

## W. Secret 651

### Chapter 651: Return I

“Merlin, name your reward. You’re the biggest contributor to this civilization war. Whatever your request, you can say it!”

In the hall of the spacious castle, only the Blackfire Lord and Wizard Setoh were left.

There was a wide smile on Wizard Setoh’s face, undoubtedly reflecting the happiness in his heart upon winning the civilization war. Ever since he became an Arcane Wizard, this was the first time he had single-handedly led the force of Setoh Arcane City to face a powerful civilization. In addition, he had emerged victorious.

Although there were dangerous instances, they had finally obtained victory. From now onward, Setoh Arcane City would build on the victory of this civilization war to develop even faster and stronger than before.

Since Merlin was the biggest contributor to the civilization war, naturally, Wizard Setoh would not treat him miserly. Even if Merlin requested for Wizard Setoh to analyze his future again, Wizard Setoh was ready to agree.

The Blackfire Lord saw that Merlin seemed hesitant, so he nodded and said, “Merlin, don’t worry, say it boldly. Whatever your request, I’m sure Wizard Setoh will fulfill it!”

Despite hearing the Blackfire Lord’s obvious “hint”, Wizard Setoh merely smiled. “He’s right. Merlin, you can make any request!”

Merlin indulged for a moment and spoke softly. “There’s indeed one thing that I need Wizard Setoh’s assistance! Perhaps Wizard Setoh doesn’t know this but I came from the Glorious Land. After so many years, I would really like to go back to the Glorious Land and take a look. However, I’ve not been able to find a way back. So…”

“Return to the Glorious Land?”

Wizard Setoh's smile froze in place, and his expression gradually sank.

"Blackfire Lord, please leave for a moment. I'll explain this to Wizard Merlin personally."

Wizard Setoh's expression turned somber, and requested the Blackfire Lord to leave.

The Blackfire Lord also seemed to know some secrets about the Glorious Land, so he did not say anything and left the castle.

"Wizard Setoh, is it very difficult to return to the Glorious Land?"

Merlin asked curiously. He had only heard bits and pieces of news about the Glorious Land. According to rumors, the three great Arcane Wizards had hidden the Glorious Land away. Other than the three great Arcane Wizards, no one would be able to find it.

Wizard Setoh hesitated and whispered, "If anyone else asked me, I wouldn't answer. I won't even consider it at all. However, you came from the Glorious Land, and are also a hero of the civilization war, so I can reveal some information to you.

"The Glorious Land was jointly sealed by me and the other two Arcane Wizards. Back then, we encountered a strange civilization called the Atlan civilization. We wanted to conquer them but we didn't expect the Atlan civilization to unleash amazing powers. In the beginning, we lost, and due to some negligence, we caused the flames of war to spread to the Glorious Land.

"Later, we were eventually able to banish the Atlan civilization back to their origin dimension but the Glorious Land had already suffered massive damage. The Glorious Land is the birthplace of the Spell Caster civilization. In the Void Zone, the birthplace of every single civilization is valued highly. Moreover, the Glorious Land of our Spell Caster civilization is very unique. In addition to giving birth to the Spell Caster civilization, it had also nurtured many gods.

"The Lord God of Light is a prominent example. Back then, the God of Light wasn't considered powerful but after we left the Glorious Land, the God of Light also left and founded the Light God Organization. Now, the Light God Organization is one of the eight largest god organizations in the God Alliance. One of the important reasons we cannot unseal the Glorious Land is also to guard against the Lord God of Light!"

“Does that mean I can’t go back to the Glorious Land? Wizard Setoh, the Glorious Land was personally sealed by your own hands, so you must be able to send me back, right?”

Merlin turned a pleading gaze to Arcane Wizard Setoh. As an Arcane Wizard, he was an ultimate existence. There were very few things that could stump these ultimate existences.

Arcane Wizard Setoh turned around, and gently shut his eyes, appearing to be in deep thought.

After about half an hour, Arcane Wizard Setoh turned back again. In a deep voice, he said, “Well, it’s not completely impossible. Fortunately, you’re not a Legend or even a Great Wizard. This way, I don’t have to alert the other two Ultimate Arcane Wizards. I can simply expend some energy to send you back to the Glorious Land.”

“Thank you so much, Wizard Setoh!”

Merlin’s heart was overjoyed, and sincerely expressed his gratitude to Arcane Wizard Setoh. Going back to the Glorious Land had always been his dream. Finally, it would come true.

“Meow.”

Suddenly, from the depths of the castle, a black ball of light flew toward Merlin at the speed of light. It was the black cat Didimoss.

The current black cat Didimoss was still as fat as a dog. With an expectant look, he said, “Merlin, bring me back to the Glorious Land with you.”

Merlin looked at Arcane Wizard Setoh. He also wanted to bring the black cat Didimoss back to the Glorious Land. However, Wizard Setoh immediately waved his hand. “Didimoss cannot go back to the Glorious Land with you. His life force is too robust, far exceeding the powers of a Legend, so it would require gathering all three Arcane Wizards to break open the seal. If we do that, there’s a distinct possibility that the Lord God of Light would also leverage on the opportunity to send his power into the Glorious Land. If that happens, we’ll be in trouble. After all, the Glorious Land is the birthplace of Spell Casters, there can be no room for errors.”

Arcane Wizard Setoh placed great importance on the Glorious Land. The birthplace of every civilization was irreplaceable. The last time, the Glorious Land had been damaged due to the war with the Altan civilization. Therefore, the three great Arcane Wizards would not allow the Glorious Land to be destroyed again.

In this regard, Merlin felt very sorry but he could only say helplessly, “Didimoss, I think you better stay here with Wizard Setoh.”

The black cat Didimoss understood that he could not return, so he trotted around Merlin with a dejected look.

“Merlin, your return to the Glorious Land actually comes with an important mission!”

“Mission?”

Merlin peered at the grave expression on Wizard Setoh’s face curiously. Although the Glorious Land was the birthplace of the Spell Caster civilization, yet after so many years, no one had been able to return to the Glorious Land.

“That’s right. The situation in the Glorious Land is slightly complicated. I believe you know about the Church of Light? The Church of Light is the power left behind by the Lord God of Light. Moreover, though the power of faith from its believers, it’s able to influence the entire Glorious Land. Due to the seal placed by the three great Arcane Wizards on the Glorious Land, the Lord God of Light’s power is weakened countless folds, so he could only transmit traces of power into the Glorious Land. For many years, we dare not break open the seal to the Glorious Land, so we’re unable to get rid of the Church of Light. This time when you return to the Glorious Land, your most important mission is to destroy the Church of Light. You must completely eradicate Lord God of Light’s aspiration to use the Church of Light to influence the Glorious Land!”

In sending Merlin back to the Glorious Land, Wizard Setoh arranged a mission for him to destroy the Church of Light.

Merlin carefully recalled memories of the Church of Light. In the Glorious Land, the Church of Light was considered a behemoth existence. Even the Great Wizards among the Spell Casters were unable to defeat the Church of Light, shedding light that the Church of Light was not at all a simple opponent.

“Wizard Setoh, the Church of Light isn’t that simple. In addition, a Lord God is involved, an ultimate existence that founded a god organization. What if there are some accidents...?”

Merlin was a little reluctant but Wizard Setoh scolded him amicably. “Merlin, are you trying to derive some benefits from me? I’ll tell you now, there are no benefits for you. You say that the Lord God of Light is powerful. Is he any more powerful than the three great Arcane Wizards? Standing behind you are the three great Arcane Wizards! Furthermore, with the three great Arcane Wizards’ seal, even if the Lord God of Light noticed something amiss, he’s unable to transmit more power to them. At most, it would be a Legend’s powers, which is about the optimum limit. Do you think I don’t know that your Hallucinating spell can entrap an ordinary Great Legend? If that isn’t enough to fight the Church of Light, then you still have Darkness Eye, which is also comparable to a Great Legend. So, this task isn’t too difficult for you. If you cannot agree, then don’t go to the Glorious Land.”

Merlin smiled wryly, and shook his head. “Very well, Wizard Setoh, I agree!”

This trip back to the Glorious Land would not come with additional benefits from Wizard Setoh. Nevertheless, if he succeeded in annihilating the Church of Light, perhaps there would be some benefits for him.

After all, the Church of Light was a powerful force that had been entrenched in the Glorious Land for so many years. How would it be sparse?

“When are you ready to depart?”

Wizard Setoh asked Merlin.

Merlin thought for a moment. He had not much to prepare. The Wizard Heart in his Awareness had not been fused with the Darkness-type and Thunder-type Wizards Hearts but simulating fusion in the Illusory World would take a very long time.

Thus, Merlin replied directly, “It’s better not to delay. There’s nothing I have to prepare. We can go now!”

“Oh? Go now? However, you cannot bring Legend Zado’s Maxim avatar in your ring into the Glorious Land. The Pandora Demon Abilities and Wizard Heart inside your body, though comparable to a Great Legend, aren’t an issue. On the other hand, if a real Great Legend or a

robust life force like the black cat Didimoss were to enter the Glorious Land, it would destroy the seal and might result in an unpredictable outcome.”

Wizard Setoh was aware that Merlin was accompanied by Legend Zado’s avatar. On several occasions, Wizard Setoh had communicated with Merlin using Legend Zado’s avatar.

“I can’t bring the Maxim avatar?”

Merlin took a deep breath, and retrieved Legend Zado’s Maxim avatar. Then, he gave a respectful bow. “Thank you, teacher, for staying with me all this time!”

Legend Zado’s Maxim avatar nodded. “You better not slack off. Strive to become a Great Legend as soon as possible!”

With that, Legend Zado’s Maxim avatar flew out of the castle.

“Alright, we can go to the Glorious Land now!”

Wizard Setoh also stepped out of the castle. After keeping the castle away, he led Merlin and flew toward the depths of the Void Zone.

Chapter 652: Return II

“Splash splash.”

Merlin trailed behind Wizard Setoh in the Void Zone. He did not how long they flew before Merlin heard the sound of flowing water in the Void Zone which had no time nor space.

“I’m beginning to imagine sounds...”

Merlin shook his head slightly, and said with a bitter smile. The Void Zone would not possibly have flowing water, much less the sound of such a thing.

“Splash splash.”

However, this sound grew louder and louder, seeming to reverberate in Merlin's ears.

"You're not hallucinating!"

Wizard Setoh suddenly stopped, and pointed at a direction next to Merlin. "Look, what's that?"

Merlin followed Wizard Setoh's gaze. The scene in front, which had been empty, after a gesture from Wizard Setoh, was instantly replaced by an image of unparalleled magnificence that appeared before Merlin's eyes.

A gigantic waterfall plunged from above but it was not water that was flowing but a golden light. These golden rays flowed as one massive waterfall, and seemed to be never-ending.

Moreover, below the giant waterfall, the pooling golden light rapidly converged as a starry universe. In that starry universe, there was a dimension shaped like a ball of fog.

This was a dimension. Merlin had seen many dimensions in the Void Zone, and this mass of fog definitely contained a dimension!

"Merlin, here's the Glorious Land. Can you guess what that golden waterfall is?"

Wizard Setoh looked at Merlin with a dry smile as he asked.

"Golden waterfall?"

Merlin looked carefully at the golden ribbon of flowing light. He did not discern any force of a Maxim from the golden rays of this waterfall but he would not be mistaken about this imposing presence. This was surely more terrifying than a Maxim.

The golden light was everywhere, surrounding the Glorious Land tightly like a lake. In order to enter the Glorious Land, one must pass through this lake of golden light to even approach the dimension.

Merlin thought about what Wizard Setoh had said about how the Glorious Land was jointly sealed by the three Great Arcane Wizards. With that, Merlin raised his head and said tentatively, “This golden waterfall, and the golden river – is it the seal of the three Arcane Wizards?”

