

W. Secret 51

Chapter 51: Battle of Spell Casters III

“Kill him.”

Without saying anything further, both moved.

“Swoosh.”

Wizard Jason’s white robe moved without the presence of wind. Bundles of holy light were shot from his hands as if they were raindrops and five pillars of light flew out in the blink of an eye.

These five pillars of light were the Zero-level spell Holy Light Bolt released by Wizard Jason. Every Holy Light Bolt had immense strength. Even Old Wilson’s specially tailored armor could not defend against Holy Light Bolt’s multiple attacks.

Merlin also refused to admit being inferior. His Mind Power suddenly stimulated the Fireball’s Spell Model in his Awareness. Suddenly, five fist-like fireballs floated beside him.

“Go!”

Merlin’s fingers simply pointed and the fireballs directly clashed into Wizard Jason’s Holy Light Bolt. In red and white, both Zero-level spells began to clash.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The clashing sounds resembled the rumbling of thunder, causing everyone in the hall to temporarily lose their hearing.

The terrifying thing was the flame and holy light that dispersed in all direction after the clash of spells. They had destroyed everything they met directly, almost as if they could do it easily.

In a short while, the whole hall was in a mess. Wooden debris was scattered all around the floor, and even the bluestone bricks had turned charred black.

“Go. We can’t stay here any longer!” Old Wilson said in a deep voice and waved his hands and brought his knights out from the hall quickly.

Augustin, Vingult, and others were the same. They had quickly gone out of the hall. If they were slightly touched by the remaining force of the spells, they would have to pay a heavy price.

In the blink of an eye, the whole hall had been vacated. Only Merlin and Wizard Jason were still facing each other.

“Your spell is even stronger than the evil heretic!”

Wizard Jason had an aghast expression. Merlin and he had only tested each other earlier. Through the clash earlier, Wizard Jason found that Merlin’s Magic Power was greatly powerful. It was even about the same as old man Etha back then, so he was extremely shocked by this fact.

“Wizard Jason, where’s your First-level spell? If you don’t cast your First-level spell now, I’m afraid you don’t have the chance to do so anymore!” Merlin appeared calm. He knew Wizard Jason was a true First-level spell Caster! Old man Etha had died from Wizard Jason’s First-level spell back then.

Thus, Merlin was very cautious against Wizard Jason’s First-level spell.

“First-level spell? heretic, even a Zero-level spell is enough to deal with you!”

Wizard Jason shot him a haughty look. A thicker white light began to emit from his body. This was a sight that Light Element was rapidly gathering in him.

Merlin's expression changed. As a First-level spell Caster, Wizard Jason was obviously stronger than Merlin in terms of recovery speed of Magic Power and Mind Power. If it was a duel that would exhaust Magic Power like this, Merlin would be at a disadvantage.

Therefore, Merlin naturally wanted to finish the battle as quickly as possible.

"Frost!" Merlin suddenly cast Frost, the second spell he had grasped recently!

"Ka-chak, ka-chak."

Almost as soon as Merlin's voice dropped, a chilly wind directly engulfed Wizard Jason. Ice crystals instantaneously appeared on Wizard Jason's body, completely freezing his lower half body.

This sort of Binding-type spell, albeit not strong in power, had a strong binding ability. Merlin even cast Frost three times to secure the bind on Wizard Jason.

Three Frosts were already the limit Merlin had of casting normal Frost. Of course, after three Frosts, Merlin still had a chance of casting a Large Frost.

However, in the current situation, three Frosts were enough to bind Wizard Spell. He did not need to waste his precious Large Frost.

After binding Wizard Jason, Merlin pointed at Wizard Jason with both hands and performed his strongest spell.

"Large Fireball!"

"Voom!"

A gigantic fireball appeared out of nowhere, emitting scorching heat as if distorting the air.

Merlin had almost cast Frost and Large Fireball at once, so Wizard Jason had changed his expression as soon as he realized he was bound.

“Explode!”

Merlin showed a slight smile. Wizard Jason did not even have the chance to cast his First-level spell. The body of a Spell Caster was usually weaker, only slightly stronger than Normies.

Facing the Large Fireball which was way stronger than the normal Zero-level spell, Wizard Jason had no way of blocking it.

“Boom!”

The gigantic fireball exploded. Terrifying flame engulfed Wizard Jason’s body. The whole hall was filled with ferocious flame. The inside of the gigantic fireball released by the Large Fireball was not stable to begin with, so its impact could cover about ten meters in radius once exploded.

Even Merlin had to retreat from the hall hurriedly. A scorching fiery air came straight at him and almost pushed him out of the hall.

“Ka-chak.”

Cracks that resembled spider webs began to appear on the sturdy white walls in the hall. They were formed from the direct impact of the explosion of Merlin’s Large Fireball.

Everyone was gawking at the hall with a wide mouth. That furiously burning flame was like the flame of a death god. Everyone felt a chill down their spine looking at it.

“Too strong... Evil heretic? Having similar strength with the church’s Wizard. He’s simply too strong!”

Castellan Augustin sneaked a glance at Merlin. The strength Merlin and Wizard Jason showed had gone far beyond his understanding. With such terrifying strength, even thousands of knights could not stop Merlin alone.

The flame in the hall slowly disappeared. Merlin who had just heaved a sigh of relief had changed his expression suddenly.

Others might not be able to see the situation in the hall but Merlin's Mind Power could see it clearly. He could faintly sense that the Light Element was still gathering rapidly in the hall.

"Hu..."

A gust of chilly wind blew from outside the castle, blowing away the dust in the hall. A figure stood before everyone's sight once again.

"Not dead?"

The dust had already dissipated in the hall, so everyone could clearly see Wizard Jason. The ice crystals on him were already gone since long ago. The crazy explosion just now seemed to have no effect on Wizard Jason at all. Even his white robe did not have a speck of dust on it.

Chapter 52: Battle of Spell Casters IV

Wizard Jason did not die. Instead, he strode out of the hall step by step, glaring deadly at Merlin with a dark expression.

Merlin was also observing Wizard Jason. He noticed that a translucent light shield had surrounded Wizard Jason's body. It kept absorbing Light Element from the outside.

"Spell Scroll? On top of that, it far exceeds First-level spell!" Merlin murmured in a low voice. He could sense that translucent light shield on Wizard Jason was also a spell. Moreover, it was a high-level spell. It was not something Wizard Jason could cast.

The only explanation for this was that Wizard Jason had a Spell Scroll on him. When Merlin had surprised him by casting Frost and Large Fireball, Wizard Jason felt that he was threatened, thus he took out the scroll and initiated the spell in the scroll.

After Wizard Jason strode out of the hall, he seemed to have heard Merlin's murmur. He showed a hint of a smile as he said, "That's right. I have a Spell Scroll with me. The spell

in the scroll is a purely Defensive-type Second-level spell, Holy Light Ring. Lowly heretic, your plan did not work on me. Now it's your turn. Receive your judgment!"

Merlin squinted his eyes. A thick white light appeared from Wizard Jason's body. The raging Light Element was gathering, causing a sense of danger in Merlin's heart.

He knew Wizard Jason was about to cast his First-level spell!

"Holy Light Adjudication!" as expected, Wizard Jason shouted while holding his palms together, as if he was praying.

As soon as his voice dropped, pillars of white light quickly formed and blotted out the sky. Glimmering white light seemed to have covered up the sun in the sky.

This was the First-level spell that had crushed all of old man Etha's hope!

The spell had not formed itself completely. Merlin had already felt a large pressure on him. There was no wind before but along with the release of the spell "Holy Light Adjudication", gusts of wind came straight at him, almost causing Merlin unable to open his eyes.

"First-level spell? Come at me!" Merlin yelled. His Mind Power stimulated the Spell Model in his Awareness in a frenzy.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh."

Balls of fire kept flying out of Merlin's hands, trying to stop the large piece of white light but to no avail. Numerous fireballs were drowned by the white light, vanished forever.

In Merlin's mind, he thought of the scene where old man Etha had cast Fireball to burn himself into ashes.

Maybe that showed how hopeless old man Etha was when he faced "Holy Light Adjudication"!

“Large Fireball!” Merlin yelled and cast Fireball in a frenzy. When the grey frame had turned red, he cast Large Fireball without hesitation.

