

W. Secret 81

Chapter 81: Battle II

Cook could not hold on any longer. His right arm was already injured and this was deadly to an Elemental Swordsman. This meant that he had lost half of his combat ability.

Count Selin was the most nervous one. He looked at Cook in panic. Anxiously, he shouted at the black-robed old man, “Wizard Hill!”

The old man’s wrinkled face appeared calm at this moment. He reached out his wizened hand and spoke softly, “I haven’t worked out for a long time... Three-Elemental Wizard? Hehe. Merilung, if you’re truly a Three-Elemental Wizard, I don’t think you’ll get accepted into the Abyss Fort. Show me your true strength!”

“Swoosh.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he dived forward suddenly. His usually thin body contained an incredible explosive force. He dived into the dark night in the blink of an eye.

“Old man, sticking your hands in this mess so rashly. Aren’t you afraid that your Spell Model may crumble?”

Merilung saw the old man wrapped in his black robe and squinted his eyes. His expression immediately turned serious. Obviously, he appeared to know the black-robed old man.

However, as if he had not heard Merilung, Wizard Hill raised his hands up high as he dived forward.

“Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!”

Five fireballs immediately appeared. They pierced the sky and flew toward Merilung, whistling.

This is a Zero-level Spell, Fireball. There was not much difference between this and Merlin's Fireball. However, the fireballs released by the old man appeared lighter and quicker. His control over them was even stronger.

This was because the old man's Mind Power was stronger and his control over spell was more skilled. However, in terms of the fireball's power and stability, Merlin's Fireball was definitely more excellent since it was chosen by "the Matrix" from one hundred and eighty thousand Spell Models.

Five fireballs lined up in a row and directly closed off the road in front of Merilung but the old man's trick was far more than that. If not, he would not possibly survive from the "Slaughterhouse" war.

After casting five fireballs, the old man remained silent, his hands waving without rest. The waves of Fire Element were so strong that they even made Merlin go pale.

"Swoosh!"

A few fireballs appeared again. Balls after balls of flame kept appearing without a limit. Moreover, the old man's speed of creating the fireball was astonishingly quick.

Merlin estimated roughly that the old man's speed of releasing fireballs was at least double to triple of his own speed.

In such unbelievable speed of casting Fireball, the old man had almost surrounded Merilung with a fireball in an instant. Numerous fireballs pierced the night sky and flew in bunches toward Merilung. This scene was nothing less than the scene when the crossbow archers released their arrows at once.

Staring at the fireballs surrounding him, Merilung wore a serious look. At least twenty fireballs were whistling around him. The Earth Element in his body began to vibrate in a frenzy.

"Boom!"

Rows of earthy-yellow walls rapidly rocketed out of the ground and surrounded Merilung tightly.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

One by one, twenty fireballs collided into the walls. Since Merilung’s Earth-type spell was only a Zero-level spell, it might stand against one or two fireballs. However, it had no way of standing against all these fireballs.

The walls crumbled apart in an instant and Merilung could only cast the Earth-type spell again. Each time a wall crumbled apart, his face would turn ghastly pale. Casting the spell continuously also took a toll on Merilung.

In terms of Magic Power, Merilung had no chance of winning against the black-robed old man.

“Old man, it seems that you don’t care about the danger of having your Spell Model crumbling apart. You intend to sell your life to Selin?”

Merilung’s face was faintly pale. Although he had stood against the old man’s attack, the attack had definitely exhausted him. Moreover, this was only the old man’s first attack.

Merilung was obviously familiar with the old man. This old man who had survived from the cruel “Slaughterhouse”, albeit he could not bring out his true strength probably due to a hidden injury, was not someone Merilung could bear to underestimate.

During this revenge plan, the only person he had to take special caution was this black-robed old man in front of him!

“Merilung, cast your strongest spell. Hehe. The Abyss Fort is well-known for its Darkness-type spell. Bring it on. Enlighten this old man with your Darkness-type spell!”

The old man appeared to be familiar with the Abyss Fort as well and he knew Merilung still had something up his sleeve.

“Spell Model crumbling apart?”

Merlin who was watching the battle from afar wore an austere look. After listening to Merilung and the old man’s conversation, he finally understood the secret of the old man.

Merlin had thought the old man was odd. Although having a strong Mind Power, the old man did not dare to use all of it as if he was afraid of something. It turned out that the Spell Model in the old man's Awareness was unstable and required him to stabilize it with Mind Power all the time. Moreover, he could not overuse his spell or the Spell Model might crumble apart.

This was also mentioned in old man Etha's Spell Manual. The Spell Model must be created with stability. If the Spell Model crumbled, the consequences would be great.

This mysterious black-robed old man had an incredibly strong Mind Power, comparable to the peak of those First-level spell Casters. However, he had to use up half of his Mind Power to stabilize the Spell Model. On top of that, he could not overuse his Spell Model.

A Spell Caster like him could never create a First-level Spell Model in his whole life, rendering him unable to become a First-level spell Caster forever.

There was always a hint of loneliness in the old man's gaze. It was surely because of this reason.

"Old man, if you want to die, I'll let you have what you want!"

Merilung's voice suddenly became hard to grasp. There was a rather vague wave of Element coming from him. Merlin had never sensed such Element before.

"Dark Mist!"

Merilung's voice seemed to come from all over the place. His figure disappeared into thin air in the blink of an eye. Merlin hurriedly searched for him using his Mind Power but to no avail. It was as if he had truly disappeared.

The place Merilung had stood at was engulfed in darkness. Merilung's figure was completely lost!

"DarkElement? This is the mysterious DarkElement..."

The black-robed old man appeared serious. Merlin could vaguely see the old man's figure then. However, as soon as the old man finished his words, the sky turned completely dark. In the blink of an eye, the old man disappeared without a trace.

“Disappeared again? DarkElement? Is this Darkness-type spell the Abyss Fort is well-known for?”

Merlin frowned. He was not familiar with the DarkElement at all so he naturally did not know how odd Merilung's Dark Mist was.

However, regardless of Merilung or the old man's disappearance, both were related at the “Dark Mist” released by Merilung without a doubt. Merlin believed that the black-robed old man who had survived from the “Slaughterhouse” would not be as simple as he seemed. He must have some solutions to this scenario.

All Merlin, Count Selin, and others could do now were to wait in silence.

Chapter 82: No More Escape!

Night came especially early during the cold winter. The somber sky just moments ago had turned into pitch darkness.

Count Selin quickly ignited the candles and as the strong wind blew, the vulnerable candle flames shook. However, everyone was at a loss when they realized that both Merilung and the black-robed old man had disappeared without a sound.

Suddenly, a muffled noise filled the space. Right there in that empty darkness, Merlin once again felt the vague fluctuation of Elements that was emitted from Merilung. It was as if the black void of space had been twisted and distorted.

That was the fluctuation of Dark Elements!

“Whoosh!”

Two silhouettes appeared out of thin air like ghosts. In an instant, Merilung and the black-robed old man came back into sight and filled the empty spots.

However, both men appeared rather disheveled, especially the black-robed old man. His face gradually turned rosy, and it even began to shake uncontrollably.

“Cough, cough...”

As the black-robed old man coughed violently, his cheeks were seared with a flaming red blush, as if blood was going to seep out from his skin. It was something especially frightening to witness in the silent night.

“Darkness-type spell is indeed impressive!”

The black-robed old man finally stopped coughing and tilted his head backward. There was an unmistakable quiver in his voice. Merlin then recognized that the Mind fluctuation on the black-robed old man who was accompanied by hints of agitated Elements.

It included Fire Elements, Earth Elements, as well as Wind Elements. However, these Spell Models constructed by the black-robed old man seemed to be getting out of control. The black-robed old man, in return, forced his Mind Power to stabilize those agitated Spell Models.

Yet victory was already distinguished by the time Merilung and the black-robed old man disappeared.

