

## W. Secret 861

### Chapter 861: Unsealing the Glorious Land II

In the Great Light Dimension, in a magnificent palace hall stood Laerin, wrapped in electrical snakes, Hayrin, wrapped in turbulent storms, and Sirin, whose burly body stood like an iron wall.

These three were well-known in Great Light Region and were three of the eighteen Guardians. At this time, they were extremely respectful and stood quietly in the hall, looking at a figure at the head of the hall.

This figure also did not give off any signs of the power of the natural order, but there was a constant and powerful force of oppression, making the three strong ultimate existences tremble in their hearts.

In Great Light Region, there was only one person who could make the three Great Light Guardians tremble and that was the Great Light Honorable Lord!

The Great Light Honorable Lord slowly raised his head and glanced at Laerin and the others before he slowly said, "The reason why I summoned you here today is to send you to a remote territory."

"Please give us your orders!"

Laerin stepped forward. His strength seemed to be the strongest among the three, which the other two had tacitly admitted.

"A few days ago, I felt two of the Seventy-two Envoys disappear and even their contracts were dissolved. Therefore, they must have come across an unstoppable danger and died. I've already ordered an investigation, but I only know from their report that they went to a remote area to find the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimensions. You will investigate the reason and kill the people who killed them. If the other party still has a civilization, then just destroy it along the way!"

The Great Light Honorable Lord seemed incredibly casual even when talking about the annihilation of a civilization as if it was no big deal at all. The extermination of a civilization was only a passing thought for him. This was the Great Light Honorable Lord!

Laerin and the others exchanged glances. They naturally knew what the Great Light Honorable Lord meant when he said the contract disappeared. The Seventy-two Light Envoys and the Eighteen Light Guardians were different. Their status was as different as heaven and earth.

That was because the Seventy-two Light Envoys had to sign a contract with the Great Light Honorable Lord. Their lives were in the hands of the Great Light Honorable Lord. However, the Eighteen Light Guardians had reached the second-grade and already stored large amounts of the natural order's power in their bodies, so the power of a contract could no longer bind them.

The power of a contract could only bind first-grade ultimate existences. Therefore, the disappearance of the contract meant that the two Light Envoys were dead.

The death of two Light Envoys was considered a big event in Great Light Region. Furthermore, the two Light Envoys were searching for the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimensions for the Great Light Honorable Lord. There were major implications involved, so it was no wonder that the Great Light Honorable Lord would summon three Light Guardians at once.

At this thought, Laerin and the others nodded and said, "Don't worry, Honorable Lord. We'll find out what happened."

"I'll give you three Aurora warships. Go."

The Great Light Honorable Lord took out three Aurora warships. Not even Great Light Guardians, second-grade ultimate existences, possessed this kind of long-distance Vestigial Tribe warship.

In general, Vestigial Tribe warships were extremely rare, much less incredibly fast warships that could travel infinite distances. The Great Light Honorable Lord had only discovered two Vestigial Tribe confinement dimensions by chance and obtained many warships inside, including Aurora warships.

Therefore, Great Light Region had become extremely terrifying. No matter how far, if Great Light Region was provoked, they would face annihilation.

“Honorable Lord, we’ll go investigate immediately!”

After the three received the dimension map given by the Great Light Honorable Lord, they swiftly left Great Light Region and drove the Aurora warship towards the coordinates on the dimension map.

...

In an empty region in the Spell Caster civilization, a golden light suddenly flashed by. Merlin stepped out of the golden light and looked around.

The area appeared very empty. In fact, although there were many dimensions in the Spell Caster civilization, there were also many empty places, and the dimensions were not distributed evenly.

“It’s here. The Three Great Arcane Wizards’ seal was really applied carefully!”

Merlin looked around before fixing on a direction. There, he could sense the Soul Medallion growing more intense, indicating that the Glorious Land was right there.

“Open!”

Merlin knew that this was the place where the Three Great Arcane Wizards used the power of the natural order to hide the Glorious Land. However, now that he had the Golden Ray Armor, what did he care about the power of the natural order?

Thus, Merlin used the power of the Golden Ray Armor. Immediately, a huge force brewed.

“Whoosh.”

From the void, circles of ripples like on water appeared and spread rapidly. A large and familiar dimension appeared before Merlin’s eyes.

“The Glorious Land!”

Merlin stared closely at the Glorious Land. This was the place where he left. Much of his time had been spent in the Glorious Land.

“It’s time to break the seal and reintegrate the Glorious Land back into the Spell Caster civilization...”

Merlin knew that the Glorious Land had been sealed for more than three thousand years and was almost completely isolated from the Void Zone. Only when a Legend was born would one be able to leave the Glorious Land.

However, how many talented Spell Casters could there be in the sealed Glorious Land? It was incredibly rare. Merlin would not have come to the Void Zone and achieved what he had today if not for the Runic Magic Circle left behind by Great Wizard Fidel from Dark Magic Region.

Still, the Spell Caster civilization was powerful once again and the surrounding threats were all gone, so the Glorious Land no longer had to be sealed.

Merlin took a deep breath. It seemed that only a few Great Wizards could sense the Glorious Land’s seal. However, they did not know much about it and thought that only Legends could leave the Glorious Land.

In reality, in an ordinary dimension, a Great Wizard would be able to leave the dimension. In the future, if there was contact with the Void Zone and communication gradually took place, the Glorious Land would also slowly recover to the glorious era more than three thousand years ago.

Merlin’s Golden Ray Armor began to radiate the power of disintegrating the natural order. The Three Great Arcane Wizards poured a lot of their efforts into the Glorious Land and the seal was also extremely strong. Fortunately, Merlin had the Golden Ray Armor that could break down the power of the natural order. Otherwise, it would be hard to forcefully break the seal on the Glorious Land.

“Bang.”

Finally, following Merlin's unceasing efforts to break down the power of the natural order on the Glorious Land, the entire Glorious Land shook slightly. Then, the power of the natural order completely collapsed and the seal disappeared.

The disappearance of the seal did not seem to cause a strong effect on the Glorious Land. After all, it would be hard for a mere Great Wizard to discover the seal on the Glorious Land besides Great Legends.

Looking at the familiar Glorious Land, Merlin also revealed a complex expression. It would be hard for the Glorious Land that had just been unsealed to regain the brilliance from more than three thousand years ago.

"The last time, I left behind some complete inheritances of the Spell Caster civilization in the Void Zone. A few hundred years have passed since then. I wonder what changes have taken place in the Glorious Land."

A part of Merlin found it difficult to part with the Glorious Land because the descendants of his bloodline were here as well as people he was once close to.

Merlin pondered. Since he came to the Glorious Land, Merlin did not leave immediately. Instead, he turned into a streak of golden light and directly flew into the Glorious Land.

As soon as he flew into the Glorious Land, Merlin had a feeling of control. In reality, when Merlin came to the Glorious Land before to deal with the threat from the Church of Light, he already refined the Dimension Origin and became the master of the Glorious Land.

"Soul Medallion!"

Merlin felt the changes over the years in the Glorious Land but before he could investigate them carefully, he felt the Soul Medallion. This was an incomparably mysterious treasure left behind by Aruba and could be resurrected thrice.

The Merlin in the past knew nothing about the Soul Medallion and felt like it was a power that he could not understand. However, now he had perfected the Mind Power System and succeeded his Illusory World, as well as controlled the Atlan Dimension and obtained the Golden Ray Armor. He even saw the origin of the natural order.

Therefore, Merlin was even more curious about the Soul Medallion. Perhaps there was a clue there on how Aruba broke the natural order and transcended the Latitude Cosmos.

“Swoosh.”

Without any hesitation, Merlin ripped open space and flew to the secret place where he placed the Soul Medallion.

...

In the Kingdom of Blackmoon, a small mountain range was covered by thick fog all year round. Only a few people ever entered this mountain range and even Spell Casters avoided it because there were no precious resources.

As a result, this mountain range became even more desolate, and the number of wild beasts increased.

“Hum hum.”

Suddenly, spatial ripples appeared over the mountain range, and a black-robed figure suddenly appeared above the mountains.

The black-robed man glanced down at the mountains below. Although the thick fog covered him, his face revealed a hint of happiness.

“Yes, it’s here!”

This figure tearing up the space to shuttle around was Merlin. He remembered clearly that he moved the secret place inside an ordinary mountain range. He relied on his sensing to arrive there, and sure enough, he sensed it especially clearly at that point.

“Open!”

The Flame Maxim flickered in Merlin’s hands and directly split the peaceful mountain range open like two giant hands.

“Rumble.”

The entire mountain range began to shake as an earthquake occurred. The ground cracked, and countless wild beasts in the mountains ran wildly with terrifying growls.

Fortunately, there were no people here, so no one would notice even if there was so much noise. It was also why Merlin chose to move the secret place to this small mountain range.

The mountain was directly torn by Merlin and revealed a deep crack. Merlin's Mind Power then entered the crack and extended towards the ground.

“Found it!”

Soon, Merlin's Mind Power sensed the secret place he hid. It was indeed hidden under this mountain range. Merlin then directly jumped down into the crack.

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The crack was deep, but it was nothing to the great Glory Lord, it was even harmless.

“Who's there?”

A scoff and then quickly a giant hand blasted towards Merlin.

“Bam.”

With a casual sweep using his Flame Maxim, the giant hand instantly disintegrated but he saw who the attacker was. It was the sphinx statue that he had left behind to guard the Soul Medallion.

The sphinx statue had not changed much and quickly picked up on Merlin's life force as it exclaimed in surprise, “Master, you've returned?”

“That’s right, I’m back!”

Merlin smiled. Even if the sphinx statue stayed here for over thousands of years, it would still remain unchanged, leaving it here to guard the Soul Medallion was the perfect decision.

“The Soul Medallion?”

Merlin’s main objective was still the Soul Medallion.

“The Soul Medallion is safe and secure, Master. You’ve been away for so long, but no one has been here since.”

The sphinx statue brought Merlin inside the secret chamber where the Soul Medallion was kept and took it out.

Merlin grasped the piece of Soul Medallion in his palm and suddenly a special feeling stirred in his heart. In the past, Merlin was not able to understand this piece of Soul Medallion, but his vision changed now that his powers had grown, his Mind Power was unparalleled and he had the Golden Ray Armor in his possession.

However, looking at the Soul Medallion now, he still found himself at a loss as if it was a layer of fog that was unpredictable and mystifying.

“The Soul Medallion was given by Aruba. Even if I die, I still have three chances of resurrection. The last time I was killed by the Light God, I was brought back to life. That means there are only two remaining chances left.”

Merlin also recalled that he had, in actuality, “died” once before. He was murdered by the Lord God of Light the minute he had left the Glorious Land and he used the Soul Medallion to resurrect himself.

Although Merlin still held lingering feelings after that resurrection, he still could not understand the mystery that was hidden inside the Soul Medallion.

“Let me see, exactly what secrets does the Soul Medallion hold?”



Merlin grabbed the Soul Medallion and the Illusory World enraptured the Soul Medallion. Suddenly, a surge of Mind Power inspected and carefully analyzed every part of the Soul Medallion.

Slowly, Merlin discovered something peculiar. There was a mysterious power within the Soul Medallion. A force of power that Merlin was unable to notice before but could finally begin to sense now and it was hidden deep within the Soul Medallion.

When Merlin tried to reach out to the power using his Mind Powers, he was blocked from doing so by said mysterious power; just the life force alone that had leaked out had posed inexplicable intimidation to Merlin's Mind Power.

"It's not the power of the natural order, but something that's no less powerful than it!"

After a long while, Merlin suddenly opened his eyes. He had gotten a glimpse of the Soul Medallion's secret and that was something that had surpassed even the means of the ultimate existences, it should be that the mysterious power left behind by Aruba was a power that transcended the powers of the natural order.

