The three Spell Casters in the air were relaxed. They did not regard the Mill clan as a threat and paid no attention to the three Seventh-level Spell Casters from the Mill clan.

...

“Such a powerful elemental fluctuation... They’re using Pandora Demon Ability. I’m not a worthy enough opponent. Master, please punish me!”

In the great hall, Wizard Ernie paled slightly. The confrontation of spells earlier had already yielded a winner. Ernie, who did not possess any Pandora Demon Ability, was far from comparable to the three Spell Casters outside.

At this moment, the temperature in the great hall climbed once again. Even the stone pillars in the great hall emitted a burning scent. Though none of the Spell Casters in the great hall were weak and released their own defensive spells, they were close to breaking point.

“Ozmu!”

Merlin raised his head fiercely and a tinge of ruthlessness flashed across his eyes. There was obviously no love lost between him and Ozmu. Back then, it was because of the threat of the Black-White Great Wizard from Ozmu that forced Wizard Leo to wield the fourth form of Darkness Eye.

Wizard Leo's death had a very direct correlation with Ozmu!

“Glacier Country!”

Merlin commanded in a whisper. In an instant, huge Glacier Country descended. Its translucent shimmer glowed brightly and covered the entire Mill clan.

The range of Merlin's Glacier Country could be either big or small as controlled by Merlin. However, the bigger it was stretched, the lesser its power compared to a smaller range.

Nevertheless, this vast sea of flames was merely an ordinary Pandora Demon Ability, so no matter how big the range of Glacier Country was stretched, it would still be able to easily suppress the flames.

“Sputter sputter sputter.”

In an instant, the frigid blasts from Glacier Country had extinguished all the flames. As a special Pandora Demon Ability, its power was comparatively powerful.

“Whoosh.”

At the same time, Merlin's Mind Power locked onto the three Ozmu Spell Casters in the sky. Hence, his body flashed, and he flew out of the great hall.

Many of the Spell Casters in the great hall gazed at one another blankly with dumb stricken looks etched on their faces. Seeing that Ernie and the others no longer cared about them and flew behind Merlin, the Spell Casters were slightly undecided on what to do.

“Clan leader, let's leave quickly. No matter whether these mysterious Wizards or Ozmu win the battle, we won't stand to gain anything. Let's move right now.”

“A large-scale eviction is impossible now but if the Sixth-level Spell Casters sneak away, we can make it. Clan leader, don’t hesitate anymore. The Mill clan cannot be destroyed under our watch!”

All the Sixth-level Spell Casters thought that it was a good opportunity for them to escape.

However, the clan leader took one look at the translucent glow that surrounded the entire Mill clan and smiled bitterly. “If I’m not mistaken, this is a unique spell, similar to a Runic Magic Circle. We’re all trapped inside. Without the consent of the mysterious Wizard, it’s impossible for us to leave.”

After listening to the clan leader, the Spell Casters hurriedly used their Mind Powers to investigate. One by one, their faces darkened. It was as the clan leader had said – they were unable to leave.

“Let’s go out and see what we can do. After all, these Spell Casters don’t seem fond of Ozmu. If they win, perhaps there’s still a glimmer of hope that the Mill clan can be saved!”

Compared to Ozmu, the Mill clan was more hopeful that Merlin and the others would win because only then would there be a glimmer of hope for the Mill clan.

After all, it seemed that Merlin was not as “violent” as Ozmu, and would not destroy the clan for no reason.

“Clan leader, we obey you. When it becomes necessary, we can even help those mysterious Spell Casters defeat the lunatics from Ozmu!”

None of the Spell Casters in the great hall held any fond feelings toward Ozmu. Therefore, under the leadership of the clan leader, many of the Spell Casters in the great hall flew out.

Chapter 437: Merlin from the Dark Magic Region!

Outside the great hall, the three Spell Casters in mid-air were somewhat stunned, especially Wizard Seashell in the middle, who narrowed his eyes as he fixed a gaze on that layer of translucent light blanketing the surroundings of the entire Mill clan.

It was the moment this translucent light appeared that his companion's Pandora Demon Ability became ineffective. The flames which swept the mountains were extinguished instantly, sealed completely by ice.

This was an absolute suppressive effect. For there to be such a difference between their spells, it proved that there was a Spell Caster in the Mill clan who was even greater than a Seventh-level Wizard of Ozmu.

"How is this possible? The Mill clan is merely a Spell Caster clan. All three of their Seventh-level Spell Casters are the weakest Seventh-level Wizards who have no Pandora rDemon Abilities. How can there be such a powerful spell?"

The Wizard with gigantic golden earrings wore a rather disbelieving look. His spell was wiped out just like that, and it was done by someone from the Mill clan.

"That isn't a Spell Caster from the Mill clan!"

Suddenly, Wizard Seashell who had not said a word, spoke faintly as his gaze sharpened slightly.

Following his gaze, the other two Spell Casters saw as well that a black-robed Wizard had emerged below from the hall in the Mill clan.

Moreover, this black-robed Wizard was very peculiar. He had a breezy manner and an expression of utmost calm. Traces of restrained Wind Elemental fluctuations flickered over his body, and he rose into the sky step after step until he was standing opposite Wizard Seashell and the rest.

"You're not a Spell Caster from the Mill clan. Speak, who are you?"