“Not bad, old man! I’ve killed a roaming wizard once. He was a First-level spell Caster, and it was a difficult process. Hehe, you were out of my expectation – your combat ability is actually on par with that First-level spell Caster. It’s no wonder you’ve made it out alive from the Slaughterhouse. However, the Spell Models you’ve constructed are not stabilized. How’re you going to protect Selin if you can’t even fend for yourself?”

Although Merilung looked rather pale himself, the fluctuation of Elements on him was still strong and vibrant. This meant that he was not severely injured. The black-robed old man was defeated instead!

Due to the instability of Spell Models in his body, like Cook, the black-robed old man had lost half of his combat ability.

When Merilung shifted his attention onto Count Selin, the corner of his lips curled into a ferocious smile as he approached him slowly.

The moment Merilung came nearer, Lady Shelly, who was full of life earlier stood motionless. Her face turned pale as her lips quivered, and she hid behind Count Selin for protection.

Although Count Selin had more than ten thousand knights and numerous Elemental Swordsmen under his command, not one of them could protect him from Merilung at this moment.

Count Selin took in a deep breath. He drew the greatsword from his back and pushed Shelly, who had been hiding behind him toward Merlin. “Wizard Merlin, take Shelly out of this place. She shouldn’t die here!” he said with mixed feelings.

Count Selin looked at Shelly fondly and shouted at Merilung again, “Come on, Merilung! This is my castle, the castle of great Count Kaproh Selin! No one can go against my will in this place. Your father went against me and betrayed Prakash City and that’s why he deserved to be dead! Haha, that ridiculous Nelson knelt in front of me like a coward as he pleaded for my forgiveness...”

“However, I, Kaproh Selin, am not a coward!”

Count Selin’s face was flushed red. At the same time, his greatsword flashed an earthy-yellowish brilliance that shrouded almost his entire figure.

Unexpectedly, Count Selin who appeared so honorable and graceful was a Third-level Earth Swordsman as well!

“My father was not a coward! Selin, you’re the real coward. Haha, you want your daughter to walk out of here alive? Then I’ll kill her first!”

With a ferocious smile on his face, Merilung shifted his attention directly at Shelly who was struck with a panic.

“Wizard Merlin, please take her out of here. This is my final request!”

Count Selin's expression changed as he urged Merlin.

On the other hand, Merlin did not budge an inch. He inhaled deeply and said in a calm tone as he glanced toward Merilung who was gradually approaching him. "I'm truly sorry, Count Selin, that I'm unable to fulfill your final request. I've just traveled an arduous journey from the Kingdom of Light to Prakash City. I'm exhausted; I don't want to escape anymore!"

Yet disregarding Count Selin's astonishment, Merlin's left hand gently stroked the Bell Pendant which was hung in front of his chest. He had already decided in his heart.

"You?"

Merilung looked at Merlin and sneered, "Get out!"

"Swish!"

Merilung flicked his finger and a group of fireballs immediately blasted in front of Merlin. Merilung's Fire-type spell was different from Merlin's Fireball. Although they were both Zero-level spells, Merilung's Fire-type spell focused on extensive killing.

Hence, the sea of fire that was released by Merilung covered an extensive area that left Merlin no chance to escape.

"Frost!"

There was no point in escaping if it was not a possibility.

Merlin had fought with Wizard Jason before but Merlin realized afterward that Wizard Jason appeared to be slightly distinctive from other Spell Casters. Or perhaps, he was very different from Merlin, Merilung, or any other Spell Casters from the Kingdom of Blackmoon.

Merlin could not tell what the differences were, but it was just a feeling he had after engaging in a face-to-face fight.

However, Merilung, who was standing in front of him now was a true Spell Caster – a disciple from a strong spell casters’ organization like the Abyss Fort. He was indeed extremely powerful as his strength greatly exceeded the free wizards no matter if it was casting spells or constructing Spell Models.

Despite that, Merlin was not frightened to deal with the strongest. On the contrary, he yearned for a chance like this – to have a true fight with a real Spell Caster!

“Click.”

Merlin narrowed his eyes and cast a Frost at the sea of flames. Instantaneously, a cold sensation spread across the room and covered an expansive area of flame, even thick layers of ice crystal formed on the ground.

Under the chilling attack, the raging sea of flame gradually died out. Merilung was originally heading forward, but he was stunned that he eventually stopped his footsteps.

Now, Merilung finally shifted his attention onto Merlin and he frowned at the appearance of another Spell Caster in this place.

However, in his eyes, there was no such thing as moving backward!

Chapter 83: Reward I

Merilung made a move and the fluctuation of Wind Elements in his body grew intense.

“Swoosh!”

In an instant, Merilung’s silhouette went out of sight.

Merlin was shocked. When he was observing from the distance, he had noticed Merilung’s Wind-type spell was an incredibly fast Speed spell that he yearned to attain.

However, being an observer and an opponent was a completely different feeling for Merlin. With such superfast speed, he lost Merilung’s whereabouts in just the blink of an eye. Merlin’s entire body tensed up as his Mind Power spread out to inspect his surrounding closely.

Merilung only disappeared within Merlin's field of vision. Merlin was still able to locate his whereabouts using Mind Power but the other party was moving too quickly that it was difficult for Merlin to strike a move.

"Boom!"

Just as various ideas flooded Merlin's mind, a group of fireballs appeared behind his back. The blistering heat threatened Merlin greatly.

"Frost!"

Without any moment of hesitation, Merlin activated the Spell Model and cast Frost. Within seconds, an intense cold sensation engulfed the scorching heat.

Nonetheless, Merilung did not linger. Merlin had no chance of locating Merilung's exact position at all.

"Let's see how quick you can be!"

A glimpse of brilliance flashed across Merlin's eyes. Initially, he had wanted to save some Magic Power for later but now it seemed that it was pointless in doing so. Releasing just one or two spells alone could not pose any threat to Merilung.

"Fireball!"

Merlin's Fireball contained a tremendous amount of Magic Power. In an instant, he released nearly ten groups of small fireballs simultaneously. He did not check Merilung's specific position but cast those spells around.

Apart from Fireball, the Magic Power Merlin had accumulated for his Frost was currently enough for him to release more than a dozen times. Hence, while he cast Fireballs, he also released five Frosts at the same time.

Suddenly, several small-sized fireballs shot across the night sky in all directions. An extensive area on the ground experienced coldness and began condensing into ice crystals.

It was as if he painted a picture with two brushes at the same time. He managed to seal almost all directions, where Merilung could not even escape despite his high-speed.

Sure enough, Merilung suddenly came to a halt, and his body once again flashed with strong fluctuations of Earth Elements.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

Several walls appeared in front of Merilung. The small fireballs cast by Merlin smashed directly into them. Under the guidance of Merlin’s Mind Power, the fireballs burst into violent explosions.

The strength of Merlin’s Fireballs was inherently stronger than the black-robed old man’s. Now, one by one, the fireballs burst into flames. The strong impact caused Merilung’s face to turn as pale as a sheet.

In addition to the attack of fireballs, Merlin’s Frosts also gave a great impact. A gush of cold air quickly surrounded the walls, shrouding Merilung, and eventually trapping him inside an ice.

‘Now’s the chance!’

Merlin’s eyes lit up at the opportunity. He immediately rushed forward with the desire to cast Large Fireball on Merilung. Out of the blue, the area surrounding Merilung, who was frozen, rose into a raging flame and turned into a sea of flame within seconds.

Under the temptation of high heat, the ice crystals on Merilung’s body surface immediately melted into a pool of water.

Merlin was about to run out of Magic Power for his Frosts. If Merilung escaped using his terrifying high-speed Wind-type spell, then Merlin would completely be at a loss. Moreover, Merilung was a Four-Elemental Spell Caster; namely Wind, Fire, Earth, as well as Darkness types. He had not revealed the Darkness-type spell which was unfamiliar to Merlin.