When Wizard Setoh heard this, he laughed heartily. “Haha, not bad, Merlin, you’ve guessed correctly. This golden waterfall and river are the seal of us three Great Arcane Wizards indeed. If there was someone who could look through our concealment, and they tried in vain to approach the Glorious Land, even a mighty Lord would be instantly killed when they enter the golden river!”

Seeing the cold glint in Wizard Setoh’s eyes, Merlin’s heart jolted. Even a Great King would be instantly killed. This was enough to show the importance of the Glorious Land toward the three Great Arcane Wizards for them to join forces and set up such a fearsome seal.

“Don’t be afraid. There’s a part of me in that seal too. I’m unable to open the other two sides, and a Great Legend would have no way of entering. However, it’s just you alone, and you’re not a Legend. I only have to release the seal that I’ve placed, and you’ll be able to pass through the golden river and enter the Glorious Land!”

Merlin nodded and became thoughtful. Since this golden river was not a Maxim, and neither was it Elemental energy that Merlin was familiar with, it was a mystical force that Merlin had never seen.

With this bubbling curiosity, Merlin asked softly, “Wizard Setoh, what power is this golden light?”

“What power?”

Wizard Setoh lifted his gaze, and looked toward the Void Zone, his eyes deep and inscrutable.

“Indeed, this isn’t a Maxim because this is the power of the natural order that only ultimate existences can connect to!”

“The power of the natural order?”



Merlin was shocked. He knew that even the Void Zone in fact abided by the natural order. Ultimate existences were likewise limited by the natural order, and no one could break it.

A reversed living being like the black cat Didimoss was reversing the natural order. A being like this, as long as they did not die, would have unimaginable accomplishments in the future.

Ultimate existences were unable to transcend or overcome the natural order. Nevertheless, because of that, the most important standard of becoming an ultimate existence was the ability to connect to the natural order, and receive the greatest possible power permitted under the natural order.

Strictly speaking, ultimate existences were still like Lords, only they were able to successfully connect to the natural order and obtain powers far beyond any Lords. As long as a place had the natural order, the abilities of ultimate existences were nearly endless.

It was not surprising that Merlin would find this golden light to be something unfamiliar. This was the core strength of ultimate existences, to connect to the natural order and seal the Glorious Land. Only then could one escape the God of Light's investigations, preventing him from learning about the Glorious Land's exact position.

"Alright, Merlin, are you ready?"

Wizard Setoh asked with a serious expression.

Merlin nodded. "I'm ready! However, Wizard Setoh, I have one last question. After entering the Glorious Land, how do I leave?"

Merlin pointed at the golden river. He found it hard to imagine – with such a powerful seal, after he had returned to the Glorious Land, how should he come out?

Wizard Setoh shook his head as he explained, "You don't have to worry about this. The seal we've placed is only directed toward the outside but doesn't affect the inside of the Glorious Land. One only needs to have a Legend's power. They don't even need to be a Legend to directly fly out of the Glorious Land. It's not that different from the ordinary dimensions of the Void Zone. Now that you have the seventh form of Darkness Eye, you can leave the Glorious Land at any time!"

With that, Wizard Setoh's body exuded golden rays all over, and a marvelous fluctuation induced a sense of reverence in Merlin.

"The natural order?"

Merlin raised his head but saw nothing. Nonetheless, from the depths of his heart, he was overwhelmed by reverence. Nothing else besides the omnipresent natural order would have such an effect of him.

"Open!"

Following Wizard Setoh's great roar, the entire golden river seemed to be stirred up by a giant at full strength.

"Rumble."

The golden light began to boil over but a part of it started to surge apart furiously, and a perfectly straight passage appeared, allowing entrance into the Glorious Land.

Merlin drew in a deep breath, and slowly approached the passage. The flowing golden light within made him feel a sense of veneration like he did not dare to step in. Wizard Setoh's body was glimmering with a golden light that was exactly similar, and he appeared incomparably divine.

"Merlin, don't forget the mission I've assigned you to destroy the Church of Light! How can we allow the origin of our Spell Caster civilization to be under the God of Light's constant influence?"

Wizard Setoh's voice rang beside Merlin's ears. Merlin nodded, and without a backward glance, resolutely stepped into the passage.

This passage looked to be rather short but in truth, it was very long. Merlin increased his speed. He could even see that the wisps of golden light were folding into each other, which meant that it was strenuous for Wizard Setoh to open this part of the seal. After all, the seal was a unified whole, so if Wizard Setoh opened a part of it, it would be suppressed by the other two parts of the seal.

“Whoosh.”

Merlin finally got through the passage, and made it across the golden river. He stood before the thick white fog. This was the closest he had been to the Glorious Land. All he had to do was take a small step, and he would return to the Glorious Land.

Merlin turned to look back. He could still see the piercing golden glow of Wizard Setoh’s body, and behind Wizard Setoh was the boundless, impenetrable Void Zone.

“Phew...”

Merlin let out a long sigh, then turned back firmly. His body transformed into a beam of light, and he immediately flew into the Glorious Land, hidden within the white fog.

“Glorious Land, I’m back!”

Merlin shut his eyes, and his figure soon vanished in the dense, white fog...

#### Chapter 653: Three-headed Monster

The snowfield stretched as far as the eye could see. The pure white blanket of snow weighed upon the branches, making them crooked. Moreover, a fresh drift of snow was still fluttering from the sky, bringing a chilly wind that cut to the bone.

Nonetheless, even on such a cold snowfield, a horse carriage was slowly making its way through the forest, leaving two deep track lines in the ground.

The coachman, Old Quincy, had a face full of wrinkles and was wearing a fur overcoat that was lined with thick, shaggy cotton. Nevertheless, he was still shivering in the chilly wind.

Old Quincy was shivering but he still urged the horse on, passing the undergrowth. He turned back to look within the carriage but his sight was obstructed by a curtain and he could not see inside.

However, Old Quincy knew clearly that the passenger within was a mysterious Spell Caster!

This was Subzero Snowfield, which was chilly all year round. There were few Normies who lived in Subzero Snowfield, and Old Quincy was one of them. Old Quincy made his living by driving the carriage.

Having lived in Subzero Snowfield for most of his life, Old Quincy was very familiar with the place, and he knew almost every corner. A few decades ago, when he was very young, Old Quincy learned that there lived a group of mysterious people who called themselves Spell Casters in Subzero Snowfield. They possessed strange and unfathomable powers.

Thereafter, the Spell Casters of Subzero Snowfield suddenly grew in number, and they had established Frost City. This was an enormous city entirely founded by the mysterious Spell Casters, and Old Quincy had been there before.

A few days ago, Old Quincy had met this enigmatic black-robed passenger on the roads, who had casually tossed ten glittering elemental crystal stones at him, saying that he wanted to go to Frost City. He asked Old Quincy to show him the way.

Naturally, Old Quincy was overjoyed. Perhaps Normies would not know the purpose of elemental crystal stones, but Old Quincy, having been to Frost City, knew that each elemental crystal stone could be exchange for many gold coins in Frost City.

Even if one could not exchange them for gold coins, one could obtain precious treasures not to be found in the outside world. Any of these treasures would fetch an inconceivable sum in the outside world.

However, Old Quincy had taxied many passengers, a few of which were Spell Casters too but they had all used gold coins. It was the first time Old Quincy had met someone like this mysterious passenger who immediately took out ten elemental crystal stones.

Therefore, even though Old Quincy knew that hastening on this journey in such extreme weather would be dangerous, he could not care about that for the sake of the elemental crystal stones. If this journey was a success, he would be able to return, no longer needing to toil away in Subzero Snowfield.

“Hoo...”

A gust of cold wind, carrying sleet and snow, battered Old Quincy. Old Quincy forced his head up and saw that there was an open space before him. On his left, there was a river that stretched into the horizon.

Currently, the river had formed a thick layer of ice crystals long ago.

“What river is this?”

A deep voice came suddenly, and Old Quincy’s heart jumped. He hurriedly turned around and saw that it was the mysterious passenger in the carriage, who had pulled the curtain aside as he stared at the frozen river.

Old Quincy smiled as he replied, “This is the Triad River of Subzero Snowfield. The layer of ice on the river would only melt for eighteen days in the summer. Other than those eighteen days, it’s frozen over in a thick layer of ice.”

“The Triad River? How far are we from Frost City?”

The enigmatic passenger asked softly.

Old Quincy thought about it for a moment, then carefully answered, “If the weather is good, we can reach in a day but with weather like this, we’ll still need two days.”

“Two days?”

The mysterious passenger furrowed his brow, and Old Quincy felt an unpleasant jolt, knowing that his customer was not satisfied. Therefore, he glanced at the wide, frozen surface, and clenched his jaw. “If you’re not afraid of danger, then going across the ice would only take us half a day to reach Frost City.”

“Going across the ice would only need half a day? So what danger is there in doing so?”

“The ice is thick enough so there’s no worry of falling in. It’s just that, according to some stories, there’s a powerful monster living below the frozen ice. If we encounter this monster, we’ll be in danger.”

Old Quincy gazed at the solid ice layer. He still had some misgivings about the fabled monster.

The enigmatic passenger laughed, and said in a breezy manner, “Then let’s go across the ice and reach Frost City earlier. What monster can there be here?”

“Alright, since you agree, we’ll go across the frozen river.”

Old Quincy wished to reach Frost City as soon as possible in order to exchange those elemental crystal stones for gold coins. From then on, he would not have to drive around in such a dangerous place as Subzero Snowfield.

With that, Old Quincy made a few simple changes to the carriage’s furnishing to ensure its ability to travel across the slippery ice. Then, he gradually changed direction, and headed toward the frozen ice.

“Clip-clop clip-clop.”

A rhythmic beat rang out as the horse’s hooves clipped across the ice.

In the carriage, a black-robed man shut his eyes tightly. His hand clutched a white bead that was glowing with white light, appearing extraordinary and mysterious.

“Phew...”

After an unknown period of time, the black-robed man awoke, wearing an exhausted expression. He looked down at the white bead in his hand, following which he said helplessly, “I’ve been carrying out simulations in the Illusory World for so long but I’m still not assured enough.”

This black-robed man was Merlin who had returned to the Glorious Land.

Upon his return, he found himself in a land of extreme cold. After some inquiries, he learned that it was Subzero Snowfield. In the past, he had stayed in Subzero Snowfield for some time, and finally, he learned from his inquiries that Frost City was established in Subzero Snowfield. It seemed that it was founded by an external faction called the Dark Magic Region.

Therefore, Merlin had flagged down Old Quincy's carriage on his way, ready to hurry to Frost City.

All this while, Merlin had not been relaxing. Instead, he was simulating spell fusions in the Illusory World but he had discovered that fusing Darkness-type spells or Thunder-type spells was very difficult.

Even after he had been simulating for a long while in the Illusory World, he was still not assured of success. Thus, Merlin dared not attempt to fuse the Spell Models.

Pulling aside the curtain, Merlin stared at the white expanse of ice, and familiar memories sprang up in his mind.

...

After an unknown amount of time, Merlin was suddenly awakened by a bump.

"What's going on?"

Merlin frowned, and threw the curtain aside, questioning Old Quincy.

Old Quincy's face was presently drained, and he was trying to stop the carriage with all his might.

"In front... There's a crack in front. We must leave quickly!"

Old Quincy explained loudly. Cracks were forming over the ice. This was rather similar to avalanches and the like – it was nature's most fearsome power.

"Those aren't natural cracks!"

Merlin narrowed his eyes. He sensed that below the thick ice layer, there was a formidable life force gradually awakening. After this force was aroused, the splits in the ice grew in number like a spiderweb.

“Boom.”

Finally, a massive head thrust out from beneath the ice, and a ferocious force swept all around. The surface of the ice shattered instantly.