The gigantic fireball appeared once more, but this time, Merlin was using Large Fireball to block Wizard Jason’s First-level spell!

“Boom!”

The gigantic fireball exploded again and the violent impact had caused “Holy Light Adjudication” to halt a little.

Merlin’s Fireball could be cast to nearly twenty times continuously. In such a life-and-death situation, he could not mind other things anymore. He simply cast Fireball without stopping. Regardless of normal Fireball or Large Fireball, he shot them at Wizard Jason crazily.

Outside of the castle, many nobles and knights were staring at the large piece of white screen in the sky and Merlin’s raindrops-like Fireball. They all seemed slightly pale. No matter if it was Wizard Jason’s spell or Merlin’s spell, it was not something any of them could defend against.

Those were two forces with chasm-like differences. They had shaken everyone’s heart!

“Merlin, hang on!” Old Wilson held his palm together. His muscular chest was heaving up and down, showing how nervous he was on the inside.

‘Young Master Merlin, please hang on!’ Young Yaguez was also rooting for Merlin in his heart.

Everyone knew that the battle of two strong Spell Casters had entered its most crucial stage!

“Boom!”

Finally, white light was ferociously blasted upon Merlin’s body like heavy hammers. The endless flames burning in the air were blocking the impact of holy light on Merlin.

Merlin felt an overwhelming brute force was pressed on his chest, then an unbearable pain exploded in his chest.

“Ka-chak.”

His bone was broken. Merlin finally could not hold on any longer. His body was blasted backward and fell to the ground.

“Hehe. I’ve blocked it still. What about First-level spell, huh?”

Merlin who fell to the ground supported himself with one hand and stood up in difficulty. Some of his ribs were broken by the great force, causing him a burning pain.

However, Merlin did not die. He had blocked Wizard Jason’s First-level spell. Even old man Etha had not achieved this.

Wizard Jason squinted his eyes. After seeing Merlin had stood up in shivers, his expression was calm and indifferent when he said, “Cunning heretic, you’re very lucky. You didn’t die but you won’t be so lucky next time!”

Wizard Jason planned to cast “Holy Light Adjudication” once again.

Merlin pressed the area where his ribs had broken lightly with his hands. This could lighten his pain slightly. The reason he did not die was that, other than the Large Fireball had blocked a part of the impact of “Holy Light Adjudication”, Merlin had a physical attribute that was comparable to a First-level Elemental Swordsman.

Strong physical attributes had allowed Merlin to bear a part of the shock given off by “Holy Light Adjudication”.

“Hehe. Wizard Jason, you have no more chance. Everything is over!”

Merlin looked at Wizard Jason who was about to cast a spell. His gaze faintly revealed a sign of madness.

“Large Frost!” Merlin shouted. Almost exhausting the last Magic Power in the Frost’s Spell Model, he had cast a Large Frost.

“Ka-chak, ka-chak.”

The effect of Large Frost was far greater than a normal Frost. Its binding ability was also remarkable. Even if Wizard Jason was prepared for that, he was still bound and would not be able to get out of it in a short amount of time.

However, Wizard Jason did not panic at all. He looked at the translucent light shield beside him. Since he was very confident with Second-level spell, Holy Light Ring, he simply sneered. “Hmph. Lowly heretic, stop the useless struggle. ‘Holy Light Ring’ is not something you can defeat.”

“Is it? ‘Holy Light Ring’ is the Second-level spell?”

Merlin’s mouth suddenly quirked into a strange smile. In front of his chest, an ancient-looking pendant had appeared since some time ago.

“Let’s see if it can block ten Large Fireballs.”

After he said that, Merlin’s Mind Power immediately initiated Bell Pendant. In an instant, ten gigantic fireballs that emitted terrifying, scorching heat flew toward Wizard Jason.

Chapter 53: Departure I

Ten gigantic fireballs flew toward Wizard Jason in the blink of an eye. Even with the protection of “Holy Light Ring”, Wizard Jason’s expression changed greatly.

Merlin was a little pale. His Mind Power was greatly exhausted. For a feat like that, he had already exhausted half of his Mind Power. With his current Mind Power, controlling ten gigantic fireballs was nonetheless putting too much on his plate.

However, these gigantic fireballs did not need Merlin's control much. After the fireballs had flown behind Wizard Jason, he only needed to detonate the unstable fireballs directly with his Mind Power.

"V-room."

The fireballs exploded and endless flames drowned Wizard Jason's body instantly. The flicking flame hissed around, sweeping small rocks and dust from the ground and formed a mushroom-shaped flame in the air.

The knights and nobles took a few steps back. They stared in horror at the raging, terrifying flame.

Even for Merlin, it was his first-time casting ten Large Fireballs, so he could not predict how terrifying its effect would be.

However, Merlin would not let down his guard, so he stared in an alert at the center of the explosion.

"Hu..."

A gust of wind blew away all the dust. Merlin was pale, one of his hands pressed lightly on his injured stomach. His chest was heaving rapidly. It was easy to see how seriously exhausted his Mind Power was after casting ten Large Fireballs from Bell Pendant at once. If he did not have an excellent physical attribute, he could not have held on any longer and fell on the ground by now.

At the center of the explosion earlier, Wizard Jason's figure appeared. However, the "Holy Light Ring" which surrounded Wizard Jason had completely disappeared. His white robe had been turned into ashes.

Meanwhile, Wizard Jason had been charred. He fell on the ground and his face was beyond recognition.

"Finally dead..." Merlin smiled. Just when he felt relieved, he could not hang on any longer and lost consciousness.

Augustin's eyes were bright red. His whole being was giving out a scary aura. He seemed just like a beast that had human flesh. Thus, even though this was the perfect timing to kill Merlin, Augustin and the injured Baron Vingult did not dare to make any rash move.

"Merlin!"

Old Wilson approached Merlin and lightly held him up. Merlin had not lost his consciousness completely at this moment. It was just that the damage on his Mind Power was too great, so he temporarily passed out.

"Father, don't worry. Uncle Prat is waiting at the city gate. We should leave Blackwater City quickly," Merlin said between large mouthfuls of breaths. He was not sure if the church had only sent Jason. If there were other Wizards, Merlin could not cast the spell in his current situation even if Bell Pendant still had eight Large Fireballs left.

Therefore, they must depart from Blackwater City immediately.

Old Wilson nodded and helped Merlin up. Then, his gaze lightly scanned Castellan Augustin and Vingult. Besides them, many City Defense Troop knights had gathered. Even if Old Wilson had his strong heavy armored knights, it was still impossible to kill them in a short amount of time.

If they stayed any longer in Blackwater City, they would be in more danger!

"Let's go!" Old Wilson ordered. Many heavy armored knights quickly dashed out of Castellan's Mansion. Augustin and Vingult did not stop them this time.

Along with Old Wilson, some nobles also left the place quickly. There were still some nobles who decided to stay after thinking for a long time.

After all, they could not give up their family's business in Blackwater City, so they were prepared to surrender to the church.

"Augustin, you're just letting Wilson go like that?" injured Baron Vingult questioned Augustin loudly while standing up in difficulty.

“Swish.”

Augustin stared at Vingult sharply with a cold aura surrounding him.

“Baron Vingult, you’re too ambitious... Wilson should have killed you just now! However, I can help Wilson one more time...”

Augustin let out a sneer then he raised his sword.

“What are you doing?”

Vingult’s expression changed and took a few steps backward in a struggle.

“Die!”

Scorching flames burst out from Augustin’s sword and slashed toward Vingult. Since Baron Vingult was heavily injured, he could not make any effective block at all.

“Tsk.”

The ferocious flame gulped Baron Vingult’s body.

When the sword was pulled out, it was still tainted with red blood. Augustin shot his gaze at the other nobles. With his eyes squinted, he said calmly, “You saw it just now. Baron Vingult and Wizard Jason are killed by the Wilson father and son!”

The nobles all exchanged glances and nodded all at once.

At the city gate, Merlin was placed lightly into the carriage by Old Wilson. Old Wilson’s gaze was very gentle. Only when he was treating Merlin, Old Wilson would have such gentle gaze.

In the carriage were also Macy and Big-breasted Madam.