It was also because of this reason that the Soul Medallion had been used to hide this power, it was not that there was anything special about it, but that the true mystery lied in the mysterious power hidden within the Soul Medallion.

It was precisely due to that mysterious power that Merlin had been able to be resurrected.

It was obvious that the Void Zone would not permit such a power to appear and without the restraints of the Soul Medallion, this power alone would have been capable of triggering another origin of the natural order and all the powers and forces in the Void Zone would unite to suppress this mysterious power.

"This means that this power of Aruba's is similar to my Illusory World and it's on par with the Void Zone, however, this power of the Soul Medallion is clearly superior to my Illusory World!"

Merlin gradually realized that this was indeed a tremendous gift. The things left behind by Aruba actually included his own powers, this was a power that was a level above the power of the natural order of the entire Void Zone.

However, this power seemed to have little use to Merlin, but should he someday truly turn the Illusory World into reality, then it may actually be of use.

Thus, Merlin returned the Soul Medallion to its place. The Soul Medallion was indeed fascinating and it was one of Merlin's self-preservation tactics, except, with Merlin's current powers, who else but those as powerful as the Thirty-six Emperors could pose a threat to him?

Moreover, this Soul Medallion resurrection was not all-powerful either. For instance, it was hard to tell if his Illusory World could be restored should Merlin be deceased, seeing as the current Illusory World has completely consolidated with Merlin as one and this mysterious power that was capable of turning a possibility into reality, Merlin was not sure if the

Soul Medallion would be able to restore the Illusory World either.

There was also the Golden Ray Armor. If he died and was resurrected again, the Golden Ray Armor would be gone for sure. Therefore, the cost for Merlin to die now was too great for him to bear.

"Master, you are taking your leave?"

The sphinx statue asked in a small voice after seeing that Merlin had returned the Soul

Medallion to its original place.

Merlin nodded and said, "Guard this Soul Medallion well. Perhaps a long time later, no one will be able to threaten me and when that time comes, I will set you free and you will be able to go anywhere you please."

The sphinx statue also had a life and it was turned into one by Aruba using the powers that never existed in the Void Zone. In theory, the sphinx statue also possessed a life that could reverse natural order and its potential was by no means less than the black cat, Didimoss.

However, Merlin needed someone to guard the Soul Medallion and so the sphinx statue had to stay, but one day, when Merlin was free of threats and dangers, or when the Illusory World had been realized and the Soul Medallion had lost its purpose and Merlin no longer needed to rely on the Soul Medallion to be resurrected, then he would be able to free the sphinx statue.

“Master, I will do my best to protect the Soul Medallion!”

Merlin nodded and left the hidden place underground and reappeared once again over the mountains. Using the power of the Flame Maxim, he mended the crack between the mountains below and it was as if the crack was never there.

“It’s been a few hundred years; I wonder how much the Glorious Lands have progressed?”

Merlin slowly closed his eyes. As the master of the dimension of the Glorious Lands, he was able to sense everything that was happening within.

After a while, Merlin suddenly opened his eyes and a shred of shock flooded his expression.

“Now this is interesting, that old friend of mine sure is something as well...”

A seemingly faint smile formed between Merlin’s lips as he tore through the subspace and swiftly entered within, disappearing in an instant.

...

Blackwater City, around the Wilson Castle, surrounded by high Wizard towers; it was a well-known fact to everyone in the city that it was the almighty wizard of the Wilson clan.

The Blackwater City had expanded tremendously and the Wilson Castle stood with prestige, the city among cities, as the inner and outer castle painted an entirely different scene altogether.

Now, the Wilson clan was more prosperous than ever. As a Spell Caster clan and with the head of house being the Duke of the kingdom, several major cities around the Blackwater City were all territories of the Wilson clan.

The Wilson clan today may even be as powerful as some Spell Caster organizations, except without a Great Wizard.

However, at that moment, a chilling atmosphere encased the vicinity of Wilson Castle. From time to time, mysterious Spell Casters could be seen observing the movements inside the Wilson Castle from a distance away.

“Wizard Sith, we’ve been spying on the Wilson clan for months now, us seventh-level Spell Casters are not spies. We’ve already the information that there’s a runaway from one of the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations, Fog City hidden within the Wilson Castle, this is a fact, but why hasn’t there been any actions? Could this Wilson clan actually stand against a conquered nation?”

The two seventh-level wizards looked resentfully at the Wilson Castle in the distance. They had been spying here for several months and had already discovered that the Wilson clan had been harboring a Fog City Spell Caster. Had it been any other clan or Spell Caster organization, the royal family would have long seized them by now.

Still, the royal family had yet to issue an order.

“What’s so terrifying about the Wilson clan? His Great Majesty has uprooted even the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations and had banned most of Spell Caster organizations. Now, the royal family was at its most powerful, much like the former Molta Empire and the Wilson clan has none of this, so what are they afraid of?”

“There’s the Dark Magic Region as well, even though it’s also comparable to the major Spell Caster organizations. Yet they have only one Great Wizard and the other more powerful Spell Caster organizations have also fallen, so why leave the Dark Magic Region alone?”

The wizard named Sith was somewhat helpless against his companion’s grievances as he was not sure how to explain it to them. In fact, he himself was also puzzled, what secrets did the Wilson clan hold that even the royal family was intimidated by, so much so they did not dare to take action?

One should know that the royal family was most powerful and capable. They had sixteen Great Wizards alone, destroyed the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations and even the

southern Spell Caster organizations had long been devastated by the forces of the conquered nations.

However, only the Dark Magic Region was left.

Moreover, they had also learned that the relationship between the Dark Magic Region and the Wilson clan was unusual as well. Over these few months, they had observed countless Dark Magic Region wizards frequently enter the Wilson Castle.

“Just by the surname, Wilson!”

Suddenly an inscrutable voice sounded and the two hurriedly glanced over their shoulders, only to see a thin-figured wizard that was enveloped in the fluctuations of powerful Elements.

“Great Wizard Anlin, what brings you here?”

Upon noticing the Spell Caster, the two immediately bowed; this was the famous Great Wizard Anlin of the royal family!

The gaze of the Great Wizard Anlin fell upon the old castle in the distance as he let out a long sigh, “The reason His Majesty has not permitted you two to act is because of the good surname of the Wilson clan. With this surname, no matter how great a fault the Wilson clan has committed, His Majesty will not lay a finger on them.”

“Surname?”

The two seventh-level wizards looked to each other and wondered what was it about a surname that even the almighty Majesty was so wary of?

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“Wilson...that’s the surname that even His Majesty is so wary of! Alright, let’s go inside. It’s time we have a talk with Duke Wilson.”

The Great Wizard Anlin offered no further explanations. Instead, he flew directly towards Wilson Castle along with the two seventh-level wizards with a sapphire crested magic staff in his hand.

...

The atmosphere was somber and heavy in the living room of Wilson Castle.

Five to six people were seated in the spacious living room, and seated above them was a dignified man clad in aristocratic attire, although his body appeared to be emitting a fluctuating elemental force and a rather powerful one at that; no less than a Seventh-level Spell Caster!

Seated beneath them were Spell Casters dressed in all sorts of attires. A black-robed wizard among them said with a long face, “Your Grace, the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations from the South have fallen apart, and the Spell Caster world in the North has long been controlled by the royal family. The greed of the Kingdom of Blackmoon’s king was far too rapacious. We’re the only ones left in the Dark Magic Region and the king appears to be highly heedful of that, even though he has not acted yet, this is no way to go in the long run. Who knows when even we, the Dark Magic Region will be forced to disband and the Spell Casters be assimilated into the royal family’s team of wizards?”

This black-robed wizard was one of the Dark Magic Region’s elders, as a Ninth-level Spell Caster, he was undoubtedly powerful but even he was now filled with worry; the situation of the whole Spell Caster world had changed completely, even the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations have crumbled apart, let alone the Dark Magic Region?

The only reason the Dark Magic Region had not been seized by the royal family was most likely to do with the reason for their ties to the Wilson clan.

Nevertheless, whether it be the Wilson clan or the Dark Magic Region, both of which, had been closely connected to the Great Wizard in the past. As such, the royal family had not touched them.

The noble seated on the top was Duke Wilson of the current generation. The Dukedom of the Wilson clan was hereditary, but of course, with the current status being as it was, the Wilson clan cared little for the title.

However, this placed the position of the Wilson clan within the Kingdom of Blackmoon, especially in the eyes of Bhutto XVII, the king who had reigned for hundreds of years. The very one who had disbanded the elders of the royal family and held the utmost power with an iron fist; whose powers had reached the highest realm of Great Wizards, to be in a very special place.

However, given the current situation, there were far and few forces that could stand against the royal family.

“Wizard Havens, outside of our Wilson Castle stands the wizards sent by the royal family; they have been keeping a close watch over us.”

Duke Wilson appeared somewhat helpless but he was not worried that the Wilson clan would perish. In fact, the ambitious Bhutto XVII merely intended to unify the world of the Spell Casters, as long as the Wilson clan was willing to comply with the rules set by the royal family, then the Wilson clan would continue to flourish. However, the same could not be said for the Dark Magic Region. Regardless of how wary Bhutto XVII was towards them, he was bound to act upon them as he would not allow any Spell Caster organizations to exist.

The only way for the Dark Magic Region to be spared from the fate of disbandment was to submit, lest they wish to meet the same fate as the Great Wizards of the other Seven Major Spell Caster organizations, of whom had all met their ends. By that time, they would truly be done for.

“By the way Your Grace, I heard that Wizard Angie from the Fog City has escaped to the castle. Would this bring about trouble for the Wilson clan?”

Duke Wilson was well aware of the intentions behind Wizard Havens’s caution. Angie was a runaway from the Fog City and a Seventh-level Wizard with great potential; the royal family would never let her go. The Wilson clan’s action in taking Angie was in fact, going against Bhutto XVII and against the currently ever-powerful Kingdom of Blackmoon.

“Wizard Havens, it is true that we have taken in this Angie but that is not my intention. She is the fiancé of the Wilson clan’s next-in-line. I was the one who had made the arrangements when I visited Fog City; there is no way I would send her away now.”

Although Duke Wilson’s expression remained somewhat helpless, his tone was firm and determined.

“The next-in-line?”

Wizard Havens was momentarily taken aback. He only knew that Angie was betrothed to Duke Wilson’s son but the Duke had many sons and there was only one title.

“Yes, very soon, I shall pass on my title to Conlin. I hope that when that time comes, His Majesty, Bhutto XVII will take into consideration the Dukedom of the Wilson clan and spare her!”

Havens turned pensive. Conlin was the one betrothed to Angie and he was one of Duke Wilson’s most excelled sons. Perhaps to other Dukes, to use a Dukedom to protect someone that Bhutto XVII intended to kill was delusionary and impossible.

However, Havens knew that the Dukedom of the Wilson clan had the power to make His Majesty reconsider.

“It’s terrible, Your Grace, someone from the royal family has arrived!”

Suddenly, a guard rushed into the living room and reported.

“Who has the royal family sent?”

Duke Wilson and Wizard Havens exchanged glances as their expressions grew serious.

“Your Grace, there are three of them, and the leader addresses himself as Wizard Anlin!”

“Wizard Anlin? It’s the Great Wizard Anlin! One of the most powerful Great Wizards of the royal family, it’s him?”

Duke Wilson muttered. The power of the royal family soared and they had consecutively eliminated the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations. Therefore, rumors of the Great Wizard of the royal family had long spread throughout the Kingdom of Blackmoon, any Spell Caster that paid attention would know of the royal family’s Great Wizard. Hence, when the Great



Wizard Anlin was brought up, Duke Wilson could not help but worry. Bhutto XVII's intentions of sending the Great Wizard Anlin over this time was most likely not as simple as it seemed.