“It’s the monster, the fabled monster beneath the river. We’re goners for sure this time…”

Old Quincy was so frightened that he was shaking uncontrollably. He had met the fabled monster of the frozen river. Just the massive head alone caused him so much despair.

A strange look flashed across Merlin’s eyes. He glanced at Old Quincy, and immediately flew out of the carriage. With a gentle lift of his hand, a powerful gale carried Old Quincy and his carriage back to the riverbank.

“Crack.”

Finally, the layer of ice was smashed completely. Two other heads popped out from below the icy river. It was a frightening monster who had three ugly heads with two colossal wings on its back.

The three-headed monster exuded a tremendous force. As it roared furiously, the violent soundwaves caused more cracks in the distant ice. Thereafter, it opened its mouth and spat a storm filled with sleet that whistled as it approached.

“That’s something. Its life force is comparable to a Great Wizard!”

As he watched the storm, Merlin pressed forward gently with his hand, and the spells in his hand quickly transformed into a gigantic palm. The massive storm spat by the three-headed monster was immediately crushed to bits by Merlin’s palm.



Powers on par with a Great Wizard was nothing much to Merlin who had the Four-Elemental Wizard Heart. The disparity was too great.

Nonetheless, Merlin was highly interested in this three-headed monster. The Glorious Land could not compare to the Void Zone. In the Void Zone, there were too many foreign civilizations, and monsters on par with mere Great Wizards were a dime a dozen.

However, in the Glorious Land, Great Wizards were essentially the preeminent strength. This monster must practically be an overlord-grade existence in the Subzero Snowfield.

“Flap.”

Soo enough, the three-headed monster’s great wings extended, and it flew to the sky. The three heads glared unwaveringly at Merlin as if disgruntled that Merlin dared to provoke it.

“Swish.”

The three-headed monster flapped its wings, following which it sped toward Merlin like the wind. Its claws obviously contained terrifying strength that was comparable to the Giant Tribe.

Merlin’s face turned icy, and the spell in his hand swiftly transformed into countless pikes of flame. They hovered in the air, aimed at the three-headed monster. His Four-Elemental Wizard Heart was capable of innumerable transformations now, and casting spells was of unprecedented convenience.

More importantly, Merlin’s Four-Elemental Wizard Heart was too powerful, even comparable to a Great Legend with two Maxims. The three-headed monster would die in one blow.

“Merlin, don’t be so hasty to kill it! This monster has powerful strength but its willpower is flimsy. If you want to learn the state of the Illusory Heart, you can try to control it, and use it to do so.”

Titus’ voice rang in Merlin’s ear, causing a slight falter in Merlin’s movements.

“Control this monster? Learn the Illusory Heart?”

Merlin's Hallucinating spell had reached the third stage yet he was ultimately unable to approach the realm of the Illusory Heart. He only knew that the Illusory Heart mainly targeted one's spirit, and could even control an opponent without any trace nor sound. It was fearsome indeed.

"Alright, I'll listen to you and give it a go!"

Merlin nodded, following which he waved his hand. Those pikes of flame instantly turned into a fiery red net which was cast over the three-headed monster.

Chapter 654: Frost City!

"Whimper."

The three-headed monster was immediately trapped by Merlin's net of spells, and it was struggling non-stop.

Nevertheless, Merlin pointed, and the net burst out in flames, causing the three-headed monster to struggle even more violently. Furthermore, after the flames, came the ice crystals, which instantly froze the monster in place.

The three-headed monster had truly experienced the "nine heavens of fire and ice".

"Are you well behaved now?"

Merlin looked at the three-headed monster, and made a pitying expression. He knew that this monster was intelligent. Now that it knew of Merlin's "prowess", which was not something it could contend against, it dared not struggle recklessly.

"Titus, what do I do next?"

Merlin immediately asked Titus who was in the Illusory World.

“Using all of your Mind Power, it’s best if you can get this monster to fall into your illusion. Thereafter, implant your own will and make this monster your slave! You’re now unable to grasp the Illusory Heart. You can’t even brush its side, so you can only use this method.”

Titus appeared rather helpless too. This was merely an attempt for Merlin to understand the Illusory Heart better. After all, not even Titus could guarantee that Merlin would be able to grasp the Illusory Heart.

“Right, implant my will?”

Merlin lightly shut his eyes, then mobilize his Mind Power. The tremendous Mind Power gradually shrouded the three-headed monster. With the current state of his Hallucinating spell, it was a piece of cake to trap a monster of average intelligence like this in an illusion.

Very soon, the three-headed monster fell into the illusion, and its eyes turned blank.

Merlin drew in a deep breath, and in the boundless illusion, began to forcibly implant his will into the three-headed monster.

“You’re my slave!”

No matter which illusion the three-headed monster was in, the depths of its heart reverberated with this voice again and again in an endless and inexhaustible manner. After a long moment, the three-headed monster began to tremble all over, and its face even became rather sinister.

“You’re my slave!”

“You’re my slave!”

“You’re my slave!”

Merlin’s voice rang incessantly in the depths of the three-headed monster’s heart. This was the first time Merlin was forcefully implanting his willpower into the three-headed monster.

“Roar...”

The three-headed monster abruptly opened its eyes. Not only did it come out of the illusion but it also began to struggle fiercely once more. Its body expanded by a whole size, wishing to escape from Merlin's net of spells through brute force.

However, the Four-Elemental Wizard Heart was not something the three-headed monster, which was merely equivalent to a Great Wizard, could escape from. Although the three-headed monster struggled non-stop, it was ultimately unable to escape the net.

"I've failed!"

Still, Merlin shook his head. He had relied on Titus' method to forcibly implant his willpower into the three-headed monster's mind but he failed in the end. Merlin could not even imagine how scary the Illusory Heart was to be able to instantly control an opponent's soul.

"Titus, your method was of no use. I'll have to use my own ways!"

A cold smirk flitted across Merlin's lips, following which he gripped his five fingers together. That net of spells instantly shrank, enclosing the three-headed monster firmly within.

Moreover, as Merlin continued to shrink the net, the surrounding force seemed almost about to crush the three-headed monster to pieces. It could not help but make "whimpering" noises as a plea.

"I know you can understand me. I can spare you but you must follow me from now on!"

Merlin spoke to the three-headed monster firmly. The three-headed monster hesitated but did not nod in the end. Its expression indicated that it was struggling internally.

Merlin was not worried, and instead, shrank the net of spells even more. At that point, the three-headed monster felt an even stronger pressure as if it would be turned into a lump of minced meat by the net in the next second.

The three-headed monster immediately nodded at Merlin, emitting "mewling" sounds. A monster like this, once it had surrendered, was even more useful than signing a contract.

“Very well!”

Merlin felt a burst of joy, and the net of spells was withdrawn. The three-headed monster was honest and guileless, bowing its three heads to express its allegiance to Merlin.

“Titus, are you seeing this? My way is more effective than yours!”

Merlin laughed as he spoke.

“So what? It’s merely a monster on par with a Great Wizard.”

Titus’ voice was cold. He was rather annoyed too. He had asked Merlin to implant his will into the mind of the three-headed monster, not for the sake of controlling the monster but for Merlin to gain another level of understanding of the Illusory Heart.

However, this had failed. Titus did not know when Merlin would be able to grasp the Illusory Heart. If Merlin could not do so, then he could forget about creating an Illusory World. Titus would only exist forever as an illusory strand of Mind Power, unable to be “resurrected”.

Merlin paid no mind to Titus. He valued Hallucinating spells highly but if he was ultimately unable to grasp them, he would not force it. After all, the Mind Power system was incomplete. This in itself was a dangerous path. A moment of carelessness could lead to unbearable consequences.

On the other hand, the Spell Caster system was perfected long ago, able to produce ultimate existences. As long as Merlin’s Hallucinating spell could not be upgraded, he would focus his efforts on simulating spell fusion.

Looking at the three-headed monster who was still bowing its head to maintain its subservience, Merlin instantly flew atop the three-headed monster’s back, and lightly patted one of the massive heads.

“Let’s go, fly back to the riverbank first!”

The three-headed monster roared to the sky, following which it flapped its wings and promptly flew to the riverbank.

“Phew...”

On the riverbank, Old Quincy watched with mouth agape as, across the distant frozen ice, a giant shadow flew toward him. It was that frightening three-headed monster but this monster was now subdued by that mysterious passenger.

Even so, Old Quincy felt a shiver of fear as he looked at the enormous shape in the sky. Even his horse was so scared that its knees buckled as it wore an uneasy expression.

The three-headed monster quickly landed on the ground, and those three heads glared coldly at Old Quincy.

“Take the elemental crystal stones and leave quickly. You don’t have to bring me to Frost City anymore. Just point me in the general direction, and I’ll go myself!”

Merlin’s voice cut through the air, and Old Quincy hurriedly replied, “Follow the Triad River all the way north, and you’ll see Frost City!”

Merlin bobbed his head, then softly patted that massive, wart-like head of the three-headed monster, booming in a deep voice, “Did you hear that? Onward to Frost City!”

The three-headed monster extended its wings, and leaped into the air. It stretched its wings and reached the sky in a few flaps, following the direction pointed out by Old Quincy, flying north.

Old Quincy only recovered his senses then. After thinking about it in detail, he realized that to be able to subdue the three-headed monster, this passenger he had fetched in his carriage must be a powerful Spell Caster.

“How lucky to have met a powerful Wizard, and also get so many elemental crystal stones. I can head back, and won’t have to risk my life in Subzero Snowfield anymore.”

A smile appeared on Old Quincy’s face, and he immediately repaired his carriage. Driving the carriage, he slowly headed back to the returning path...

...

In the bustling Frost City, Spell Casters entered and exited everywhere but most of them were Spell Casters who wore an unusual, long Wizard robe, seemingly occupying a special position in Frost City.

Spell Casters who were often in Frost City would know that these special Wizards were the Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region.

Initially, Subzero Snowfield was relatively unorganized and disorderly. There had never been any large-sized faction that was able to establish itself in Subzero Snowfield. However, ever since a few decades ago, everything changed after the arrival of the Dark Magic Region.

The Dark Magic Region, upon arriving at Subzero Snowfield, relied upon its extensive resources to quickly built Frost City. Moreover, it was completely open, allowing free trade in Frost City.

Furthermore, the Dark Magic Region had handed out some precious items unique to spell casters' organizations, so it swiftly attracted most Spell Casters of Subzero Snowfield. There were even some Spell Casters from beyond Subzero Snowfield who came here just for Frost City.

With that, Frost City rapidly developed into the sole large-sized city in Subzero Snowfield. With the Dark Magic Region overseeing things, it was very secure.

It was just that, after the chaos of the entire Spell Caster world, some other Spell Caster factions had entered Subzero Snowfield to form their own groups as well. They secretly fought against the Dark Magic Region for the position of governing Subzero Snowfield.

Currently, Frost City was in a castle, and many Spell Casters, with long faces and worried hearts, reported toward the grand elder Wizard Seymour regarding recent significant developments in Subzero Snowfield.

“Wizard Seymour, lately, Sleet Fort has absorbed another small-sized Spell Caster faction at Thule in Subzero Snowfield. Sleet Fort's powers would increase somewhat, and they've recently clashed against some disciples of our Dark Magic Region who were outside.”

“Wizard Seymour, Bloodlion Tower is forcing our hand as well. They’re trying to completely occupy the Triad River. In that manner, they would press on closer to our Frost City. It’s really terrible!”

“Wizard Seymour, there’s Ozmu as well who’s on the move once again. After taking over the southern Spell Caster world, they’ve completely broken off with the northern Spell Caster world. A war may break out at any moment.”

With all these matters put together, the Spell Casters had to make their reports for over two hours.

“Alright, the most urgent matter is to deal with Sleet Fort and Bloodlion Tower. The rest are small problems for now, so we can forget about them first!”