Macy and the others immediately panicked when they saw Merlin's weak situation.

Old Wilson also asked in a heavy tone, "Merlin, how are you doing?"

Merlin struggled to sit up and leaned against the carriage. He shook his head slightly. "Father, I'm fine. We must leave Blackwater City as soon as possible. We can't waste any minute!" Merlin reminded Old Wilson again that it was dangerous to stay in Blackwater City. They must leave now.

Old Wilson nodded, then he said to Big-breasted Madam and Macy, "Merlin is injured. You take care of him."

After that, he jumped off the carriage and began to gather his knights. He was preparing to leave Blackwater City.

"Merlin, you're leaving Blackwater City?" Fatty Gutt's voice rang outside the carriage.

Merlin quickly called Macy to pull the curtain open. After seeing Gutt, Merlin nodded, "Gutt, we must leave Blackwater City. The Kingdom of Light no longer exists now. You can come with me and leave Blackwater City, maybe even leave the Kingdom of Light!"

Merlin truly wanted to help Gutt. If Gutt was willing to do so, he would bring Gutt together.

Hearing Merlin's words, Gutt shook his head slightly, "I don't have to leave. No matter who's the one in control of the kingdom, they won't be able to survive without businessman. So, I'll be fine."

Gutt clearly knew that with his status, he should not be in any danger in Blackwater City.

Both did not say anything further. The air fell into silence.

Old Wilson had gathered the knights. He had lost thirty heavy armored knights, so he was left with one hundred and seventy of them. He also had lost more normal knights. There were only five hundred knights under Old Wilson's command now.

Along with Old Wilson's order, the unit began to depart from Blackwater City.

Merlin kept looking out of the carriage. Gutt's figure became smaller gradually until it was completely out of Merlin's sight.

"Merlin, will we be able to return to this place?" Macy suddenly asked after a long silence.

"Yes, we'll definitely return to this place!" Merlin took a deep breath. As he stared at the faraway Blackwater City, his tone was full of determination.

Chapter 54: Departure II

In his territory, Old Wilson had arranged many knights to stay on guard outside the castle.

It was already midnight and it was pitch black all around. Only the castle was still brightly lit. Old Wilson had changed into another silvery armor and was carefully wiping his sword. He did not raise his head when he listened to his territory knight's report in the hall.

During the time Old Wilson was gone, there was no robber attack in the territory. It seemed the robbers they defeated last time had collapsed and were no longer a threat to the territory.

Merlin leaned against the chair. Some colors had returned to his face and it was not as pale as before as he meditated and recovered his Mind Power during his journey in the carriage.

"It seems the ribs are not broken. They are probably only dislocated." Merlin's left hand was pressing lightly on the ribs area.

This was the injury he sustained when he battled with Wizard Jason. He originally thought his ribs were broken. Without a few months' rest, his injuries would not recover. However,

when Merlin checked his injuries carefully earlier, he found that his ribs were only dislocated and were not broken and this was easier to solve.

“Uncle Prat, my ribs are dislocated. Please help me to correct it!” Prat was stunned and immediately came forward to help Merlin to correct his ribs. However, Old Wilson stood up and rushed to Merlin’s side. He said in a low voice, “Let me do it. Merlin, which part is dislocated?”

Merlin pointed to the area in which the pain was felt most. Old Wilson nodded and pressed both of his hands there.

“Ka-chak.”

A crisp sound could be heard clearly. Merlin broke out in cold sweat and endured the intense pain silently. After that, Old Wilson moved his palms. Merlin’s injured part seemed much better except for a little redness.

“Hu..” Merlin heaved a long sigh. He stood up slowly and stretched a little. Even though he was still in pain, a slight exercise would not be a hindrance to him.

At this crucial stage, it was good news for everyone that Merlin could still move.

“Merlin, are you alright? Old Wilson appeared extremely concerned.

“Yes. I still have some minor injuries, but it doesn’t matter. Father, we should discuss where should we go now?” Merlin pointed out the most serious issue about their next course of action.

Grand City must have been controlled by the church already. Although Blackwater City might be slightly better, Wizard Jason was killed by Merlin. The church’s force had faced a great loss, but Merlin and Old Wilson did not dare to stay in Blackwater City. If the church at Grand City had realized the situation, then Old Wilson and Merlin’s situation would become greatly dangerous.

Thus, the first thing they must confirm was the current situation of the whole Kingdom of Light.

However, both Old Wilson and Merlin did not receive any news, so they could not analyze their current predicament at all.

The atmosphere was tense as if a huge rock was placed in everyone's heart.

Right at this time, Macy suddenly spoke, "Gutt once said that the church has controlled most parts of the Kingdom of Light."

Merlin nodded silently. His guess was, in fact, the same. The church had prepared for such a long time. They had to in an advantageous position now. If the Royal Family of Light could not stop the church, then the whole Kingdom of Light would fall into chaos.

After a long time, Old Wilson's voice became hoarse as he said, "It seems the Royal Family cannot stop the church. There's no place in the whole Kingdom of Light for us to live in! Merlin, what's your plan?" Old Wilson asked and turned his gaze toward Merlin.

Old Wilson's attitude directly indicated Merlin's status in the Wilson family.

Merlin thought for a while and raised his head. He met Old Wilson's gaze and answered, "The church has tremendous strength and it has prepared for so many years to replace the Royal Family of Light. Becoming the actual ruler of the Kingdom of Light is almost a fact now. Thus, we can't stay in the Kingdom of Light any longer. We can only go east, over the border and enter the Kingdom of Blackmoon!"

After Merlin had finished his words, the whole hall fell silent.

"To a foreign country?" Macy was the one who spoke. She looked confused.

Merlin just realized that he was still different to everyone else in Wilson family. He did not care if he was in the Kingdom of Light or the Kingdom of Blackmoon. Maybe due to his identity as a Spell Caster, he hoped to stay in the Kingdom of Blackmoon. There was no limitation set on Spell Caster there. Furthermore, a Spell Caster had a high status in the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

The eastern countries represented by the Kingdom of Blackmoon were the sanctuary for all Spell Casters! If Merlin went to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, not only he could hide from the church's chase but he could also attain stronger spells and become a stronger Spell Caster!

However, Macy, the butler, Big-breasted Madam, General Prat... Even Old Wilson had lived in the Kingdom of Light all their lives. Even if they were not deeply involved in the church, they were greatly influenced by some thoughts of the church.

In their hearts, the Kingdom of Blackmoon was a foreign country which was horrifying and dark!

Old Wilson did not speak but his expression kept changing. Obviously, he was considering Merlin's suggestion. In the Wilson family, there was no one who understood the Kingdom of Blackmoon more than Old Wilson.

After all, Old Wilson had participated in the war against the Kingdom of Blackmoon and had even survived from the cruelest "Slaughterhouse". Telling him to go to an opposing country gave the largest impact to Old Wilson. This made him more indecisive than ever.

"Sir Baron!"

A knight suddenly crashed into the hall from outside of the castle.

This knight lowered his head and kneeled before reporting to Old Wilson respectfully, "Sir Baron, there's a large number of knights outside. They seem to come straight toward the castle."

"Hmm? Could it be that the church has come here?"

Old Wilson's expression changed drastically. This reporting knight shook his head slightly and said, "Due to the dark sky, we can't see clearly who those are. I come here for Sir Baron's order."

"Let's go and take a look."

Old Wilson also could not sit still. He immediately picked up the sword he had wiped clean and followed the knight outside.

“I hope it’s not the church...” Merlin murmured in a low voice. He had a ghastly look on him.

Merlin knew clearly that if it was the church, he could not escape from a battle! His Mind Power had just barely recovered by half. There were also only eight Large Fireballs in the Bell Pendant. Once he met another First-level spell Caster like Wizard Jason, Merlin had no confidence to kill him again.

Walking after Old Wilson, Merlin quickly left the castle.

Chapter 55: Departure III

In the dark night, the sounds of horses’ neighs became clearer as time passed. Just from the sound, there were at least a few hundreds of knights.

Old Wilson was already outside the castle. Many knights had lit their torches to light up a hundred meters away from the castle but they still did not have a clear view of the knights in front of them.

“Line up. Prepare for battle!”