"Wizard Havens, please elude yourself for now. Wait until I've met the Great Wizard Anlin and see what he actually wants."

Wizard Havens nodded. The Dark Magic Region had always had close relations with Wilson Castle. It had been that way for hundreds of years; in fact, many of the Wilson clan members were Spell Casters of the Dark Magic Region. However, under such circumstances, it was still not viable for them to come into direct conflict. Then, Wizard Havens headed inside the castle. Duke Wilson waved a hand. "Invite the Great Wizard Anlin in!"

Very soon, the guards had invited in the three Spell Casters from outside the castle. The leading wizard, dressed in long white robes with a staff in hand was the Great Wizard Anlin.

"Duke Wilson!"

Great Wizard Anlin gave a slight nod to Duke Wilson. With his status as a Great Wizard, he need not even bow to the king, let alone a duke.

However, the Great Wizard Anlin passed straight through the living room and looked up at the portrait of a figure that was hung on the wall. The portrait was incredibly life-like, a figure dressed in black wizard robes, his appearance similar to Duke Wilson's. Although his eyes appeared deeper and livelier.

The Great Wizard Anlin approached the portrait and respectfully bowed. Then, he turned around and returned to the chair.

The two Seventh-level Spell Casters accompanying the Great Wizard Anlin were puzzled. They knew that the Great Wizard Anlin had never even greeted His Majesty with such a grand gesture, but now he was bowing to a portrait inside Wilson Castle and they simply could not understand.

However, a glimpse of surprise flickered through Duke Wilson's eyes as he asked in shock, "The Great Wizard Anlin knows the ancestor of the Wilson clan?"

Anlin shook his head. “How could I possibly know the great Wizard Merlin? Back then when Wizard Merlin assisted the Kingdom of Blackmoon in defeating the Church of Light and restored the Spell Caster world, I was only an entry-level apprentice. I have only seen the great Wizard Merlin from afar in Light City...”

The two Seventh-level Spell Casters in the back stood with a face of confusion. Still, they had never heard of any Wizard Merlin and it seemed like there was no one named Merlin amongst the powerful Great Wizards.

Moreover, this Wizard Merlin was actually the predecessor of the Wilson clan; how could a powerful wizard have come from a mere Spell Caster clan back then?

Naturally, Duke Wilson could tell from the looks of the two Seventh-level Spell Casters behind the Great Wizard Anlin, but he did not offer any further explanations. Nowadays, few knew about the Wilson clan’s predecessor, Merlin.

Only the powerful wizards such as Wizard Anlin or the ancient wizards knew of how powerful Wizard Merlin was and knew of the extent of his contribution to the Kingdom of Blackmoon, and even the entire Spell Caster world.

This was the true reason why Bhutto XVII had always held the Wilson clan with such high regard but now, there was nothing but a portrait left behind of the great ancestor of the Wilson clan.

“Great Wizard Anlin, for what purpose have you come to Wilson Castle?”

In the face of a Great Wizard, Duke Wilson remained calm.

The Great Wizard Anlin smiled lightly as he spoke in a calm voice, “In fact, I had come down on behalf of His Majesty. I believe that Your Grace is aware that the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations of the South have been eliminated. However, among them, the Fog City has refused to surrender to His Majesty. As such, His Majesty ordered not to let any of the Spell Casters from the Fog City go. It just happened so that one of them had fled into Wilson Castle and His Majesty had specifically ordered me to bring back this Fog City wizard, Angie!”

“I knew it...”

Duke Wilson heaved a silent sigh, it had come in the end after all. Now, the Great Wizard Anlin stood before him and the royal family had plenty more powerful Spell Casters, but all the Wilson clan had left was but a former portrait of Merlin.

After a long while, Duke Wilson finally spoke in a low voice, “Great Wizard Alin, please inform His Majesty that I will concede my title to Conlin.”

“To Conlin?”

Great Wizard Anlin abruptly threw his head up as his eyes narrowed into a piercing gaze.

“So, Your Grace is intent on protecting Angie?”

The Great Wizard Anlin’s voice remained placid. Still, for some unknown reason, a prickly chill could be sensed in the living room...

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“Whoosh.”

The atmosphere in the living room was heavy, and the two Seventh-level Spell Casters that Wizard Anlin had brought along had even taken a step forward and said in a loud voice, “Duke Wilson, you should think it over again. His Majesty has given specific orders that Angie must be found. Hmph, a few days ago, both of us had seen Angie enter the Wilson Castle!”

“If you’ve seen her, then search the castle!”

Duke Wilson’s voice turned sharp and cold. To date, no one had yet dared to search the Wilson Castle, and since he had already conceded his title to his son, his stance was clear. He trusted that His Majesty would take careful consideration.

“Then we’ll do just so. Wizard Anlin, please be rest assured. We have seen Angie enter the castle with our very own eyes. We’ll be able to find her...”

The Seventh-level Spell Caster had yet to finish his words when he was harshly reprimanded by the Great Wizard Anlin, “Silence! Is the Wilson Castle something you can search at will? Before we left, His Majesty, the king has already warned me that since Wizard Angie has formed a marriage contract with the Wilson clan, then His Majesty will not pursue any further of everything that she has done before in Fog City!”

“What? Not investigate further, this...”

The two Seventh-level Spell Casters were dumbfounded. In their view, the king had sent even the Great Wizard Anlin and was just about ready to lay a hand on the Wilson clan but seeing the Great Wizard Anlin’s attitude now, it was completely different from their imaginations. Was there something that they should be wary of when it came to the Wilson clan? They had observed the Wilson Castle for a long time but they had never seen a single Great Wizard.

Moreover, so what if they had a Great Wizard? How could they possibly be a match for the royal family? As such, the two Wizards of the royal family found it difficult to understand. However, these were the words spoken by the Great Wizard Anlin, and they would not doubt it.

A glimmer of strange emotion flickered in Duke Wilson’s gaze as he asked hesitantly, “His Majesty had truly said so?”

“Yes, Your Grace. His Majesty has regarded the Wilson clan highly for over the span of hundreds of years. Oh yes, His Majesty has even asked me to bring a message to the Duke; should Your Grace ever meet the great Wizard Merlin, please ask Wizard Merlin to come to the castle so that he and His Majesty could reminisce about the old days.”

After finishing his words, the Great Wizard Anlin once again approached Wizard Merlin’s portrait, and gave a respectful bow before turning around and leaving the Wilson Castle.

Peace returned to the living room as before long, Wizard Havens of the Dark Magic Region arrived in the living room. Upon seeing Duke Wilson’s serious expression, he hurriedly asked, “Your Grace, what did the Great Wizard Anlin say?”

Duke Wilson slowly raised his head as he looked at the portrait that was hung in the living room and spoke calmly, “The Great Wizard Anlin had come on behalf of Bhutto XVII. The royal family will no longer pursue the matters of Angie, and he had even asked me to deliver a word to predecessor Wizard Merlin.”

“Wizard Merlin? Duke Wilson, you’re able to find Wizard Merlin?”

Havens’s eyes widened as he appeared visibly on edge. As a Dark Magic Region Wizard who was closely related to the Wilson castle, Havens naturally knew just how powerful Wizard Merlin had been.

He was also highly aware that the current power and prosperity of the Kingdom of Blackmoon and the Spell Caster world had all been Merlin’s doing single-handedly.

“If I could find my predecessor, I wouldn’t be so worried now, would I? Perhaps, the predecessor has already...”

Duke Wilson appeared uncertain. After all, the predecessor of the Wilson clan, Wizard Merlin had not made an appearance for hundreds of years. Otherwise, how would His Majesty become so ambitious?

“No, back then, Wizard Merlin had reached unfathomable heights that we could have never imagined. He couldn’t have possibly died.”

Wizard Havens shook his head. He refused to believe that Merlin had died. After all, even Great Wizards lived a long life, let alone Merlin.

Perhaps Bhutto XVII had thought the same and deep inside, he had always feared Merlin. Therefore, even when he knew that the Wilson clan had taken in Angie and had close ties with the Dark Magic Region, he still refrained from laying a hand on the Wilson clan.

All of this was because of the powerful predecessor of the Wilson clan of hundreds of years ago!

“I would’ve never imagined that until today, the Wilson clan still had to rely on the protection of this portrait.”

Duke Wilson stared at the portrait hung on the walls of the living room, an indescribable emotion surged inside of him. Now that the royal family had gained control of the bigger

picture, he may have been able to protect Angie but the Dark Magic Region was unlikely to be as lucky.

Havens's face was pale. He knew that this time, once the Great Wizard Anlin had returned, there was a high chance that he would begin to act upon the Dark Magic Region. After all, there was only one such spell casters' organization left in the Spell Caster world.

Even though the tie between the Dark Magic Region and Merlin had been special once, it was still far from the relationship between him and the Wilson clan. Bhutto XVII may have been able to tolerate the Wilson clan but not the Dark Magic Region.

"If Wizard Merlin is still here, at least our Dark Magic Region will still be safe. However, Wizard Merlin has disappeared for hundreds of years, and no one knows where he's gone..."

Wizard Havens heaved a silent sigh. He knew that with the rise of the royal family, it would be difficult for the Dark Magic Region to escape their wrath. However, whenever he thought about the inheritance of a thousand years would end in their hands of their current generation of Dark Magic Region Wizards, he could not help but feel regretful.

"Not bad, looks like Bhutto XVII hasn't forgotten the promise he had made."

Suddenly, a strange voice sounded in the hall.

"Who's there?"

Suddenly, Wizard Havens pointed a finger, and almost instantly a wave of fluctuations appeared in the void as the Wind-type spell was cast. The entire hall sealed off.

"The structure of your Wind-type spell is well-built but the Spell Model isn't very stable. I'm afraid it'll be difficult for you to become a Great Wizard in the future."

The strange voice sounded again. Then, a black-robed figure suddenly appeared in the living room, seemingly unaffected by Wizard Havens's spell at all.

Wizard Havens was in shock. He was a Ninth-level Spell Caster. The Wind-type spell created by him was immensely powerful, and he had once immobilized three Wizards of the same level with it as its powers were second to none.

However, it was just as this strange Wizard had said. Although the power of his spell was strong, the Spell Model was unstable. It was almost impossible for him to integrate all the Spell Models into one hence becoming a Great Wizard was practically impossible. Once merged, the Spell Model would collapse in an instant.

This was also the main reason why Havens had yet to merge the Spell Model until now. He did not dare to merge it, and thus, he would not be able to become a Great Wizard.

“Who are you? How...”

Havens’s words came to an abrupt end as he found that no matter how he struggled, he was unable to move his body, and neither could he speak.

Havens and Duke Wilson’s heart dropped as their minds immediately went to the thought of a Great Wizard. Only a Great Wizard could render them powerless.

“You’re a Great Wizard of the royal family?”

Duke Wilson’s heart thumped, then, a light flashed in between his eyebrows as a dense Runic Magic Circle instantly enshrouded the strange black-robed Spell Caster. Such a powerful, multilayered Runic Magic Circle – a total of nine – was capable of instantly immobilizing a Ninth-level Spell Caster, and even confine a Great Wizard.

This was the true secret behind Duke Wilson. He was only a Seventh-level Spell Caster, and he rarely participated in combat, and he had hidden so well that even the other Spell Casters had not known that he was a Runic Magic Circle Wizard.

The ability to momentarily cast a Runic Magic Circle to immobilize enemies was something only a Runic Magic Circle Wizard could do, and Duke Wilson’s true talent was in fact, runes!

“The Runic Heartprint?”

The black-robed wizard's concentration wavered as he stared at the space in between Duke Wilson's brows where a ray of light glimmered. Others may not know of this but the black-robed wizard knew very well that it was the Runic Heartprint and it was capable of instantly casting mass Runic Magic Circles.

"The power of your Runic Magic Circle is impressive but this isn't enough to hold me."