Merlin would not have any idea to deal with it once his opponent cast a Darkness-type spell. Therefore, he must seize this opportunity and not let Merilung escape.

“Large Frost!”

Merlin did not hesitate even for a second. He activated the remaining Magic Power and released a Large Frost.

“Click!”

A freezing sensation which was several times more intense than before surrounded Merilung’s body. Even in the sea of fire, the cold air was not dissipated by the flames. On the contrary, it turned into a thick layer of ice crystals.

This layer of ice crystals was several times tougher than the ice crystals formed by the ordinary Frost. Hence, even if Merilung utilized all his might to release Fire-type spells, it would require some time to get rid of the shackles of Frost.

Finally, looking at Merilung who was still struggling and trying to break free from the ice crystals, Merlin’s face revealed a smile. So, what if he was a Four-Elemental Spell Caster and what if he had killed a First-level spell Caster?

Now that Merilung was trapped by Merlin, he was being placed in the same position as Wizard Jason like before.

“Only one last chance to utilize this...”

Merlin gently stroked the Bell Pendant on his chest. Naturally, this was his last resort, his ace in the hole. It was not something he would utilize easily. Once he had used it, the final outcome would be decided.

Merlin utilized ten Large Fireballs stored in the Bell Pendant the last time he dealt with Wizard Jason and the power was terrifying. Even if Wizard Jason had a purely Defensive spell Scroll, he did not manage to resist the attack.

Although there were only eight Large Fireballs left, it was enough to take down Merilung!

“Go now, it’s over!”

Right away, Merlin’s Mind Power extended into the Bell Pendant, triggering the only eight Large Fireballs inside. Suddenly, the Bell Pendant emitted a dazzling ray of light and violent fluctuation of Fire Elements.

“Eh? A casting tool?”

At this moment, the black-robed old man, who had been desperately trying to suppress the Spell Models in his Awareness using Mind Power, had noticed the Bell Pendant which was emitting a blinding light in front of Merlin’s chest. His expression changed – the fright in his eyes could not be concealed especially when the horrifying fluctuation of Elements was being transmitted.

At first glance, the black-robed old man realized that the Bell Pendant on Merlin’s chest was a casting tool, one that was extremely precious for storing spells. There were only a few such casting tools available and yet many advanced Spell Casters were not able to obtain one.

The black-robed old man figured out that Merlin was desperately activating a casting tool. Merilung, who was bound by Large Frosts, must have noticed that too.

Obviously, Merilung realized how dangerous his situation was and finally, his facial expression changed greatly. The fluctuation of Fire Elements in his body became so intense that flames rose to the sky. It seemed that he did not hesitate to consume a large amount of Magic Power to break away from this bondage.

In addition to releasing Fire-type spells, Merilung’s body also evoked the fluctuations of Dark Elements. Then, he released Dark Mist, the spell most dreaded by Merlin.

As soon as the spell struck, Merlin lost his sense of direction. He could not hear anything, and the surrounding area turned into pitch black as if he was in a quiet void.

This was the effect of Dark Mist. Even Mind Power was useless in this suffocating silence where one experienced a complete loss of direction. This was a peculiar spell that could make people fall into an illusion!

Both the silhouettes of Merlin and Merilung disappeared into thin air. Everyone was completely at a loss. Only a large group of fireballs broke through the dark sky, still shooting forward as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 84: Reward II

“Hehe...”

Suddenly, a shrill laughter broke the silence of the night.

The black-robed old man who was originally standing motionless, tried all his might to suppress the agitated Spell Models inside him and stood up unexpectedly. His deadly stare fell onto the massive fireballs, and an unmistakable excitement washed over his pale face.

“It seems that this dying old man is still able to contribute.”

The black-robed old man’s body sparkled with bright, violent fluctuation of Fire Elements. An enormous surge of Mind Power washed over him as if he had been thrown into a pool of Fire Elements. There was a kind of frantic air that permeated the night, turning it into a peculiar scene.

Disregarding the instability of the Spell Models in the black-robed old man’s Awareness, he forcefully activated them to release spells.

“Swoosh!”

A group of fireballs appeared out of thin air. With the control of the black-robed old man’s Mind Power, the fireballs shot across the night sky, heading right toward the direction where Merilung had disappeared earlier.

“Bang!”

The attack of the black-robed old man was accompanied by a muffled noise. Then, a vague silhouette appeared at the empty space where the fireballs had landed earlier. It was Merilung!

Merilung appeared as pale as a sheet. He did not let his guard down although there were several walls around him, protecting him from the black-robed old man’s attack of fireballs. On the

contrary, he glared right into the open space in front of him as if he had predicted something terrible was going to happen.

It was those eight massive fireballs cast by Merlin earlier, speeding toward his direction.

...

There was nothing but a vast field of emptiness – no sound, no object, and no one. This place resembled a void world.

Merlin was trapped in such a place. His Mind Power spread out to his surrounding frantically but to no avail. Although he knew that this must be one of the effects from Dark Mist cast by Merilung, he was unable to break out of it.

Merlin had never heard of Darkness-type spell, not to mention encountering with one. He estimated that Merilung must be somewhere around him but he was not able to trace his whereabouts.

Finally, Merlin understood why the black-robed old man who had survived the Slaughterhouse would be severely wounded under Merilung's Dark Mist!

“Bang!”

Then, a violent collision happened. In an instant, as if a crack had formed in this void world, Merlin saw a glimmer of light – it was the flames.

His Mind Power, which had failed to detect any movement, suddenly regained its capability. Merlin witnessed the panic-stricken look on Merilung's face as well as the raging flames, which surged frantically on the black-robed old man's body due to a total loss of control over the Spell Models.

At this very moment, Merlin felt that he had returned from the void world into the reality.

Merlin glanced at the black-robed old man in the distance. He knew that it was only the black-robed old man who could bring him back from the illusion of Merilung's Dark Mist because the black-robed old man had just experienced the spell himself.

Ignoring the risk of collapsing his own Spell Models, the black-robed old man still cast Fireball to combat Merilung's Dark Mist. Naturally, Merlin had to grasp this one-in-a-million opportunity.

“Boom!”

Merlin's lips curled into a sneer. With Mind Power, he controlled eight massive fireballs and ignited them as they got nearer to Merilung.

There were eight gigantic fireballs. Each of them had an infinite power close to a First-level spell, and now the eight of them exploded at once. The powerful force was enough to break any kind of defense.

“Boooooom! Boooooom! Boooooom!”

The catastrophic explosion rose and fell like waves. The violent flames swept through a radius of approximately ten meters around Merilung, turning the whole area into a sea of flames.

Soaring flames illuminated the entire castle, and everyone expressed shock. The current raging sea of fire triumphed over the attack of ten thousand arrows over the sky earlier.

Beads of perspiration formed on Merlin's face. He puffed and panted, and his left hand gently stroked the Bell Pendant. Although there was no difference in the appearance of the pendant, Merlin knew clearly that this casting tool had already exhausted its function.

The blazing flames melted the snow on the ground. Merlin lifted his foot and found that both his feet were soaked wet all the way through his shoes. The feeling of wet feet was extremely uncomfortable on a cold night like this.

However, Merlin was not bothered much. Instead, he focused on the middle of the sea of flames. As time went by, the raging flames gradually calmed down until it was finally extinguished.

Merilung's body laid on the ground. His entire body was burned beyond recognition.

“Is he dead?” Count Selin asked.

He obviously still had not recovered from the shock of the battle. He who had initially sunk into the depths of despair was feeling loss at the situation which had undergone a major reversal.

Merlin appeared as composed as always. He was not really surprised. Even with the possession of a First-level spell Scroll, it would not help in the attack of eight large fireballs, let alone Merilung, who did not have any.