Old Wilson unsheathed his sword and jumped onto a black warhorse. He glared in front with flashing eyes. Once he confirmed that the knights were from the church, Old Wilson would not hesitate to lead nearly five hundred knights and charge forward.

Soon, the noises became nearer and clearer as it was utterly quiet outside the castle. Only the breathing sounds of the warhorses could be heard at times.

Merlin stood against the chilly wind and held his coat tighter around him. His Mind Power slowly extended forward to observe the uninvited guests in the dark.

“Haha. Wilson, it’s me, Parman!”

From far away, a roaring laughter came through the night. The nervous Old Wilson was finally relieved when he heard this voice.

“Baron Parman, I thought it’s the church. Why have you come to my territory?”

As the knights approached them, Old Wilson finally had a clear look at the crowd. It was surprisingly one of the rare nobles of Blackwater City, Baron Parman, who was Old Wilson’s good friend.

Baron Parman wore a black armor and held a sword in his hands. He looked exhausted and seemed to have gone through a harsh journey.

“Wilson, the influence of the Church of Light is great. I’m afraid the whole Kingdom of Light will be under its control in the future. I don’t want to serve the church, so I’ve come to discuss with you. Haha. I’ve brought all members of the Parman family to seek refuge with you, Wilson. You mustn’t say no!”

As expected, behind Baron Parman, there were many carriages carrying ladies and madams in the Parman family.

“Let’s talk when we get in.”

Old Wilson took a glance at the team behind Baron Parman. Just from this, he had a basic judgment of what he would do. There were at least seven hundred knights with Baron Parman. Even though their combat ability was less than the heavy armored knights, they were a substantial combat force.

Both entered a wide hall and Baron Parman immediately recognized Merlin. He nodded slightly and had a satisfied expression.

“Merlin, come and meet Baron Parman!” Old Wilson said to Merlin.

Merlin went forward and performed a standard noble’s etiquette to Baron Parman. Then, he retreated to one side. Meanwhile, Baron Parman was observing Merlin from top to

bottom as he nodded and said, “Good job. I saw Merlin’s performance today. Spell Caster, huh... Wilson, can you still recall how we felt when we first saw the Spell Casters from the Kingdom of Blackmoon back then?”

Baron Parman had participated in the war against eastern heretics during that time. However, he had quickly returned to Blackwater City and inherited the baron’s family title. Even though he had spent a short time in battle, Baron Parman had also seen the strong Spell Casters of the Kingdom of Blackmoon destroying completely a tough military fortress as easily as breathing.

Those indescribable power left a deep impression on Baron Parman!

Thus, those who had participated in the war against the east would not take the word “heretic” mentioned by the church seriously. From their point of view, the so-called “heretics” were only Normies who had obtained stronger power than others. The Kingdom of Light had this sort of power as well, but it was controlled by the church. Normies had no chance of meeting these special people at all.

After Baron Parman finished observing Merlin, his expression turned grim. He said in a heavy tone, “Wilson, what’s your plan now?”

Old Wilson hesitated for a while, then shot a gaze at Merlin. He said softly, “Merlin and I were discussing it earlier. We’ve made a primary decision. That is to go east and into the Kingdom of Blackmoon!”

Hearing these words, Baron Parman, in fact, showed a hint of elation. “Good. Wilson, that’s what I thought too. We can only go east... Your heavy armored knights are very tough. From here to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, the journey is harsh. If you meet a large number of robbers during the journey, your heavy armored knights and the knights of Parman family that I brought should be sufficient to ensure our safety to the Kingdom of Blackmoon!”

Old Wilson nodded. Joined by Baron Parman, albeit their speed would be slowed down, he would be able to organize a unit of one thousand and five hundred knights from their tough armed forces.

With many knights around, even if they meet robbers during their journey, they would still be safe.

Finally, Old Wilson had made his decision and agreed to Merlin's suggestion. They would go east into the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

With that decision, Old Wilson quickly put his mind into action. The migration of the whole family must not be taken lightly. Some things must be brought with them, so they would need a few hours' time to prepare even if they were doing it at lightning speed.

"Merlin," Baron Parman called him out with a smile. After a long journey, Baron Parman was obviously exhausted, but as soon as he had arrived in Old Wilson's territory, he had relaxed his nerves. Although he was still tired, he was still clear-headed.

Baron Parman came in front of Merlin and said, "Merlin, I haven't seen you in a few months. I can't believe your change is so great... Right, you haven't seen Avril for a few months as well. She's right in the carriage. Let me call her and you two have a good talk together."

Merlin paused slightly. When Baron Parman mentioned "Avril", a familiar memory popped up in his mind.

"Avril? Fiancée?" Merlin suddenly took on an odd expression.

...

Light City was the capital of the Kingdom of Light. The extravagant Palace and the Church of Light Headquarters all sat in Light City.

However, the booming Light City which was usually surrounded by a cacophony of noise had now become an ocean of blood. In every street, large or small, intense fights had broken out.

"Charise, the Royal Family is finished. Its influence is gone... Bring your little brother and leave Light City. Out of the city, I've prepared two thousand knights for you. They'll protect you during your journey. Go. Go as far as you can to preserve the bloodline of the Royal Family."

In the darkness, the prince of the Kingdom of Light, Frederick, exhorted two teenagers of around seventeen years old softly. His tone was filled with helplessness.

The princess of the Royal Family named Charise quickly said, “Uncle Frederick, aren’t you coming with us?”

Prince Frederick took a glance at the dark sky and shook his head. “No, I’m not. Otherwise, none of us can leave... Right, take this ring. Remember, take care of it! It’s a shame that both you and Benin don’t have the Spell Caster Quality. Otherwise, with this ring, you can go to the Dark Magic Region in the Kingdom of Blackmoon and become a Spell Caster’s apprentice...”

Frederick seemed to care about this ring deeply. He handed it to Charise with much reluctance.

“Quickly, go. Don’t think of revenge. If any of your later generations has the Spell Caster Quality, pass this ring to him and ask him to go to the Dark Magic Region. Only when he goes there, he’ll become a great Spell Caster...”

After saying that, Prince Frederick waved his hands and indicated the guards beside him to bring Charise away.

“Boom!”

Just when Charise and the others left Light City, a terrifying white light exploded. The bright light almost engulfed the entire Light City.

“Uncle Frederick...” Charise mumbled softly. Holding both her hands tight, she wiped the tears off her face and turned around. She followed the guards and quickly disappeared into the night.

Chapter 56: Members of the Royal Family I

“Alright, everyone. Take a rest.”

Right after they walked out of the woods, Old Wilson let the large unit to take a break. Since there was a small river in front, they could replenish the water of the unit.

Old Wilson had merged his forces with Baron Parman's team, barely organizing a unit of one thousand and four hundred knights. The unit was led jointly by Old Wilson and Baron Parman. If the family members and servants were added, the whole unit consisted of approximately three thousand people.

Such a large unit could only advance slowly. However, the Church seemed to be busy with controlling the entire Kingdom of Light. Thus, they did not chase after Old Wilson and his group. Save for seeing some individual knights of the Church, they had not met any large group of Church Knights.

This had allowed the unit to carry on for ten days safely. Now, they were already close to the border of the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

In the carriage, Merlin also opened his eyes. There was only Merlin in this carriage. Macy and Big-breasted Madam had already moved to the carriage of the ladies in Baron Parman's team.

After ten days, Merlin's injuries had healed completely, and there was also an enhancement of his Mind Power. The Magic Power accumulated by his Frost was also enough to cast the spell for about seven times. As time passed by, the Magic Power in Frost would become richer.

However, the largest benefit Merlin had attained this time was not the Magic Power. It was the combination of spells.

From the battle with Wizard Jason, Merlin became greatly familiar with the combination of spells. If it was Fireball or Frost alone, it would not have brought about a big impact to the outcome.

However, once those spells were used in a combo, their power could be increased in multiple times directly. However, this was far from enough. Although he had gained a lot, at the same time, Merlin also realized his own weakness, which was his slow speed.

If his speed was fast enough, Merlin could have effectively dodged Wizard Jason's spells even if they were First-level spells. Since he was too slow, Merlin could only choose to take the hit directly. He was almost killed by Wizard Jason.