The black-robed wizard pointed a finger, and a firelight flared as a domineering force filled the hall, so much so that Duke Wilson and Wizard Havens felt from the bottom of their hearts that they were unable to resist.

As for those Runic Magic Circles, they were naturally broken all at once.

The mysterious black-robed wizard took no further action as he looked at the pained Duke Wilson. The well-hidden Spell Caster was also now pale and blanched.

"You're from the Dark Magic Region, right?"

The black-robed wizard turned around, and looked at the Wizard Havens who had been confined by him.

Wizard Havens opened his mouth, and suddenly found his body light and lithe as he regained movement. He immediately took huge gasps of air. He never wanted a repeat of that feeling of being immobilized ever again.

"I'm Wizard Havens of the Dark Magic Region. Who exactly are you? There's no way that the royal family has a Great Wizard as powerful as you... Provided that Bhutto XVII hasn't hidden his forces."

Wizard Havens remained highly vigilant. He was not sure whether the royal family had any hidden powers. Nonetheless, this mysterious black-robed wizard had appeared the moment the Great Wizard Anlin had left. It was all too strange, and it did not seem like the royal family's doings.



However, apart from the royal family, Havens found it difficult to imagine any other forces that had such a powerful Spell Caster.

“The Dark Magic Region... It’s finally returned to its former glory! Looks like the inheritances that I’ve left behind had made a huge difference to the Spell Caster world...”

The black-robed wizard appeared to be mumbling to himself.

“You’re the current Duke Wilson? Seventh-level Spell Caster, not bad. However, you’re better gifted in runes. Why is the Runic Heartprint with you? Where’s Felinda?”

The black-robed wizard asked off-handedly as if he was a close, endeared elder.

“Felinda? How do you know Wizard Felinda? You even know the Runic Heartprint. The Runic Heartprint is something only known to the generations of Duke Wilsons and Wizard Felinda. No one else knows of it apart from them. You, who are you?”

Duke Wilson stared at the mysterious black-robed wizard with a look of disbelief. The Runic Heartprint was something only the Duke Wilsons’ generations knew, and he had not even told any of his many children. There was no way an outsider could know about this.

“Who am I?”

The black-robed wizard smiled. He looked up at the portrait hanging from the hall, the edges of his lips curled into a glimpse of a smile. “My portrait’s still hanging there, isn’t it? It’s painted really well...”

Duke Wilson and Wizard Havens immediately swerved their heads toward the portrait hanging in the living room, and looked back to the black-robed wizard before them – they were almost the same.

At that moment, they finally realized who this person before them was.

“Predecessor!”

Chapter 865: Returned to Its Rightful Owner!

In a spacious, lavish room in Wilson Castle, a slim man with a head of lustrous, long, golden hair was acting restless, pacing constantly.

The blonde man was about twenty-something of age. His face still carried a trace of tenderness but he also exuded vigorous fluctuations, only they were not very powerful, merely at the stage of a Fourth-level Wizard.

“Conlin, stop worrying. The royal family is influential. I’m happy that I could escape alive and hide in Wilson Castle for a few days. It’s just that no one has ever hidden from Bhutto XVII successfully. I’ll surrender myself. Bhutto XVII will only stop worrying, no longer using every possible means against the Wilson clan when he’s cut things off at the root.”

Suddenly, the female Wizard in bed, wearing a white long Wizard Robe, looking fresh and pure, stood up. She gently held the man’s hand, appearing reluctant to part.

“Angie, don’t worry. Although Bhutto XVII is influential, he’s always regarded our Wilson clan highly. For the past few days, you’ve seen that many Spell Casters are monitoring us from outside. They know you’re here but they still daren’t enter. Father will resolve this matter. Moreover, a few days ago, he’s already discussed with me. He’s ready to pass on the Wilson clan’s dukedom to me. In the future, you’ll be a duchess. His Majesty will surely take the Wilson clan into account, and no longer pursue the matter of your being a Spell Caster of Fog City.”

Conlin spoke to reassure but he was somewhat anxious. Although the Wilson clan was now flourishing splendidly, it was still lacking by far compared to the royal family. Under His Majesty the King’s power, the Wilson clan was unable to resist.

“Master Conlin, bad news. Great Wizard Anlin of the royal family has personally visited Sir Duke!”

A guard’s panicked voice came from outside.

“What? Great Wizard Anlin had come personally?”

Conlin's expression shifted greatly as he gripped Angie's hand even tighter, afraid that once he let go, he would never see Angie again.

Angie heaved a long sigh. She knew that Great Wizard Anlin had always been the Great Wizard most trusted by Bhutto XVII. With his arrival, it looked like the Wilson clan could not protect her no matter what.

"Conlin, let me go. Bhutto XVII might still go easy on all of you, considering the Wilson clan's ancestor. I'm the one they're looking for!"

Angie struggled out from Conlin's grip. She broke out into an angelic smile which yet induced a sense of misery.

"No, no, Angie. I'll go with you!"

After a long moment, Conlin had made a choice. He straightened his clothes and immediately opened the door. Just as he was about to head downward, a guard hurried forward. Upon seeing Conlin, the guard said quickly, "Master Conlin, the Duke asks that you bring Miss Angie down."

Conlin's face shifted slightly. Despite preparing himself for this, in this actual moment, he was somewhat at a loss.

Conversely, Angie seemed prepared for this. She had escaped from Fog City and traveled to Wilson Castle. Naturally, she knew of the royal family's influence. By now, they had controlled the entire continent. Even the Spell Caster world had fallen to pieces. In this continent, there was nowhere she could hide, and no one who could go against Bhutto XVII's will.

She knew that this day would come eventually!

"Conlin, come on. Let's go down."

Angie and Conlin trailed behind the guard, swiftly making their way toward the living room below.

Soon, both of them arrived in the living room. Except Duke Wilson, Wizard Havens and another person who wore a black robe, stood before the living room's portrait with his hands clasped behind his back. They could only see his back.

"Father, Wizard Havens."

Conlin bowed slightly toward Duke Wilson and Wizard Havens, then cast an unfriendly gaze at the stranger in the black robe. He felt that this must be Great Wizard Anlin.

"Conlin, quickly pay respects to your ancestor."

Duke Wilson spoke lowly but his voice revealed an irrepressible delight.

"Ancestor?"

Conlin was rather stunned but that black-robed Wizard had turned around, displaying a young face. Only those eyes were incomparably abstruse.

However, Conlin's expression had changed completely. This person looked quite similar to him.

"Father, this..."

"Get on with paying your respects. This is the ancestor of the Wilson clan, Wizard Merlin!"

Seeing that Conlin was still stunned, Duke Wilson exhorted hurriedly.

Angie was dumbstruck with her mouth agape. She looked up quickly toward the portrait hanging in the living room, then matched it to the stranger before her. Indeed, they were alike, even in presence.

At this point, how could she not know that this was Wizard Merlin who had become a legend of the Spell Caster world centuries ago? He had finally returned!

“Ancestor!”

“Wizard Merlin!”

Conlin and Angie paid their respects without delay. A legendary figure, the ancestor of the Wilson clan from past centuries, had shown up in Wilson Castle. Both of them were still somewhat bewildered.

“Not bad, a Fourth-level Spell Caster. Your father said that you have a knack for runes?”

Merlin sat down and looked at Conlin with keen interest. Naturally, he could detect a faint, familiar force in the other person’s blood. This was unique to him. It was truly his lineal descendant.

“Ancestor, Conlin’s talent with runes is even greater than mine. That’s why I’ve decided to pass on the dukedom to him.”Read the next chapter on our [vipnovel.com](http://vipnovel.com)

Duke Wilson said quickly. He did not wish to give his ancestor the impression that he neglected the Wilson clan for the sake of his son.

Merlin nodded wordlessly. He now realized that the Runic Heartprint he had left behind was now an emblem of the Wilson clan’s successive dukedom. Only someone who was gifted in runes and had decent Spell Caster Quality could ultimately inherit the Wilson clan’s dukedom and receive the Runic Heartprint.

“Is your ancestry Charise or Avril?”

Merlin remembered that he had two wives back then, and each had left behind descendants for him.

“Ancestor, we’re descended from Charise!”

Just as Merlin guessed, they shared Charise’s blood.

Merlin thought about Charise once more. Once a haughty princess, then a capable lady, finally an old woman of white hair. Most of her life had been spent in the Wilson clan.

“Angie, you’re a Spell Caster of Fog City?”

Merlin looked again at this female Wizard in a white robe, who looked pure and sweet. Angie kept inducing in Merlin a sense of déjàvu as if they had met before.

“Wizard Merlin, I’m a Spell Caster of Fog City but my ancestor is your disciple, Emma!”

“Emma?”

Merlin turned blank until his mind gradually recalled that beautiful young girl who had saved him in the maple forest. When she smiled, she was as sweet and pure as Angie.

“Ancestor, it’s precisely because Angie has this link to our Wilson clan, and she’s engaged to Conlin, that I’m unwilling to hand her over to Bhutto XVII.”

Duke Wilson spoke cautiously. Before this ancestor, he felt an unprecedented level of pressure.

“Ancestor, please don’t hand Angie over.”

Conlin gripped Angie’s hand firmly, his expression flashing with determination.

As he looked at Conlin and Angie’s mutual love, Merlin smiled softly. All through his life, he only had relations with three women – Charise, Avril, and the maidservant Laurinka. Nonetheless, Merlin did not experience an unforgettable love with these three women. He had always chased after the essence of being a Spell Caster, seeking for greater powers.

Although he had never experienced a love like this, he would not stand in the way of Conlin and Angie’s happiness.

“Conlin, with our ancestor here, who would dare pursue the matter of Angie? Earlier, Great Wizard Anlin had left. Even if our ancestor hadn’t shown up, Bhutto XVII no longer planned to pursue this matter. You can rest easy.”

Although Duke Wilson's tone was one of rebuke, he was inwardly filled with relief. Considering the royal family's present power, Merlin's return was highly significant to the Wilson clan.

"Swish."

Merlin suddenly made a grab, and with irresistible force plucked out the Runic Heartprint from Duke Wilson's brow, cutting off its connection to Duke Wilson.

"Ancestor..."

Duke Wilson felt a small shock. This Runic Heartprint was the symbol of the successive Wilson dukedom.

The Runic Heartprint hovered above Merlin's palm as he spoke calmly, "I had initially given this Runic Heartprint only to Felinda, letting her understand Runic Magic Circles to better protect the Wilson clan. To think that after she died, this Runic Heartprint was given to the Wilson clan and turned into an emblem of the successive Wilson dukedom. In truth, the Runic Heartprint belonged to the Dark Magic Region. I've brought it out from there. Now, it's time for it to be returned to its rightful owner, the Dark Magic Region."

With that, Merlin pointed and this Runic Heartprint transformed into a river of light, imprinting into Wizard Havens' forehead. Instantly, Havens sensed a new power from the Runic Heartprint.

"How mystical. I can wield Runic Magic Circles in an instant?"

Havens was astounded. He finally knew how Duke Wilson was able to create a few formidable Runic Magic Circles all at once. It turned out he had relied on the Runic Heartprint's ability.

"I'm very grateful to Wizard Merlin. Your care toward our Dark Magic Region in the past has already earned our endless gratitude."

Wizard Havens naturally knew the function of this Runic Heartprint. If he could put it to good use and unleash its capability, he would be even stronger than a Great Wizard.

Deep down, Duke Wilson was slightly rueful. No one knew about the might of the Runic Heartprint better than he did. Nevertheless, this was the ancestor's decision, and he dared not raise any objections.

"Alright, let's go. Take me to my father's grave."

Now that Merlin had returned to Wilson Castle, of course, he wanted to visit the graves of his father, Charise, and the rest. They had been the ones closest to him in this world.