There was a graveness in Wizard Seashell's expression, but his tone was still a haughty. In his eyes, other than Spell Casters from Ozmu, there were very few individuals who could face him on equal terms.

Although the black-robed man before his eyes had a powerful spell, it merely made Wizard Seashell slightly warier, who was still far from acknowledging this man. Wizard Seashell was an Eighth-level Spell Caster, one who was in Ozmu, being far stronger than the average Eighth-level Wizard. With that sort of powers, he could afford to look with contempt at most people.

“Merlin from the Dark Magic Region!”

The black-robed Spell Caster was, in fact, Merlin. He wore an unperturbed look and did not even glance at the other two Seventh-level Wizards. His gaze fixed only onto the Wizard in the middle. Only this Spell Caster gave him an intense sense of threat.

The one who was able to cause such an intense sense of threat was the Eighth-level Wizard – Wizard Seashell – that the Mill clan had so feared.

“Merlin, you’re the Merlin who inherited Wizard Leo’s Darkness Eye?”

Seashell was slightly taken aback but a flash of glee crossed his face thereafter. He had always stayed in Ozmu and did not know much about matters outside. However, he had imprinted Merlin’s name deep into his mind.

This was because that insufferably arrogant Kleis was defeated by Wizard Leo, which was to say he was defeated by the special Pandora Demon Ability Darkness Eye. Furthermore, after Merlin had inherited Darkness Eye, Kleis was unable to contend against him anymore.

Due to Kleis, Seashell remembered Merlin, and in particular, the fact that Merlin possessed Darkness Eye. Seashell himself just so happened to be a powerful Darkness Wizard.

As an Eighth-level Darkness Wizard, he was relatively powerful. Otherwise, Seashell could not have possibly killed another Eighth-level Wizard in the past. Moreover, it had been a piece of cake for him to kill that Wizard immediately.

Merlin was rather surprised. He did not expect that even an Eighth-level Wizard of Ozmu would know of him. Perhaps this was due to his Darkness Eye. After all, Darkness Eye was a special Pandora Demon Ability. Any Spell Caster who possessed it would attract the attention of many Spell Casters.

“Kill!”

Without the slightest warning, Seashell attacked, and his first move was an earth-shattering spell, causing the entire sky to turn pitch-dark.

“A Darkness spell?”

Merlin was briefly stunned that his opponent had wielded a Darkness spell. He had Darkness Heart and had an incredible resistance toward most Darkness spells.

Nonetheless, Merlin dared not let down his guard. Although he had Darkness Heart, it merely had resistance toward the majority of Darkness spells. Wizard Seashell was an Eighth-level Wizard, and the spell he cast was an Eighth-level spell as well. Even if it was a Darkness spell, it would be impossible for Merlin to use Darkness Heart to withstand it completely.

Since it was impossible, Merlin no longer had any reservations. He regarded Seashell highly for the force Seashell emanated induced in Merlin an intense sense of threat.

Therefore, once he attacked, Merlin did not hesitate in the slightest and instantly unleashed the fourth form of Darkness Eye.

“Darkness Eye, control!”

A giant ghostly face appeared above Merlin’s head, accompanied by bursts of high-pitched laughter. The faces flickered past incessantly and appeared extremely eerie, causing anyone who looked at it tremble with fear.

A blood-red light shot out from Merlin’s palm. This was no longer the first time Merlin had cast the fourth form of Darkness Eye, and he appeared to do this in a routine manner. After he had unleashed the fourth form, Merlin perceived that the Thunder Maxim he had just received was evidently being consumed at a greater speed than usual.

Each time he wielded the fourth form of Darkness Eye, he would use up a portion of the power of the Maxim. After all, it had to be used to suppress the fourth form, which caused an even greater backlash. Naturally, he would need to consume more power from the Maxim.

The crimson light was eye-piercing even in the darkness. It engulfed Wizard Seashell all at once. The spell Wizard Seashell had initially cast, which had resulted in that wide blanket of Darkness Element, caused no end of alarm as if one was faced with a god who could not be defeated.

Wizard Seashell was that god in the darkness. The wide-ranging Darkness Element seemed to contain countless Black-armored Giants condensed from the endless Darkness Element. They emerged and vanished unpredictably, hidden in the darkness, ready to deliver a mortal blow at any time.

This was Wizard Seashell's Eighth-level spell which was even merged with a Pandora Demon Ability. The might of such a spell was so terrifying that not even Merlin could contend against it, being only able to wield the fourth form of Darkness Eye in response.

"How is this possible?"

Wizard Seashell stared at Merlin in wordless shock. In the instant the blood-red light shrouded him, he felt his control over Darkness Element vanished immediately. Even when he used Mind Power to stimulate the Spell Model, he was no longer capable of casting the spell.

At that moment, the Elements were controlled by Darkness Eye, and he had no way of casting spells at all!

Wizard Seashell was still struggling, and he could feel that there was a faint loosening of control. Nevertheless, Merlin would not give him any more time. The fourth form of Darkness Eye was able to easily strip away an Eight-level Wizard's control over Elements. This was the strongest feature of Darkness Eye.

However, in general, only Wizards above the Seventh-level were able to unleash the fourth form of Darkness Eye. Merlin was totally relying on the power of the Maxim to suppress the backlash force of Darkness Eye in order to unleash it.