Wizard Seymour opened his eyes, and the hall was filled with a serious mood.

Currently, Wizard Seymour was the Dark Magic Region’s sole support. Back when the Dark Magic Region had just arrived at Subzero Snowfield, it only had three Eighth-level Spell Casters, one of whom was Wizard Seymour. Although an Eighth-level Wizard was powerful in Subzero Snowfield, they were unable to become an overlord-grade faction.

However, in merely sixteen years, Wizard Seymour had a breakthrough and became a Ninth-level Spell Caster. He had become the strongest contender of the Dark Magic Region. It was under Wizard Seymour’s support that the Dark Magic Region was able to expand Frost City to its present glory.

“Sleet Fort and Bloodlion Tower are really pushing it. It’s only because they have Ninth-level Spell Casters as well, and there are even rumors that there are more than one of those in Sleet Fort...”

Before he could finish, a commotion erupted outside the great hall, and he could hear the sounds of terrified, panicked cries among the hubbub.

“What’s happening outside?”

Wizard Seymour’s face turned dark as he asked softly.



“Bang.”

The huge doors were viciously kicked open. Usually, this was considered impolite, and no one would dare to do so but the one who came in was an Eight-level Wizard of the Dark Magic Region.

“Wizard Seymour, it’s bad. Come take a look outside. A three-headed monster is heading toward our Frost City!”

“Swoosh.”

The faces of all the Spell Casters in the hall, including the Ninth-level Wizard Seymour, instantly turned deathly pale. All at once, everyone was looking at Wizard Seymour.

At a moment like this, only Wizard Seymour could decide what to do!

Chapter 655: He Had Returned!

On the rampart, the chilly wind buffeted their faces like an icy knife. Even the Spell Casters had no choice but to cast Defensive spells to block the vicious chill of the wind.

“It really is a three-headed dragon, a creature of the legends! I’ve heard that the three-headed dragon only lives in the coldest part of the frozen river and that someone has seen it before in the Triad River. I didn’t think that it really exists...”

Wizard Seymour was presently standing atop the city gate tower as well. The entire Frost City was built by the Dark Magic Region back then. The Dark Magic Region specialized in Runic Magic Circles, so naturally, the entire Frost City was covered by a powerful Runic Magic Circle.

Currently, Frost City had activated the Runic Magic Circle, and it was glowing with a faint white light.

It was just that when they saw that colossal three-headed dragon in the distant sky, just like a massive shadow that was speedily approaching Frost City, everyone's heart was choked by an apprehensive haze.

The three-headed dragon was one of the most ruthless monsters of the legends, comparable to those powerful Great Wizards, and they were unable to find any Great Wizard in the entire Frost City.

“Hurry, let's run. All the Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region must flee as far as they can. Frost City can't hold back a three-headed dragon...”

Wizard Seymour was trembling slightly, and his heart was enduring an immense torment too. He had gone to great lengths to lead the Dark Magic Region out of its slump, finally setting a solid foundation in Subzero Snowfield. He even hoped to expand its influence a step further, restoring the former glory of the Dark Magic Region.

Although Sleet Fort and Bloodlion Tower were closing in step by step, Wizard Seymour could still put up a fight.

Nonetheless, the approaching three-headed dragon before his eyes was a fearsome creature on par with Great Wizards. Once it had landed, Frost City would be utterly destroyed.

The Dark Magic Region had no strength to resist at all!

“Open the city gates and remove the Runic Magic Circle. Anyone who can flee must flee!”

Wizard Seymour's voice even carried a faint note of madness. Everyone could discern his sense of frustration.

“Wizard Seymour, what about you? Flee with us too. You mustn't stay in Frost City any longer...”

The Dark Magic Region could not do without Wizard Seymour. The entire Subzero Snowfield was no longer as scattered as it was decades ago when Spell Casters were all lone wolves, and there was not a single faction of minimum power.

Therefore, the Dark Magic Region was able to grow so swiftly back then.

However, the Subzero Snowfield now had Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort. If the Dark Magic Region lost Wizard Seymour, their only Ninth-level Spell Caster, then the Dark Magic Region would be in a difficult position in Subzero Snowfield.

“Leave? I can’t bear this. How difficult it was to rebuild the Dark Magic Region, all the challenges just to have the chance to restore the former glory of the Dark Magic Region. I can’t bear this!”

Wizard Seymour clenched his fists, and his ferocious expression was frightening indeed. Frost City was his heart and soul. The Dark Magic Region was salvaged, all thanks to his sole efforts.

However, now that everything was going to be thoroughly wiped out by a fabled monster before him, how could Wizard Seymour bear it?

“Swoosh.”

At last, that enormous shadow descended from the sky. The colossal frame of the three-headed dragon stepped into Frost City fearsomely, and its terrifying force was suffocating.

“Wizard Seymour, if you don’t leave then it’ll be too late. We’ll use the Runic Magic Circle to trap the three-headed dragon first!”

The other two Eighth-level Wizards, after seeing that the dragon had landed, immediately thought to use the Runic Magic Circle to trap the creature.

“Phew…”

Wizard Seymour heaved a long sigh, and calmed his turbulent emotions. Following that, he shook his head. “Forget it. I’m guessing even the runes won’t hold it down. Why should we provoke this dragon further, causing the entire Frost City to be destroyed? Let’s go. We’ll hide for now. Perhaps the fabled monster only came to Frost City by chance.”

After Wizard Seymour spoke, he released his clenched fists. Following that, he quickly turned, and flew out of the city along with other Spell Casters who were above the Seventh-level of the Dark Magic Region.

“Boom.”

The entire Frost City started to quake violently, following which a “whistle” pierced through the air. Wizard Seymour and the rest looked up, and saw a gigantic shadow in the sky above.

“What’s going on? The monster is chasing us?”

“The three-headed dragon is rushing toward us. Is it intelligent?”

A great change came over their faces. The three-headed dragon was scary enough, and now it was intelligent. It was racing directly toward Wizard Seymour and the rest, and the situation turned into a crisis.

“Swish swish swish.”

A few Seventh-level Spell Casters immediately rushed in front of Wizard Seymour, protecting him.

“Wizard Seymour, leave first. The Dark Magic Region can only deal with its many problems under your leadership. Nothing must happen to you! This dragon is acting berserk now. I’m afraid we can’t even protect Frost City. We’ll block this dragon right here for now!”

Nonetheless, Wizard Seymour fixed his gaze upon the three-headed dragon, and paid no mind to the three Seventh-level Wizards.

“Boom.”

The three-headed dragon landed on the ground not far from Wizard Seymour, and everyone prepared for a battle against a mighty foe. In particular, the three heads of the three-headed dragon now extended their necks, practically reaching past the heads of the three Seventh-level Spell Casters.

“Snort.”

Suddenly, the three-headed dragon snorted, and the three Seventh-level Spell Casters were incomparably nervous. Under the overwhelming force of the three-headed dragon, their nerves became extremely tense.

After all, this three-headed dragon looked to be too powerful. The difference between them and the three-headed dragon was too big as if the creature was able to crush them in one stomp. Even the entire Frost City could not bear the destruction of the three-headed dragon.

“Wizard Seymour!”

Suddenly, a figure standing high atop the head of the creature appeared on the back of this utterly terrifying three-headed dragon, gazing at the Wizards below.

“You...”

Wizard Seymour’s gaze sharpened as he stared unwaveringly at that figure atop one of the three-headed dragon’s heads. He only felt a sense of familiarity as if a memory tucked away in his mind was now gradually unfolding.

“Wizard Seymour, it’s been decades since I saw you. The Dark Magic Region has grown very well!”

A voice with the hint of a sigh caused Wizard Seymour to shiver all over, and the locked memory finally revealed a familiar figure.

“Wizard Merlin, you’re Wizard Merlin!”

An incredulous expression blossomed across Wizard Seymour’s face. Decades ago, when the Dark Magic Region was getting ready to leave, Wizard Merlin, who had singlehandedly urged the Dark Magic Region to leave, suddenly vanished, and the entire Runic Magic Circle had disappeared along with him as well.

Ever since then, no one had seen Merlin.

In the Dark Magic Region, those who truly understood Merlin's significance were few in number but only Wizard Seymour knew that Merlin was the first elder of the Dark Magic Region back then. Without Merlin, the Dark Magic Region would have found it difficult to survive.

"Wizard Merlin, you've returned at last!"

Wizard Seymour's voice was filled with emotion.

"That's right, I've returned at last!"

Standing atop the head of the three-headed dragon, Merlin spoke in a rueful tone as well.

To think that back then, he was abruptly brought into the Void Zone by the black cat Didimoss. Since then, he had lived through various dangers. Among these, his experiences were something unattainable to many Spell Casters even in a thousand years.

Being able to return to the Glorious Land and meet his old friends of the past once more, even Merlin was moved to his core.

"Wizard Merlin, welcome back to the Dark Magic Region!"

Seeing that it was the prodigious Spell Caster Wizard Merlin of the Dark Magic Region back then, Wizard Seymour finally heaved a sigh of relief. Frost City would not be destroyed. As he stared at Merlin who could stand atop a three-headed dragon, Wizard Seymour even felt that this was an opportunity for the Dark Magic Region to be completely restored to its former glory.

Merlin nodded, and looked at the other Spell Casters who were still bewildered and uncertain. Thereafter, he waved his hand lightly, and the three-headed dragon lowered its three fearsome, gigantic, wart-like heads, just like a pet.

Merlin stroked its head, and said softly, "Wait for me outside. You're not allowed to ruin anything here!"

The three-headed dragon nodded heavily, following which it sprawled onto the ground and shut its eyes. It could not be bothered to pay attention to the Spell Casters of Frost City. After all, it honestly dared not wreak havoc in Frost City.

Seeing that Merlin could tame a three-headed dragon so easily, many Spell Casters felt an unprecedented level of shock. In particular, Wizard Seymour's eyes also flashed with a strange light.

He knew that after so many years had passed, Merlin who was still budding back then had now grown to a level that was nearly inconceivable even to a Ninth-level Spell Caster like him...

## Chapter 656: The Situation of the Spell Caster World!

Frost City had resumed its former peace. The Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region worked to pacify everyone, and there were no further disturbances in Frost City.

Nonetheless, within the highest tower of the Dark Magic Region in Frost City, the atmosphere was tense.

As Frost City was built by the Dark Magic Region, it had carried the Dark Magic Region's past manners and traditions. They had erected many towers. Currently, Merlin was in Wizard Seymour's tower. Not even Seventh-level Wizards had the right to enter – only Wizard Seymour and those two Eighth-level Wizards.

“Wizard Merlin, it's been so many years. Where have you been? Why were we unable to find out anything about you?”

Wizard Seymour could not help but ask at last. In the past, due to his high regard of Merlin, he would often send Wizards to inquire in the southern and northern Spell Caster world, even infiltrating the dangerous Holy Light Empire to ask around.

However, they had not been able to find any traces of Merlin.

Merlin looked at Wizard Seymour. Naturally, he could tell in a glance that Wizard Seymour was a Ninth-level Spell Caster. Throughout so many years, the Dark Magic Region had been propped up by Wizard Seymour.

Nevertheless, Merlin had decided not to speak of the Void Zone for now. The Glorious Land had been sealed for so many years that it had declined long ago. They might know nothing about the world outside.

Therefore, Merlin replied carelessly, “Indeed, I’ve been to a mysterious place, and only just got the chance to return now. Tell me about the Dark Magic Region.”

Merlin’s voice unwittingly now carried an involuntarily “domineering” tone. Perhaps even he himself did not realize this. Before this, Merlin would never act so “domineering” in the Dark Magic Region no matter what but after he had entered the Void Zone, joined a civilization war, and killed existences like Great Legends, it was natural that he would not acknowledge a mere Ninth-level Spell Caster like Wizard Seymour.