Merilung was a genius Four-elemental Spell Caster. Otherwise, he would not have been scouted by the core members of the Abyss Fort. Today, Merlin's destiny would have been changed dramatically if he did not possess the Bell Pendant, a powerful casting tool, or if the black-robed old man had not helped him in destroying Merilung's spell.

He was definitely a more terrible opponent than the previous Wizard Jason!

Merlin moved his dampened feet toward Merilung's dead body, squatted down, and began fumbling through the corpse.

He noticed that the combined force of eight large fireballs was exceedingly great. In just seconds, the fire burnt Merilung's clothes into ashes. At first glance, there was nothing eye-catching on Merilung's burnt body.

The only thing that caught Merlin's attention was the black ring on Merilung's finger.

Suddenly, a thought hit Merlin's mind. He was reminded of the ring old man Etha passed down to him. Inside the ring was a relatively large space which stored old man Etha's Spell Manual.

Hence, Merlin hurriedly removed the ring from Merilung's finger, wiped off the dust on its surface, and inspected it carefully in his palm.

The ink-black ring reflected faint light in the dimmed fire. Without any hesitation, Merlin focused his Mind Power on the ring.

“Boom!”

Almost instantly, his Mind Power picked up the ring's feature.

“Indeed, there’s a space within!”

Merlin was overjoyed. His Mind Power only roughly scanned the space inside the ring. It was similar to the space inside old man Etha’s ring but it seemed more occupied.

Merlin did not continue to investigate further but withdrew his Mind Power. He looked into the distance and what he saw was an old man who looked rather uncomfortable.

Chapter 85: Disappointment I

The extreme fluctuation of Fire Elements on the black-robed old man was getting out of control. Tiny flames appeared on his body from time to time.

This was Wizard Hill’s most critical moment. The Spell Models in his body would collapse at the slightest distraction.

However, the black-robed old man’s Mind Power greatly exceeded the limit of an Entrance-level Spell Caster. His nearly peaked Mind Power even surpassed some First-level spell Casters.

It was exactly because of such extraordinary Mind Power, the black-robed old man was able to suppress the Spell Models from collapsing and survived until now.

“Wizard Hill, do you need my help?”

Merlin took the initiative to ask the black-robed old man who appeared unwell. After all, Merlin would have been in a worse situation if the black-robed old man had not risked collapsing his own Spell Models to interrupt Merilung who was casting Dark Mist.

In other words, the black-robed old man had saved Merlin’s life.

After what seemed like forever, Merlin realized that the fluctuation of Elements on the black-robed old man’s body finally calmed down. Then, the black-robed old man raised his head – his bark-like, dry skin revealed hints of exhaustion as he whispered, “There have been numerous times I thought I

would be dead but I didn't... Hehe, Wizard Merlin, you're the one who killed Merilung, so naturally, you've the right to keep any rewards found on the corpse! However, if there are any potions or potion recipes in there, I'm willing to trade them with anything!"

Naturally, Merlin knew what he meant. It seemed like the black-robed old man also discovered the ring on Merilung but he was not in the best position to say anything as it was Merlin who killed Merilung.

The black-robed old man came forward to Count Selin and said in a hoarse voice, "Count Selin, I'll take my leave now to heal my wounds. But my lord, don't forget what you've promised me."

Count Selin, who had now regained his usual majesty, knew the black-robed old man was severely injured. Hence, he nodded and replied, "Wizard Hill, go and take a good rest. I'll have someone deliver your way some Zigen Flowers as soon as possible."

The black-robed old man nodded slightly, then turned and left the castle.

Merlin threw a glance at Merilung's dead body on the ground. The battle was over and Count Selin's crisis had also been solved. He tightened his grasp around Merilung's ring, now in his palm. He was eager to find out what was stored inside.

Therefore, Merlin also approached Count Selin and said in a relaxed tone, "My lord, Merilung is dead, so there should not be any more danger in the castle. I would like to head back now."

Count Selin's eye was overflowing with kindness and respect when he looked at Merlin. Just moments earlier, during Count Selin's most despair moment, Merlin reversed their fate by taking down Merilung's life, and in turn, saved the entire castle.

As a result, Count Selin would not dare to treat Merlin casually as he did before.

"Wizard Merlin, you must be exhausted after this long day. Please go back and take a rest. When things have settled down, I'll personally express my gratitude to you again!"

Count Selin was also worn out. In fact, a lot had happened today. Cook was severely injured, and the castle was partially destroyed. All these incidents required time to mend and heal.

Merlin nodded at Shelly. This energetic, adorable young girl was rather attractive in Merlin's eyes. Then, he turned and took to his heels, his silhouette slowly disappearing into the darkness.

...

"Who's that?" a guard outside the castle asked softly, his eyes staring right ahead at the dark shadow which appeared in the night.

"It's me," the dark shadow replied.

The guard walked toward the familiar voice. A surprised look appeared on his face as he recognized the owner of the voice.

"Master Merlin, you're back! I'll notify Lord Baron at once!"

As the guard saw Merlin, he relaxed immediately. He knew that Merlin had gone to the count's castle for the past few days and had not returned since.

"There's no need to disturb Father, I can go in myself."

Merlin quickly shook his head and called out to the guard. Then, he entered the castle alone.

The castle was well-lit. It was coincidentally dinner time so as soon as he entered the grand hall, Merlin noticed Old Wilson, Baron Parman, Big-breasted Madam, and the others at the dining table.

"Merlin!"

"Master Merlin!"

Immediately, all eyes were on him, especially Old Wilson and Baron Parman – their eyes glistened with hints of anticipation.

"Merlin, come with me."

Old Wilson instantly left the dining table and headed upstairs.

Baron Parman also followed behind Old Wilson. Merlin knew what Old Wilson was on about, hence he nodded at the crowd in the dining room, and then followed closely after his old man to the room upstairs.

“Merlin, has Count Selin’s problem came to an end?”

Old Wilson asked eagerly, almost right at the moment they entered the room. Baron Parman, who was on the side, also revealed impatience in his eyes.

Although Merlin never once told them in detail what kind of trouble Count Selin had encountered, Old Wilson and Baron Parman were sharp enough to understand the importance of the matter. Otherwise, why would a count seek assistance from Merlin?

This was closely linked to the matter if they could settle down in Prakash City. So, even if it was dangerous, Old Wilson would not refrain Merlin from helping Count Selin.

Merlin looked at Baron Parman and Old Wilson whose faces were warm and earnest, and his lips curled upward into a smile. “Father, Count Selin’s problem is solved. From now on, we can settle down permanently in Prakash City.”

Old Wilson and Baron Parman heaved sighs of relief at Merlin’s reassuring answer. This meant that they were finally able to start over again, in Prakash City.

“Alright, Merlin, you need a good rest.”

Old Wilson noticed the fatigue in Merlin’s eyes, and quickly left with Baron Parman.

Merlin returned to his room. Soon, a maidservant came in with some warm water.

At the sight of this young maidservant, Merlin thought of his servant girl, Lucia, from Wilson Castle. However, Lucia did not manage to escape from that disaster which happened in Wilson Castle where she was killed by Tirath’s knight.

Merlin dismissed the random thoughts which flooded his mind and silently submerged his body into the warm water in the bathtub. Now, he felt extremely comfortable.

After a thorough cleansing, Merlin finally took out the ring he obtained from Merilung. Immediately, utilizing his Mind Power, he explored the items stored inside the ring.

Chapter 86: Disappointment II

Almost half of the space inside the ring was filled with numerous strange and eccentric ingredients, many of which Merlin had never seen before.

Merlin was not familiar with these ingredients hence he did not pay much attention to them and continued his search.

Soon enough, Merlin discovered a thread-bound book.

“Swoosh.”

Using his Mind Power, Merlin retrieved the book right away. It was a thick notebook with its title written in the Molta language. When Merlin flipped the book open and began reading, his face fell gradually.