Chapter 866: Bhutto XVII!

On a hillside in Blackwater City, there was a clearing, surrounded by shady trees. This was the Wilson clan's cemetery, where successive generations of the Wilson clan were buried.

Duke Wilson watched as Merlin approach the ancient burial mounds, saying softly, "Ancestor, this is where we buried our predecessors."

Merlin waved his hand, following which Duke Wilson deferentially took his leave, and Merlin was left alone.

As he stared at the names on the gravestones, Merlin's thoughts returned to the Blackwater City of the past. At that time, his father Old Wilson was still a dignified baron but now, Old Wilson had been lying under this mound for who-knew-how-many years.

"Father."

Merlin stroked the rough headstone. The cold sensation seemed to penetrate his heart. He had gotten used to death long ago, even witnessing the rise and fall of so many civilizations. Nonetheless, at this moment, standing before the grave, he was merely Old Wilson's son.

Following that, Merlin continued looking to the side, seeing Charise, Avril, and even his son Conxion, and the rest. Merlin was only familiar with a part of the Wilson clan from before. As for the other graves, they were the successive generations of the Wilson clan, Merlin's lineal descendants, but he had never met them.



Merlin stood before the graves silently, recalling scenes from the past as if it was just yesterday. Back then, Old Wilson's lifelong dream was to pass on the "Wilson" family name. Merlin had helped Old Wilson achieve this goal. In the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon, the Wilson clan was well renowned, the first-rate clan.

Therefore, even if he was dead, Old Wilson had departed in contentment.

After an unknown amount of time, a breeze brushed past, carrying a chill. At last, Merlin slowly turned around and left the cemetery.

"Ancestor."

Duke Wilson was still waiting outside the cemetery.

Merlin glanced at Duke Wilson and seemed to guess his thoughts, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Are you still ruing the loss of the Runic Heartprint?"

Duke Wilson went blank and an embarrassed look crossed his face. He knew that he could not conceal his thoughts from Merlin. To Duke Wilson, the Runic Heartprint was too useful to the Wilson clan. However, now it was given to the Dark Magic Region. It was truly a loss.

"What's a mere Runic Heartprint? Remember, your family name is Wilson. It's a noble name. Soon, the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon will know how fortunate it is for you to have this name."

Following that, Merlin did not explain to Duke Wilson any further. They would slowly learn about the Void Zone in the future. Moreover, Merlin had already decided to move the Wilson clan into Glory City. What was a mere Runic Heartprint?

"Now I should head to the Imperial City to meet that old friend of mine..."

Merlin raised his head to look toward the Imperial City.

...

In the magnificent palace of the Imperial City, ten or so Great Wizards who emanated vigorous Elemental fluctuations had all gathered, discussing something.

At their head was an imposing man who wore a crown and the sacred golden armor. It was Bhutto XVII who wielded the highest power in the entire Kingdom of Blackmoon!

Bhutto XVII's gaze swept over the ten or so Great Wizards below. He felt satisfied with his achievements. Back when he was merely the eighth prince in the Kingdom of Blackmoon, he had already harbored great ambitions.

In the end, after much difficulty, he succeeded the throne and became Bhutto XVII, governing the Kingdom of Blackmoon in an orderly manner. However, a war against the Holy Light Empire erupted, and a crisis loomed.

Although that was a crisis, it was also Bhutto XVII's opportunity. With help from the formidable Wizard Merlin and the entire Spell Caster world, he led the Kingdom of Blackmoon to defeat the Holy Light Empire, and unified the entire continent.

Nevertheless, that was just the beginning!

There were still many things Bhutto XVII wished to do, so he spent much time accumulating his forces, finally seizing control of the royal family's Elders' Court in one move. From then on, the Elders' Court had no way of interfering with the Kingdom of Blackmoon's kingship. As long as Bhutto XVII did not die, he could possess the Kingdom of Blackmoon's kingship completely.

This was the first step – to unify the continent. Bhutto XVII's ambition did not stop there. The biggest threat he faced came from the Spell Caster world. A Spell Caster world that did not obey his commands was something Bhutto XVII could not tolerate.

In the past, the Kingdom of Blackmoon had considered itself to be the successor of the Molta Empire but in truth, how could it compare? In the Molta Empire's era, the empire's influence was tremendous. With one command, no Spell Caster would dare disobey. However, the Kingdom of Blackmoon was helpless against the Spell Caster world.

Thus, Bhutto XVII secretly accumulated power for centuries, ultimately controlling the southern Spell Caster world step by step, then defeating the northern Seven Major Spell Caster organizations. Currently, there was only the relatively special Dark Magic Region left, along

with a few Spell Caster factions scattered around other places. In the entire continent, no one could contend against the royal family.

Only the present Kingdom of Blackmoon might match up to the previous Molta Empire!

All this was an outcome orchestrated singlehandedly by Bhutto XVII through centuries of effort. He was filled with a sense of achievement. However, he found that the moment the Seven Major Spell Caster organizations fell to pieces, he suddenly felt empty. In the entire continent, no person or power could contend against him, making him feel hollow and purposeless.

“Perhaps that person is still around...”

A familiar figure occasionally popped up in Bhutto XVII’s mind. Perhaps only that person who had defeated the Holy Light Empire by himself could bring him excitement.

Nonetheless, that person had not appeared for centuries. Perhaps he was dead or might never show up again.

“Your Majesty, now there are only the Dark Magic Region and that Wilson clan left. Their territory is that large, and they’re on the same side. Moreover, they’re a Spell Caster clan whose strength isn’t weaker than a spell casters’ organization. Since our Kingdom of Blackmoon is cracking down on all spell casters’ organizations, not even sparing the southern and northern Spell Caster world, then the Wilson clan and the Dark Magic Region naturally, mustn’t be exempted.”

A Great Wizard with a youthful appearance and long blue robe said loudly.

“Humph, Wizard Minway, how long have you been a Spell Caster? Two centuries or three? Do you know who the ancestor of the Wilson clan is?”

The opposing Great Wizard immediately stood up and retorted.

“The ancestor of the Wilson clan? Isn’t that the mysterious Wizard Merlin? It’s something from centuries ago. Although I’ve never experienced it myself, I know something about it. Wizard Merlin had done a service for the Kingdom of Blackmoon but that was centuries ago. He had never shown up and is likely dead. Even if he isn’t, and he appears once more, would

we be afraid of a mere Spell Caster with the kingdom's current capability? So what if he's a peak Great Wizard? He's still one man in the end – can he rival an entire kingdom?"

This Great Wizard named Minway believed that he as a Great Wizard standing at the peak of the Kingdom of Blackmoon's Spell Casters, he no longer had to fear anyone or anything.

From his perspective, Wizard Merlin was surely a Great Wizard back then. So what if he was the strongest Great Wizard? How mighty was the kingdom's power now? It was far beyond a mere Spell Caster to turn the tide...

"Rival an entire kingdom? Back then, Wizard Merlin defeated the Holy Light Empire all by himself. A god had even appeared. Wizard Minway, some of us had gone through that war ourselves, witnessing Wizard Merlin's power with our own eyes."

Naturally, the opposing Spell Caster was not to be outdone, snorting coldly. Any Wizard who had witnessed Merlin defeating the Church of Light back then, even if they became a Great Wizard, would be unable to erase that shocking scene from their minds.

"Your Majesty, Great Wizard Anlin has returned."

Suddenly, a guard entered the palace and reported.

"Oh? Great Wizard Anlin is back? Please!"

Bhutto XVII narrowed his eyes slightly as he looked at Great Wizard Anlin who had hurried back, covered in dust. This time, Bhutto XVII had sent him to the Wilson clan for a crucial matter – to see if he could find any clues regarding Merlin.

Soon, Great Wizard Anlin had come inside, bowing slightly to Bhutto XVII. "Your Majesty, I've just hurried back from the Wilson clan. Angie of Fog City is in Wilson Castle indeed. However, Duke Wilson would rather pass on the dukedom to Conlin, requesting Your Majesty to not pursue Angie. I've already conveyed your intentions to Duke Wilson."

"So, did you find any clues regarding Wizard Merlin?"

This was what Bhutto XVII was most interested in.

“Your Majesty, I’ve already examined the Wilson clan thoroughly and found no trace of Wizard Merlin. In the past centuries, Wizard Merlin hadn’t returned to the Wilson clan.”

Anlin reported everything he found out in detail. At once, that Great Wizard Minway became more excited, exclaiming, “Your Majesty, let me bring a team. The Wilson clan and the Dark Magic Region will cease to exist.”

“Hmm?”

Bhutto XVII jerked his head up and frowned. “Wizard Minway, don’t bring this up again. In the past, I’d promised Wizard Merlin to look after the Wilson clan. No matter what they do, I won’t pursue the matter. That’s my promise! As for the Dark Magic Region, Great Wizard Anlin and Minway, both of you will lead a team to visit them. I believe the Dark Magic Region now knows that they’re in an unfavorable situation. Let them dissolve voluntarily and enter the royal family. Don’t be too hard on them. After all, they have a special relationship with Wizard Merlin.”

Bhutto XVII said solemnly. There was no room for discussion. This was his command.

“Your Majesty, for my sake, could you pardon the Dark Magic Region?”

Suddenly, a breezy voice rang in Bhutto XVII’s ear. Instantly, he trembled all over and looked up furiously with an incredulous look.

Nevertheless, the current palace was abnormally silent. The ten or so Great Wizards in the main foyer had become immobile, without a single twitch, their eyes revealing a vacant look.

Chapter 867: The Arrival!

The foyer fell into silence. The other Great Wizards moved not a muscle. Only Bhutto XVII could see his surroundings clearly and move freely.

He saw a beam of dusky light and soon became dazzling, from which out walked a black-robed figure.

“You’re... Wizard Merlin?”

Bhutto XVII was astonished. In the past centuries, he had used every method but still could not find any trace of Merlin. He even suspected sometimes if Merlin was dead.

However, having witnessed Merlin rise up step by step to finally display an ability to slay gods, Bhutto XVII’s innermost thoughts constantly reminded himself that Merlin would not die so easily.

Perhaps due to this, he did not renege on his previous promise by acting against the Wilson clan. Conversely, in the past centuries, he had always looked out for the Wilson clan.

“Your Majesty, we meet again. In a few centuries, it looks like Your Majesty has put a grand plan into action, almost able to compare to the Molta Empire of the past. Do you still have any regrets now?”

“Regrets?”

When Bhutto XVII saw Merlin appear, he was initially startled but after gradually calming down, he knew that these Great Wizards were useless against Merlin.

“What else would I regret? I control an enormous empire. The entire continent is in my grasp. Even the Spell Caster world has submitted to me completely. In this world, I’m a monarch of the highest power. What else would I regret?”

Bhutto XVII bore a heroic manner. Merlin had known him back when he was merely the eighth prince. From Merlin’s perspective, a mere king in the Glorious Land could not even compare to an ordinary Legend.

Nonetheless, this was the highest achievement of an ordinary Spell Caster like Bhutto XVII. In the Glorious Land, he had enjoyed absolute authority in controlling a massive empire. With one command, even Great Wizards had to obey. Indeed, there was nothing Bhutto XVII would regret.

“Your Majesty, you may not have any now but soon, you will. This world is far too small. Let me show you a place.”

Merlin's voice remained calm as if he was meeting an old friend for a casual chat. A Maxim from his hand enveloped Bhutto XVII directly, following which he easily tore space apart and traveled through space.

“Whoosh.”

In the pitch-black, icy Void Zone, two figures popped up suddenly. Bhutto XVII who wore the sacred golden armor, being a Great Wizard himself, stared speechlessly at this dark, cold sweep of Void Zone.

“This is the Void Zone. There's no space nor time. Behind you is the Kingdom of Blackmon or what the Spell Caster civilization calls the Glorious Land! It's the origin of the Spell Caster civilization...”