"There's nothing that's impossible. The next time, if I see Kleis, he might not have a chance to escape! Still, you won't be able to see how he ends up then..."

Merlin glared unwaveringly at Seashell, and his tone became even icier.

Chapter 438: Hastening Back to the Dark Magic Region I

The blood-red glow flickered constantly. The fourth form of Darkness Eye had controlled Wizard Seashell's Element, making it an immense challenge to cast even one spell.

A Spell Caster who was stripped off their ability to cast spells was not that different from Normies even if Wizard Seashell was still a mighty Eighth-level Spell Caster!

“Incinerating Fire!”

Merlin saw that Darkness Eye had gained control over Wizard Seashell’s Element, thoroughly suppressing Wizard Seashell. Therefore, Incinerating Fire was quickly cast by Merlin.

Raging flames instantly began to burn ferociously. The pale white flames wrapped around Wizard Seashell. This Eighth-level Spell Caster, a genius from Ozmu, was burned to ashes by the flames.

“Darkness Eye is powerful indeed. No wonder that even arrogant Kleis had lost to it...”

Looking at the fierce flames surging forcefully, Wizard Seashell’s expression appeared to have turned calm for some reason. His manner was serene except for a strange glint in the corner of his eye.

“Swish.”

Suddenly, Merlin’s gaze sharpened slightly because he saw a black shadow that seemed to “split apart” from Wizard Seashell. Moreover, this shadow appeared to be identical to Wizard Seashell, only it was shrouded from head to toe in even more intense Darkness Element.

The moment this black shadow appeared, Wizard Seashell retreated just like a specter, escaping quietly. Darkness Eye and the furiously burning Incinerating Fire immediately enclosed the black shadow and reduced it to ashes.

“Darkness Figure? To think there’s actually someone who could transfigure the substitution puppet Darkness Figure...”

Merlin mumbled in a low voice. He had sensed that Wizard Seashell had escaped. The one that was reduced to ashes by Incinerating Fire was merely a Darkness Figure.

Darkness Figure was a substitution puppet, and its transfiguration was very complicated. Even during the Spell Casters' most glorious era, there were few who could transfigure a substitution puppet like Darkness Figure.

However, Wizard Seashell had managed to do so, and no one knew how many Darkness Figures he possessed. Still, just this one Darkness Figure alone had saved his life, allowing him to escape from Merlin's inevitable kill.

Once Wizard Seashell had escaped, there was no trace left of him. Even Merlin's Mind Power had no way of locking onto him. Wizard Seashell had escaped rather promptly. As an Eighth-level Wizard of Ozmu, it was natural that he had a few tricks up his sleeve which he would not reveal so easily.

The two Eighth-level Wizards whom Wizard Leo had eliminated back then in the Imperial City were not on par with Wizard Seashell by far. This was also the first time Merlin had slipped up when using the fourth form of Darkness Eye. It seemed like there were individuals whom Darkness Eye, which had always been successful in every past attack, could not kill.

"Let's go."

Seeing that Wizard Seashell had fled, the expressions of the two Spell Casters who came with him shifted slightly. They recognized the threat, and immediately wanted to flee.

Nonetheless, this time around, Merlin was prepared. The moment those two Spell Casters moved, a frigid force descended upon them. A translucent glow glimmered ceaselessly for it was Merlin's Glacier Country.

"Suppress!"

Glacier Country was a special Pandora Demon Ability, one in its third form. It might be incapable of restraining an Eighth-level Spell Caster but for Seventh-level Spell Casters, other than those who possessed special Pandora Demon Abilities, almost all of them would find it hard to defy the suppression of Glacier Country.

It was the case for these two Spell Casters who could not budge under the suppression of Glacier Country. They could only watch helplessly as Merlin gestured toward them, and they were submerged in the pale white flames.

Both of them were carrying out their final struggle but under the suppression of Glacier Country and the terrifying Incinerating Fire, it was of no use despite them being genius Wizards of Ozmu.

Perhaps they had never thought that being prodigies of Ozmu, they would be completely suppressed without the least bit of ability to retaliate. Merlin was not even a Seventh-level Spell Caster!

It was then that both seemed to realize Ozmu could not include every genius. Other than Ozmu, there were still plenty of powerful Spell Casters outside.

Very soon, the pair was reduced to ashes in the pale white blaze. Merlin withdrew Glacier Country. Ernie, Watson, and the puppet Number Three flew to Merlin's side deferentially.

"Master, what about them?"

Ernie's gaze was directed at the many Spell Casters of the Mill clan below, who were currently staring at the sky foolishly. The giant battle between Merlin and Wizard Seashell, and its dominating, formidable force, nearly made them unable to catch their breath as if they were about being stifled.

Thereafter, Merlin had casually wiped out two Seventh-level Wizards from Ozmu as if it was child's play. By that point, the many Wizards of the Mill clan seemed caught up in a somewhat inconceivable dream.

"Them? There's no need to care about them. We'll leave right away!"

Merlin wore a calm expression. Although he had defeated Seashell, and killed two members of Ozmu, his heart was still filled with a strain of worry. It seemed as if Ozmu had finally won in the war between Ozmu and the southern Spell Caster world. Furthermore, Ozmu was even wildly massacring Spell Caster clans, and even spell casters' organizations.

