

# A Wizard's Secret

## Chapter 46: Fierce Battle at Blackwater City II

Merlin was not adept at riding horses, so he sat in the carriage. He pulled the curtain open and stared forward directly. Wilson Castle could already be seen from far away.

Suddenly, a thick smell of blood hit him as the cold wind blew. Merlin's expression changed and immediately jumped off the carriage. He said to Prat, "Uncle Prat, let's stop first!"

At this time, the bloody stench had obviously hit Prat as well. His expression turned grim.

"This direction. It's Wilson Castle!"

After identifying the direction where the stench was coming from, Merlin could not wait any longer. He dashed forward and arrived before Wilson Castle in one breath. At his current position, he could see many horrifying bodies lying around in the castle. They were the servants and guards whom he was very familiar with in Wilson Castle.

"D\*mn it!" Merlin cursed. With Prat, he strode into the castle.

"Hmm? Merlin, you weren't dead. You even came back?" Tirath brought his men out of the castle quickly and met Merlin.

Both sides had drawn their swords. The atmosphere was tense.

"Tirath! Where's Macy?" Merlin's face was grim. He scanned the bodies on the ground and did not find Macy's.

Tirath did not answer. Instead, he showed a hint of excitement. He quickly pointed to Merlin as he said to the white-robed men who wore silver armor beside him, "Two Guardian Swordsmen, he's Wilson's son!"

These two white-robed men were the Guardian Swordsmen sent by Wizard Jason. They exchanged a glance and howled in a deep voice, "Kill him!"

At once, the Guardian Swordsman emitted white light. They were surprisingly two First-level Light Swordsmen. They came aiming at Merlin directly.

Upon seeing the horrible sight of bodies around Wilson Castle, Merlin was already boiling with a killing intent. His eyes stared deadly at Tirath without even sparing a glance at the Guardian Swordsmen.

“Get out of my way!” Merlin took a big stride toward Tirath.

Since he had practiced the posture of the mysterious relief sculpture, his physical attribute was not any less compared to a First-level Elemental Swordsman, possibly even stronger. Thus, his speed was remarkable. A few steps already covered a few meters distance.

The Guardian Swordsmen showed a hint of surprise. They could feel that Merlin was not an Elemental Swordsman, but his physical attribute had gone beyond their imagination.

However, the next event surprised them even more. Merlin curled his hands and two fist-sized flames appeared suddenly in his hands.

“Swoosh.”

Merlin pointed with his finger and the fireballs flashed slightly and made strokes of shadows in the air. At incredible speed, they headed straight toward the Guardian Swordsmen.

“Not good. It’s the spell of evil heretic!”

The Guardian Swordsmen were still considered knowledgeable. They immediately recognized the fireballs released by Merlin was a spell, but they were already too late in dodging the fireballs.

Along with the growth of Merlin’s Mind Power, he had gradually mastered the control of Fireball. His fireball could come and go like a shadow as he pleased. Once Fireball had been cast, even a Third-level Elemental Swordsman could not dodge it. Then, how could two First-level Elemental Swordsmen dodge it?

“Bang! Bang!”

Two fireballs landed a solid crash on the Guardian Swordsmen’s chest. Their light armor could not defend them against the terrifying heat from the fireballs.

Thus, a bloody hole was burnt through their chests by the fireball. The Light Element within them immediately disappeared while their bodies fell onto the ground heavily.

This happened in the blink of an eye. Two strong Guardian Swordsmen had died while Merlin’s figure did not even pause and continued to dash toward Tirath.

Tirath was already dumbfounded. It was the knights beside him, albeit scared, bravely blocked in front of him and prepared to protect Tirath.

As for these knights who were not even Elemental Swordsmen, Merlin did not bother to waste his Magic Power. He attacked the knights beside Tirath with his punch which was like the wind.

Merlin's physical attribute was near to the best of a First-level Elemental Swordsman. Naturally, it was easy to defeat the knights.

"Sh\*t!" There was no one beside to protect Tirath now. Merlin's gaze set upon Tirath.

"Tirath, where's Macy?" Merlin approached Tirath step by step as he asked in a cold tone. At the same time, a fireball emitting horrifying heat appeared out of thin air in front of him and floated silently in the air.