Thus, during these ten days of rest, Merlin had already confirmed the overall type of his third Spell Model. It was a Supportive spell. On top of that, it was also a Speed spell.

If he had such a spell, Merlin could cast the spell on himself and increase his speed greatly. Combined with Fireball and Frost, his power would elevate rapidly.

The Spell Manual of old man Etha once introduced that the spell would not be better simply because it was powerful. The best spell was one that was most suitable to the Spell Caster's condition.

However, Merlin did not have a Speed spell currently. He only had a Whirlwind now that was recorded in old man Etha's Spell Manual. This spell, however, is an attack type Spell, not the Speed spell Merlin was looking for.

For an Entrance-level Spell Caster like Merlin, it was enough to only have Fireball as the attack type Spell. He would not need to worry about his offensive force. If he added Whirlwind to that, it would only seem unnecessary, considering his overall power would not increase much.

Therefore, Merlin did not plan to use the Whirlwind recorded in the Spell Manual temporarily. Only until he found a more suitable spell in the future would Merlin consider constructing the Third Spell Model.

Merlin pulled the curtain open and jumped off the carriage. He came to the river, wanting to move around a little.

At the river, Merlin saw Macy chatting with a young girl. The young girl was tall and had a long, blonde hair that was pulled into a ponytail. Her hair softly swayed, giving off a youthful aura.

However, it was the girl's face that had attracted Merlin. Although he was looking from afar, Merlin could still have a clear view of her face. That was a sort of beauty beyond words. Or maybe, the word 'exquisite' would be suitable!

The young girl looked exquisite, much like a porcelain doll without a flaw. Even Gia, whom Merlin thought as the most beautiful girl, could not compare with this girl.

Merlin's gaze had gotten Macy and the young girl's attention as well. The young girl slightly nodded to Merlin from afar, then returned to the carriage with Macy.

"Avril? It doesn't seem bad to have such a fiancé..."

Merlin thought about it. He had guessed the girl's identity before. She should be Avril who was engaged with him since a long while ago. After such a long time, this was Merlin's first time seeing his supposed 'fiancée' in person.

At least, just from the looks, Avril seemed decent.

Right at this time, Old Wilson came to him from afar. He took a glance at Macy and Avril and flashed a smile as well. He said, "Merlin, Avril and you have reached the age to get married. After this, when we have settled down in the Kingdom of Blackmoon, Baron Parman and I will organize the wedding for you!"

Merlin smiled, "Father, you don't have to rush..."

However, Merlin's smile immediately stiffened. He looked behind Old Wilson suddenly and said, "Father, there's a large team of knights behind us!"

This time, it was not only Merlin who had noticed this. Everyone had noticed the team of knights as they caused too large of a commotion. The rumbling sound persisted for a while. Even a slightly experienced knight would know there were at least up to thousands of knights dashing behind him.

Unorganized sounds of horses came from the woods behind them. The sounds were becoming clearer and clearer, indicating that the team was about to approach Old Wilson and his unit.

"Formation! Prepare for battle!"

Old Wilson immediately unsheathed his sword and, together with Baron Parman, led thousands of knights to quickly protect the unit. Just like a barrier, the knights blocked in front of the others.

The women and servants who were resting all returned to the carriage in panic. They carefully stuck their heads out to watch from afar.

Merlin also came to the front. When he saw Old Wilson's grim expression, Merlin said in a low voice, "Father, let me go in front. I'll try to see who we're dealing with."

Old Wilson knew Merlin had recovered from his injuries and was a strong Spell Caster. He knew there would not be any problem. Yet, he still advised Merlin, "Merlin, you can go have a look. If it's the Church, don't do anything rash. After all, they outnumber us a lot. You can't defend against them alone."

Merlin nodded and strongly agreed to Old Wilson's words.

He was simply an Entrance-level Spell Caster now. He was far from the being able to destroy a military fortress as effortlessly as breathing. If it was to scare off thousands of knights, perhaps Merlin could still do it. However, if he was to defend against thousands of knights all by himself, Merlin had no way of doing it.

"Father, please be rest assured. I won't do anything rash."

Merlin said in a low voice. After promising Old Wilson, he carefully snuck into the thick woods.

Chapter 57: Members of the Royal Family II

There were vines all over the quiet forest in the mountains; the trees were growing densely together. Such a complex terrain proved difficult for the knights to move through.

A troop of knights charged directly into the forest, alarming the birds in the trees.

Everyone in this troop of knights was wearing a set of bright and neat armor. Carved on the armor was a strange bird formed by flames. They were led by two young people: one male and one female.

“Sister, we should be able to reach the Kingdom of Blackmoon safely, right?”

The young man leading them had a very frail body. There was also an extreme expression of fear on his face.

“Don’t worry, Benin, we’ll definitely be fine.”

Princess Charise reassured Benin. Although she was also merely seventeen years of age, she had already seen the slaughters of the Royal Family with her own eyes, and the situation had not bode well with Prince Frederick either. In addition to that, she had been on a wild run for over a thousand miles and had experienced countless hardships before she had finally escaped. Therefore, Princess Charise had already become very strong. In fact, the true control over the entire troop was in her hands. This was extremely difficult for a princess who was merely seventeen years old and had led a normal life of luxury and privilege.

“Commander Mance, how many of us are left?”

With a grim face, Charise asked in a deep, quiet voice.

A burly man who had been following Charise closely came forward in a hurry to give his report. “Princess Charise, we’ve charged out from Light City all the way and encountered a few troops of the church’s knights who possess rather more powerful capabilities, so our losses have been greater. So far, we only have eight hundred knights left.”

Unexpectedly, they only had eight hundred knights left. Charise’s heart tightened slightly. She knew very clearly that Uncle Frederick had given them more than two thousand knights, and these knights formed the most elite army troops in the entire Kingdom of Light. The knights of the Firebird Legion!

However, even such elite knights had suffered losses amounting to almost sixty percent of their number. That was enough to show how difficult their journey had been.

Charise lowered her head and saw a ring, as black as ink, in her hand. She caressed it with her fingers gently as determination appeared on her face.

“Uncle Frederick, we’ll definitely survive!”

Following which, Charise gave orders to the troop to increase their speed. They were not allowed to stop and had to hurry to the Kingdom of Blackmoon as soon as they could. Otherwise, no one could tell whether the people of the church were behind them in a relentless pursuit.

Rustle.

The noises of the densely-packed tree branches moving caused Old Wilson to be on immediate alert. However, when he saw the figure in front of him clearly, he let out a soft sigh and quickly went up to receive it.

“Merlin, what did you see? Is it the people of the church?”

Old Wilson’s greatest worry right then was that the great hoard of masters from the church had caught up from behind.

Merlin shook his head. There was a hint of doubt on his face as he relayed everything he had seen in the woods in detail to Old Wilson.

“Father, these knights look really tired. They must’ve just been through an intense battle and slaughter, they don’t look like they’re from the church. Perhaps they are also aristocrats who aren’t willing to depend on the church.”

Merlin guessed that these people were also some aristocrats in the Kingdom of Light, and their positions were definitely not low. Just by looking at the excellent equipment of the knights, it was likely that only Old Wilson’s heavy armored knights could daresay that they would win against this other party.

“Did you just say that there’s a small bird made of flames carved on the front of those knights’ armor?”

Old Wilson’s expression was very grave; he was extremely serious.

Merlin nodded. He would not have mistaken such details; the fiery bird on those other people had looked rather similar to the Phoenix from Merlin’s previous life so he could remember it very well.

“A small bird made of flames... that must be the Firebird! Baron Parmon, I’m afraid you’ve also guessed it. That’s the Firebird Legion, one of the four great legions under the direct control of the Royal Family of Light! Those knights should be the knights of the Firebird Legion, and the people being protected by them are most probably the later generation of the Royal Family!”

Old Wilson’s tone of voice was very solemn. His expression seemed rather agitated.

Merlin knew that Old Wilson had been a military man before. Due to the accumulation of his achievements in war, he had finally been conferred the title of an aristocrat by the Royal Family. Old Wilson had turned from a commoner into an aristocrat who owned territories and all sorts of special rights. Therefore, Old Wilson still possessed a certain loyalty towards the Royal Family of Light. This was also why the church had directly given orders to eliminate Old Wilson back then.