The Dark Magic Region seemed to be at risk. Merlin had an urgent need to know how the Dark Magic Region was doing. So, after he withdrew Glacier Country, he did not bother with the Wizards of the Mill clan. His figure quickly flashed through the sky as he left.

After seeing that Merlin and the rest had left, the Spell Casters of the Mill clan heaved a sigh of relief at last. Regardless of whether it was Ozmu or Merlin and his group, they were not an opponent that the Mill clan could contend against.

“Clan leader, what do we do now?”

Many of the Spell Casters turned their attention toward the clan leader.

The clan leader of the Mill clan looked steadily toward the direction in which Merlin had left. Following that, the clan leader said with clenched teeth, “Although Ozmu isn’t a threat to us for now, the current southern Spell Caster world is now in utter chaos. With Ozmu’s way of doing things, they definitely won’t give up just because of this one setback. Besides, that Wizard Seashell isn’t dead yet! Thus, we need to move away from the southern Spell Caster world. This is the safest, most reliable plan.”

“Move? Do we really have to move?”

Many Wizards were rather sorrowful. The Mill clan had stayed at the foot of Sky-Piercing Peak for centuries. Now that they had to move away and relocate their clan, many Spell Casters were somewhat unwilling.

Still, no one opposed this proposal because this was their only option, considering the chaotic state of the current southern Spell Caster world.

The relocation of Mill clan was merely a scaled-down version of the chaos in the southern Spell Caster world. The war between the Three Major Spell Caster organizations and Ozmu had ended in the defeat of the three spell casters’ organizations. However, this was only the beginning of the chaos in the southern Spell Caster world...

...

In the clear, sunny sky, a few figures were riding the wild wind, speeding along in the sky.

Ever since Merlin left Sky-Piercing Peak, he had not uttered a single word. Besides worrying about the state of the Dark Magic Region, Merlin was inspecting the changes of the Thunder Maxim within him.

He had unleashed the fourth form of Darkness Eye and battled with Seashell, winning in the end, but he had paid a significant price. In particular, the depletion of the Thunder Maxim was even greater – a few times more than usual.

Moreover, there were some negative emotions which were insidiously influencing Merlin. This was not something a Maxim could stop because these relatively obscure negative emotions were not caused by the backlash of Darkness Eye. Instead, it was produced by the cultivation of Darkness Eye itself. Only when Merlin's Mind Power was stronger would he be able to remain unaffected by these negative emotions.

However, Merlin's present Mind Power was merely at the peak of the Sixth-level. It was extremely difficult to reach the Seventh-level. The Seventh-level was a great threshold, and between the Seventh-level and the levels below it, there was an insurmountable gulf.

“My Mind Power is merely enough to support the construction of four Fifth-level spells. Therefore, even if I use the Thunder Maxim to derive that final two Fifth-level spells, I won't level up to a Fifth-level Wizard!”

Merlin knew very well that he had used only the Ice Maxim so far to derive four Fifth-level spells. Although Merlin's current Mind Power was enough to construct those, he would not be able to become a Fifth-level Spell Caster.

In addition, in the ensuing chaos of the southern Spell Caster world, all opponents whom Merlin was about to face were those powerful Spell Casters from Ozmu – Wizards who were even far more formidable than Wizard Seashell. Merlin's abilities were still insufficient by far.

“I can only return to the Dark Magic Region for now, and see what the actual situation is before I decide what to do next!”

Merlin did not plan on stopping to construct spells. If he wanted to construct Fifth-level spells now, it would take a great amount of time. With the present level of chaos in the southern Spell Caster world, Merlin did not have so much time to squander.

At the moment, his priority was to hasten back to the Dark Magic Region and see what the real situation was like. After all, Merlin was still currently a member of the Dark Magic Region!

...

In the dense mountain jungle, four figures suddenly landed. It was Merlin's group.

Merlin looked all around, after which he reached out and gestured with a hand. A light breeze blew past, clearing the fallen leaves on the ground, revealing a wide, damp, black surface.

On this surface, a mysterious Runic Magic Circle appeared. It looked like it had been unused for a long time. Merlin had located this through the Runic Heartprint. It was the nearest Runic Magic Circle of the Dark Magic Region.

Through this Runic Magic Circle, Merlin was able to return to the Dark Magic Region. However, Ernie, Watson, and the puppet Number Three had no way of following Merlin to enter the Dark Magic Region as they did not have a Dark Magic ring. They could only wait outside.

"Wait here and don't leave. After some time, I'll think of a way to get you all in!"

Merlin gave this command to Ernie and the rest, following which he stretched out a palm. The Dark Magic ring on his finger immediately began to glow with bursts of radiance, accompanied by enigmatic runes.

The Runic Magic Circle on the ground was activated by the Dark Magic ring, and a swell of runes wrapped around Merlin.

"Swoosh."

Following that, a beam of white light flashed across them and Merlin's figure vanished without a trace. Through the Runic Magic Circle of the Dark Magic Region, he was transported back to the Dark Magic Region.

Chapter 439: Hastening Back to the Dark Magic Region II

On the quiet beach in the Dark Magic Region, there were still flocks of seafowl frolicking above the sand. It was a calm, serene scene.

“Phew...”