Looking at this fireball, Tirath's face turned pale and stared at Merlin in fear. He did not know what he should do now.

When Merlin wanted to grab Tirath and questioned him, many knights suddenly came into the castle, yelling as they charged toward Merlin.

Tirath had brought two hundred knights. In number, it was more than the number of knights Merlin had brought. However, he did not care at all. Looking at the charging knights, a cold hint of killing intent flashed in his gaze.

"Explode!"

Merlin pointed at the few knights in front and the floating fireball quickly flew forward. It then exploded according to Merlin's Mind Power.

The fist-like fireball released a strong impact. The knights who were closest to it were directly blown off and they fell to the ground, their armors crumbled completely.

Meanwhile, the knights who were further away were burnt by the remaining flames after the fireball had exploded. All of them laid on the ground and howled in pain.

At the same time, Prat also pulled out his sword. With a loud howl, he led one hundred knights and dashed toward Tirath's knights. Even though they were less in number, their spirit was high. Moreover, they were supported by Merlin's Fireball. In great force, they defeated Tirath's knights, leaving them with many casualties. Only a small number of people ran away from Wilson Castle.

In Wilson Castle, it was covered with bodies of Tirath's knights and servants of the castle. Many bodies were mixed together, transforming the whole Wilson Castle into a living hell.

“Young Master Merlin!”

Prat walked forward in large stride. His armor had already turned bright red. His face stained with blood as well. It was not known whether the blood was from Prat or his enemy.

“Have you found her?”

“Young Master Merlin, I’ve looked all over the place. Young Lady Macy, the butler and Madam’s bodies are not found throughout the castle.” Prat smiled.

As long as they did not find the bodies, that proved Macy and others were still alive.

Tirath was lying on the ground at this moment. His expression was ashen because he had become Merlin’s captive.

Merlin looked at Tirath, flashing a cold smile at him. He turned around and said to Prat, “Uncle Prat, I’ll leave Tirath with you.”

“Hehe. Be at rest, Young Master Merlin. One hundred and forty-eight lives of Wilson Castle. I’ll collect that debt from him.”

Tirath’s blood-stained face also flashed a gruesome smile.

Merlin did not care about Tirath anymore. He headed straight toward Old Wilson’s room. In his heart, he had already guessed the place where Macy and others were hiding at.

“Why isn’t there any sound?” Macy who was still hiding in the basement asked softly. She had heard the footsteps out there earlier but all of them had disappeared suddenly.

The butler thought for a while before saying, “Young Lady Macy, we should wait a little longer. Maybe some changes have occurred and they have left temporarily. We should not be rash. Staying here is the safest.”

Macy nodded too. The heart that had jumped to her throat had gradually relaxed as well.

“Ka-chak.”

Right at this moment, the entrance of the basement before Macy opened slowly.

“Not good. We’re found!”

Macy took a deep breath, then raised her sword up high. She would fight for their lives.

A figure slowly walked into the passage. Macy did not hesitate any longer. When the passage was opened, her sword also slashed toward the figure fiercely.

#### Chapter 47: Fierce Battle at Blackwater City III

In Castellan's Mansion, six nobles entered the hall one after another.

Castellan Augustine and Baron Vingult were already waiting in the hall. Seeing the six of them, Augustin immediately stood up. "Everyone, please have a seat. Today I've invited everyone here to discuss an important matter of Blackwater City."

"Are you talking about the issue of the robbers, Sir Castellan? We don't know where those robbers are coming from. They appear suddenly and attack our territory. We've already sent our knights to protect the territory. There won't be any large problem at the moment," Baron Parman said.

Baron Vingult who was beside him squinted his eyes and glanced sideways at Baron Parman. A cold killing intent flashed in his gaze. Back then, he had asked in name of Tirath for Baron Parman's daughter, Avril's hands. In the end, Baron Parman decided to let Avril to be engaged to Merlin. On top of that, he did that while most of the noble families in Blackwater City were in attendance. Baron Vingult hated Baron Parman and Old Wilson to their bones.

"Hehe. Baron Parman, the Castellan didn't gather everyone here to discuss the robber issue today." Vingult laughed coldly in high pitch.