This thick book was Merilung’s handwritten notes. Each time he encountered a difficulty during his cultivation, he would jot down motivation quotes in the notebook. Most of it was records of his hatred for Count Selin. It was clear that he was thinking about returning to Prakash City for revenge at every hour and at every moment.

However, in the notebook, Merlin could not locate the Spell Models that he anticipated nor the Mind Meditation Spell that he needed the most.

Merilung’s Wind-type spell was a Speed spell which Merlin longed to obtain. There was also Earth-type spell, a pure Defensive spell which was extremely helpful to Merlin. After all, both the spells which Merlin currently obtained were not Defensive spells hence it would be unsafe for Merlin when he encountered a powerful Spell Caster once again.

Darkness-type spell of peculiar effects also piqued Merlin's interest. However, none of these spells were recorded in Merilung's notes.

The notebook only contained some of the feelings and thoughts Merilung experienced while practicing these spells. There was no detailed explanation of Spell Models.

Merlin was utterly disappointed! He continued his search through every nook and cranny of the ring but failed to locate the Spell Models and Mind Meditation Spell that he wished for.

Disappointment filled his heart.

Merilung was a member of the Abyss Fort. Initially, Merlin thought that he could locate some Spell Models or advanced Mind Meditation Spell in Merilung's ring. However, there were only some strange ingredients for potions apart from the unimportant scribbled notes.

Merlin suddenly thought of the black-robed old man as he put the ring away. The man seemed to be looking for some potions or potion recipes so, perhaps those ingredients inside the ring might be of use for him.

He thought for a moment and decided to pay the black-robed old man a visit tomorrow. This experienced and knowledgeable Spell Caster who had survived the Slaughterhouse might know the usage of these potion ingredients.

...

"Alright, stop right here."

A horse carriage gradually came to a halt. Merlin alighted from the carriage and noticed a small wooden house. This was the house of the black-robed old man.

"Moss, please wait outside."

Merlin still preferred to travel in Moss' stable and comfortable carriage. He whispered something to Moss, gently pushed open the rusty iron fence and walked in.

The small wooden house was surrounded by tall trees but the original green foliage had become bare and looked a bit desolate in the winter.

Merlin came up to the wooden house. He removed the top hat rested on his head and knocked softly on the wooden door.

“Creak...”

Soon, the door was opened ajar, revealing a young maidservant dressed in a gray suit on the other side.

“Merlin is here to look for Wizard Hill!”

The maidservant frowned, her face revealed some hesitation. Brief moments later, a hoarse voice came from inside of the house. “Let him in.”

The maidservant performed a curtsy before inviting Merlin inside.

The interior of the house was nice and cozy. The floor was decorated with a light red embroidered rug. The fireplace was burning fiercely, continuously filling the room with comfortable warmth.

It was the black-robed old man who had spoken earlier. He was sitting cross-legged by the fireplace. He appeared rather peaceful with his eyes closed. However, Merlin was still able to sense the violent fluctuation of Fire Elements in him. In other words, the black-robed old man had not stabilized the Spell Models in his Awareness.

“Wizard Hill, the Spell Models in your body have not stabilized?”

Merlin came near the fireplace and sat down face-to-face with the black-robed old man. The maidservant quickly served him a cup of warm drink and retreated respectfully.

It was not a large house. It seemed that there were no one aside from the black-robed old man and his maidservant.

The black-robed old man opened his eyes. Exhaustion flushed across his face. It seemed that his effort to suppress the Spell Models in his body throughout the night was to no avail. His current unstable condition was critical. Like a time bomb, no one knew when it would explode.

“It’s not as easy. Forceful activation of Spell Models caused the already unstable Spell Models to be on the brink of collapse. If it wasn’t for my strong Mind Power, perhaps the Spell Models have long collapsed into nothing.”

Helplessness washed over the black-robed old man’s face which was as dry as a tree bark.

“Oh? Is there no other solution?”

Merlin furrowed his eyebrows. He had not expected the black-robed old man to be in such a terrible condition. If he continued the forceful suppression using his Mind Power, in less than a year, his Spell Models would eventually collapse. When that happened, the black-robed old man would lose his life despite his great ability.

“Solution?”

The black-robed old man indulged himself in a cackle of sneering merriment. “Long ago, I found a Spell Caster’s cultivation note by accident and later became a Spell Caster after following the written methods. However, a free Spell Caster like us can’t join the spell casters’ organization. The only way to upgrade ourselves is by joining the army in order to obtain some Spell Models or even casting tools.”

“When I was younger, I thought it’s better to obtain as many Spell Models as possible. However, how stable are the Spell Models in the army? They mostly focus on strength instead of stability. Finally, a problem occurred when I constructed the third Spell Model. It began to be unstable. If I didn’t retrieve the potion recipe by accident and used it to stabilize the Spell Models, perhaps I’ve been long killed in the Slaughterhouse.”

The black-robed old man roughly explained the reason for the instability of his Spell Models. His tone was full of remorse and regret.

Merlin felt slightly afraid. Looking at the terrible condition of the black-robed old man right now made him realized that he had to be more cautious in selecting his future Spell Models.

However, Merlin had the help from the Matrix. Its analysis could assist to perfect the construction of Spell Models in comparison to other Spell Casters. As long as he exercised caution in his selection, he would not experience the same result as the black-robed old man.

“Oh right, Wizard Hill, didn’t you mentioned earlier that potion recipes can be used to stabilize your Spell Models?”

Merlin’s eyes landed softly onto the black-robed old man as he asked with some doubt and confusion.

Chapter 87: Title of Nobility I

“Potions?”

The black-robed old man glanced at Merlin and nodded before replying, “That’s right, the potion recipe I first obtained had some effect on stabilizing the Spell Models. In fact, that’s the reason why I’ve decided to lend Count Selin my hand. One of the main ingredients in this recipe is Zigen Flower, and coincidentally Count Selin have them. However, the ingredients of this potion recipe are hard to come by. Besides, I’ve been consuming this potion for a long time that it’s starting to lose effect on me...”

The black-robed old man paused for a moment. Merlin knew what the old man wanted to ask but he shook his head slightly. “There’s no potions or potion recipes inside Merilung’s ring.”

The black-robed old man felt rather low. An obvious look of disappointment washed over his face as he ridiculed himself. “The greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment. Merilung was a Spell Caster from the Abyss Fort and even he didn’t have any potion or potion recipe. It’s only going to be harder for me to find them elsewhere.”

The black-robed old man only managed to obtain one potion recipe throughout all these years. It showed how precious these potion recipes were. Most of them remained in the hands of spell casters’ organizations or some powerful Spell Casters.

It was extremely difficult for a roaming wizard to get hold of these valuable potion recipes.

As a matter of fact, not only it was hard to acquire potion recipes but each Spell Model, casting tool, scroll, and etcetera, was not something a roaming wizard could easily possess. Many roaming wizards did not have a high capability. For instance, even an experienced and knowledgeable Spell Caster like the black-robed old man was only a Three-Elemental Spell Caster because he was not part of a spell casters' organization. Furthermore, he had to endure the pain of having his Spell Models near the brink of collapse for many years.

However, after joining the Abyss Fort for only five years, Merilung was already a powerful Four-Elemental Spell Caster. There was a vast difference between the two.

Merlin came to the Kingdom of Blackmoon searching for a stronger power that would make him a stronger Spell Caster. Hence, the idea of joining a spell casters' organization slowly grew in his mind.

He asked the black-robed old man who would be familiar with spell casters' organizations, "Wizard Hill, do you have any idea how many spell casters' organizations are there in the Kingdom of Blackmoon? How do we join these organizations?"

"Spell casters' organizations?"

The black-robed old man glanced at Merlin. Of course, he knew what Merlin was thinking but he shook his head and said, "I've no idea how many spell casters' organizations are there, but I do have some understanding about the Spell Casters in this area. The Dark Magic Region is the nearest from Prakash City followed by the Abyss Fort which Merilung was part of. There was also Fire City, Ashes region, and other spell casters' organizations.