Merlin let out a long sigh. “Thank goodness, everything must still be fine.”

What he most worried about was that the Dark Magic Region had suffered an attack from Ozmu. However, from the looks of it, the Dark Magic Region was still peaceful. As for the exact developments that had occurred due to the chaos of the southern Spell Caster world caused by the war between the Three Major Spell Caster organizations and Ozmu – the Wizards of the Mill clan had limited knowledge after all. The Dark Magic Region, being a spell casters’ organization, should know the most about this.

Therefore, Merlin wanted to learn of the entire story, so he began to walk quickly toward the Dark Magic stone tablet. This stone tablet appeared to be ancient, marked by the mottled traces of time.

The black cat Didimoss did not appear. Merlin did not give that any thought and hurried further ahead.

“Hum.”

A transparent light enveloped Merlin, following which numerous tall towers appeared before Merlin. He was back once again in the familiar Dark Magic Region.

Merlin could not discern what he really felt toward the Dark Magic Region. In terms of feelings, what he had valued most about the Dark Magic Region was Wizard Leo but Wizard Leo was now dead.

Although it appeared as if the Dark Magic Region did not provide Merlin with much assistance, it still had a great influence on Merlin. It was only after he joined the Dark Magic Region that Merlin had truly begun to grow stronger.

Even if his Pandora Demon Abilities were not supplied by the Dark Magic Region, it was linked to his membership in the Dark Magic Region. Furthermore, the Runic Heartprint, the robes he had worn when he was a weakling, and so on, were all connected to the Dark Magic Region.

Besides, Merlin had always been a Spell Caster of the Dark Magic Region. The brand of the Dark Magic Region was firmly imprinted on him. It was just like Wizard Leo, who was formidable thanks to Darkness Eye, which had nothing to do with the Dark Magic Region.

Nevertheless, no matter what, outsiders viewed Wizard Leo as a representative of the Dark Magic Region. This was because Wizard Leo had been deeply marked by the brand of the Dark Magic Region.

It was the same for Merlin. No matter how powerful he was, how terrifying his abilities, he would be seen as a Spell Caster from the Dark Magic Region. He had no way of escaping the influence of the Dark Magic Region unless he acted as Kleis did, and betrayed the Dark Magic Region.

Nonetheless, Merlin had signed a contract of the highest grade with the Dark Magic Region. He could not betray them even if he wanted to. Despite the power of the Maxim residing in his Awareness now, Merlin had no way of terminating a contract of the highest grade.

Initially, Merlin wanted to hurry toward the tower of the Seventh-level Spell Casters, but he directed a glance toward another tower in the distance. This was Wizard Leo's tower.

Wizard Leo was already dead. According to the rules of the Dark Magic Region, the tower would be demolished within a year but Wizard Leo's tower was not yet torn down even now.

Merlin looked at the tower soaring into the clouds and thought of Wizard Leo. He raised a palm and glanced at the crimson eye in his palm. This was the greatest gift Wizard Leo had given him.

It was just that this great gift was now giving him a headache.

“Swish.”

Merlin immediately flew into the sky. This time, he was no longer relying upon a Flying casting tool for flight. He was now a true Fourth-level Spell Caster and could utilize a Wind-type spell to fly directly at a relatively decent speed.

Soon enough, Merlin arrived at the towers of the Seventh-level Wizards. This was not a place unfamiliar to him for he had come here a few times before.

There was a servant of the Seventh-level Wizards in the towers. Merlin knew the servant of the Seventh-level Wizard Robia. He was named Arveis.

Upon seeing Merlin, an odd look crossed Arveis' face. He hurried forward and said in a low voice, "Wizard Merlin, this is the tower of Seventh-level Wizards. Without being summoned by them, one isn't allowed to enter without permission. It's better if you leave here quickly."

If it had been anyone else, Arveis would have even chased them off immediately. However, Merlin was a prodigious Spell Caster most valued by the Dark Magic Region, even more so than Kleis had been, and enjoyed an uncommon position in the Dark Magic Region. Therefore, even though Merlin had arrived at the Seventh-level Wizards' towers without permission, Arveis did not dare chase him out immediately.

Merlin's expression did not change. After eyeing Arveis, he said calmly, "Wizard Arveis, where's Wizard Robia? I'm looking for him about an important matter."

"Wizard Robia?"

Arveis was Wizard Robia's servant. Naturally, he knew very well the whereabouts of Wizard Robia. The fact that Merlin had a very important matter to report to Wizard Robia caused Arveis to hesitate for a bit.

Nonetheless, Arveis took into account Merlin's special position and nodded. "In that case, Wizard Merlin would have to wait for a moment. Wizard Robia and other Seventh-level Wizards are discussing a matter of vital importance. It has been two days since they began."

"Discussing a matter of importance? Which is to say that they're in the Dark Magic Hall?"

Merlin mentioned the Dark Magic Hall, which was where the Seventh-level Wizards would convene for meetings to decide major matters of the Dark Magic Region. The entire hall was protected by a Runic Magic Circle and was very secure.

"That's right, the Wizards are in the Dark Magic Hall."

As soon as Arveis had spoken, Merlin was like an apparition, disappearing in a flash. His speed caused Arveis to be unable to see clearly what happened.

"Wizard Merlin, you..."