Baron Parman's expression changed. Then, he looked at Castellan Augustin and asked in a low voice, "Sir Castellan, you didn't gather us here to talk about how we can deal with the robbers?"

Castellan Augustin seemed cold and detached. He shot a glance at Vingult, seemingly unsatisfied with Vingult's interruption. However, he still spoke slowly, "No, I didn't gather everyone here to discuss the robber issue."

After a pause, Augustin continued his talk but Baron Parman stood up suddenly. He said coldly, "Since it's not about the robbers, then I shall first take my leave. I still have some matters to attend to in the territory!"

Baron Parman's expression was grim and he turned around to leave.

However, when he reached the door, he was immediately blocked by a few knights from the City Defense Troop. Their swords gave off a chilly gleam.

Not only Baron Parman, even the other nobles' expression changed slightly. In terms of status, they were all barons and were equal to Augustin, only that Augustin was the castellan, so he had a larger influence in the city.

Now that he had stopped Baron Parman from leaving forcefully, this was already considered a serious challenge.

"Augustin, what do you mean by this?" Baron Parman asked loudly in anger.

Augustin's expression was dark. At this time, Baron Vingult stood up and said coldly, "Sir Castellan, since it's inconvenient for you to say it, let me do the work. Actually, it's simple. Sir Castellan and I have already returned to the embrace of God and became members of the church. The church will follow the will of the God of Light and replace the Royal Family to become the Kingdom's master. Now, it's your turn to choose!"

Baron Vingult's words were overwhelming. Baron Parman and the others still could not believe it, so they turned their gazes to Castellan Augustin.

"Augustin, is Vingult speaking the truth? You've gone to the church?" Baron Parman questioned him in a strict tone.

Augustin's gaze toward Vingult showed a slight hint of regret but he was clear that he had to accomplish what Wizard Jason had mentioned if he wanted to strengthen his future social standing in Blackwater City.

Thinking of this, Augustin could only nod and said lightly, "The Church of Light will follow God's will and replace the Royal Family. This is already a fact. You may not have received the news yet, but most parts of the Kingdom are already under the control of the church. So, you should make your choice. Wizard Jason is now in Castellan's Mansion. He said that if you're willing to return to the embrace of God, then he won't mind your previous mistakes and will allow you to become a member of the church."

As Augustin finished his words, up to hundreds of City Defense Troop knights rushed in and flooded the hall and stared at Baron Parman and others with hostility.

Many nobles had fallen silent.

After a while, Baron Parman suddenly pulled out his sword and laughed sardonically. "Augustin, don't forget about the ones who have bestowed your baron title to Augustin family."

Augustin's expression darkened and said with a cold smile, "Baron Parman, the Augustin family's ancestors have fought for the baron title in battle. It wasn't bestowed by anyone."

Baron Vingult stared at Baron Parman darkly and said, "Baron Parman, are you still thinking Wilson will come to save your day? Hehe. I don't mind telling you now. The robbers who attack the towns around Blackwater City are disguised by the Guardian Swordsmen of the church. I'm afraid Wilson, whom you have placed hope on, will never come back again!"

"Wilson... Is he really dead?"

Baron Parman seemed a little sad. He was very close to Old Wilson and their relationship was like brothers. Knowing Wilson's grievous news, he could not help but felt a sense of melancholy.

"Everyone, it's time for you to make your choice!"

Augustin's expression darkened. Suddenly, the City Defense Troop knights around them appeared more murderous than before.

"Do we have a choice?" After a long while, a noble asked helplessly. He put down his sword willingly.

Augustin felt a tinge of happiness. Suddenly, when he was about to say something, the whole ground seemed to tremble lightly. He could faintly hear a series of shouts coming from outside of Castellan's Mansion.

"In the name of knight's glory, charge!"

"In the name of knight's glory, charge!"

...

The shouts became clearer in time and were filled with an austere atmosphere.

"It's Wilson. Wilson is here!"

Hearing the shouts, Baron Parman immediately became worked up. This slogan was too familiar to him. Every time this slogan was shouted, it indicated the arrival of Wilson and his heavy armored knights.