"Although there are many of them, it's not simple to be accepted into one. In general, these spell casters' organizations have some unique authenticating object, and only by these objects can they join the spell casters' organization.

"There's also another possibility. Some people, like Merilung, was selected and introduced into one through the recommendation by the core members of the spell casters' organizations. Other than that, it's out of the question."

Merlin's heart sank slightly as he listened to the black-robed old man's brief introduction to the spell casters' organizations. Indeed, there were plenty of spell casters' organizations but as the black-robed old man had mentioned earlier, it was difficult to join one.

Otherwise, the black-robed old man would have been in one of those spell casters' organizations after all these years.

Looking at Merlin who appeared disappointed, the black-robed old man cleared his throat and said in a hoarse voice, "Wizard Merlin, you're still young, and you still have lots of time. You've a chance in joining one of these spell casters' organizations in the future."

Merlin could only nod. He collected himself and raised his eyes to meet with the black-robed old man's. "Wizard Hill, although there aren't any potion recipes in Merilung's ring, there are indeed numerous potion ingredients. Maybe there's something that you might need."

As soon as he finished speaking, Merlin took out some potion ingredients from the ring.

Seeing Merlin retrieving numerous potion ingredients, the black-robed old man regained his spirit. Although there were no potion recipes, it was good for him to acquire some useful but difficult to find potion ingredients from Merilung's ring.

As Merlin laid down the potion ingredients on the ground one after another, a puzzled look came across the black-robed old man's face – most of the potion ingredients were new to him.

In comparison, roaming wizards were evidently less knowledgeable than Wizards from spell casters' organizations. That was because these roaming wizards did not have a clear path that they could take to acquire knowledge aside from learning through accumulated experiences. As a result, it caused a huge gap between them and the Wizards from spell casters' organizations, who learned through a proper system.

In the end, the black-robed old man managed to gain some Zigen Flowers.

The useful part of a Zigen Flower was not the petals but its purple stem.

Merlin found all the Zigen Flowers in the ring and handed them to the black-robed old man. Anyhow, judging from the small amount of Zigen Flowers in the ring, it seemed that Merilung was not too bothered about this plant.

"Wizard Merlin, with these Zigen Flowers, I can produce more potions that might be useful in stabilizing my Spell Models."

The black-robed old man received the Zigen Flowers and exhorted his maidservant to put them away carefully.

Merlin hesitated for a moment but finally asked, “Wizard Hill, actually, I would like to ask you for a favor.”

“Oh, Wizard Merlin, don’t be polite with me. I’ll do anything within my capability.”

Perhaps the Zigen Flowers given by Merlin had satisfied the black-robed old man’s needs that he softened his attitude toward Merlin.

“The thing is, I’m currently lacking some Zero-level spells. Your Earth-type spell was exactly the one I’m looking for. Therefore, I want to use Zero-level Frost in exchange for Earth-type spell’s Spell Model of your possession. What do you think?”

Merlin’s gaze remained on the black-robed old man after he had finished speaking. Merlin was utterly disappointed when he did not find any Spell Model in Merilung’s ring, but fortunately, he found that the black-robed old man still had three more types of spells, namely Fire-type, Wind-type, and Earth-type spells.

Among them, the Fire-type and Wind-type spells were not of any use to Merlin. The black-robed old man’s Wind-type Offensive spell was similar to old man Etha’s Whirlwind, and Merlin did not need these kinds of spells anymore. However, the black-robed old man’s Earth-type Defensive spell which was similar to Merilung’s was much-needed by Merlin.

Therefore, after deep thoughts, Merlin proposed to use his Frost’s Spell Model in exchange for the black-robed old man’s Earth-type spell’s Spell Model. However, all this would only happen after the black-robed old man’s nod of approval.

Chapter 88: Title of Nobility II

“I’m a dying old man, so I don’t need any more spells.”

The black-robed old man replied and shook his head slightly. Merlin's face immediately fell into a great disappointment. Then, the black-robed old man smiled and steered the conversation around. "I'm a dying man. Even if it's not soon, there's no hope for me in this life to move on any further so I'll not be needing any more Spell Models. Wizard Merlin, there's no need for an exchange as I can gift you Earth Guard as a present."

Merlin was shocked. He looked at the few pieces of white paper handed by the black-robed old man. Those were the sketches of the black-robed old man's Earth Guard. This was a rather common Defensive spell among Earth-type spells and it was also the same one as Merilung's.

Perhaps Merilung learned his spells from the Abyss Fort so the strength and stability of his spells way exceeded the black-robed old man's.

The black-robed old man did not forget to remind Merlin, "Wizard Merlin, Earth Guard is a spell I learned from the army so its stability is not the best. If you want to avoid hidden peril in the Spell Model, you should spend some time and effort into its reconstruction."

Merlin nodded in response. He was not worried at all because he had the Matrix which could reconstruct more than ten thousand of Spell Models immediately based on Earth Guard's Spell Model.

"Sorry for disturbing, Wizard Hill. Please have a good rest."

Merlin stood up and bid goodbye to the black-robed old man. Then, the maidservant guided him out of the house.

"Moss, return to the castle!"

Merlin traced his fingers along the few sketches of Earth Guard's Spell Model in his hands. He was really satisfied to have achieved his main objective of the visit.

Unfortunately, the only downside was the information regarding spell casters' organization that the black-robed old man had revealed to him. Merlin knew that the only way he could expand his potential as a Spell Caster was by joining in one of the spell casters' organizations...

...

Merlin alighted from the carriage. He swept his eyes around and noticed several knights guarding outside the castle. Judging by the way they dressed, they seemed to be Count Selin's knights.

Merlin threw another quick glance their way before entering the castle. He noticed a familiar silhouette the moment he entered the great hall.

"Master Merlin, you're finally back. Commander Cook has been waiting for you for quite a while," the butler whispered as he received Merlin's overcoat and top hat.

Merlin realized the person in the hall speaking to Old Wilson and Baron Parman was indeed Count Selin's son, Commander Cook.

Although he noticed Count Selin's knights outside the castle, Merlin had never expected Cook to pay him a visit. After all, Cook was rather arrogant and seemed not particularly fond of Merlin and the black-robed old man.

"Commander Cook!"

"Wizard Merlin!"

There was a complicated look in Cook's gaze when he greeted Merlin. After the complimentary greetings, Merlin asked directly without beating around the bush, "Commander Cook, does this visit mean His Lord is in trouble?"

Cook had resumed his usual calm self, but Merlin noticed a change in his previous arrogant attitude. It seemed like he was also affected by the decisive battle between Merlin and Merilung.

After all, the battle caused a major impact on anyone who had witnessed it, especially the eight large fireballs released by Merlin in the end.

"Wizard Merlin, Father would like to see you."

"His lord wants to see me?"

Old Wilson who appeared as if on cloud nine laughed aloud at Merlin's puzzled look. "Haha, Merlin, quickly take your leave with Commander Cook. His lord wants to confer you the title of a baron."

It seemed like Cook had already revealed the news to Old Wilson.

"Title of a baron?"

Merlin was surprised. Although he knew Count Selin would grant him a handsome reward to show his appreciation for saving the entire castle, the conferment of a noble title was too great as a gift.

The class ranking in this world was extremely strict. No matter in the Kingdom of Light or in the Kingdom of Blackmoon, there was a tremendous gap between aristocrats and commoners. It was arduous for a commoner to become a noble.

Old Wilson only received his title of nobility after braving countless dangers in the army for twenty years. That showed that the noble ranks and identities were something difficult to attain.

Now, Merlin, who had only recently arrived in Prakash City, the Kingdom of Blackmoon, was to be conferred the nobility title of a baron. No wonder Old Wilson was overjoyed at the news as it was a great honor to the entire Wilson family.