Wizard Arveis stared after Merlin with mouth agape. He was a Fourth-level Spell Caster too but after seeing Merlin's speed, he knew it was not something he could catch up to.

Moreover, in that instant, Arveis had even detected a frightening force from Merlin. Nonetheless, it had disappeared quickly as if it was just an illusion.

"How could he be so fast?"

Even though Arveis could not catch up to Merlin, he had to hurry after him regardless. Otherwise, if he really allowed Merlin to run into those Seventh-level Wizards, there would be great trouble. Not only would Merlin be punished, even he himself would be out of luck.

Merlin was very fast but he had not cast Flash Wind. Otherwise, he would have been even faster. Merlin was not familiar with this tower but he was more acquainted with the Dark Magic Hall.

Previously, he had been brought by Wizard Leo into the tower. Merlin was no stranger to the Dark Magic Hall, and his Mind Power quickly locked onto the place.

Robia and the other Seventh-level Wizards had gathered in the Dark Magic Hall. Something major must have happened. After all, now that the entire southern Spell Caster world had descended into chaos, one must not be deceived by the appearance of calmness in the Dark Magic Region. The official members of the Dark Magic Region had their own channels of information. They knew as well that chaos had consumed the outside world.

These official members of the Dark Magic Region knew of the situation outside. Therefore, this immediately resulted in the various potion materials, spells, and other items of the Resource Tower to be exchanged for in large volumes. Some Spell Casters were already making quiet preparations. No one could guarantee that the Dark Magic Region would not be caught up in the chaos.

Particularly, Ozmu had announced a threat toward all spell casters' organizations of the entire southern Spell Caster world. They were a mad bunch and would live up to their promise. The Dark Magic Region was at risk as well, being a spell casters' organization.

Therefore, the Dark Magic Region had been making covert preparations.

Soon enough, Merlin reached the entrance of the Dark Magic Hall. He squinted slightly and discovered that the door of the Dark Magic Hall was cloaked in dense runes.

Most Spell Casters would be unable to get past these runes at all. Seventh-level Spell Casters could not even possibly force their way through. However, this was nothing much to Merlin. He possessed the Runic Heartprint, which was able to easily unravel Runic Magic Circles.

In particular, it was even easier if it was a Runic Magic Circle in the Dark Magic Region.

Merlin took a deep breath, after which the Runic Heartprint between his brows gradually twinkled. Mysterious runes quickly flew toward the doorway of the Dark Magic Hall.

“Hum hum hum.”

The Runic Magic Circle of the Dark Magic Hall, under the powers of the Runic Heartprint, began to dissolve gradually. The entire Runic Magic Circle lost its effect in an instant.

“Creak.”

Merlin easily reached out and pushed the doors open lightly. A distinct sound was emitted by the two doors as they were slowly pushed open.

“Wizard Merlin, no!”

Arveis had finally hurried all the way here but he was too late. When he saw Merlin pushing open the doors, he knew that this time, the punishment was inevitable. Therefore, a look of resentment filled his eyes as he looked at Merlin.

“Who?”

“How impudent – you dare intrude upon the Dark Magic Hall?”

Within the great hall, countless gazes were direct at the doorway. The owners of these gazes were all powerful Seventh-level Spell Casters who enjoyed a lofty position in the Dark Magic Region.

However, once they were disturbed by Merlin, the expressions of these Spell Casters who had already been in a bad mood now darkened even further.

“Merlin?”

Seeing that it was Merlin in a black robe who had opened the door, some Seventh-level Spell Casters frowned slightly. Merlin was a genius Spell Caster highly valued by the Dark Magic Region, to the point where they were willing to gift him with ten thousand contribution points every year. This was the first time something like this had happened in the Dark Magic Region, which showed how highly they treasured him.

However, no matter how much they valued him, the dignity of the Seventh-level Spell Casters within the Dark Magic Region must still be upheld. Therefore, Wizard Robia stood up furiously, and roared toward the doorway, “Arveis, get your sorry self in here now.”

Arveis was still bemoaning his misfortune and gave Merlin a fierce glare, following which he entered the great hall respectfully. He said softly, “Wizard Robia, this time Wizard Merlin said that he had an important matter to consult with the Seventh-level Wizards. I was unable to stop him at all.”

“An important matter?”

At this, Wizard Robia shifted his attention toward Merlin and sized him up. In fact, what he had noticed in particular was that Arveis had said he could not stop Merlin.

It should be known that Arveis was a Fourth-level Spell Caster, one whom Wizard Robia had personally instructed before. Arveis’ capabilities were considered comparatively formidable in the Dark Magic Region. It was unusual that he was unable to stop Merlin.

Nonetheless, after Robia had carefully sized up Merlin, he seemed to notice something, and a strange look glinted in his eyes. With a trace of glee, he asked, “Wizard Merlin, you’ve broken through?”

“Broken through?”

Upon hearing what Wizard Robia said, the crowd of Seventh-level Wizards in the hall turned serious as they quickly directed their gazes at Merlin.

Chapter 440: The Fourth Elder I

The First-level of Spell Casters was a threshold. One would become an official Spell Caster after getting past that threshold. Otherwise, one would simply remain an Entrance-level Spell Caster. This was the first threshold a Spell Caster must pass.