Merlin did not explain in great detail, only outlining the matters of the Void Zone, the Spell Caster civilization, and the dimensions. Bhutto XVII had a rough understanding of the disappearances of many powerful Spell Casters three thousand six hundred years ago after the Molta Empire had collapsed.

He had thought that these formidable Spell Casters were dead but now, it appeared that they had entered the Void Zone and even established a glorious, flourishing Spell Caster civilization.

The golden age of Spell Casters had never ended. Instead, the current Spell Caster civilization was even more splendid. The Glorious Land, other than enjoying the prestige of being the Spell Caster civilization's origin, was merely one of the countless dimensions in the Spell Caster civilization.

“The past few years, Wizard Merlin has been in the Void Zone. You're now a Legendary Wizard, I suppose?”

From some ancient books of the Molta Empire, Bhutto XVII had learned that the Great Legends were strongest among Spell Casters, comparable to mighty gods!

Merlin replied noncommittally as he nodded. “I guess you could say that.”

He did not further clarify. Now that the Glorious Land was unsealed, Bhutto XVII and the other Spell Casters in the Glorious Land would naturally, slowly comprehend how weak they were in the past.

“Wizard Merlin, you’ve brought me here surely not just to look at the Void Zone?”

Bhutto XVII’s emotions were in a turbulent mess, clueless as to what Merlin’s objective was.

Merlin stared evenly at Bhutto XVII, saying mildly, “Your Majesty, we knew each other back when you were still the eighth prince. To me, you’re quite a familiar old friend. I want to thank you, old friend, for not going back on your promise and taking care of the Wilson clan for centuries.”

After a pause, Merlin continued, “Besides thanking you for the care you’ve shown the Wilson clan, I wish to show you that even the greatest empires such as the Molta Empire can collapse in a day.”

“Boom.”

Merlin waved his hand casually. A terrifying ray from the Flame Maxim sped directly toward a barren dimension in the distant Void Zone. Instantly, that barren dimension fell to pieces under Merlin’s Flame Maxim. A dimension, comparable to the Glorious Land, disintegrated just like that, crushed into fragments at Merlin’s will.

Bhutto XVII was dumbstruck as he gaped. He wished to know, was this the strength of a Legend? Even if one was as mighty as the Molta Empire, what could one do if they encountered a power like this?

Bhutto XVII suddenly felt that everything he had done before was ridiculous. He had used a few centuries to unify the entire continent but ultimately discovered that it was a futile effort!

“In the past, the Glorious Land was sealed for special reasons. Now, I’ve opened it up. So, any Great Wizard or even Seventh, Eight or Ninth-level Spell Casters who are unafraid of risks, can leave the Glorious Land.”

Bhutto XVII nodded. Following that, Merlin brought Bhutto XVII back to the Glorious Land once more.



“Whoosh.”

Both of them emerged in the foyer but Bhutto XVII felt as if he was in a dream. The Great Wizards below still wore vacant expressions without moving at all.

“Wizard Merlin, these Wizards...”

Merlin withdrew his Mind Power. Instantly, these Great Wizards woke up from the illusion. When they saw that an additional figure had appeared beside Bhutto XVII, some of their faces changed greatly as they cried out in surprise, “Wizard Merlin?”

“It really is Wizard Merlin!”

These Great Wizards had seen Merlin before, so naturally, they recognized him at a glance. As for the new Great Wizards who were headed by Minway, they secretly became wary.

“Wizard Merlin, you’ve returned just in time. Things are different today. Back then, you’d done the Kingdom of Blackmoon a great service but now, your clan and the Dark Magic Region no longer align with the kingdom’s interest. Therefore...”

Before he could finish, Merlin’s invisible Mind Power started fluctuating. Wizard Minway’s expression turned slack as he slowly raised his hand, beginning to conjure up a powerful spell.

“What’s going on? Why am I not in control of my body, no...” Read the next chapter on our [vipnovel.com](http://vipnovel.com)

Minway was shocked to discover he was mobilizing Magic Power to wield a spell but the target of that spell was himself.

“Fire!”

Merlin’s voice was soft but as soon as he spoke, Great Wizard Minway unleashed the Fire-type spell, submerging himself in the blazing fire.

Soon, Great Wizard Minway's body was reduced to ashes, and his force had vanished completely. A powerful Great Wizard could put up no resistance. Merlin did not even have to attack. He had "killed himself" under Merlin's control.

A death like this would seem incomparably reprehensible if others learned about this.

At this point, some of the new Wizards could not help but feel a chill in their hearts. They had heard of rumors regarding Merlin but had always felt that these were exaggerations, that it was the older Great Wizards who had feared Merlin.

Now, they felt that the words of the older Great Wizards did not convey Merlin's fearsomeness at all. Being able to control a Great Wizard with one look – a technique like this far exceeded their imaginations.

"I've only come at this time to meet an old friend. The Glorious Land has been unsealed. I should leave."

Merlin glanced at Bhutto XVII. Surely Bhutto XVII knew by now, how laughable the Kingdom of Blackmoon was in the Spell Caster civilization.

Bhutto XVII hurriedly stood up. "Wizard Merlin, will we meet again in the Void Zone?"

"We can, of course! I'll move the Glorious Land beside Glory City, where I am. If there's a chance, we'll surely meet again..."

With that, Merlin's figure disappeared as if he was never there, leaving behind only those Great Wizards who exchanged blank looks. They did not quite understand what Merlin meant.

What Glorious Land, what Void Zone... Nonetheless, some of the keener observers noticed Bhutto XVII's serious expression, and they knew that the Kingdom of Blackmoon would be greatly transformed.

...

"Hoo..."

In the peaceful Void Zone, great waves were stirred up at this moment. Three Aurora warships appeared before the Spell Caster civilization.

“It should be here. The coordinates of the dimension map aren’t far from here.”

In the three Aurora warships were Laerin, Sirin, and Hayrin who had traveled a long way from the Great Light Region. With Laerin in the lead, they had gone through a long journey to finally reach the coordinates indicated on the dimension map.

“This is so remote. Without the Aurora warships, we can’t even reach this place in a hundred million years. Nonetheless, this fits the conditions of the confinement dimension left behind by the Vestigial Tribe. Who knows, those two Light Envoys might have discovered a confinement dimension of the Vestigial Tribe.”

Hayrin gave a careful analysis. Other than to uncover what happened to the two Light Envoys, the more crucial reason for their arrival was to search for the Vestigial Tribe’s confinement dimension. This was personally ordered by the Great Light Honorable Lord.

“There seems to be a civilization here. Looking through them one by one is troublesome. Let’s wipe out some immediately and force out the strongest contenders of this civilization. We can directly ask and find out if they’ve seen the two Light Envoys!”

Sirin immediately spoke tyrannically. Contenders from the Great Light Region usually acted in this domineering manner.

Laerin, who was their head, considered the idea then nodded. “Let’s act then!”

“Rumble.”

The three Light Guardian immediately kept their Aurora warships. Their bodies flashed mightily with the tremendous power of the natural order, condensing countless gigantic fists that gently pounded the endless surrounding dimensions. These dimensions were annihilated in a flash, turned into fragments.

In the blink of an eye, dozens of dimensions were destroyed. The entire Spell Caster civilization was shaken up!

Chapter 868: Conceited!

By now, the Spell Caster civilization was extremely illustrious. They could not figure out who would still dare to provoke the Spell Caster civilization and in such a manner.

“Who is it that’s provoking our Spell Caster civilization?”

“Even the God Alliance was destroyed by us. Has someone gone mad?”

Many Legends and Honored Legends in the dimensions flew out in astonishment. Nevertheless, when they spotted the three curiously-dressed figures, all of them trembled simultaneously.

“They’re ultimate existences. Quick, report to Arcane City!”

Thus, the news circulated swiftly, soon reaching Arcane City. In the present, the Spell Caster civilization still had three great Arcane Cities – Augustus Arcane City, Ceci Arcane City, and of course the most special Glory City.

Among these, Glory City was the most powerful!

However, at the moment, Merlin was not overseeing in Glory City, so when Augustus and Ceci received the news, they quickly hurried over.

“Swish swish.”

Arcane Wizards Augustus and Ceci arrived with the mighty presence of the natural order’s vast power. When they saw the three figures, their hearts sank a little. These were ultimate existences indeed.

“Who are you? Don’t you know that this is our Spell Caster civilization?”

Wizard Augustus called out thunderously.

“Spell Caster civilization? Have you seen two Curved Horn ultimate existences?”

One of them, Laerin, asked bluntly.

“The Curved Horn Tribe?”

Augustus’ and Ceci’s expression shifted greatly. Were those not the two foreign tribe members Merlin had killed recently? Could they be contenders who had come from the Great Light Region?

Upon seeing the changes on Augustus’ and Ceci’s faces, Laerin exuded a cold force as he snorted. “It looks like you two know about those two Light Envoys. Go on, what happened to those two?”

When they noticed the unfriendly looks of the three foreign tribe members, Augustus and Ceci exchanged a glance. Although they were ultimate existences, ever since the two Curved Horn Creatures came by, they knew that all of the ultimate existences here were merely beginners. Compared to those truly powerful ultimate existences, there was still an immense disparity.

These three foreign tribe members had come a long way to search for those two Curved Horn Creatures. They must have impressive capabilities, at least no weaker than those two Curved Horn Creatures or even stronger. Therefore, Augustus and Ceci were no match by far. So, even if they clashed forcefully, they had no chance of winning.

With this in mind, they decided to stall for time, waiting for Merlin’s return.

Thus, Augustus spoke, “Everyone, the two Curved Horn Creatures had found a Vestigial Tribe dimension here. We daren’t enter that dimension for it can cut off the natural order’s power. Therefore, the two Curved Horn Creatures went in and still haven’t come out. Could it be that you’re their companions?”

“A Vestigial Tribe dimension that could isolate the natural order?”

The expressions of Laerin, Hayrin, and Sirin shifted slightly but thereafter, they revealed great delight. This was similar to the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension that the Great Light Honorable Lord had asked them to look for. There was a high possibility this was the confinement dimension they were searching for.

If it was the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension, and those two Light Envoys had entered that dimension carelessly, it was hazardous indeed. They might have encountered danger within.

"I wonder if they're telling the truth?"

Hayrin cast an unfriendly glance at Augustus and Ceci. Although it was just a glance, Augustus and Ceci felt an immense pressure that was even stronger than the previous two Curved Horn Creatures.

"Whether it's the truth, we'll know once we take a look. Is there anything in this rural region that could threaten us? If it's the confinement dimension, and those two Light Envoys who are merely first-grade ultimate existences dare to enter the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension so carelessly, then they're courting death!"

Laerin laughed coldly. He was capable and thus, confident. Even without the three of them, he alone was assured that he could wipe out the Spell Caster civilization. As for Augustus and Ceci, both were beginner ultimate existences and were no threat to the three of them at all.

Crafty schemes and plots were rather useless at their stage. Even if they were lured into the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension, it was pointless. They were still Light Guardians – second-grade ultimate existences. They had stored plenty of the natural order's power within their body. The confinement dimension was futile against them.

"Alright, both of you lead the way and bring us to the Vestigial Tribe's dimension."

Laerin gradually released a trace of his force. Although it was just a trace, it made Augustus and Ceci endlessly appalled as it was difficult for them to even mobilize the natural order.

The disparity was too immense!

Thus, Augustus and Ceci nodded, leading Laerin and the rest toward Glory City. Nonetheless, their Maxim avatars headed in another direction, swiftly rushing to the Glorious Land to search for Merlin. Currently, only Merlin was capable of resolving the crisis.

...

“It’s here, the Glorious Land!”

Outside the Glorious Land, two figures emerged suddenly. They were the Maxim avatars of Wizard Augustus and Ceci and had hurried here at their greatest speed.