Merlin nodded in response and quickly went for a change of clothes. Then, he followed Cook to the count's castle.

"Haha, Wizard Merlin, you came just on time. I was just deciding which territory to reward you."

Count Selin displayed a radiance of cheerfulness after his biggest obstacle – Merilung – had been dealt with. His face glowed with health as he appeared full of energy. He even became more affectionate at Merlin's arrival.

"My lord!"

Merlin bowed at Count Selin. He was not too bothered about the territory but it was the fundamental of a nobleman, after all. His future territory was going to be the base of the Wilson family, hence he had to exercise caution in making his decision.

“Wizard Merlin, here’s the map. Is there any land that speaks to you?”

Count Selin pulled Merlin’s hand warmly as he pointed at a massive map.

Allowing Merlin to pick his own territory showed the respect and high regard Count Selin had of him.

Merlin was also not reckless in making his decision. He studied the few territories on the map closely. After careful selection and pondering, he landed his gaze on the piece of territory nearest to Prakash City.

Count Selin understood and nodded at Merlin’s choice. “Wizard Merlin, Conxion Town is a great decision. The town has ample population, fertile land, and iron ore resources, which amount to an abundance of taxes yearly.”

Then, Count Selin made a summary of this territory. Indeed, Merlin had made a good choice. However, he noticed both Count Selin and Cook’s faces revealed peculiar smiles as if they were keeping something from Merlin about this land.

Therefore, Merlin asked straightforwardly, “Is there anything wrong with this territory?”

“Not really, just that this piece of land used to be Baron Nelson’s territory!”

Count Selin revealed after a brief hesitation.

A surprised look washed across Merlin’s face. Baron Nelson was Merilung’s father, who had been ordered to death by Count Selin. Never did Merlin expected to select Nelson’s territory.

However, this was indeed the best territory among all to be taken as the Wilson family’s base. Merlin was not bothered about Nelson at all, seeing that even Merilung, the last member of the Nelson family, was already deceased.

The Nelson family was a history. From now on, Wilson Merlin would be the new master of this territory!

Chapter 89: Banquet I

What followed was a bunch of cumbersome procedures.

The Kingdom of Blackmoon was very different from the Kingdom of Light. The Kingdom of Blackmoon was made up of more than ten thousand city-states of several sizes. The supreme commander of a city-state had total control within the area including the conferment of noble titles.

In fact, within Prakash City, Count Selin's authority was no different from a king in a small kingdom. Naturally, his wish to confer the title of a baron to a newcomer, more so a mysterious Spell Caster, was a matter of great importance.

Therefore, the necessary procedures were inevitable.

Merlin did not resist but cooperated in the completion of these procedures. After the long process was over, and perhaps to win Merlin over or to show his generosity, Count Selin decided to throw a banquet three days later for Merlin and invite all aristocrats in Prakash City.

This kind of banquet, especially organized by Count Selin, was beneficial for enhancing Merlin's status. Even if Merlin was not accustomed to these awkward social events, this banquet was essential for the Wilson family if they would like to flourish in Prakash City in the future.

Hence, Merlin accepted Count Selin's offer with pleasure, then returned to his castle.

Perhaps to cherish the memory of the castle back in Blackwater City, Old Wilson named this new castle as Wilson Castle. The moment he stepped foot into the castle, Merlin noticed the butler shuttling back and forth while giving out orders to the servants to clean up the castle.

"Master Merlin, oh no, I mean, Lord Baron! Old Master Wilson and Old Master Parman are waiting for you in the great hall!"

The butler came forward to receive Merlin immediately. He could not hide the excitement in his tone.

Merlin still felt rather awkward at the strange way his butler had addressed him. However, after giving it some thought, he realized that he was currently a noble with a legitimate rank of a baron.

As for Old Wilson and Parman, their nobility titles acquired in the Kingdom of Light lost their function in the Kingdom of Blackmoon. In other words, Merlin was the only noble in the entire Wilson family now.

Merlin frowned as he pointed at the great number of servants in the castle and asked in confusion, “Butler, what are they doing?”

The butler replied respectfully, “Lord Baron, this is an order from Old Master Wilson. He said that the whole castle needs a proper clean-up now that the Wilson family has another noble.”

After knowing it was Old Wilson’s order, Merlin did not comment further. In his opinion, being conferred the noble title of a baron was nothing compared to his possession of a new Spell Model from the black-robed old man.

He went to the great hall and noticed almost all the important figures of the Wilson family and the Parman family, for instance, Old Wilson, Baron Parman, Big-breasted Madam, Macy, and Avril were present.

“Merlin, what did Count Selin said?”

Old Wilson blurted out as he could not wait any longer.

Baron Parman stood up and said to Merlin, “Baron Merlin, Commander Cook mentioned earlier that Count Selin has invited you over to select a territory. Have you made your decision?”

Merlin felt quite helpless that even Baron Parman had started addressing him as a baron. He was surprised that the noble title of a baron could change Old Wilson and the others’ attitude toward him completely, and felt that they were no longer as sincere to him as before.

Even when Merlin revealed his identity as a Spell Caster in Blackwater City, Old Wilson and Baron Parman did not react like how they did now. It seemed like the concept of “nobility” and “rank” had already been deeply rooted in their minds, and it was a mindset difficult to reset.

Merlin shook his head and replied weakly, “Uncle Parman, I prefer that you still call me Merlin. Count Selin made me choose a territory, and I’ve selected Conxion Town. I’m going to Conxion Town tomorrow to have a look.”

“Conxion Town?”

Old Wilson stood up immediately. His face was filled with excitement as he spoke, “Conxion Town was directly managed by Count Selin previously. Merlin, giving you Conxion Town really shows that Count Selin has faith in you.”

Old Wilson and the others had learned almost everything about the surrounding situation after spending many days in Prakash City. Naturally, they knew some history of Conxion Town.

Later in the night, the elated Old Wilson gathered Baron Parman and the others to discuss future family planning but Merlin was not interested in these matters. Even with the possession of a territory, he planned to pass the management authority to Old Wilson.

Merlin rose to his feet, ready to rest upstairs but his eyes swept past Avril who had been sitting in the corner in silence. A sudden idea came to his mind, and he smiled at Avril and said, “Count Selin is planning to throw a banquet for me in a few days. Avril, you’re coming with me.”

Avril was obviously surprised. This was the first time Merlin took the initiative to speak to her since Blackwater City, hence she was too startled to respond.

On the other hand, Baron Parman and Old Wilson exchanged glances at each other with a smile on their lips.

Merlin looked deeply at Avril, who was still stunned, and went straight upstairs. He had no energy to figure out what was going on in the girl’s mind.

...

When he got upstairs, Merlin held Earth Guard’s Spell Model in his arms. This was the Earth-type Defensive spell most suitable for Merlin.

At present, Merlin only had Fireball and Frost. The former was an Offensive spell while the latter was a Binding spell. He was lacking a Defensive spell.

This was extremely dangerous for a Spell Caster. If right now Merlin encountered a strong opponent like Merilung, then the heavy arrows would be a fatal threat to him.

Merilung was able to protect himself from that but it did not mean Merlin could too. Hence, now more than ever, he needed Defensive spells more urgently than Speed spells.

“Matrix, store Earth Guard’s Spell Model.”

“Task established. Beep. Spell Model is stored successfully!”

After Merlin stored the Spell Model using the Matrix, he placed the Spell Model’s sketches in front of the candle and quickly burned them into ashes.

Although Earth Guard’s Spell Model had been stored inside the Matrix, Merlin did not command for an analysis. This was mainly because his current Mind Power was still too weak from supporting three Spell Models.

Old man Etha’s beginner Mind Meditation Spell was slow to increase Mind Power. To enhance his strength quickly, he still needed to look for a more advanced Mind Meditation Spell.

The only way to obtain an advanced Mind Meditation Spell was to join a spell casters’ organization. However, Merlin had neither the authenticating object nor extraordinary qualifications. It did not seem that he could join the spell casters’ organization in the near future.