Following that, Spell Casters had a second threshold, which was becoming a Fourth-level Spell Caster. There was a fundamental transformation between the Third and Fourth-level. Regardless of whether in terms of spell power or cultivating Demon Ability, Fourth-level Spell Casters were a formidable presence.

Therefore, in the Dark Magic Region, one could only build their own individual tower and take in students after becoming a Fourth-level Spell Caster. When Merlin had left the Dark Magic Region, he was merely a Third-level Spell Caster.

No matter how fast he improved, many people thought that Merlin would need at least three years to break through and become a Fourth-level Spell Caster. However, Merlin had now become a Fourth-level Spell Caster in one short year.

“I’ve only managed to construct the spells successfully through sheer luck and coincidental circumstances!”

Merlin nodded as he spoke. There was no doubt that he had admitted he was now a Fourth-level Spell Caster.

“Haha, good, good! Merlin, you’ve really proved yourself to be a prodigious Six-Elemental Wizard. If Wizard Leo was still alive, he would have been overjoyed.”

Wizard Robia began to laugh and seemed to have forgotten that Merlin had just entered the Dark Magic Hall without permission.

“Arveis, you may leave first.”

Robia waved a hand, allowing Arveis to leave. Evidently, he was not going to pursue the matter of Merlin’s unauthorized interruption in the Dark Magic Hall.

“Wizard Merlin, go on. What matter is it that is so urgent?”

Robia’s tone became more solemn as he spoke in a low voice.

Merlin glanced at the other Spell Casters within the hall. These were all Spell Casters above the Seventh-level. There were even two or three Spell Casters whose Elemental fluctuations were far stronger than an average Seventh-level Wizard’s. Those were Eighth-level Wizards!

In this group of Spell Casters, at least half of them had cultivated Demon Abilities and had great capabilities. These were not the weakest Seventh-level Wizards anymore, and in comparison to the Mill clan, their strength was magnified. After all, in terms of their resources, a Spell Caster clan could not be placed on par with a Spell Caster organization.

Merlin knew that he needed to reveal some of his abilities now so that these Spell Casters would not think lowly of him. Only then would he be able to learn of classified matters regarding the Three Major Spell Caster organizations and Ozmu.

As he thought about this, Merlin decided not to conceal the matter of Wizard Seashell and the rest in the battle between the Mill clan and Ozmu.

“It was like this. On my way home, I passed by Sky-Piercing Peak and encountered Wizard Seashell of Ozmu unexpectedly. He had two Seventh-level Wizards with him and seemed about to attack the Mill clan.

“I’ve never felt too favorably towards Ozmu. Teacher Leo’s death is closely linked to them. Therefore, I acted out and battled with Seashell, but in the end, he slipped through my fingers and escaped. I only killed the other two Seventh-level Wizards. Based on a few phrases they said, I knew that the southern Spell Caster world was not peaceful nowadays. Thus, I wanted to inquire about what happened exactly, honored Wizards. How did Ozmu become so powerful suddenly, being able to defeat the Three Major Spell Caster organizations even when faced with their joined attack?”

Merlin glossed over a few details of the event at the Mill clan. He did not reveal his true purpose in going to Sky-Piercing Peak. However, his encounter with Wizard Seashell and the rest, as well as the ensuing battle, was very real.

News of this might have spread soon enough. There was no need for Merlin to cover that up.

After Merlin spoke, the entire Dark Magic Hall fell silent all over, including Wizard Robia. They all stared at Merlin with stunned faces, wearing an expression of incredulity.

Merlin was merely a Fourth-level Wizard. He could already battle against Wizard Seashell, and kill off the remaining two Seventh-level Wizards of Ozmu?

It should be known that the Spell Casters of Ozmu were all geniuses. Although they were rather insane in their behavior, there was no denying the truth that every Spell Caster in Ozmu had very formidable powers.

Moreover, it had been three Wizards led by Seashell. This was a hot topic of discussion in the southern Spell Caster world recently. Wizard Seashell was still an Eighth-level Spell Caster, and the other two Seventh-level Wizards were both mighty Wizards who possessed Demon Abilities.

Such a group of three had extremely terrifying capabilities. In their journey, they had wiped out many Spell Caster clans. This was already indicative of their strength. Merlin was now able to fight against these three, and had even overwhelmed Wizard Seashell, causing him to flee in the face of defeat? Moreover, he had slain the remaining two Seventh-level Spell Casters. This was simply too fantastical. None of the Wizards in the hall would believe this.

“Merlin, I heard that before Wizard Leo died, he had passed on Darkness Eye to you?”

Wizard Robia’s heart jolted. After he spoke, he reached out a hand without warning and made a grabbing motion.

“Splash.”

Streams of water twisted together to form a giant hand which immediately lunged towards Merlin with the intention of catching him in its grasp.

Wizard Robia was a rarely-seen Water-type Spell Caster. The Water-type spells he constructed had reached the Seventh-level. When combined with his Demon Ability, Wizard Robia’s abilities were relatively decent among Seventh-level Wizards.

Merlin merely raised an eyebrow. Of course, he could tell that Wizard Robia was only testing him. As a Seventh-level Spell Caster who possessed Demon Ability, Wizard Robia had just cast a spell that was merely a fifth of his true strength. Evidently, he did not want to harm Merlin.

Still, one could forget about a fifth of his strength – even if Robia had attacked with full force, it was still nothing in Merlin’s eyes.