“Even the seal is gone. It looks like Wizard Merlin has gone into the Glorious Land. Let’s quickly locate him.”

Thus, the two ultimate existences’ Maxim avatars rapidly extended their consciousness into the Glorious Land. Even though they were only avatars, they were comparable to Lords. Therefore, searching through a mere dimension was a piece of cake to them.

At the moment, Merlin was carefully feeling the Glorious Land’s Dimension Origin. He found that it was not complete, being slightly damaged. He did not know if it was Aruba or the great war against the Atlan civilization that had damaged the Glorious Land’s Dimension Origin.

Therefore, Merlin was thinking of a way to slowly mend this Dimension Origin, which would take a longer time.

“Huh? Wizard Augustus, Wizard Ceci, is something the matter?”

Merlin had controlled the Glorious Land. Naturally, he immediately sensed the consciousness of Wizards Augustus and Ceci, so he stepped out of the Glorious Land, appearing before those two.

“Oh good, Glory Lord, we’ve finally found you! Three powerful foreign members had just arrived, looking for the two Curved Horn Creatures. They must be contenders who had come from the Great Light Region. They destroyed dozens of dimensions in one stroke. Fortunately, we’ve deceived them for now, leading them toward Glory City. We’re using this chance to hurry over here and inform you.”

Both of them were slightly panicked. The three foreign members' abilities were too formidable, and they felt unable to contend against those three.

"Oh? They're here so soon? That's good. Since they're heading to Glory City, there's still time! Both of you, enter my Aurora warship. We'll hurry to Glory City at the greatest speed."

Merlin did not hesitate at all. The Glorious Land could be moved later on, and the Dimension Origin could be slowly repaired. Nonetheless, first, he had to deal with the three powerful foreign members.

"Swoosh."

The three of them sat in the Aurora warship and swiftly flew toward Glory City.

...

In the icy Void Zone, five ultimate existences were using the power of the natural order to speed up, flying toward Glory City.

Initially, Augustus and Ceci still wore nervous expressions but as time passed, they became more collected. Nevertheless, every move of theirs was observed clearly by Laerin and the rest behind them.

"Oh no, something's fishy about them both. Let me interrogate them!"

Hayrin's face turned cold and she immediately wanted to confront Wizard Augustus and Ceci.

"Hold on. As if I didn't know they were up to something. These two ultimate existences, at most, are informing even stronger existences of their civilization but that's good as well. They surely have something to do with the deaths of the two Light Envoys. After their contenders have gathered, it'll save us the trouble of hunting them down one by one. Who knows if some of them might slip away, which would be troublesome too."

Laerin said, totally unconcerned.



The three of them were conceited to an extreme but they were entitled to act this way. They were three of the eighteen Light Guardians of the Great Light Region, having annihilated countless civilizations, some of which had dozens of ultimate existences or even ultimate contenders at the peak of the first-grade. Nonetheless, no one could withstand a single blow from any of them three.

Each grade of ultimate existences had inconceivable massive disparity. Otherwise, the eighteen fighters who were second-grade ultimate existences would not pledge allegiance to the third-grade Great Light Honorable Lord.

It was precisely due to this strength that Laerin was so confident. He did not believe that this rural region would have powerful existences. Those two Light Envoys would die, most likely because they had entered the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension. At their puny ultimate first-grade stage, certainly, they stored no natural order in their bodies. Entering the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension was equivalent to walking into a prison. They would have no way of using the natural order's power. Even a joint attack could easily kill those two Light Envoys.

It should be known that in the first place, the confinement dimension was used by the Vestigial Tribe to imprison ultimate existences and gods. The two Light Envoys who entered recklessly were idiotic to the extreme.

"Maybe they have tricks up their sleeves, luring us into the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension. If it's the confinement dimension, then we won't have to look for it, killing two birds with one stone!"

Laerin's words were supported by the other two Light Guardians. They were contenders of the ultimate second-grade. In the Void Zone, they stood at the pinnacle of fighters. Those who could slay them were extremely rare.

Perhaps a third-grade ultimate existence could do so but in such a remote territory, how could such an existence possibly appear?

Therefore, three of them were relaxed. Even though they knew Augustus and Ceci were acting fishy as if hatching a plan to deal with them, they did not expose the ruse, silently following behind Augustus and Ceci.

“We’ve reached the Vestigial Tribe dimension!”

Suddenly, Augustus stopped but a strange smirk stretched his lips.

Chapter 869: Kill!

Augustus and Ceci stopped and turned around, glaring coldly at Laerin and the rest.

Laerin’s gaze was calm before his eyes finally revealed a spirited glint. He said mildly, “The person you’ve secretly informed – have they arrived? That’s good. I don’t feel like searching for them one by one. Since they’re here, come out.”

Electric snakes twisted around Laerin’s body constantly. These electric snakes were a manifestation of the natural order which was condensed to the extreme. Most ultimate existences could not do this at all.

Sirin and Hayrin stood behind Laerin. The three second-grade ultimate existences exuded a force that faintly caused countless life forms in the surrounding dimensions to shudder.

Even Augustus and Ceci changed their expressions as they hurriedly glanced back.

“Roar...”

Suddenly, a roar ripped through the Void Zone. Laerin and the rest were quite flabbergasted.

Augustus and Ceci were pleased. “The Glory Lord is finally here!”

When they previously received news that Merlin had already returned to Glory City, they stopped here. Now that Merlin had arrived at last, they could rest easy.

Soon, an incomparably gigantic monster appeared in the spacious Void Zone. Its colossal frame was much bigger than most dimensions.

“Slothful Beast?”

The eyes of Laerin and the rest shone. This was a Slothful Beast, only to be found through luck. First-grade ultimate existences were helpless against the Slothful Beast.

Only ultimate existences of the second-grade or higher could injure the Slothful Beast slightly but even then, the damage was limited. As for controlling the Slothful Beast, that was a fool's dream. Forget about them. Even a third-grade ultimate existence like the Great Light Honorable Lord was unable to control the Slothful Beast.

Nonetheless, there was a Slothful Beast present now. On its back stood a black-robed figure. From the looks of it, this person could steer the gigantic Slothful Beast.

“To be able to control and steer the Slothful Beast, how wonderful! If we can gain this method of control, won't our capabilities be greatly enhanced among the second-grade of ultimate existences?”

Laerin, Sirin, and Hayrin were all at the ultimate second-grade. They knew profoundly how scary the Slothful Beast was. Although second-grade ultimate existences could injure the Slothful Beast, it was too difficult to kill it. If they could obtain the method of controlling the Slothful Beast, in one leap, they would immediately become existences second only to the Great Light Honorable Lord.

All at once, they were incomparably covetous. Compared to searching for the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension, they cared more about this method of commanding the Slothful Beast. After all, even if they had located the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension, they would hand it over to the Great Light Honorable Lord's control. They would not gain any benefits. However, controlling a Slothful Beast was different. That would increase their strength tangibly!

“Just you? It looks like those two Light Envoys were killed by you? Just this Slothful Beast alone is insufficient for you to kill them. You're not even a mere ultimate existence yet. The Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension that those two mentioned must be real.”

At a glance, Laerin could tell that Merlin was not even an ultimate existence, and thus unable to kill the two Light Envoys. No matter how puny those two were, they were still at the peak of the ultimate first-grade. In this rural region, no one was stronger than the two Light Envoys.

Nonetheless, they linked this to the person who was commanding the Slothful Beast and controlling the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension. Luring those two Light Envoys into the dimension, in addition to controlling the Slothful Beast – the fearsome power that could erupt in the confinement dimension could have killed those two Light Envoys.

The more Laerin thought about it, the more this seemed likely. Still, he was not enraged. Those were merely two Light Envoys. If they could obtain the method of manipulating the Slothful Beast, so what if even more Light Envoys died?

“You dare to kill the Light Envoys of our Great Light Region – how brave! Oh well, we'll capture you first, then take our time to question you.”

Laerin stuck first. He was even observing Sirin and Hayrin. There was only one Slothful Beast, which would augment his capability. Laerin would not allow anyone to compete for this.

Therefore, he used his strongest power in the first blow. All of the power of the natural order in his body exploded at once. Electric snakes swiftly gathered, turning into an enormous lightning serpent.

“Rumble.”

The lightning serpent transformed from the natural order stretched its jaws, hissing as it flew toward Merlin. Furthermore, as an ultimate existence, Laerin could wield the natural order of the Void Zone, incessantly amplifying the giant lightning serpent. Therefore, as the lightning serpent dashed forward wildly, its might became more terrifying. In the blink of an eye, it had exploded in size many times over with dreadful power. Who knew how much stronger it was than those two Curved Horn Creatures?

“It looks like you're Light Guardians, ultimate existences of the second-grade!”

Merlin stared at the lightning serpent of overbearing might. Compared to most ultimate existences who had controlled the power of the natural order, second-grade ultimate existences were much, much stronger. Furthermore, the power of the natural order was more concentrated. Each strand would contain unparalleled power, capable to easily wiping out innumerable dimensions.

Merlin drew in a deep breath, and shut his eyes lightly.

“Boom.”

A thunderous crash sounded, weighing heavily on everyone’s heart, too unpleasant to bear.

As for Merlin, he had now transformed into a giant golden light. The black robe he wore was somehow glistening with golden rays, emitting a majestic and terrifying force!

That deafening crash earlier was due to Merlin using his hand in a direct, ruthless grip. That giant lightning serpent seemed to possess consciousness, snarling ferociously, yet it was unable to escape from Merlin’s golden grasp.

“Shatter!”

With a loud cry, the golden light grew blinding, and pure energy exploded instantly. The power of the natural order in the lightning serpent was smashed and scattered. Upon encountering the golden light, it rapidly melted like snow under a blazing sun.

“What? This... This is...”

Laerin’s face changed quickly as he watched the giant golden light. He could not be more shocked than he already was. Even though he was a second-grade ultimate existence, he was still stunned.

“The Vestigial Tribe’s ultimate weapon, rumored to be their peak power, an unrivaled weapon that could match the ancient Thirty-six Emperors – the Golden Ray Armor!”

“So the legends were true...”

Sirin and Hayrin were second-grade ultimate existences as well. When they spotted Merlin’s Golden Ray Armor, they immediately recognized that this was the Vestigial Tribe’s legendary Golden Ray Armor.

Although the Golden Ray Armor was so few it could be counted on one hand, the Great Light Honorable Lord had controlled two of the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension and gained many of their treasures.

Although they had not obtained any of the Vestigial Tribe's three mighty armors, they had received detailed data about those armors. Naturally, as an unrivaled weapon that could contend against the ancient Thirty-six Emperors, the Golden Ray Armor was most prioritized by the Great Light Honorable Lord.

Although it was said that the Golden Ray Armor could not be utilized without the Vestigial Tribe's Brain of Life, the Great Light Honorable Lord was not concerned, still searching everywhere for the armor.

His main objective in looking for the Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension was to obtain the Golden Ray Armor. In the end, the Vestigial Tribe was destroyed by the Thirty-six Emperors. If the Golden Ray Armor existed, it was surely placed in a confinement dimension.

Laerin and the rest were somewhat speechless. They did not think that the Golden Ray Armor the Great Light Honorable Lord had been dreaming of would show up here. Moreover, it was more astounding that someone could use the Golden Ray Armor.

"You're the Vestigial Tribe? No, the Vestigial Tribe's body has a unique composition. Anyone with the Vestigial Tribe's blood couldn't gain any power from the Void Zone. Although your power isn't that strong, it's close to an ultimate existence. You can't be from the Vestigial Tribe. However, if not, how can you use the Golden Ray Armor?"

Laerin was completely perplexed but Hayrin and Sirin behind him had turned mad with desire. Merlin was not the Vestigial Tribe but could activate the Golden Ray Armor. If they could get it, would they still need to obey the Great Light Honorable Lord's orders?