As for Wizard Seymour, he felt that this was to be expected. Based solely on how Merlin was able to subdue that terrifying three-headed dragon outside, he knew that Merlin was far beyond anything he could compare to.

Thus, Wizard Seymour began to narrate in detail the process of the Dark Magic Region’s development throughout the years.

The Dark Magic Region had originally emerged strongly in Subzero Snowfield, gradually causing a reshuffling of the factions in Subzero Snowfield. Previously, Subzero Snowfield had almost no faction but after the emergence of the Dark Magic Region, two other factions – Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort – rapidly rose as well. Moreover, they had some conflicts and clashes with the Dark Magic Region in Subzero Snowfield.

These three factions would battle to determine their positions sooner or later so in recent years, most of the Dark Magic Region’s efforts had been focused on secretly struggling against these two factions.

“Other than Subzero Snowfield, what about other palaces? The southern Spell Caster world, the northern Spell Caster world, and Ozmu – what’s up with all those?”



Merlin needed to know the general situation of the entire Glorious Land and not just a small area of Subzero Snowfield. After all, Subzero Snowfield's influence was considered rather insignificant in the entire Spell Caster world, amounting nothing much at all.

Even if all the factions of Subzero Snowfield were put together, they could not compare to a large-sized spell casters' organization.

"The southern Spell Caster world is completely done for!"

Wizard Seymour eyed Merlin, and noticed Merlin's astonished look. He knew then that Merlin really did not know about the matters of the southern Spell Caster world.

Therefore, he explained, "The southern world's Three Major Spell Caster organizations had been wiped out completely by Ozmu. Moreover, Ozmu had absorbed the forces and influence of these spell casters' organizations, and in the blink of an eye, they were able to directly contend against the northern Spell Caster world. Hehe, in fact, the northern Spell Caster world has reaped what they sowed. Initially, they were much stronger than the southern Spell Caster world, having no less than seven major spell casters' organizations but they ganged up with Ozmu back then to bring about the ruin of the southern Spell Caster world. Now, it's their turn. In recent years, Ozmu has made the northern Spell Caster world learn the meaning of suffering. They're about to go down the same route as the southern Spell Caster world."

Wizard Seymour's voice was underlined by a trace of bitterness. After all, back then, Ozmu and the northern Spell Caster world had joined forces, thus causing the great ruin of the southern Spell Caster world. Their spirit was grievously damaged, and they were finally annihilated by Ozmu in one fell swoop.

It could be said that the southern Spell Casters' downfall was largely due to the actions of the northern Spell Caster world. As a past member of the southern Spell Caster world, Wizard Seymour naturally did not feel too favorably toward the northern Spell Caster world.

"Ozmu? Even if they were considered powerful back then, they can't possibly be of any threat to the northern Spell Caster world. How come now it's Ozmu who appears to be backing the northern Spell Caster world into a corner, gaining the upper hand?"

Merlin still understood a part of the past situation. The southern Spell Caster world's Three Major Spell Caster organizations had all joined forces, ready to deliver a destructive blow to Ozmu.

However, their plan was leaked, and instead, Ozmu ganged up with the northern Spell Caster world's large-sized spell casters' organizations to inflict heavy losses upon the Three Major Spell Caster organizations.

Therefore, from this, one could see that Ozmu's power back then might be greater than a single large-sized spell casters' organization but it definitely could not hold up against three large-sized spell casters' organizations.

In addition, the northern Spell Caster had the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations!

When he observed Merlin's puzzlement, a strange expression crossed Wizard Seymour's face, following which he answered slowly, "Wizard Merlin, it really is like a fairy tale. Ozmu is able to become so overbearing toward the northern Spell Caster world mainly because Ozmu has given birth to a new Great Wizard! This Great Wizard, in a previous battle, managed to kill three Great Wizards of the northern Spell Caster world, and even injured two others, and he became everyone's fascination."

When Merlin heard this, his gaze shuddered slightly. Ozmu had produced such a fearsome Great Wizard.

"Who is it?"

Merlin asked quietly.

A smile tugged at the corner of Wizard Seymour's mouth, and he said softly, "This Wizard goes way back with Wizard Merlin, and he also has a link to our Dark Magic Region that's impossible to unravel. He's the one who, like Wizard Merlin, was acclaimed to be the most gifted Spell Caster in the southern Spell Caster world, Kleis!"

"Kleis? So, it's him!"

Merlin was surprised as well. Back then, his competition with Kleis had aroused a sensation. Merlin, who had been a nobody, managed to beat Kleis, and from then on, Merlin was even reputed to be the foremost genius of the southern Spell Caster world.

However, the Dark Magic Region was faced with extinction soon thereafter, and the entire southern Spell Caster world descended into chaos. Merlin, the foremost genius was no longer noticed by anyone.

To think that after decades, the Five-Elemental Wizard Kleis had actually become Ozmu's strongest contender!

"Kleis relies upon Spatial spells, right?"

Merlin knew that Kleis had been a rare Spatial Wizard. Spatial spells were not something most Spell Casters were able to cultivate. One would need to possess tremendous Spatial talent.

Even though Merlin had met many Spell Casters in the Void Zone, there were very few who had Spatial talent. Among them was the Arcane Wizard Setoh. He had even condensed a spatial avatar to rescue Merlin from the Slothful Beast world. Evidently, Spatial Wizards were immensely powerful.

Merlin now had a basic understanding of the Spell Caster's world's state of affairs. In short, it was still in chaos. Compared to the past, the current wars of the Spell Caster world were even more ruthless and frequent.

"Tell me about the Church of Light. How much do you know about it?"

When Merlin returned to the Glorious Land, Wizard Setoh had explicitly briefed him on dealing with the Church of Light. It was best if he could uproot it completely. They must never allow the God of Light to exploit the Church of Light in order to affect the origin of the Spell Caster civilization.

"The Church of Light?"

Wizard Seymour was somewhat taken aback. In fact, he had not paid much attention to the Church of Light but he knew about them somewhat.

"The Church of Light is presently monopolizing the Holy Light Empire, even launching a crusade against heresy. The Kingdom of Blackmoon is exerting itself fully but it still seems incapable of holding them back, suffering great losses."

Merlin's heart tightened as his penetrating gaze fixed upon Wizard Seymour while countless thoughts flashed across his mind.

"The Spell Caster world is still fighting among themselves, and they even think that the Church of Light isn't much of a threat. Even a Ninth-level Spell Caster like Wizard Seymour doesn't take the Church of Light seriously. However, the Church of Light is the biggest threat of all..."

Merlin felt powerless. Behind the Church of Light was the God of Light who stood at the peak of the Void Zone. Launching a crusade against heresy was a way to gain greater influence and control over the Glorious Land.

Although they did not know the God of Light's true purpose, the three Great Arcane Wizards would not possibly allow this to happen. Merlin, having returned to the Glorious Land, must utterly end the Church of Light.

However, before he did that, it seemed like he must end the disputes within the Spell Caster world!

"Boom."

Suddenly, the tower quaked, and they could faintly hear the furious roar of the three-headed dragon outside.

Merlin and Wizard Seymour exchanged a glance, and hurriedly flew out of the tower.

...

In Frost City, the three-headed dragon had initially stretched out its heads upon the ground but the surrounding Spell Casters who gathered around increased in numbers. When they saw that the three-headed dragon was not moving, a few bold Spell Casters approached the creature despite its menacing appearance, even reaching out to touch it.

It was this which infuriated the three-headed dragon. It flew into a rage and spat out a terrible gale, which sent the surrounding Spell Casters flying. Fortunately, it still understood Merlin's command and dared not use its real strength, so it did not kill a single Spell Caster.

Even so, many Spell Casters were so frightened they had fled far away from the three-headed dragon, wearing an expression of lingering fear.

"Swish swish."

Merlin and Wizard Seymour quickly landed before the three-headed dragon.

That massive bulk of the three-headed dragon, upon seeing Merlin, bore the manner of one feeling wronged as it lowered its hideous and sinister heads.

Merlin lightly patted the head of the three-headed dragon and said calmly, "Alright, we'll leave this place now! Wizard Seymour, let's go, bring me to the Wilson clan!"

Wizard Seymour's eyes brightened. In the past decades, the Dark Magic Region had taken care of the Wilson clan very well, even allowing the Wilson clan to establish a Spell Caster clan in Frost City. This was the only Spell Caster clan in Frost City!

Therefore, with Wizard Seymour leading the way, Merlin mounted the three-headed dragon and followed behind Wizard Seymour.

Chapter 657: Alone

Subzero Snowfield was icy cold but in the frigid wind, a humongous three-headed monster spread its wings, and became a shadow in the sky.

"Whoosh."

Suddenly, the three-headed monster landed from above. The three heads swiftly lowered themselves, and Merlin gradually walked down from above the head.

"Wizard Merlin, this is the Wilson clan..."

Wizard Seymour was about to further introduce the place to Merlin, only for Merlin to wave his hand lightly. “There’s no need for introductions. I know that this is the Wilson Castle...”

As he looked at the familiar castle before him, Merlin was unable to forget that back when he had arrived in this world, he had appeared in the Wilson Castle. Even after they went to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, they had reconstructed Wilson Castle as it had been in Blackwater City.

The castle before him was no different than Wilson Castle had been in the past.

Nonetheless, currently, Wilson Castle had the additional protection of a Runic Magic Circle. Wizard Seymour explained, “Wizard Merlin, the Wilson clan now isn’t an average clan. Among them is Wizard Felinda, a Runic Magic Circle Wizard. She’s not inferior to the Runic Magic Circle Wizards of our Dark Magic Region, therefore she’s set up a Runic Magic Circle around the castle.”

The Runic Heartprint on Merlin’s brow flashed quickly, and the Runic Magic Circle of Wilson Castle was immediately under Merlin’s control. He seemed to recall Felinda as well.

In the past, Felinda was not even a Spell Caster but because she had Spell Caster Quality, she became the first batch of Spell Casters nurtured by the Wilson clan. At that point, Felinda had only displayed a slight affinity for runology. Merlin did not expect that she had become a Runic Magic Circle Wizard today.

It should be known that the Dark Magic Region specialized in runology. If Felinda could become a Runic Magic Circle Wizard, her attainments in runology were naturally rather significant.

“Buzz.”

Very soon, after the arrival of the three-headed dragon, of course, this had roused the attention of Wilson Castle. Such a massive dragon was something astounding to anyone.

Therefore, a few knights swiftly rushed out of the castle, equipped with greatswords. They all raised their greatswords yet their eyes contained no trace of fear as if all they needed was a single command for them to rush at the three-headed dragon.

Wizard Seymour and Merlin naturally were not bothered by mere knights like these but the apparel of these knights caused Merlin to immediately think of the heavy armored knights under his father Old Wilson's command back then!

"Wizard Merlin, these are the heavy armored knights of Wilson Castle. I've heard that they're personally trained by your father. I don't know what methods he used but when these knights come together, they're just about able to contend against some First-level Spell Casters."

Although they could only handle First-level Spell Casters, Wizard Seymour was still astounded to his core. This was a world where Spell Casters reigned supreme, and mere Elemental Swordsmen had never dared to challenge the might of Spell Casters for the disparity was too great.

Nonetheless, these heavy armored knights of Old Wilson had shattered this perception.

"The mysterious postures of the relief sculpture!"

A smirk passed over Merlin's lips. He knew that these heavy armored knights were so impressive surely because they had cultivated the postures on the mysterious relief sculpture.

As if sensing the hostility of these knights, the three-headed dragon's gigantic heads all stretched their jaws and huffed lightly.

"Hoo..."

These knights, along with their horses, were immediately blown away, and the three-headed dragon even wore a self-satisfied expression.

Merlin shook his head helplessly. Although this three-headed dragon was intelligent, it was not highly so, only at the level of a seven- or eight-year-old child.

"Alright, stay right here!"