In fact, Old Wilson was not the only one. The church had immediately gotten rid of all the aristocrats who had been conferred their titles by the Royal Family based on their accumulation of war achievements. They would not try to rope them in.

This was because those who had been conferred their titles of aristocracy based on their accumulation of war achievements had gratitude in their hearts and were extremely loyal to the Royal Family. Most of them were unwilling to betray the Royal Family.

Merlin did not feel much for the Royal Family. Even Baron Parman, who had inherited his position as an aristocrat, was not really that loyal to the Royal Family. He merely felt pure hatred for the actions of the church.

Therefore, Merlin and Baron Parmon exchanged looks when they saw Old Wilson's agitated expression, and revealed a hint of a wry smile at the same time. They both knew what Old Wilson was thinking about.

"Father, we still can't be sure now that they are the people of the Royal Family. After all, the church has prepared for so long this time, and even more so, has gathered terrifying forces against the Royal Family. They'd absolutely not allow a single member of the Royal Family to escape, so we should still remain vigilant."

In a tactful manner, Merlin advised Old Wilson not to act rashly.

However, Old Wilson immediately waved his hand and said, as resolute as steel, "People escorted by the Firebird Legion are definitely the members of the Royal Family! Back then, when I was conferred my title by the Royal Family and became a baron, I'd personally been received by Prince Frederick, and the highest ranking commanding officer of the Firebird Legion is Prince Frederick!"

"But Merlin, what you've said is rational as well, so let's just stay put for the moment. Based on what you've said just now, all the members of the Firebird Legion should be very tired now. Perhaps they'd just been through a battle against the church earlier on, and they really need help now. We'll wait here, and after we see the members of the Firebird Legion, I'll be able to tell for myself whether they are the real deal."

After hearing Old Wilson's determined words, Merlin felt a slight headache. Old Wilson had a very resolute attitude; if he really was to confirm that this other party was the members of the Royal Family, he was afraid that Old Wilson would definitely offer them a helping hand.

In that case, this team of theirs would be in even greater danger. The members of the Royal Family would surely be the focus of the church. If Old Wilson were to make a rash decision in the heat of the moment and follow those members of the Royal Family, the entire team's safe arrival into the Kingdom of Blackmoon would become questionable.

Baron Parman also knew Old Wilson's stubborn attitude very well. All he could do was say, in a helpless manner, "Then alright, we'll wait here. But we cannot be unprepared. Let's be on alert and ensure that nothing goes wrong!"

Therefore, under Old Wilson's orders, the entire troop rested and reorganized themselves there. However, his two hundred heavy armor knights were set at the very front, ready to charge at any time.

Chapter 58: Her Highness the Princess I

"Coming!"

Merlin said in a soft voice. He was able to know about any movements in the mountain forest due to the outward radiation of his Mind Power. His voice fell when, as expected, there were bursts of rustling noises coming from within the forest.

Very soon, a few hundred knights darted out from the forest. Although these excellently-equipped knights had traces of exhaustion upon their faces that they could not hide, they were immediately on alert when they saw the knights led by Old Wilson. Every one of them drew out their greatswords, making the atmosphere turn fierce immediately.

Only knights like these were the true elites. They had experienced numerous battles and slaughters, so they were able to face any situation that arose out of the blue.

"Princess, Your Highness, be careful! There are traps!"

The burly Commander Mance was extremely vigilant; he immediately commanded the weary troop of knights to assemble into a charging formation quickly, all the while glaring like a tiger at Old Wilson and the heavy armored knights behind him.

These knights of the Firebird Legion were the most elite amongst the elite, therefore they could naturally perceive how powerful Old Wilson's heavy armored knights were with just one glance. With that, they did not dare to underestimate them. Both parties immediately stood facing each other.

"They aren't enemies!"

Princess Charise slowly walked out from the midst of the crowd. She was also wearing an armor, with her long, golden tresses bunched up behind her head. They had already

become somewhat withered and yellow, perhaps because she had not cleaned or washed them for a long period of time.

Although Princess Charise's face looked exhausted, her voice was still very steady and firm.

"Who are you people?"

Princess Charise swept a cool glance over Old Wilson, Baron Parman, Merlin, and the others, before letting her eyes set upon Old Wilson.

This was not because Princess Charise had some brilliant insight. Instead, it was because Old Wilson was just too unique. It was impossible for him not to attract the attention of others.

Old Wilson was almost two meters tall, with a stout and strong body; there were traces of blood stains all over the armor on his body, and his entire body emitted a terrifying aura like that of a wild beast. Anyone would feel a sense of danger upon laying their eyes on Old Wilson.

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, Commander Mance, who was next to Princess Charise, drew out his greatsword. An earthy, yellow light began to flash from the blade of the sword.

That represented the Earth Element; Mance was a powerful Third-level Earth Swordsman and was much stronger than Baron Vingult of Blackwater City.

It was obvious that Commander Mance had felt Old Wilson's dangerous aura. Therefore, it was natural that he did not behave indifferently when he saw how Old Wilson who kept on walking forward in such a direct manner.

"Stand still!"

Commander Mance bellowed. His sharp eyes fixed directly onto Old Wilson.

“No mistake about it, they’re indeed the knights of the Firebird Legion!”

Old Wilson halted his footsteps and took a deep breath, before kneeling down before Princess Charise and placing his right hand upon his chest lightly. This was an extremely solemn decorum for an aristocrat.

“Baron Wilson Lehman of Blackwater City. I offer my sincerest regards to Your Highness. May I know which Highness is before me now?”

This great salutation by Old Wilson immediately loosened up the tensed atmosphere between the two parties.

“Baron?”

Watching Old Wilson, who was down on one knee, Princess Charise could feel the loyalty, determination, courage, and righteousness in Old Wilson’s eyes. This was a standard knight, a knight who was loyal to the Royal Family.

There had been simply too few of such knights the moment the church had launched their attack. Most of them had thrown down their weapons and believed in the church.

“Baron Wilson, please rise. I’m the sixth princess of the Royal Family, Charise, and this is the seventh prince, Benin.”

Charise was very satisfied with Old Wilson. In addition, Old Wilson’s actions earlier had caused her heart to warm up slightly; it seemed that there were still many who were loyal to the Royal Family in the entire Kingdom of Light.

“So, it’s Your Highness, the sixth princess. Back when I had been conferred the title of a baron and personally-received by Prince Frederick, the commander of the highest position in the Firebird Legion had been Prince Frederick. I wonder how the Prince is now?”

Old Wilson seemed to have received some favors from Prince Frederick back then, so he was extremely grateful to the Prince.

“Uncle Frederick...”

Princess Charise’s expression darkened. She then shook her head, sighing softly as she spoke, “I’m afraid Uncle Frederick had been put in a really bad situation because he wanted to cover and protect Benin and me when we left...”

Hearing the news that tragedy had probably befallen Prince Frederick, Old Wilson’s expression darkened slightly. In actual fact, he was not surprised. As the commander in chief of the Firebird Legion, Prince Frederick would definitely have received a heavy blow from the church. The chances of him being able to survive were slim to none.

“Your Highness, how many members of the Royal Family have managed to escape?”

Merlin suddenly stepped forward and asked. His eyes did not stop flashing as he fixed his stare tightly upon Princess Charise.

“Members of the Royal Family... Benin and I have been lucky enough to escape until here. As for the other members of the Royal Family, perhaps a few have been able to escape as well...”

Charise spoke in a tone that showed how unconfident she was. She had seen the horrifying white curtain of light that had covered the sky over Light City back then. There had been a destructive force within it; under such a power, practically no one would have been able to escape.

Perhaps, only the two of them, Benin and herself, were left of the entire Royal Family of Light.

“Your Highness!”

Hearing how Charise divulged such confidential matters before everyone, Commander Mance could not help but shake his head. Charise was still too young, after all. There were many things that she had not given full consideration to yet.

How could she speak out about such private issues so easily? Was she not attacking the prestige of the Royal Family by doing this? If people were to know that only a few

members of the Royal Family had been lucky enough to escape, then would their situation become extremely precarious?

Having been given a reminder by Commander Mance, Charise came to her senses. She looked at Merlin, her eyes flashing with a hint of fury.