"Not good. It's Wilson's heavy armored knights!"

Augustin and Baron Vingult exchanged a glance, both expressing shock. They had heard directly from Wizard Jason that Wilson had died in his territory. However, it was obviously Wilson who had led his heavy armored knights to attack Castellan's Mansion right now.

Only the nobles of Blackwater City knew deeply how terrifying the heavy armored knights of Wilson was. Even up to thousands of City Defense Troop knights, they still could not defend against Wilson's heavy armored knights.

"Quick. Notify Wizard Jason!"

Augustin thought of Wizard Jason in the first hour and immediately prepared to walk to the back.

"Bang!"

The door in the hall was smashed to pieces by a strong force. A muscular man who wore black armor directly came crashing into the hall. His whole body was engulfed in flames. Drops of red blood were dripping from his sword. A violent aura filled his entire being.

The man was Old Wilson. He crashed into the hall and scanned the crowd. After seeing Augustin, Baron Vingult, Baron Parman and others, he flashed a smile on him.

"It seems I'm not too late..."

Old Wilson's voice was a little hoarse as he held his sword and strode forward.

Chapter 48: Too Weak

In Wilson Castle, Macy was watching the entrance of the basement as the door opened. Right at that instant, she used up all her strength to slash the sword at the figure standing outside the door.

The speed of the sword was fast but the figure was even quicker. He got hold of Macy's arm instantly.

"Macy, it's me!"

The familiar voice and figure stunned Macy for a while. Instead, it was fatty Gutt, with mixed emotions, said in an exaggerated way, "Merlin? Haha. I didn't think it was you. If you don't come any sooner, I'm afraid we can't get out of this mess... Right, where's Tirath?"

Gutt looked around but he did not see any of Tirath's men. He thought it was odd. He saw with his own eyes that Tirath had led hundreds of knights into the castle.

"Gutt, why are you here?" Merlin stared at Gutt with an odd expression.

The butler came forward and explained, "Young Master Merlin, it's all thanks to Young Master Gutt this time. If he didn't risk his life to alert us of the danger, we would already be dead by now."

Merlin stared at Gutt from top to bottom seriously this time and said earnestly, "Gutt, I'm thankful that you've alerted Macy."

At this time, alerting the people at Wilson Castle came with a great risk. Once he was found, he would be tied down with the whole Dougland family.

Fatty Gutt rubbed his hands and shook his head quickly. He said with an awkward smile, "Actually, it's not much. You're my friend. How can I not help you? However, in the end, I didn't get to do much as well..."

Until now, Gutt was still terrified. Not only he did not help much, he almost brought himself right into this mess.

Macy had also recovered from her shock and looked at Merlin from top to bottom. Only after she found that Merlin was not injured, she sighed in relief and asked in a soft voice, "Merlin, did you come back with Father? Where is he?"

Merlin told her the current situation, "Father has gone to Castellan's Mansion while Uncle Prat and I brought our men to the castle. We found that you're not among the bodies in the castle, so I guessed you must be in the basement."

At this point, footsteps could be heard coming from outside. General Prat came in hurriedly and said to Merlin, "Young Master Merlin, the enemy in the castle have been eliminated. Only a small number of knights have run away. It may not be safe here. We should go to the gate and wait for Sir Baron."

General Prat was stained with blood. His beautiful, silvery-white armor was now painted with blood. His whole being smelled of a stinking blood stench that induced fear in others.

"Hmm... Merlin, has Tirath run away?" Gutt asked in doubt.

"Hehe. How can Tirath run away? He is caught by Young Master Merlin and I ended his life with my own hands just now!" Prat showed a cruel smile. It could be seen that he must have used a cruel method to torture Tirath in all ways before letting him die.

"Merlin caught him?" Gutt stared at Merlin with an odd expression. He only realized that Merlin seemed different than before. His eyes revealed a sort of confidence all the time.

"Let's leave first. Go to the gate and meet Father!" Merlin did not want to explain much on this question, so he brought them out of Wilson Castle.

However, just when he reached the hall, Macy, Gutt, and others saw the bodies on the floor. The thick blood stench had even caused Macy to go pale. The fatty could still take it but when he saw Tirath's body, he could not endure it anymore. He threw up in terror.