Merlin said softly to the three-headed dragon, following which as if going into an uninhabited place, he and Wizard Seymour stepped into Wilson Castle.

Although its exterior looked just like the Wilson Castle of the past, when Merlin stepped inside, he discovered that everything had changed within.

“Bang.”

In a distant open space, there was a group who seemed to be practicing Fireball. Fire Element had gathered in the air above them as fireballs fell like rain upon targets which had been set out for this purpose.

Moreover, before these kids who were about ten years old, there was a twenty-something-year-old young Spell Caster dressed in a long blue Wizard robe. His Elemental fluctuations indicated that he had already become an official First-level Spell Caster.

However, what caught Merlin’s notice was not this man’s Spell Caster level but his appearance. With his slim build and lean face, it was as if Merlin was looking at a reflection.

More importantly, Merlin felt an intense rush of blood in his body. This was a reaction that could only be induced by someone who shared the same blood.

Wizard Seymour seemed to be very interested too. After he looked closely at Merlin, he said, “Wizard Merlin, surely this young Spell Caster is your lineal descendant?”

“Lineal descendant...”

Merlin nodded. He had not returned for so many years, and did not know a single descendant of his. Nonetheless, this young Spell Caster who looked so much like him was very likely to be a lineal descendant.

“Hmm?”

Merlin seemed to sense something, and swiftly looked up toward a higher part of the castle. There, a pair of eyes were staring at Merlin.



“Swish.”

Merlin did not even say anything to Wizard Seymour before he immediately flew into the castle.

Wizard Seymour gazed at Merlin’s figure with a complicated look, wearing a bittersweet smile. He mumbled sorrowfully, “Blood relatives... How I miss them!”

Following that, Wizard Seymour vanished into the castle too as if he had never appeared in the first place.

...

In a warm room, an old lady with a face full of wrinkles and hair that had turned the color of snow long ago, gripped the windowsill tightly as she gazed below. Her eyes were shining with amazement.

“Is that you? Merlin, is that you?”

The old lady muttered softly without stopping, and her body was even trembling slightly.

“It’s me! Charise!”

In the room, a black-robed man had appeared at an unknown time. He looked at the old woman before him, his eyes filled with a multitude of complex emotions.

Charise stared at Merlin, and for a moment she was like a deflated balloon. Powerlessly she shook her head. “Merlin, I had once hoped endlessly for your return...”

Merlin had returned now but Charise realized that she was already old. Her countless anticipations and interminable longing were reduced to nothing but a profound sense of alienation in the present moment.

“Charise, I’ve come back!”

Merlin walked toward her and gently stroked Charise's white hair. Normies were like this. In a mere few decades, she had grown to this stage while he would not change even after centuries.

"Tell me, where's Avril?"

Charise opened her mouth a few times before managing to say powerlessly, "Avril's health was never that good. Although she had potions brewed by an apothecary, thirteen years ago, she had passed away!"

"She had passed away?"

There was an intense sense of loss and frustration in Merlin's heart. Time had flown by without a whisper, and his loved ones were no longer by his side. When he looked at Avril who had aged so much with a head of white hair, Merlin could feel that the life force of her body was trickling away. In less than ten years, Charise would die of old age as well. This was something no potion would be able to prevent.

"Merlin, throughout these years, our Wilson clan has had remarkable progress. We're now an honest-to-goodness Spell Caster clan. You have four children in total, and they're all adults now and have borne ten children themselves. Among them, there are many with Spell Caster Quality."

Charise was the same as before. As soon as Merlin returned, she unceasingly "reported" all the matters of the family to Merlin. In that manner, a few hours went by.

Merlin listened without any expression. He sensed a deep joy as Charise was talking about the trifles of the clan. Perhaps she had kept busy all her life in service of the Wilson clan.

"Merlin, you once promised me that we'll return to the Kingdom of Light. I've always been waiting..."

Charise gripped Merlin's hand tightly.

"We'll return. We'll be able to return soon!"

A determined glint shone in Merlin's eyes. Charise, being the princess of the Kingdom of Light's royal family back then, was always thinking about returning to her kingdom. She had now waited for decades, to the point where she was an old lady with a head of white hair.

A smile blossomed on Charise's lips but after all, she was old. It had been a few hours, and she was already tired. After a while, she was asleep in Merlin's embrace. Merlin set her down gently, careful not to wake her, and quietly left Charise's room.

...

In another room, although Old Wilson was very old now, his eyes still burned with a vigorous light, and his tall body was not stooped at all.

"Haha, Merlin, you're finally back! I thought that I might not see you before I die..."

Old Wilson stared at Merlin in a gratified manner. His son was still so young but he was old already. Macy, Charise, even Merlin's own children who had no Spell Caster Quality, were all aged as well but Merlin was as youthful as ever.

When he saw Merlin, Old Wilson seemed to recall the days back in Blackwater City.

"Merlin, have you gone to meet Charise?"

Old Wilson asked gruffly.

"I've seen her!"

"Merlin, throughout all these years, the clan was able to grow so well because Charise had given her all! She always had one wish, which was to return to the Kingdom of Light. I don't know where you've been in the past decades, and I don't need to know. I only want to ask you one thing – is there a way for us to return to the Kingdom of Light?"

Old Wilson's somber expression still shone with dignity.

“Yes, there is. Soon, we’ll be able to openly, without fear, return to the Kingdom of Light, to Blackwater City!”

Merlin answered confidently. He could distinctly feel that the life force of Old Wilson’s seemingly “tough” body was also trickling away slowly.

Even though Old Wilson had cultivated the posture on the mysterious relief sculpture, and he was a powerful Elemental Swordsman, Old Wilson had only lived up to this point due to the potions brewed by the clan’s apothecary.

Merlin could clearly perceive that Old Wilson’s life force was almost exhausted. He would die of old age in a few years, and there was nothing he could do about it.

“Haha, go and see your sons, daughters, and your grandchildren. Go and see them!”

Old Wilson waved his hand. He now had a more mellow outlook toward life and death, so when a son like Merlin who had disappeared for a few decades suddenly returned, it was nothing more than a momentary joy for him.

Following that, Merlin turned to leave. He secretly observed his daughters and sons, and even other family members who looked somewhat like him.

However, Merlin did not go up to them. He felt nothing but a sense of unfamiliarity with them. There was no intimacy. In the vast Wilson Castle, he was only reluctant to part with Old Wilson and Charise.

“A Spell Caster is ultimately alone...”

Merlin recalled Wizard Hill’s words. Now, as he stood within Wilson Castle, he felt a profound sense of isolation. Even if his lineal descendants were everywhere, it was different from how he had felt in Blackwater City. Everything here only reminded him that he was a stranger.

“You’re able to stealthily remove my Runic Magic Circle, and infiltrate Wilson Castle. How bold!”

Suddenly, Merlin felt a force constricting his body as if he was restrained by multiple Runic Magic Circles. Behind him, stood a beautiful female Wizard dressed in a long Wizard robe.

Chapter 658: Unification I

“Felinda!”

The female Wizard standing behind Merlin gave a shiver when she heard this. She had the utmost familiarity with this voice. Even though she had only been by Merlin’s side for a very short time, it was Merlin who had changed her fate.

“Wizard Merlin? You’re back?”

Felinda waved one hand, and removed the Runic Magic Circle. Following that, Merlin turned around and looked at the female Wizard Felinda behind him.

In the past, Felinda was not even a First-level Spell Caster but now, she was already a Third-level Spell Caster. Although this was not a high level, based on her technique of casting the Runic Magic Circle earlier, she was definitely worthy of being called a “Runic Magic Circle Wizard”.

“Felinda, I’ve never imagined that in so many years, you’ll be able to achieve so much!”

This seed, which Merlin had incidentally planted back then, had sprouted and flourished, and was able to guard Wilson Castle now.

“Felinda, how come I didn’t see Emma and Laurinka in the castle?”

How tremendous was Merlin’s Mind Power? Forget about merely Wilson Castle itself for he was easily able to blanket the entire Frost City. It was a piece of cake to locate one or two individuals. Nonetheless, he had not found his previous servant Laurinka or his disciple, Emma.

When she heard this question, Felinda’s face turned oddly somber but she still replied, “Wizard Merlin, Laurinka and Emma had both died due to the collapse of their Spell Models more than a decade ago!”

Merlin's expression did not shift but his heart was gripped by distress. A Spell Caster's path was not all smooth sailing for every step was filled with risk. If Merlin did not have the Matrix which enabled the construction of stable Spell Models, he would not be capable of reaching where he was now.

Even now, when Merlin fused the Wizard Hearts, he was still at great risk. A slight slip up, and even he might die from the collapse of his Wizard Hearts.

After a moment of silent thought, Merlin calmed his emotions, and waved his hand carelessly. "Your achievements in runology aren't insignificant but fumbling about by yourself is still a limited method! This Runic Heartprint is the life work of the Dark Magic Region's founder, the Great Wizard Fidel. Endless knowledge on runology is recorded within. It's no longer useful to me so I'll pass it to you now. I hope you'll progress further in the field of runology!"

Following that, before Felinda could say anything, Merlin tapped his forehead. Instantly, the Runic Heartprint emerged. This Runic Heartprint had assisted Merlin many times but by now, it was no longer of much use to Merlin. If it was passed to Felinda, it would be fully put to use.

"Boom."

Merlin extracted the Runic Heartprint, and it turned into a white ray of light. Merlin imprinted this forcefully into Felinda's body. At that moment, her face contorted in slight anguish as if she was slowly receiving the huge amount of information contained in the Runic Heartprint.

As time passed by gradually, Felinda's expression resumed its initial calmness bit by bit, until she finally revealed a flash of glee.

"Whoosh."

Felinda opened her eyes. On her forehead was the imprint of the Runic Heartprint. One could tell that she had already begun to absorb the knowledge of the Runic Heartprint.

"Wizard Merlin, this Runic Heartprint is too precious! Not even the Dark Magic Region, which specializes in runes, would have such a comprehensive inheritance!"

As a Rune Wizard, of course, Felinda would understand what the Runic Heartprint represented. With this Runic Heartprint, her understanding of runology would only deepen.

“The Runic Heartprint is your reward. However, the following knowledge which you’ll receive, you must pass on to the members of the Wilson clan, leaving nothing out. Got it?”

After Merlin spoke, his eyes seemed to brighten, and Felinda was unwittingly drawn into an illusion.

This was a Hallucinating spell cast by Merlin. Thereafter, he began to pass on the knowledge he had obtained in the Void Zone regarding Spell Models, alchemy, potions, and so on. All this information was firmly imprinted into Felinda’s mind.

The entire Glorious Land had been sealed for over millennia, which was akin to being cut off from the rest of the world. The Spell Caster civilization in the Void Zone had developed to an inconceivable stage yet the Glorious Land was still lagging.

With this knowledge, Felinda practically had a mountain of treasures. In the future, barring any unexpected mishaps, the Wilson clan would gradually grow stronger even if Merlin had left.

At the very least, in terms of their foundation, they would not be inferior to any large-sized spell casters’ organizations. This was the final gift that Merlin had left for the Wilson clan.

Following that, Merlin walked away from Wilson Castle without alerting anyone. To him, there was nothing else in the Wilson clan that he would be reluctant to part with.

...

“Bang.”

The three-headed dragon landed heavily before the highest tower in Frost City. Merlin, who was on the dragon’s back, leaped down immediately, and entered the tower.

At the moment, Wizard Seymour was knitting his brow in the tower. Upon seeing Merlin, he raised his eyebrows and broke into a smile. “Wizard Merlin, why have you returned?”

Merlin glanced at Wizard Seymour, then asked directly, "I've heard that in Subzero Snowfield, Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort are fighting overt and covert battles against you?"