Merlin ignored Charise's fury, however. He lowered his head slightly and murmured in a thoughtful manner, "Looks like the Royal Family of Light is completely hopeless now. With only a few of them left, they can't pose a threat to the church at all!"

Merlin had no inherent sense of respect toward the Royal Family. In Merlin's eyes, the so-called princess and prince before him were not different from other ordinary people. In fact, it was even because of the special identities they held, they would be in a very dangerous position.

Old Wilson frowned. In a deep voice, he said, "Merlin, you mustn't be rude to the Princess!"

After reproaching Merlin, Old Wilson stood up and gave a slight bow. He spoke in a grave tone, "Your Highness, my knights are ready to serve you!"

"Father!"

"Wilson, are you mad?"

Merlin and Baron Parman shouted at the same time. There was a great anxiety on their faces.

Baron Parman walked over to Old Wilson's side in great strides, suppressing his voice to speak, "Wilson, have you really gone mad? Let's not even talk about the fact that the identities of these people are unclear, the so-called titles of 'princess' and 'prince' are just one-sided terms, and even if they really are members of the Royal Family, the church would definitely be focusing on them greatly under the current situation. Aren't we just looking for trouble if we stay with them?"

Merlin advised him as well, saying, “Father, Baron Parman is right. We can even provide them with some food and drinking water, but we absolutely cannot be with them! The entire fate of the Wilson family rests with you, Father. You must not act rashly.”

No matter how Merlin and Baron Parman tried to persuade him, there was not the slightest bit of change in Old Wilson’s expression. Merlin, who was familiar with Old Wilson, knew that this was his decision, and it would not be easily changed.

Chapter 59: Her Highness the Princess II

Princess Charise could not help but be slightly stunned to see Old Wilson taking the initiative to offer his allegiance. Throughout this journey, she had already seen the betrayal of too many aristocrats and had even encountered the hindrances of some who had pledged their dependence upon the church.

However, Old Wilson’s expression was very solemn. The etiquette with which he treated Princess Charise was also the most honorable amongst the aristocrats, enough to prove Old Wilson’s attitude.

Furthermore, there were also many knights behind Old Wilson, especially the small number of heavy armored knights. With one look, she could tell that they were the most elite amongst the elite. To gain Old Wilson’s allegiance would be to gain the allegiance of so many knights.

This was an exceedingly great help to the fleeing Charise, as well as the others.

Nevertheless, just as Princess Charise was about to agree, Commander Mance, who was next to her, took a step forward and said in a soft voice, “Your Highness, our main focus now is to escape from the Kingdom of Light so we cannot be too slow. This Wilson is merely a baron, and even if he has a hundred or two heavy armored knights with strong fighting capabilities, how can he be compared to our knights of the Firebird Legion? If we bring these people, they’ll undoubtedly become a burden. Look at their convoy, there are womenfolk, goods, and materials. Surely, they’ll be slow, and that’s a great disadvantage to us, especially when it’s very likely that there are still people from the church chasing us from behind. Your Highness, please reconsider!”

Commander Mance's words caused Princess Charise, who had been in an extremely good mood, to immediately fall silent. Indeed, setting Old Wilson himself aside, he might be a strong Elemental Swordsman, and with his two hundred heavy armored knights, they might have great combat power.

Nevertheless, two hundred heavy armored knights were not all that Wilson had. He also had even more ordinary knights, some womenfolk who had no fighting capabilities at all, and heavy goods and materials. If they were to bring all these with them, the speed of the entire troop would definitely slow down. If there was a great hoard of knights from the church chasing after them, then they would be in a very dangerous situation.

A hint of hesitation appeared on Princess Charise's face. Although she had gone through many hardships during the past few days, she was still far too young. There were many decisions that had to be made by Commander Mance.

Commander Mance's words impacted Princess Charise greatly.

Princess Charise was somewhat unable to make a decision. Commander Mance gave Old Wilson a cold glance, before saying in a low voice, "Your Highness, our knights of the Firebird Legion possess extraordinary combat power; I believe Your Highness has already seen it. We're definitely capable of protecting Your Highness and His Highness the Prince very well, and we will arrive in the Kingdom of Blackmoon safely. As for the others, we should do our best to not risk having new problems and complicating the situation."

Princess Charise could sense a hint of unhappiness in Commander Mance's words, from his tone of voice. At the moment, Princess Charise and Prince Benin needed the protection of the Firebird Legion, which was under the leadership of Commander Mance. Therefore, on the issue of Old Wilson, she could not afford to create any more conflicts between herself and Commander Mance.

Thus, after a moment of hesitating, as she murmured to herself, Princess Charise made her decision.

"Baron Wilson, you are an upright, courageous and loyal aristocrat! But we still have to hurry on, and if we bring all of you along, our objectives will become tremendous. It'd be really dangerous instead. So, we should still go our separate ways."

Princess Charise sighed softly as she spoke. Following which, she left the place slowly, leading the knights of the Firebird Legion.

Hoo...

Seeing Princess Charise leave with her men, Merlin let out a long sigh of relief instead. The other party not accepting Old Wilson's allegiance had saved Merlin from having to talk a lot.

"Wilson, get up. They've left."

Baron Parman came to Old Wilson's side. Seeing that Old Wilson was still kneeling on the ground with one knee, he shook his head helplessly and spoke to him as such.

Old Wilson stood up slowly. He turned around to watch the backs of the Firebird Legion knights as they left, with a complicated expression on his face.

A long time elapsed before Old Wilson finally opened his mouth to speak. He said in an inexplicable manner, "Back then, Prince Frederick had pointed out my mistakes during training. Without him, there would be no Wilson Lehman on the battlefield, and I'd have most probably died in the 'slaughterhouse'..."

Merlin and Baron Parman exchanged looks; it turned out that there was the existence of this reason as well. Old Wilson had never mentioned it in the past.

Prince Frederick had given Old Wilson an exceedingly great help in the past. Perhaps, to Prince Frederick, it had cost him little to no effort at all. Perhaps he had never even remembered giving pointers to a quiet and nameless knight, but Old Wilson remembered it deep in his heart. Because of that, he had not even hesitated in pledging his allegiance to the Royal Family when they were in their most dangerous condition.

"Let's go. We might be safer following them from behind."

Old Wilson had recovered the side of them that was merciless and decisive, moving quickly and vigorously.

Merlin nodded. Old Wilson was right; they would be safer indeed if they followed after the knights of the Firebird Legion. At least, if any problems were to occur in front, the Firebird

Legion would solve them one by one. They would practically be clearing off obstacles for Old Wilson's convoy.

After all, on their path of escape, danger did not come merely in the form of the church, but also as bandits that existed everywhere!

"Did you take a good look? Is it really the Firebird Legion, one of the four great armies of the Kingdom of Light?"

A man with strange patterns drawn on his face asked in a low voice.

"Big Boss, we've already looked at them clearly, the armor they're wearing is indeed, the standard armor of the Firebird Legion!"

Three men wearing clothing made out of rough cloth answered in soft voices, with traces of excitement upon their faces.

"Not bad."

The man with the strange patterns drawn on his face was the big boss of this band of people. He nodded slightly and stood up from the ground. Rubbing the black armor on his body lightly, he said with a cold smirk, "The Royal Family of Light has direct command over the Firebird Legion. Now that the Kingdom of Light is in chaos, the ones who can afford the protection of the Firebird Legion knights must be the members of the Royal Family. This is a fattened goat; members of the Royal Family will definitely have loads of wealth on them. All we have to do is take them down, and we, the Hurricane Bandits, will be able to buy sophisticated armor and sharp weapons. By then, we could even take advantage of this disorderly situation in the Kingdom of Light and attack a few cities. We won't have to be stuck here anymore."

There was a flash of excitement in the eyes of the Big Boss. Not only was he the leader of the Hurricane Bandits, but was also a bandit chief who possessed extremely wild ambitions. He even dreamt of being able to take over a few cities one day.

Now, the best chance had come; these members of the Royal Family, who might be bringing with them immeasurable treasure, currently had the protection of merely a few hundred knights. This was an opportunity gifted to them by the heavens!

“But, Big Boss, there seems to be a gigantic convoy behind this Firebird Legion, with approximately a thousand or more knights.”