Tirath's body laid on the ground with a contorted expression. Anyone could see that he had gone through horrible torture when he was still alive.

Merlin took a glance at Prat, while the latter simply sneered. Prat did not think there was anything wrong with this. When he was with Old Wilson at the "Slaughterhouse", he had watched scenes which were hundred times crueler than this.

Merlin and the rest did not waste any time and left the castle. Many knights were waiting outside for them. Merlin scanned the crowd and realized that he only had around sixty knights with him. During his fight with Tirath, albeit Merlin's spells were at their advantage, he had still lost nearly forty knights.

Upon thinking about this, Merlin could not help but worry about Old Wilson. The security at Castellan's Mansion would be way tighter than this. Up to thousands of City Defense Troop knights were all stationed around Castellan's Mansion. Even if Old Wilson's heavy armored knights were incredible, they would still sustain a lot of damage.

"Quickly, to the city gate."

Merlin immediately brought the remaining knights to the city gate.

After sending Macy, Big-breasted Madam, and the butler into the carriage, Merlin turned around and said to Prat, "Uncle Prat, you stay here and protect Macy and Madam. I'm a little worried about Father's situation, so I want to go to Castellan's Mansion immediately."

Prat thought about it for a while. When he recalled Merlin's identity as a Spell Caster, he thought Merlin's safety should be guaranteed so, he nodded. "Young Master Merlin, please be at ease. I'll definitely protect Young Lady and Madam!"

Merlin did not know how to ride a horse, so he asked a knight to bring him to Castellan's Mansion. When he was about to leave, Macy popped her head out of the carriage and said hurriedly to him, "Merlin, what use do you have by going there? Father is protected by the heavy armored knights. He must be fine. You'll only cause trouble for Father if you go."

"Cause trouble?" Merlin looked strangely at Macy, only realizing that Macy and the others did not know of his identity as a Spell Caster. Thus, his mouth quirked into a smile as he pointed to the city gate nonchalantly.

"Boom!"

A fireball crashed onto the city gate. A hole was burnt through the gate which was already crumbling in the first place.

Then, ignoring Macy's shock, Merlin let his knight bring him to Castellan's Mansion.

"This..."

Macy and Gutt stared at the huge hole on the thick-walled gate, wide-mouthed. They could not utter a word for a long while.

In Castellan's Mansion, Old Wilson strode toward Augustin step by step. The aura around his whole being pressed onto everyone like a heavy rock.

"Imposing Aura... Are you coming close to become a Third-level Elemental Swordsman?" Augustin asked with a bitter smile after he felt Old Wilson's shapeless imposing air.

Only Third-level Elemental Swordsman and above could possibly understand "Aura" and use the Element's "Aura" to suppress his enemy.

"Wilson! What's going to happen even if you return today? The church will replace the Royal Family. It's what the current situation is heading to. Returning here today only will give your life away! Augustin, you don't have to be courteous. We're both Second-level Elemental Swordsmen. Why should we be afraid of him?"

Baron Vingult quickly unsheathed his sword and his whole body emitted an earthy yellow light. This was the light of Earth Element. He was a Second-level Earth Swordsman.

Earth Swordsman specialized in defense. It would take a large amount of effort for a Third-level Elemental Swordsman to defeat a Second-level Earth Swordsman.

Thus, Baron Vingult was not afraid of Old Wilson. He held his sword with both hands and blocked right in front of Old Wilson.

Old Wilson was covered in flames. After seeing Baron Vingult, a hint of mock flashed across his eyes.

"Flame Cleave!" Old Wilson moved. An undecorated sword slashed right at Baron Vingult straight from top to down as Baron Vingult prepared himself. The earthy yellow on him was already at its thickest.

"Bang!"

Vingult stared at Old Wilson in disbelief. In just one swing, Old Wilson had blasted him off. He fell on the ground.

He had no chance to strike back at all! Baron Vingult and Old Wilson had fought for numerous years. It was his first time feeling so hopeless like now.

“You’re too weak... Vingult, you’re not worthy of becoming my opponent!”