Wizard Seymour seemed hesitant to speak but finally nodded. "That's right, Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort are closing in on us, step by step. I'm coming up with a countermeasure now. These two factions are watched by Ninth-level Spell Casters, so they're not easy to deal with. If we're not careful, then we would..."

Before he could finish, Merlin flapped his hand and said coldly, "Three days. All that's needed are three days for you to conquer these two factions. I must unify the entire Spell Caster world as swiftly as possible, and mustn't waste time in a small place like Subzero Snowfield!"

"Unify the entire Spell Caster world?"

Wizard Seymour was taken aback as if he was stunned by Merlin's "ravings". In truth, ever since the fall of the Molta Empire, there had been no individual or forces during these three thousand years that could unify the entire Spell Caster world. It was far too difficult.

Even if Merlin was comparable to a Great Wizard, it was a fool's dream to unify the entire Spell Caster world.

"Combine all the factions of Subzero Snowfield first. I'll send the three-headed dragon along with you!"

Wizard Seymour was instantly relieved. He knew very well how fearsome the three-headed dragon was. If the three-headed dragon was sent along with them, success was practically guaranteed. Regardless of whether it was Bloodlion Tower or Sleet Fort, they would be unable to resist.

After all, the three-headed dragon was on par with a Great Wizard. In the entire Subzero Snowfield, there was no faction which was managed by a Great Wizard.

"What? Is there any other problem?"

Merlin questioned in a level tone.



Wizard Seymour was slightly astounded, sensing the irrefutable manner in Merlin's voice. Even Wizard Seymour, on a subconscious level, dared not disobey. Nevertheless, he still cautiously said, "Wizard Merlin, with the three-headed dragon, naturally, there won't be any problem. However, if Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort don't agree, I'm afraid we might need some more time."

Merlin's eyes flashed coldly. "I'll give you only three days' time. If either Bloodlion Tower or Sleet Fort doesn't agree, let the three-headed dragon resolve the matter. What I need is a Subzero Snowfield led by the Dark Magic Region!"

Wizard Seymour sensed the steely determination of Merlin's voice as well as his willingness to kill, and he knew that the entire Subzero Snowfield might be transformed henceforth.

"The Dark Magic Region's chance is finally here!"

Wizard Seymour was excited deep down, after which he nodded gravely. "Be rest assured, Wizard Merlin. In three days, no matter whether it's Bloodlion Tower or Sleet Fort, they would no longer exist!"

Thereafter, Wizard Seymour turned and left in enthusiastic spirits.

A strange glint twinkled in Merlin's eyes. The entire Spell Caster world was currently in unspeakable disorder. If he did not use an iron fist approach to unify the entire Spell Caster world, there would surely be innumerable challenges in terms of confronting the Church of Light.

"After unifying Subzero Snowfield, then it's time to unify Ozmu, the northern Spell Caster world, and even the royal family of the Kingdom of Blackmoon!"

Merlin dared not underestimate in the slightest the power of the Church of Light, so he was already calculating the next step of his plan.

Chapter 659: Unification II

The icy wind was biting cold. Near the Triad River, a group of Spell Casters marked by the prominent imprint of a blood-red lion was setting up some Runic Magic Circles.

“Wizard Evan, complete these Runic Magic Circles quickly. We’re not that far from Frost City. If they hurry here, there would be trouble!”

Some of the Spell Casters were urging their teammate. Among these five Spell Casters, it looked like only one was proficient in runes. The task of setting up the Runic Magic Circles was assigned to him.

“Worry not. So, what if they come? Our Bloodlion Tower has already joined forces with Sleet Fort. Hehe, each of our factions has one Ninth-level Spell Caster, and together we’ve invited two other Ninth-level Spell Casters. With such an impressive line-up, wouldn’t it be easy to handle one mere Frost City?”

“This isn’t for certain. Frost City is controlled by the Dark Magic Region. I’ve heard that the Dark Magic Region is a spell casters’ organization with extensive resources!”

“Heh, it’s precisely because the Dark Magic Region is a spell casters’ organization that Bloodlion Tower would join forces with Sleet Fort at all costs to deal with the Dark Magic Region together. Once the Dark Magic Region which possesses abundant resources has been vanquished, the power of our two factions will surely advance by leaps and bounds!”

These Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower seemed rather familiar with Frost City and the Dark Magic Region.

In the entire Subzero Snowfield, most Spell Casters knew that the ruler of Frost City – the Dark Magic Region – was a spell casters’ organizations with extensive resources.

Previously, no one would dare to even think of attacking Frost City because the Dark Magic Region had one Ninth-level Spell Caster. However, things were different now as Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort had risen, similarly having Ninth-level Spell Casters.

Now that they had further formed an alliance, and in addition, invited two Ninth-level Spell Casters, they were the mightiest force in Subzero Snowfield. Currently, they were quite emboldened and brazen, so they were closing in step by step.

Nonetheless, just as these Wizards were working diligently to put up the Runic Magic Circle, they suddenly noticed a gigantic shadow in the distance. It was a three-headed monster of unparalleled size, which was spreading its wings as it flew toward them with a snarl.

Behind the three-headed monster were more than a thousand Spell Casters, all of whom were dressed in the same color, indicating they were Spell Casters above the Fourth-level of the Dark Magic Region!

These Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower were immediately shocked to their core as they stared numbly at the massive, swooping shadow.

“Those... Those are the Spell Casters from the Dark Magic Region of Frost City. My heavens, there are so many of them. What are they planning to do?”

“Oh no, they seem to be heading toward our Bloodlion Tower.”

“Go, go now. Head back and report that the Dark Magic Region has made its move!”

The Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower were no longer able to remain calm. They instantly turned tail and swiftly headed back toward Bloodlion Tower.

...

“The Dark Magic Region has mobilized over a thousand Wizards, and is rushing toward our Bloodlion Tower?”

In Bloodlion Tower, a lofty Ninth-level Spell Caster, upon hearing the report of the five Wizards below, broke out in a puzzled expression.

“Alright, I’ve got it. You can go now!”

The Ninth-level Spell Caster of Bloodlion Tower – Wizard Bloodlion waved his hand, dismissing the five Spell Casters.

Wizard Bloodlion turned to look at the three other Spell Casters, his face wearing a serene expression. He spoke leisurely, “Wizards, just as we were discussing how to deal with Frost City, unexpectedly, the Dark Magic Region has instead delivered themselves to our doorstep.”

The Elemental fluctuations exuded by the three Spell Casters were not inferior to Wizard Bloodlion in the slightest. Evidently, they were all Ninth-level Spell Casters.

Another Wizard, dressed in a blue robe, pondered for a moment before replying slowly, “We mustn’t let down our guard. The Dark Magic Region is still a spell casters’ organization after all, with great resources. The grand elder Wizard Seymour is also a Ninth-level Spell Caster. Everyone should understand how difficult it was for us to become Ninth-level Spell Casters. We were all merely roaming Wizards before this. After much hardship, we’ve established our factions but compared to a spell casters’ organization with a thousand years of heritage like the Dark Magic Region, we’re still significantly lacking. Both Wizard Bloodlion and I might just about be able to handle Wizard Seymour. According to the report of the Bloodlion Tower’s Spell Casters earlier, the Dark Magic Region also seems to have brought a ferocious monster. Perhaps they’re relying on it as well, and it might be on par with a Ninth-level Spell Caster. This aggressive onrush of the Dark Magic Region clearly means that they’re confident of wiping out Bloodlion Tower on their own. Only then would they dare to dispatch such a large army.”

A snowflake was imprinted on this Wizard’s long blue Wizard robe, which looked extremely unusual. This was the symbol of Sleet Fort, and it only had one Ninth-level Spell Caster – Wizard Sleetnight!

Wizard Bloodlion nodded as well. “That’s right. Everything that Wizard Sleetnight has said is the truth. We’re all roaming Wizards who have built our factions after great hardships. We’re still a long way from the thousand-year inheritance of the Dark Magic Region. Heh heh, this is the reason we’ve invited you two Wizards!”

Wizard Bloodlion was referring to the other two strangers who were also Ninth-level Spell Casters. They were both old, and each of them held a magic staff. They were wearing the most ancient robes, and appeared to be very mysterious.

These were the two Ninth-level Spell Casters invited jointly by Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort!

After all, the Wizards of spell casters’ organizations were generally more powerful than those roaming Wizards. Therefore, faced with Wizard Seymour, both Wizard Bloodlion and Wizard

Sleetnight were not assured of victory. Consequently, although they had established their factions long ago, they had never dared to cross the line in their actions against Frost City.

Up until today, when they had invited two Ninth-level Spell Casters!

“Please be rest assured, we’ll make our move when the time comes. However, as per our pact, after Frost City is destroyed, both of us will get half of the Dark Magic Region’s treasures, and we’ll get the right to pick first!”

These two Wizards spoke in raspy voices.

“Be rest assured, both of you. We’ve already signed the contract. Can we even go back on our promise? However, the Dark Magic Region is coming at full force, so we’d better go and get ready.”

Wizard Bloodlion and the other three Wizards immediately left the main foyer. Before Bloodlion Tower, there was a blood-red stone lion of incomparable size. The stone lion’s mouth was agape, inducing a vague sense of dread in onlookers.

This was the origin of Bloodlion Tower. According to rumors, the Blood Lion formed the foundation of Bloodlion Tower. Back then, as Wizard Bloodlion had obtained this Blood Lion, he became a Ninth-level Spell Caster and founded Bloodlion Tower, which became one of the three major factions of Subzero Snowfield.

“Rise!”

Wizard Bloodlion brandished one hand. Instantly, the Blood Lion began to vibrate gently, following which crimson light shot out from the Blood Lion’s mouth, rapidly covering the entire Bloodlion Tower.

“Alright, I’ve already activated the Blood Lion. This is a formidable casting tool. In one blow, it’s enough to match a Ninth-level Spell Caster’s full-force attack. Humph, the Dark Magic Region is foolish indeed. They dare to attack on their own. Otherwise, we might have to waste additional effort.”

Wizard Bloodlion evidently had great confidence in the Blood Lion. This was the home ground of Bloodlion Tower, so naturally, it was heavily guarded. If four of them were to attack

Frost City, they would similarly be faced with the defenses of the Dark Magic Region's Runic Magic Circles, which would pose huge challenges.

However, now that the Dark Magic Region had made their move, Wizard Bloodlion and the rest were gleeful instead. Now, they would not have to deal with those troublesome Runic Magic Circles.

"That's right. No matter how many from the Dark Magic Region are coming, we must kill them all, stripping them of any power to resist!"

Wizard Sleetnight's confidence grew many times over. With four Ninth-level Spell Casters, in addition to not having to deal with the Runic Magic Circles of the Dark Magic Region, this was undoubtedly an advantage for them.

Bloodlion Tower passed down its orders, and the Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower prepared themselves as well, after which they quietly waited.

After a few hours, a dark cloud appeared at the skyline. Nonetheless, if one looked closely, one would see that it was not a cloud but a three-headed monster of unparalleled proportion.

Behind this three-headed monster were more than a thousand Spell Casters, who were Wizards of the Dark Magic Region, dressed in the same color!

"They're here! What's that three-headed monster? It looks to be extraordinary. Both of you Wizards, I'll let you take care of that creature while we deal with Wizard Seymour!"

Wizard Bloodlion and Wizard Sleetnight exchanged a glance. None of them knew what that three-headed monster was, only sensing that it was rather unusual. It must be on par with a Ninth-level Spell Caster or the Dark Magic Region would not have brought this three-headed monster to attack Bloodlion Tower.

"Halt!"

At Wizard Seymour's single command in the sky, everyone stopped in their tracks. When Wizard Seymour felt four different forces that were no weaker than his own, his face shifted greatly.

He had gotten the news about the secret communications between Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort, and it seemed like they were going to quietly join forces. Those two Ninth-level Spell Casters used to be two roaming Wizards, so Wizard Seymour felt that he could take them on.