The few bandits hesitated for a moment, before reporting the truth.

Big Boss did not care, however. He smirked as he said, “Those are merely some small aristocrats fleeing for their lives. We’ve already encountered quite a few of such small aristocrats over the past few days. They’ve been living lives in comfort and prestige, and their knights no longer know what bloodshed in battle is. There is no more fighting blood in their bodies! We’ll just scare them casually, and they’ll run off pathetically.”

“How about this. Third Commander and Fourth Commander. The both of you lead a thousand and five hundred brothers to go and deal with this convoy. Remember, kill all the men and bring all the women back!”

The strange patterns on Big Boss’s face glinted dimly with light the color of blood, causing his expression to look exceptionally savage.

Chapter 60: The Strange Bandits I

In the carriage, Merlin observed the two Spell Models within his Awareness.

The Magic Power accumulated by the Spell Model of the Fireball was already very deep and rich. Merlin made a rough estimation that he could unleash approximately twenty-five normal Fireballs.

Such a Magic Power was already immensely rich and thick. Old man Etha’s Spell Manual had mentioned that a typical Spell Caster would only have just enough Magic Power to unleash thirty spells, after accumulating it for a long time. By now, though, Merlin had only been constructing his Spell Models for two or three months, but he was already coming close to achieving an accumulation that a typical Spell Caster would need several years to attain.

In the midst of all that, the Spell Models that Merlin was using The Matrix to construct were the best Spell Models chosen from one hundred and eighty thousand Spell Models. Naturally, they would be better than the Spell Models of a typical Spell Caster. At least the Spell Models in Merlin's Awareness were definitely far from being limited to merely thirty ordinary spells.

The accumulation of the Frost's Magic Power was not too slow either. He could already unleash seven or eight spells by now.

However, compared with how vigorously fast the increase of his Magic Power was, Merlin's Mind Power was growing at a lethargic pace. The speed at which his Mind Power could increase was severely limited because he was relying only on a beginner Meditation Spell.

If he were to follow such a pace and undergo cultivation step by step, at least half a year would be necessary for Merlin's Mind Power to reach a level where it could support a third Spell Model.

Half a year might not be considered slow to the average Spell Caster, but Merlin had taken only two or three months to transform himself from a Normie into a powerful Spell Caster. Therefore, half a year could already be deemed an immensely long and arduous period of time for Merlin.

Other than the slow growth of his Mind Power, there was also the problem of how scarce spells were; Merlin was no longer considering old man Etha's Whirlwind, but it was still an absurdly tedious task to find a suitable spell.

A brilliant Meditation Spell and a suitable Zero-level spell. Those were the two things that Merlin lacked now, therefore he really hoped to be able to reach the Kingdom of Blackmoon sooner. That place was the holy land of Spell Casters, so perhaps it would be easier to find some advanced Meditation Spells and Zero-level spells there.

"En? Why have we stopped?"

Merlin frowned. He felt the carriage jolt slightly, as though it had been halted in a rather hasty way. Thus, he pulled the curtains in the carriage aside and looked out.

“Master Merlin, there are bandits attacking us!”

Moss had a very calm and steady expression. He did not seem to be panicking.

Moreover, when Merlin saw the bandits in front of them, he could not help but reveal a hint of an odd look on his face. All he could see in front of the convoy was a group of people wearing colorful outfits. Their attires were not uniform; most of them had only rough linen over their entire bodies, while some of them had it slightly better, having put on some broken and old pieces of light armor.

Their weapons were also laughable and embarrassing. Most of them only had a wooden stick in their hands.

“These men are bandits?”

Merlin recalled the encounter with the Guardian Swordsmen from the church who had disguised themselves as bandits back in the Wilson territory. They had been disciplined and well trained, with excellent equipment. Perhaps those could not be considered bandits anymore, but a true army troop.

Perhaps only these people before his eyes could be considered real bandits!

There were more than a thousand of these bandits. Merlin could see very clearly that not a single one of these bandits looked frightened of the team of knights led by Old Wilson. Instead, a look of uncontrollable greed was flashing through their eyes.

Merlin looked at the heavy armored knights who had been practically armed up to their teeth, and then at the bandits with a variety of colorful outfits and irregular weapons. He could not help but feel rather speechless.

“Moss, could it be that we seem very weak?”

The moment Merlin’s voice fell, Old Wilson’s heavy armored knights had already prepared themselves by changing into a charging formation. All they were waiting for was a single command from Old Wilson, and they would charge right up into those bandits and shred them into pieces.

“Commander Mance, there are bandits. What do we do?”

Princess Charise had a very grave expression. The bandits who had appeared in front of them were densely packed. She was afraid that there were two or three thousand of them.

Commander Mance, however, did not feel that there was anything to be worried about. He said loftily, “Your Highness, mere bandits are nothing. Even if there were more of them, they are just a motley crowd. I can crush this band of bandits just by leading six hundred Firebird knights!”

Princess Charise could only depend on Commander Mance now, so she nodded and said, “Alright, Commander Mance. Lead six hundred knights and defeat those bandits utterly!”

Very quickly, Commander Mance headed six hundred knights and prepared their assault formation. In a deafening voice, he roared, “Charge!”

Immediately, smoke and dust flew up everywhere as six hundred knights charged towards the bandits in front of them like a ferocious tiger rushing down a mountain.

Commander Mance led his men into a charge. His entire body exuded a rich, earthy yellow light as he wielded his greatsword tightly. There were no bandits who could rival him, no matter where he went.

Just as Commander Mance felt that this band of bandits would be defeated and scattered after a few more assaults, the bandits suddenly spread out. A dozen or so excellently equipped knights rushed out straightaway from behind them, surrounding Commander Mance all at once.

Commander Mance did not panic. He stared coldly at these dozen or so people as a realization dawned on him; although these people were coming at him menacingly, there did not seem to be any Elemental aura inside their bodies.

This proved that these knights were not Elemental Swordsmen!

“Die, bandits!”

Commander Mance aimed at one of the knights and raised his greatsword high up into the air. The earthy yellow light from the blade enveloped the whole of Commander Mance’s body.

Although Earth Swordsmen specialized in defense, he had already reached the level of a Third-level Elemental Swordsman, so his powers were still exceedingly great. Even the typical Second-level Elemental Swordsman would not be able to block his attack, not to mention these bandits who were not even Elemental Swordsmen.

Bang.

Commander Mance’s greatsword struck an iron sword brutally. The powerful reactionary force almost caused his greatsword to slip out of his hands. In some disbelief, Commander Mance stared at the bandit in front of him.

As always, there was no fluctuation of the Elements. The bandit before him, with strange patterns drawn on his face, had unexpectedly blocked his attack without employing the use of any Elements.

“How is this possible?”

Commander Mance was still in shock, but the bandit with the strange patterns on his face had already begun laughing maliciously. “Hehe, there’s nothing that’s impossible. Charge!”

Every one of the dozen or so knights who had surrounded Commander Mance drew their greatswords out and charged towards him in a frenzied attack. All of them did not seem inferior at all to a Second-level Elemental Swordsman, but none of them had the aura of any Elements upon their bodies.

In other words, they were able to rival a Second-level Elemental Swordsman by relying purely on the energy in their bodies. If only one had appeared, then perhaps he could be deemed extraordinarily gifted, and it would be a special situation. However, more than a dozen of them appearing at the same time was definitely not a coincidence.

Just like Commander Mance, the six hundred Firebird knights were also facing extremely fearsome bandits. There might not be anything special about their training, and there was not much to say about their coordination, but every one of them seemed competent enough to rival a First-level Elemental Swordsman. How terrifying was the accumulative power of a few hundred First-level Elemental Swordsmen?

Therefore, no matter how elite the Firebird knights were, they had still been plunged into a difficult battle now. There was the danger of them being eliminated at any moment.

In the blink of an eye, the motley crew that they had thought was incapable of withstanding a single blow, was currently besieging Commander Mance and the Firebird knights. The tables had turned; the Firebird Legion was now in a precarious situation.

Princess Charise, who was observing the battle from afar, had an anxious and uneasy expression on her face. She was also somewhat confused as to how the great and mighty Commander Mance, as well as the elite Firebird Legion, could not even defeat a motley crew of bandits.