Old Wilson simply spared a glance at Baron Vingult who was on the floor now. Then, without minding him, Old Wilson turned his gaze to the castellan.

Augustin was his opponent!

Chapter 49: Battle of Spell Casters I

Old Wilson placed his gaze on Augustin.

Augustin also raised his head as he sensed Old Wilson’s violent aura. He took a glance at Baron Vingult indifferently, then showed a dejected expression. He said in a low voice, “Wilson, I’m not your opponent.”

Augustin was very clear that Old Wilson could injure Vingult who specialized in defense badly with one hit. Augustin could not do it because he was far behind Old Wilson.

Right at this time, sounds of footsteps could be heard from the outside. Some knights rushed in rapidly. They were the knights brought by Old Wilson. Other heavy armored knights were still fighting with the knights from City Defense Troop.

A knight approached Old Wilson’s side quickly and said, “Sir Baron, more and more knights from City Defense Troop have gathered outside. We should leave as soon as possible.”

Old Wilson understood well that Castellan’s Mansion was not a place to stay long, but before that, he would not let Augustin go easily.

“Augustin, you collude with the church, trying to put me to death! Now, I’m giving you a chance. Pick up your sword and fight with me in a proper match. Defeat me, then I’ll spare your life!” Old Wilson said.

Augustin and he had always been said as the strongest people in Blackwater City but they had never fought in a match before. However, Old Wilson had absolute confidence in himself.

Augustin took a glance at Old Wilson and said coldly, “Wilson, if you don’t leave now, you may never leave again!”

“Haha. Augustin, who can stop me? You? Or your City Defense Troop?” Old Wilson’s aura gradually increased and indistinctly suppressed Augustin. His sword also shown a sharp flame.

“Pick up your sword, Augustin!”

Standing in front of Augustin, Old Wilson’s muscular body was just like a large piece of shadow hovering over Augustin. Old Wilson did not hesitate at all. He swung his sword and slashed at his opponent.

Furious flame rubbed against the air, causing a sizzling sound. The move was horrendous.

Augustin seemed a little pale. He had to move so he quickly picked up his sword and raging flame burst out of his sword. Just like Old Wilson, he was a Fire Swordsman.

“Bang!”

Both who was named the strongest in Blackwater City back then had now engaged in a battle. The ferocious flames intertwined and dispersed directly.

Meanwhile, Augustin took a few steps back. His sword was, in fact, covered with cracks and could not stand any hit anymore.

Old Wilson remained unmoved. The outcome had been decided!

“Augustin, you’re also too weak... Back in those years, you’re filled with boundless enthusiasm. In these years, you’ve put aside your cultivation for the position of castellan. You’ve disappointed me!” Old Wilson shook his head and was greatly disappointed.

In those times, Augustin and he were named the strongest people in Blackwater City, both equal in power. However, ten years had gone by. Augustin was no way stronger than Old Wilson.

“Die!”

Old Wilson had no plan to let Augustin go. He raised his sword up high and the flame on the sword burnt even more ferociously, emitting scorching heat. The knights around him all felt the heat.

Augustin could not block this hit no matter how!

The sword slashed toward Augustin quickly and the aura suppressed him. This castellan who used to be in high spirits did not even have the courage to raise his sword now. He simply closed his eyes in silence, waiting for the moment of death to arrive!

“Bang!”

A dull noise was heard. Old Wilson’s expression changed slightly. His sword had not killed Augustin. Instead, a bright, white light had blocked in front of Augustin.

It was this light that had caused Old Wilson to take a few steps back. The heavy, black armor he wore also let out a creaking noise. Apparently, the impact of the force was too great.

“Who is it?”

Old Wilson looked in front in an alert. Behind Augustin, a middle-aged man had appeared since some time ago. He wore a white robe that had silver crossed swords sewn on it.

“Wizard Jason!” Augustin saw the white-robed man and was elated. He had almost forgotten that Wizard Jason from the church was around.

Augustin did not know Wizard Jason well. He only knew slightly that Wizard Jason was a person who had a special power and could easily defeat an Elemental Swordsman.

Even the evil heretic that appeared in Blackwater City back then could not win against Wizard Jason.