However, if there were four Ninth-level Spell Casters, then it was quite dangerous. Frost City would be on the brink of extinction.

“I’ve heard that the three-headed dragon is comparable to a Great Wizard. I myself was only able to locate records of the three-headed dragon in the most ancient books of the Dark Magic Region. It looks like Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort aren’t familiar with the three-headed dragon!”

Wizard Seymour saw that the four Ninth-level Spell Casters had all rushed forward. He knew that these were roaming Wizards who did not have extensive resources as the Dark Magic Region. Naturally, they would not recognize the extremely ancient three-headed dragon.

After all, in the entire Spell Caster world, there was only one such three-headed dragon left. It was just that even Wizard Seymour could not say for sure how strong the three-headed dragon really was.

“Boom.”

Suddenly, the Blood Lion below shuddered violently, and a beam of light, powerful enough to match a Ninth-level Spell Caster, streaked toward the three-headed dragon.

“Roar...”

The three-headed dragon had received Merlin’s instructions. Anyone who dared to retaliate must be killed.

Therefore, the three-headed dragon stretched both its wings. It stared at the blood-red light speeding toward it and gave a vicious flap.

“Bang.”

The crimson light slackened at that moment and was directly shattered by the wings of the three-headed dragon. The full-force attack of a Ninth-level Spell Caster was not even able to breach the three-headed dragon's defenses.

Nevertheless, this further enraged the three-headed dragon. It was vicious enough in the first place, especially after Merlin had subdued it by force. It had not been able to unleash the ruthless nature of its heart. Now, it was provoked by a few puny Spell Casters. The three-headed dragon had truly exploded then.

"Boom."

The three-headed dragon's body grew double in size, and its three wart-like heads all opened their mouths, spewing furiously toward Bloodlion Tower below.

Instantly, the mad three-headed dragon sprouted gale poison fog and flames, all of which were comparable to a Great Wizard. Bloodlion and Sleetnight – both of these Ninth-level Spell Casters did not even have the slightest chance to defend themselves. They were instantly submerged, and under the effect of the poison fog and flames, both of these lofty Ninth-level Spell Casters were swiftly reduced to ashes.

Nonetheless, the other two old Wizards who were strangers, seemed able to hold on. They were wielding a casting tool and surviving with great difficulty. However, the three-headed dragon became even more berserk. Its humongous body was like a mountain as it thundered toward those two old Wizards, and its mammoth claws swiped forward viciously.

"Rip."

The casting tool beside the two old Wizards was instantly shattered. Thereafter, the three-headed dragon became even more merciless. It stretched its colossal jaw and swallowed the two old Wizards in one mouthful.

"Ka-cha."

Following that, the three-headed dragon crashed heavily into the ground. That massive Blood Lion in front of Bloodlion Tower was trampled to smithereens by the three-headed dragon which had landed from the sky. The three-headed dragon even extended its three gigantic heads, glaring with matchless ferocity at the countless Spell Casters below.



All Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower were so frightened that they dared not move. Even four Ninth-level Spell Casters could be promptly slain by this savage three-headed dragon, let alone ordinary Spell Casters like them.

“Bloodlion Tower is destroyed?”

Wizard Seymour stared blankly at the scene before him. He had brought along more than a thousand Spell Casters, who had not even attacked. The entire Bloodlion Tower was stunned by the menace of the three-headed dragon, too afraid to resist.

Soon, Wizard Seymour recovered from his shock. Next, it was time for him to unify Bloodlion Tower. Before this, he had thought that three days were too short but now, from the looks of things, why would he need three days? Even one day was more than enough. As long as the three-headed dragon was there, Wizard Seymour was confident of completely unifying the entire Subzero Snowfield!

Chapter 660: The South I

Before a colossal castle, three Seventh-level Spell Casters were blocked by a Runic Magic Circle hence they could do nothing but wait outside quietly.

“Can we succeed this time? It’s been three months...”

“The southern Spell Caster world is now completely controlled by Ozmu. We can only go to Ozmu but the headquarters of Ozmu is enigmatic, and no one could locate it. We can only go through their strongholds that are scattered all over the southern Spell Caster world, hoping that they’ll pass a message to their headquarters.”

These three lofty Spell Casters, despite holding a high position, still maintained a sense of humility before this castle. After all, this was the stronghold of Ozmu, the true master of the southern Spell Caster world.

Soon enough, some Spell Casters exited from the castle. One of the female Wizards in the lead said coldly, “Come on. Wizard Hubbell is willing to see you.”

Following that, the three Spell Casters were brought into the castle.

“Welcome, my friends from the royal family who’ve traveled a long distance. We meet again!”

In the hall of the castle, an old Wizard with a head of silver hair, and dressed in a long black Wizard robe smiled as he greeted the three visiting Spell Casters.

The three Spell Casters bowed slightly, then said in a helpless manner, “Honorable Wizard Hubbell, this is the second time we’ve paid you a visit! Three months ago, we came as representatives of His Majesty of the Kingdom of Blackmoon, bearing a request in hopes that Ozmu would send some powerful Wizards to join the royal family in stopping the Church of Light’s activities. I wonder if there have been any updates from your headquarters?”

These three Seventh-level Spell Casters were special envoys of the Blackmoon King, here to communicate with Ozmu, hoping that they could stop the Church of Light together.

A succession of wars had already caused the Blackmoon royal family disastrous losses. Meanwhile, the Church of Light, for some reason, had substantially increased its powers. By now, it was closing in step by step. The balance of power between these two had been disrupted. The Blackmoon royal family had no choice but to seek help from the Spell Caster world.

Wizard Hubbell kept up his smile, saying serenely, “Up until now, Ozmu Headquarters still hasn’t sent any messages. Please wait for a while more.”

The three Seventh-level Wizards of the Blackmoon royal family shifted their expressions slightly, and exchanged glances. Thereafter, they took a deep breath and said hoarsely, “Since there are no updates, we’ll go back and wait!”

With that, the three Spell Casters took their leave.

After the three of them had left, Wizard Hubbell’s face gradually darkened in a sinister manner, and he laughed icily. “Humph, the Blackmoon royal family? We’ll take care of the northern Spell Caster world before we’ll get to you! Since when would Spell Casters obey the orders of a puny royal family?”

Wizard Hubbell's words were not heard by the three Spell Casters but as soon as they left the castles, their expressions turned unpleasant.

"D\*mn it! Ozmu doesn't take the royal family into account at all."

"What do we do now?"

They had received the king's orders three months ago but even now they still had not gotten in touch with Ozmu Headquarters, much less obtain Ozmu's assistance.

"Now, we can only report everything as it is to His Majesty the King."

"That's all we can do..."

The three Spell Casters clenched their fists tightly, and soon, they had vanished without a trace.

...

In the dazzling and splendorous palace, the king who wore a purple gold crown listened to the report of the Spell Casters below, wearing a gloomy expression.

"Your Majesty, there's a recent message from the south, saying that Ozmu isn't paying attention to the special envoys of the royal family."

After they had finished, the Spell Casters below did not dare to look up. They knew very well that this king before them had grand plans and high ambitions. Back when he was just the eighth prince, he had gotten involved in government affairs. Thereafter, he became the king, and further developed the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon.

It was just that the Kingdom of Blackmoon was now faced with the Holy Light Empire's Church of Light. Ever since the Church of Light had annexed a few small kingdoms, and established the Holy Light Empire with the Church of Light as the ruler, its power had advanced tremendously. By now, it had even started a crusade against heresy.

As for the Kingdom of Blackmoon which had been growing rapidly, it was no match for the Church of Light. Any clashes against the Church of Light only resulted in progressive losses, which was hard to believe.

The king with the purple gold crown was silent in thought for a moment, then said with an unchanging expression, "I've expected this long ago. Ozmu is currently busy dealing with the northern Spell Caster world. Why would they help the royal family? In addition, I'm afraid that to Ozmu, this royal family is an obstacle as well, which must be eliminated sooner or later! Heh, but who in the entire Spell Caster world knows that the Church of Light is the biggest threat? They're no longer as easy to handle as they were before..."

Ever since the eighth prince had become the king, he felt in complete control of every aspect. However, this time, faced with the Church of Light, he was gripped by a profound sense of powerlessness.

"Your Majesty, before Ozmu controlled the southern Spell Caster world, the Three Major Spell Caster organizations of the southern Spell Caster world would always lend their assistance during each war against the Church of Light. However, Ozmu isn't providing the slightest support. If this goes on, we'd be hard-pressed to defeat the Church of Light by relying solely on the strength of the royal family. How about if we send someone to the northern Spell Caster world? There are the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations, so perhaps they might send their forces..."

Before the Spell Caster could finish, the eighth prince shook his head. "Forget about it. The northern Spell Caster world is now dealing with Ozmu who is closing in. They're even at a critical juncture now, so how would they be willing to send Wizards to aid us in defeating the Church of Light? It's better to take care of this ourselves. I'll pay a visit to the Elders' Court, and invite the elders to take this on. I believe this would slightly reduce the pressure we're facing on the front lines."

The eighth prince knew that even if he had mobilized the Elders' Court, the royal family's power alone was incapable of resisting the Church of Light. Instead, he hoped that the victor of the conflict between Ozmu and the northern Spell Caster world would be quickly determined. Only then might the royal family obtain support from the Spell Caster world...

Following that, the eighth prince stood up, and hurried toward the Elders' Court.

...

In the frigid Subzero Snowfield, snow was falling heavily with flakes the size of feathers. Even though it was a city built by Spell Casters, they had to utilize a Runic Magic Circle to block off the chilly wind.

Frost City was now the most prosperous place in the entire Subzero Snowfield. The Dark Magic Region, who ruled Frost City, had already unified Subzero Snowfield completely.

“Wizard Merlin, after one month, we’ve finally managed to unify the entire Subzero Snowfield completely. The remaining Spell Casters of Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort are willing to join our Spell Caster Alliance!”

Wizard Seymour was reporting to Merlin in detail about the matters of Subzero Snowfield. Ever since they had defeated Bloodlion Tower and Sleet Fort, there was only one major faction – the Dark Magic Region – in Subzero Snowfield. Unifying the entire Subzero Snowfield was only a matter of time.

Nonetheless, it had been a problem dealing with those remaining Spell Casters. It was impossible that everyone should be allowed to join the Dark Magic Region for the selection process was very strict.

In the end, it was Merlin who had suggested setting up a new faction called the Spell Caster Alliance. This would benefit the unification of the Spell Caster world in the future too.

By now, Wizard Seymour no longer had any doubts regarding Merlin’s “ravings” about unifying the entire Spell Caster world. In the past month, he had even made a trip to the southern Spell Caster world just to help Merlin find updates on Ozmu.

“Wizard Seymour, the matters of Subzero Snowfield aren’t much of a concern. In general, everything’s under the control of the Spell Caster Alliance! What I need is information about Ozmu Headquarters. Did you manage to find out anything?”

Merlin asked in a calm voice.

“The headquarters of Ozmu? Wizard Merlin, I’ve already asked around for a long time but no one knows where Ozmu Headquarters really is. Nevertheless, Ozmu has strongholds scattered all over the southern Spell Caster world. Perhaps we could obtain the location of their headquarters from one of those strongholds.”

Merlin shut his eyes lightly. He had been delayed in Subzero Snowfield for too long. He needed to speed up the process of unifying the entire Spell Caster world. After all, according to what he understood, the current Kingdom of Blackmoon would not be able to hold on much longer.

“I’ll make a journey to the southern Spell Caster world myself!”

Merlin stood up, and exited the castle. He gently patted the head of the three-headed dragon, saying quietly, “Come on, let’s go to war!”

“Roar...”

The three-headed dragon appeared to be extremely thrilled. It spread its wings and instantly carried Merlin into the sky, flying toward the south.