“Unfortunately, the Matrix can only analyze but not create. Otherwise, with the help of the Matrix, it’s possible to derive a more powerful Mind Meditation Spell according to old man Etha’s Mind Meditation Spell.”

Merlin shook his head slightly to dismiss the unrealistic thought in his head. After all, the Matrix was only a calculator. No matter how fast and intelligent it could be, it was only a program that operated based on a prior established program. It was not able to create something new out of thin air.

The Matrix was able to reconstruct based on the prototype of a certain Spell Model through calculations, which could greatly improve various effects of the Spell Model. However, it was not able to create a brand-new Spell Model without a foundation.

Hence, the Matrix was not able to create a new set of Mind Meditation Spell without a base. That was another whole new theory.

Perhaps, if Merlin was able to store thousands of various Spell Models in the Matrix, it could then construct some new Spell Models through data integration of those massive data.

However, it had to be supported by massive data. Merlin's current collection only consisted of several Spell Models, which was simply not enough for massive data integration process.

Besides, it was unlikely for Merlin to collect tens of thousands of Spell Models in the near future.

"It seems that I still have to find my way into a spell casters' organization. That's the only way to increase my strength tremendously!"

Numerous roaming wizards would love to join the spell casters' organizations but most of them were never given the chance. Fortunately, Merlin was still very young. He had just become a Spell Caster for a few months, and there was still plenty of time for him to come up with a possible solution.

Chapter 90: Banquet II

The second day, Old Wilson had brought many knights to accompany Merlin to Conxion Town.

This town was not far from Prakash City – it was only a two-hour journey. When Merlin and Old Wilson arrived at this place, everything seemed normal in the town. The vendors were yelling as loud as they could on the street. Moreover, there were many products sold there. Rather than a small town, it seemed more like a prosperous small city.

"Not bad. Count Selin is willing to give you this prosperous territory, huh. With this place, there's hope for our Wilson family to prosper in the future!"

Old Wilson became more satisfied with this place the more he looked. The flourishing of Conxion Town had exceeded his expectations a lot.

“The Wilson family will definitely flourish but not with this territory, with true strength!”

Merlin mumbled softly. Had the Nelson family flourished with this booming territory? The whole family was still eliminated in the end and their territory was now given to Merlin by Count Selin.

Other than saving Count Selin, the reason Merlin had received this territory lied more in his identity as a Spell Caster.

Spell Casters mostly belonged to Spell Caster organizations. Even those roaming Wizards were enlisted into the army of the Kingdom of Blackmoon. This army was the army of the Royal Family, to be exact.

Thus, even in the Kingdom of Blackmoon, the power of each city-state was still large. In fact, the strongest military power was still in the hands of the Royal Family of the Kingdom of Blackmoon. If that was not the case, thousands of city-states would have been in total chaos already.

Power was the source of it all! Meanwhile, Spell Casters were the ones who held the strongest power! Count Selin naturally would use all methods to make Merlin take his side.

“The Nelson family is completely gone because they didn’t possess a strong force!”

Merlin was clear of that. The Wilson family had come to such a foreign country and the fate of his family was all tied to him. As long as he could maintain his powerful ability, Count Selin would continue to take care of the Wilson family.

On the contrary, if Merlin died or disappeared, it was afraid that the Wilson family’s final fate would not be any better than the Nelson family’s.

Merlin was not interested in the management of Conxion Town so he asked Old Wilson to do the job. After that, he returned to Wilson Castle alone.

In the winter morning, a persistent rain, mingled with snow, had fallen the whole night, only coming to a stop in the morning. Clouds showed up at the edge of the sky and strings of golden light pierced the layers of cloud, falling upon the ground.

Today was a rare sunny day!

“Doom, doom, doom.”

A series of knocking sounds came from the door and a maid in grey shirt called out softly to the house, “Sir Baron, your suit is ready.”

“Come in.”

A monotonous voice came from the room. The young maid pushed the door open carefully. With her head bowed and hands holding a stack of clothes, she came respectfully near the bed.

“Sir Baron, this is the suit for your dinner today. Madam Wilson stayed up all night for it yesterday.”

The maid was very nervous on the inside. Her breathing was rapid and she did not even dare to raise her head.

“Are you afraid of me?”

The monotonous voice transmitted into her ears, rendering the young maid even nervous. This was her first time being so close to the master of Wilson Castle, a young Sir Baron!

Even though the servants in the castle said the baron was kind and friendly, the young maid who had seen many faces of the nobles still did not dare to let down her guard.

“It’s fine. Put down the clothes and go out.”

Upon hearing the baron’s words, the maid in grey shirt left the baron’s room as if she had been pardoned and ran away.

Looking at the back of the maid, Merlin who stood in front of the mirror shook his head helplessly and smiled bitterly. The truth was not only this maid, even Commander Prat, the butler and Macy who had treated Merlin as she wished had changed their attitude toward Merlin.

Merlin felt a wall between him and the others, or should he say, a difference in the status quo!

“Nice clothes.”

Merlin had changed into the suit sent by the maid. This was designed by Big-breasted Madam herself and had taken a few days to complete. Even Merlin who had experience from his past life also thought that this was an excellent suit.

The material and design were not the most important component in making an excellent cloth. The most crucial part was the air it brought upon the wearer. Merlin stood in front of the mirror, looking at himself who seemed completely different. As compared to before, he appeared less child-like. Although his physique did not change much, his pair of blue eyes gave off a distant air.

Confidence, elegance, and maturity. Even Merlin himself could not believe in the Merlin in the mirror. The air he carried now was substantially different from when he first arrived in this unfamiliar world. Although his face had not changed, no one could relate the Merlin now and then anymore.

Merlin went downstairs and saw Old Wilson, Baron Parman, and Macy. When he looked closely, he found someone was missing. He frowned and asked, “Where’s Avril?”

As soon as he finished speaking, Merlin heard a sound from upstairs. He turned to see Avril with her exquisite dress, holding the edge of her dress lightly and coming down the stairs.

Merlin had only taken a few glances at Avril in Blackwater City and thought she had well-defined features. She seemed like a delicate porcelain doll, extremely stunning.

However, Avril had dressed up and put on make-up this time. She appeared more mature and lady-like, making Merlin’s heart beat fast for her.

“Yeah, you look beautiful! Let’s go.”

Merlin spoke softly to Avril and she approached Merlin after a slight hesitation. She held Merlin’s arm lightly and walked into the carriage which was prepared beforehand.

Without Merlin’s order, Moss already knew their destination today. Thus, he drove the carriage slowly and went in the direction of the count’s castle.

In the carriage, Merlin and Avril were sitting together. A nice odor kept coming from Avril's body. Surely, she had used some perfume on herself for the dinner.

However, Avril appeared rather nervous. She did not move at all in the carriage and did not dare to look at Merlin.

"Don't be nervous. It's just a dinner."

Merlin consoled her softly as he took Avril's hand.

Avril stiffened slightly but soon relaxed and nodded obediently. Merlin knew Avril's nervousness was slightly relieved.

"Sir Baron, we've reached the count's castle."

After a while, Moss brought the carriage slowly to a halt in front of the count's castle.

"Avril, we're here. Let's go."

Merlin took Avril's hand and alighted the carriage. Currently, there were already many luxurious carriages outside the count's castle. Some nobles who wore glamorous outfits were walking into the castle as they exchanged words in a low voice.

"Hmm?"

Merlin frowned. He seemed to see a familiar figure in front of him earlier but he could not recall who it was.

"Merlin, what's wrong?"

Avril noticed Merlin's odd expression and asked him softly.

“Nothing. Maybe I’ve got it wrong. Alright, the dinner should be starting anytime now. Let’s enter first.”

Merlin shook his head. Without thinking further, he brought Avril and walked into the castle.