Thus, as soon as Wizard Jason had arrived, Augustin was extremely excited as if he had caught hold of a life-saving straw.

“A Wizard from the Inquisitor?” Old Wilson’s tone sounded serious.

He saw the silvery crossed swords on Wizard Jason’s white robe. He was rather familiar with this logo. When he was in the “Slaughterhouse”, he saw many people in the same sort of clothes. They were all Wizards from the most mysterious Inquisitor in Church of Light.

The Wizards of the church were the ones who could fight the strong Spell Casters from the Kingdom of Blackmoon! The white light earlier should be the spell cast by Wizard Jason.

“Baron Wilson, you’re the one who has survived the ‘Slaughterhouse’. You should be aware of how strong we, the church, are. Put down your weapon. If you have a sincere heart and believe in the God of Light willingly, then you’re still a God’s child!” Wizard Jason’s expression was calm. His whole being was filled with a friendly aura, causing others to feel that he was extremely kind and sincere.

“God will not instigate you to commit these foolish acts!”

Old Wilson raised his sword again and his aura became even stronger. The raging flames appeared as if they were about to blast through the critical point. Old Wilson had already reached the peak of Second-level Fire Swordsman and could possibly go into Third-level any time.

Wizard Jason shook his head slightly. With his indifferent tone, he said calmly, "Wilson, your soul has fallen. If you oppose God, your soul may never be at rest!"

After saying that, Wizard Jason reached out his pale hands and thick, white light was emitted from his body. He chanted softly.

"Swoosh."

Bundles of light crashed toward Old Wilson at an incredible speed. Old Wilson was not able to attend to everything at all. Moreover, these white bundles had a strong impact. Every time they hit Old Wilson's black armor, the armor with great defensive ability would let out creaking noises.

This indicated that even the strong armor could not stand Wizard Jason's spell attack and would break anytime. Once the armor crumbled, Old Wilson had no way of blocking Wizard Jason's strong spell no matter how excellent his physical attribute was.

Only in an instant, Old Wilson who had an advantage earlier was in a dangerous situation now. After Wizard Jason had appeared, the situation had quickly gone dire.

## Chapter 50: Battle of Spell Casters II

It was very quiet in the street near Castellan's Mansion in Blackwater City. Usually, this place would be very crowded.

However, sometimes some people would stick their heads out of their house and look at the direction of Castellan's Mansion. They were observing the situation. The yelling sounds that came from Castellan's Mansion and the bloody stench spread in the air had halted them from going out.

Suddenly, a horse dashed past them. Looking at its direction, it was heading toward Castellan's Mansion.

On the horse were Merlin and the young knight, Yaguez.

"Yaguez, are you afraid?" Merlin suddenly asked the young knight.

Yaguez's face was bright red from the cold but his gaze faintly highlighted his determination. He shook his head. "Young Master Merlin, to be honest, in the territory, I

was scared when I faced so many robbers. However, after looking at Sir Baron and his heavy armored knights, I suddenly became fearless. With Sir Baron and the invincible heavy armored knights around, we'll always win!"

Merlin smiled. This young knight had been deeply "captured" by the heavy armored knights. He now only wished to join them and become one of them.

"You'll become one of the heavy armored knights and even a great knight in the future!"

Merlin could see the courage, determination, and persistence from this young knight's eyes. If he lived this time, he would become someone great.

The young knight rode very quickly. They could already see Castellán's Mansion from far away.

"Young Master Merlin, it seems like Sir Baron has already moved. The City Defense Troop cannot defend against the heavy armored knights!" The young knight saw the bodies lying around by the roadside. They were all the knights from City Defense Troop and rarely would they see the bodies of heavy armored knights led by Old Wilson.

Merlin had to exclaim in his heart. Old Wilson had proven himself to be a strong soldier who survived the "Slaughterhouse". The heavy armored knights he trained, albeit only two hundred of them, had won numerous times under Old Wilson's command. No matter if they were dealing with the Guardian Swordsmen of the church who were disguised as robbers in the territory or attacking the City Defense Troop at Castellán's Mansion, the heavy armored knights had always gotten the better of the situation.

"Follow the direction of these bodies," Merlin said in a low voice. He knew that these bodies must be killed by the heavy armored knights. Following the direction of these bodies would surely get him to Old Wilson.