Merlin drew in a deep breath. Since he had decided to fight for the same position as these Seventh-level Spell Casters, he would need to display an awe-inspiring level of formidable might!

“Glacier Country!”

Merlin pointed casually with one finger. A translucent light appeared instantly, but it did not just enveloped Robia but covered the entire hall instead.

“Hum hum hum.”

Within the Dark Magic Hall, mysterious runes began to twinkle. This was a unique characteristic of the Dark Magic Hall. There was a mighty Runic Magic Circle in here that substantially diminishes any attacking force.

However, Merlin’s Glacier Country descended all the same, and it even promptly pulverized those mysterious runes. A frigid blast quickly began to suffuse throughout the hall.

“Crack.”

Robia’s giant hand of streams was instantly frozen into ice crystals, shattering as it fell to the ground. Moreover, faced with the threat of Glacier Country, almost every Wizard cast a Defensive spell, their eyes filled with astonishment.

However, this was far from over. In the translucent Glacier Country, a colossal amount of Darkness Element appeared like a blanket of thick fog, enveloping the entire hall. In the blink of an eye, it was a dark night in which one could not even see one’s own hand.

This was Merlin’s Fourth-level spell Darkness Illusory Death, which was further enhanced by Darkness Heart. The Darkness spell alone was already powerful, especially since Darkness Illusory

Death comprised both illusory and physical attacks. When used alongside Glacier Country, their collective might was astounding.

In the dense darkness, there was not only a chill but also an illusion. Furthermore, in the surrounding darkness, Darkness attacks could occur at any time, making it impossible to guard against. A few Seventh-level Wizards were even injured.

At the moment, every Spell Caster was shaken to their core. Merlin was using the power of one individual to contend against what was thus far the greatest strength in the Dark Magic Region!

Besides Seventh-level Wizards, there were a few formidable Eighth-level Spell Casters here!

“That’s enough, Wizard Merlin!”

At last, a calm voice rang out. Merlin’s heart shifted and he immediately waved a hand, dispelling the darkness and withdrawing Glacier Country as well.

The Darkness Element gradually faded, and the hall resumed its normal appearance. Merlin had not even moved from where he stood, but everyone’s gazes towards Merlin now had a complicated look.

Fourth-level – Merlin was merely a Fourth-level Spell Caster, but the abilities he displayed could be called fearsome. Power like this; was it not similar to the comparatively active Kleis and the Miracle Child of the current southern Spell Caster world?

The Miracle Child, after fighting against Kleis, had returned to Miracle City to break through to the Fourth-level and was now able to easily exterminate those Seventh-level Wizards who possessed Demon Abilities. Of course, it was the same with Kleis. After cultivating the special Demon Ability Spatial Blade, he was one of the core members even in Ozmu!

The Dark Magic Region was merely a small-sized Spell Caster organization. It was possible that these Seventh-level Spell Casters had never thought, no matter what, that a genuine elite genius would appear in the Dark Magic Region, one who was not inferior to any other geniuses!

Merlin’s demonstration was even more eye-catching than Kleis and the Miracle Child because from the beginning until the end, Merlin had not even unleashed Darkness Eye.

Darkness Eye was truly Merlin's greatest strength!

"Wizard Merlin!"

Suddenly, from the front of the hall, a middle-aged Wizard wearing a long blue Wizard robe walked out slowly. This Wizard had handsome features and wore a serene expression. In particular, his eyes contained unfathomable depths. If one looked closely, it was like one was being drawn powerfully into the depths.

This was Wizard Seymour, one of the only three Eighth-level Wizards in the Dark Magic Region and was practically the leader of the three Eighth-level Wizards. His strength was the greatest here, second only to the strongest of the Dark Magic Region, the Ninth-level Spell Caster Wizard Delma!

"Wizard Seymour!"

Merlin felt a faint tremble in his heart. As Wizard Seymour approached slowly, the sense of threat he gave Merlin was even more intense than Wizard Seashell whom he had battled at the Mill clan.

It looked like he should not underestimate the Dark Magic Region. In this region, there were also individuals who were head and shoulders above the rest, only their standing was not a prominent one. It was just like Wizard Leo back then. If he had not traveled a thousand miles to hunt down and exterminate a Seventh-level Wizard of Ozmu, the outside world would not have known that there was, in fact, such a mighty Spell Caster in the Dark Magic Region.

Wizard Seymour must be the same. He had great powers, but there was not much news about Wizard Seymour in the outside world.

Wizard Seymour fixed a steady gaze upon Merlin in a calm manner, following which he said leisurely, "Wizard Merlin, the reputed Darkness Eye's fourth form is able to kill Eighth-level Wizards! You must have unleashed the fourth form of Darkness Eye to be able to defeat Seashell. In the past, Leo had no way of activating the fourth form of Darkness Eye at will. Your abilities have already surpassed Leo's!"

The words of Wizard Seymour made the Wizards in the hall looked at Merlin in a completely new light. No matter how exceptional Merlin's demonstration was, from their perspective, he was ultimately Leo's student and seemed to have always been under Wizard Leo's shadow.

However, the meaning of Wizard Seymour's words could not be any clearer. Merlin had surpassed Leo and had won a position equal to these Seventh-level Spell Casters!