They could even use the Golden Ray Armor to kill the Great Light Honorable Lord in one blow, becoming the new ruler of the Great Light Region!

Therefore, Hayrin and Sirin did not give Merlin a chance to recover his breath, striking instantly. It was a full-force attack. The Void Zone's power of the natural order was intense to the extreme, slightly even more fearsome than the origin of the natural order which Flarite had attracted.

Nonetheless, they were blinded by greed, forgetting that Merlin had the Golden Ray Armor. How could they compare to him?

“Gravitational field!”

Invisible energy fluctuations emerged from Merlin, enveloping Laerin and the rest. Their bodies instantly turned sluggish as if there was endless pressure coming from all sides.

Nonetheless, the gravitational field could only affect them slightly. Merlin knew that without unleashing the annihilation function, he could not handle the three of them.

Therefore, the golden giant waved both hands. An unseen energy that made everyone trembled swiftly extended outward.

“Annihilation function!”

Back then, the Atlan Dimension Core had been largely consumed to activate the annihilation function once. This used up too much energy but this was because Merlin was simply relying on a program to control the Golden Ray Armor, thus unable to unleash its full power.

Otherwise, the true strength of the Golden Ray Armor was on par with the Thirty-six Emperors. The annihilation function was meant for existences like the Thirty-six Emperors. Even they would have to avoid it.

If the Golden Ray Armor was at full power, just the gravitational field could easily crush second-grade ultimate existences. As for third-grade ultimate existences, the Golden Ray Armor would not need to resort to annihilation either.

However, Merlin was not truly from the Vestigial Tribe and did not have the Brain of Life. He could not wield the full power of the Golden Ray Armor, so he could only unleash its most frightening power – the annihilation function!

The overwhelming annihilation function spread soundlessly toward Laerin and the rest. Everything that it touched – any form of energy was disintegrated, including Sirin and Hayrin’s strongest attack. Even the natural order which filled the space, after encountering the annihilation function, was silently broken down and dispersed.

At this point, those three had sensed the unseen hazard. How could they not understand? The true threat was Merlin who looked as if he was not an ultimate existence. He was the one who had killed the two Light Envoys.

Currently, even these three formidable Light Guardians, second-grade ultimate existences, were faced with the death threat!

“Sizzle sizzle sizzle.”

Three soft hisses – the power of the natural order covering the three Light Guardians could not halt the annihilation function at all. In an instant, they were reduced to ashes without even time to plead for their lives.

“Don’t let their treasures go to waste!”

Merlin reached out and grabbed their rings just in time. He inspected with his Mind Power. As expected, they contained treasures such as the Aurora warship. Merlin had acted in time, not letting the annihilation function destroy these treasures.

Chapter 870: Departure I

“Dead?”

Wizard Augustus and Ceci flew over. Although they were ultimate existences, they could not interfere in that previous battle. Currently, they were no longer uninformed creatures who had only stayed in one territory. They knew that ultimate existences were divided into a few grades, and the disparity between each grade was like an insurmountable moat!

Those three foreign members were Light Guardians of the Great Light Region, having reached the ultimate second-grade. In particular, Laerin, who could control lightning was the top contender. Even so, in front of Merlin, they could not withstand one blow.

Especially that mysterious power that Merlin had finally unleashed, which destroyed everything in its path, easily slaying the three Light Guardians. They did not even have the chance to flee. How terrifying!



Augustus gave Merlin a complicated look. The present Merlin had truly grown to a stage none of them could have imagined. In not just the Spell Caster civilization but even the entire region, he was undoubtedly the strongest person among the countless surrounding civilization.

Nonetheless, Augustus was still somewhat worried. From what the two Curved Horn Creatures had said, they learned that the Great Light Region was not that simple. Not only were there seventy-two Light Envoys and eighteen Light Guardians but the strongest of them was also the Great Light Honorable Lord who was the ruler of the Great Light Region, a supreme contender who was the ultimate third-grade.

This time, for him to send three Light Guardians, it meant that the Great Light Honorable Lord had taken notice. Now that the three Light Guardians were dead, there was no doubt that the Great Light Honorable Lord would be furious.

Next time, it might not be Light Guardians who would visit the Spell Caster civilization but the Great Light Honorable Lord himself. Before such a being, the entire Spell Caster civilization could be completely annihilated at his single thought.

Even the Atlan civilization, if it had not encountered the Spell Caster civilization but a tyrannical force like the Great Light Region instead – one Light Guardian could easily sweep over the entire Atlan civilization. The Vestigial Tribe's confinement dimension was of no use.

“Merlin, we need to properly discuss about Great Light Honorable Lord. This won't do. Let's move away. Now that the Spell Caster civilization has you, in addition to seizing countless dimensions of the God Alliance, we've created many powerful Wizards. We can move away with no trouble.”

Augustus gritted his teeth and gave his opinion, which was to relocate to preserve the civilization. In truth, it was not like this was without precedent.

The Giant Tribe had relocated from afar. Back then, they were called the Titan Tribe, a powerful civilization who could jointly kill Black Star Warriors. However, due to the Vestigial Tribe, they had moved a long way, finally reaching this region.

However, each relocation might cause the destruction of a civilization. The Giant Tribe's decline to their present state was largely linked to their relocation.

The initially flourishing Titan Tribe could fall to such a stage in just one relocation, let alone the Spell Caster civilization. Other than Merlin, the general strength of the Spell Caster civilization was not that great.

There were so many dangers in the Void Zone. Without finding a suitable place for the Spell Caster civilization, the entire civilization would fall into ruins. Thus, they must not move except as a final resort.

“There’s no need for such a big fuss. Wizard Augustus, Wizard Ceci, I’ll stay on in the Spell Caster civilization for some time to make arrangements. Thereafter, there’s no need to wait for the Great Light Honorable Lord’s arrival. I’ll look him up myself and resolve our worry!”

“You’ll look for the Great Light Honorable Lord?”

Augustus and Ceci were flabbergasted. Although Merlin had exhibited power that was far greater than second-grade ultimate existences, they were unassured that he could deal with the Great Light Honorable Lord. Moreover, Merlin would have to travel a long distance to strike into the Great Light Region. This was very risky. One mistake, and Merlin might die.

“Don’t worry. Of course, I have some assurance!”

Merlin did not explain further. He was already ready to leave the Spell Caster civilization but before that, there were many matters to settle.

...

After three months, the Spell Caster civilization sent out invitations to the Tree Tribe, the Avian Tribe, the Giant Tribe, and almost every powerful foreign civilization nearby. Using Merlin’s name, all ultimate existences from the surrounding civilizations were invited to the Spell Caster civilization to discuss something significant.

This was a primary concern for countless civilizations nearby. In so many years, the God Alliance was the strongest force. The eight god organizations had suppressed many civilizations until they could barely breathe.

However, even such an overbearing force was destroyed by Merlin alone. Currently, the Spell Caster civilization had flourished to an extreme.

Furthermore, news had spread that even some distant foreign members had died in Merlin's hands, especially the Light Envoys and Light Guardians from the Great Light Region. Some ultimate existences of other civilizations had used various means to learn specific details.

Of course, this was what the Spell Caster civilization had permitted. The intentional news spread was Merlin's final arrangement. Naturally, he could not leave the Spell Caster civilization just like that. He had practically become a symbol of the Spell Caster civilization, especially as more time passed, and those within the Spell Caster civilization who accepted and became Mind Power Masters had increased in numbers. Merlin had become an emblem of these Mind Power Masters.

Under such circumstances, it was not easy for Merlin to leave. He had to prepare everything.

No one from the surrounding foreign civilizations turned down the invitation because it was an invitation from the number one figure – Wizard Merlin!

Therefore, contenders from each civilization had gathered in Glory City. Despite being unable to detect the natural order in Glory City, these ultimate existences were not that worried.

With Merlin's abilities, he would not need to lure them into Glory City to easily wipe them out. Thus, they entered Glory City gladly and calmly, using this opportunity to experience the uniqueness of Glory City.

In the largest dimension of Glory City, Merlin finally showed up. This time, everyone he had invited was an ultimate existence – genuine rulers from the surrounding civilizations.

“Everyone, I believe you know about the Great Light Region. Our territory is too small, and the Void Zone is too big. Just the Great Light Region alone is stronger than us, who knows by how much. Therefore, I suggest we form an alliance!”

Merlin's purpose in gathering so many foreign civilizations for discussion was to establish an alliance, unifying the entire territory as one. Even if it was a loose alliance, it was better than going solo. In the face of danger, there would only be one or two civilizations to put up a fight.

If they truly encountered a formidable force, a civilization's solitary strength in this territory could not hold up at all.

Augustus and Ceci were not surprised. Before this, Merlin had explained this clearly to them. Forming an alliance was the best plan for now. Of course, there was a better plan – for the Spell Caster civilization to vanquish all foreign civilizations and unify the entire territory.

With Merlin's abilities, of course, he could do this. Nonetheless, it would not be that functional for the Spell Caster civilization. It might even be pointless. After all, the Spell Caster civilization had sufficient living space now, even having excess. Just the God Alliance's dimensions contained much more space than the previous Spell Caster civilization.

No matter how many dimensions one had, one would need enough life forms to occupy them. Nonetheless, the Spell Caster civilization had only set foot in the Void Zone for merely three thousand years or so, before producing a Wizard like Merlin who was immeasurable by ordinary standards. Other than Merlin, the general Spell Caster civilization was not that powerful.

With such a colossal force, the Spell Caster civilization would have enough space to develop, even for a few million years. There was no need to wipe out the surrounding Spell Caster civilizations.

Moreover, even if they were wiped out, more ultimate existences would die. The overall strength of the Spell Caster civilization would not increase. Conversely, the power of this territory would be weakened.

Wizard Augustus and Ceci would not agree to an arduous and unrewarding effort like this, so they might as well form an alliance, uniting all their forces. This was the best plan.

After hearing Merlin's suggestion, the foreign civilization members below broke into fervent discussion. This development was too astonishing. They had not even gotten a whiff of it.

“Alliance – how will it be exactly? Would it be like the God Alliance?”

The Titan Giant Chronos piped up with a question.

By now, the Giant Tribe was no longer the Titan Tribe that had waged war against the Vestigial Tribe. They had declined to a civilization in a rural territory. Today, there were merely two

ultimate existences. Perhaps they were considered formidable in this region but in the entire Void Zone, they were nothing much.

The Titan Giant's question was one that everyone was most concerned about. If they became like the God Alliance, there was no difference – alliance or not. Back then, the eight god organizations of the God Alliance, thanks to separate interests, were unable to ultimately expand their influence.

Merlin shook his head. "Of course, it'd be different. The God Alliance was too disorganized. What we need is an alliance that can quickly gather power to counter any danger. Thus, a mighty civilization must take the lead. I suggest that the Spell Caster civilization does so. If we encounter any danger, the Spell Caster civilization can command all civilizations to participate with their greatest effort!"

Naturally, for Merlin to form an alliance, he wanted to fight for the Spell Caster civilization's benefit.

Merlin's meaning was evident. He wanted the surrounding civilization to acknowledge the Spell Caster civilization's position, and even follow their commands.

The advantage was that they did not have to worry the Spell Caster civilization would swallow them up. Plus, if they met an external threat, they would not have to resist by themselves, and could instead, seek assistance from the alliance.

In truth, there were many civilizations, especially the Giant Tribe, the Tree Tribe, and others that were relatively stronger, who were unwilling to form such an alliance with the Spell Casters taking the lead.

However, Merlin was so powerful now that they could not contend against him by far. Thus, after going through some specifics, they finally agreed to establish an alliance with the Spell Caster civilization as their head.

This alliance would have Glory City as its core, called the Glory Alliance!