Merlin and the young knight kept dashing toward Castellán's Mansion. Gradually, the bodies on the ground increased. They could faintly hear the killing sound.

"Young Master Merlin, look at that. It's the heavy armored knights but they seem to be trapped!" Yaguez yelled loudly and Merlin also raised his head. He saw many knights from City Defense Troop gathered in front of the castle. They formed a large circle and had encircled the heavy armored knights led by Old Wilson.

"Get in there. Father must be in there!"

Looking at this situation, Merlin became worried about Old Wilson's situation.

The young knight did not care about anything else. He simply controlled his horse and ran toward the encirclement.

In the hall, Old Wilson was in imminent danger. The white light in Wizard Jason's hands appeared one after another. Like Zero-level spells, Wizard Jason could cast this spell continuously for many times without wasting a lot of Magic Power.

However, even if it was a Zero-level spell, it was not something Old Wilson could defend against.

"Ka-chak."

Finally, after receiving the attack for more than ten times, Old Wilson's armor finally could no longer withstand the attack. Cracks began to appear on the armor. Just like spider webs, the cracks spread out in an instant. Finally, the whole armor crumbled to the ground into pieces.

Old Wilson was pale as he took a few steps back. He glared in an alert at Wizard Jason.

After seeing that Old Wilson's armor had crumbled, Wizard Jason showed a smile on his face. He said in a low voice, "It's the end!"

"Swoosh."

Three bundles of white light were shot directly at Old Wilson at an incredible speed. Without the protection of the armor, if any light was to hit Old Wilson, the strong impact would be enough to kill him.

"Come!" Old Wilson seemed slightly ferocious. With a yell, the clothes he had on him all seemed to burst open due to the flexing of his muscle, showing his extremely strong body.

Old Wilson was near two meters in height. Now that his muscle was flexed, his whole being had become taller than two meters. Also, he was surrounded by a sort of raging air, expressed strongly in the flames of his sword which burnt furiously. The air even became distorted due to the intense burning.

Old Wilson was fighting with his life now, displaying his strongest force! His horrifying physical attributes and his elemental force that had almost broken through to Third-level were comparable to Angus, the Elemental Swordsman who was near to Fourth-level in the territory.

However, Old Wilson did not hold any hope when he faced Wizard Jason's fierce spell attack.

"Explode!"

Suddenly, a fist-like fireball flew into the hall, leaving smoke in the air. Following an indifferent voice outside of the door, the fireball exploded.

The scorching fireball spread throughout the hall and the terrifying explosion had directly destroyed Wizard Jason's spell. The three bundles of white light were immediately engulfed in the fire.

The sudden change had caused everyone to be in shock and at a loss. However, Old Wilson seemed to have guessed what was happening and he immediately stepped backward, his eyes staring outside of the hall.

As expected, a familiar figure slowly appeared in the hall.

"Merlin!" Old Wilson took a deep breath and yelled with mixed emotion. His tone was full of happiness after surviving a disaster. If Merlin was late by a little, he was afraid he had already been killed.

"Hmm?" Wizard Jason squinted his eyes. When he had a clear look at Merlin's face, he could not maintain his calm expression anymore. He almost yelled in surprise, "It's you?"

Wizard Jason had obviously recognized Merlin. After Wizard Jason had killed old man Etha, he had checked Merlin with his own spell, but he did not find anything odd.

However, the Fireball that Merlin cast had clearly indicated his identity as a Spell Caster. This had caused Wizard Jason, the one who had checked Merlin himself, to take on a ghastly expression.

"Wizard Jason, we've met again!" Merlin was a little surprised as well. He did not think he would meet Wizard Jason once again.

During Wizard Jason's battle with old man Etha, he had realized the strength of a Spell Caster, so he had a deep impression about Wizard Jason.

Now, Merlin had become a Spell Caster himself who was even stronger than old man Etha. Merlin was not the same as before when he met Wizard Jason again. His stare toward Wizard Jason had also revealed his great confidence.

The Spell Casters simply stared at each other in silence. The atmosphere was tense as the battle would be triggered at any moment!

