

The Growth 644

Chapter 644 2: Found a Wizard

Cat-headed Wizard Laputa is a wizard from Witch Country—Kurt.

However, with the destruction of Witch Country, Laputa, who managed to escape, became the last survivor of this mystical land.

As for why Witch Country was destroyed?

It's actually quite simple—they attempted to analyze the existence of the Gods.

Witch Country is not an indigenous civilization of the Disaster Realm, but like the Mountain and Sea People, they were outsiders unintentionally drawn into this world.

Since arriving in the Disaster Realm, the numerous yet dimensionally stagnant Gods have become the subject and target of the wizards' studies.

At first, they only dared to secretly research matters related to the Gods.

But as time went on, the wizards grew bolder and even started studying the Gods themselves, secretly plotting their godslaying.

The result was predictable; the Disaster Realm is not like the Mountain and Sea Realm, and the wizards' actions unsurprisingly provoked the wrath of the Gods.

In a rare occurrence, the Gods of the Disaster Realm united to annihilate Witch Country.

They also ensured the complete eradication of all survivors from Witch Country, forbidding even a single seed of this civilization to remain.

After all, these audacious individuals were inherently defiant, even loudly proclaiming their belief in truth over the Gods as they faced extinction.

In such circumstances, knowing they could not capture a single wizard, the Gods naturally showed no mercy.

Laputa escaped using his time-traveling witchcraft on the eve of Witch Country's destruction.

Yet, whether fortunate or unfortunate, Laputa found himself in a land of yellow sand.

In this desert covered in yellow sand, Laputa certainly evaded the sight of the Gods, but also found himself in a life or death crisis.

When Laputa, without food or water, tried to use witchcraft again for time travel.

He was astonished to discover that this world was no longer familiar to him, but rather an entirely strange and unknown time-space.

The time-traveling witchcraft had not only changed Laputa's location but altered the time node he was in.

In the current Disaster Realm, there is no Witch Country.

Laputa's witchcraft had brought him to an unknown time node in the Disaster Realm.

Possibly in the past or maybe in the future, nonetheless, Laputa could not ascertain the specific time node.

The only certainty is that the Gods of this era do not have ongoing intent to hunt the wizards, which allowed Laputa to survive by a stroke of luck.

Nevertheless, the famished and thirsty Laputa realized he was already halfway through the Ghost Gate.

"Never thought... I would die in such a manner..."

After another futile attempt to summon water with witchcraft, the exhausted Laputa silently lay in the yellow sand, awaiting the quiet arrival of death.

Abandoning his companions, abandoning his kin, abandoning everything he could...

Laputa had thought he would always maintain that coldly ruthless mindset, but in truth, he was just a mortal.

"Should've just fought the Gods back then..."

In his dying moments, Laputa mumbled to himself, suddenly hearing faint footsteps.

In a daze, Laputa struggled to turn his head, eyes widening as he seemingly saw a winged figure emerging from the depths of the yellow sand.

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"Cat race? Laputa?"

Bracing against the strong wind and approaching the being gradually buried in the sand, Feng Xi widened his eyes in astonishment.

For this cat race buried in the sand appeared almost identical to Maitot's Apostle—Laputa, except his age and temperament seemed a bit youthful.

Of course, if this cat race had a large magic wand by his side, he'd resemble Laputa even more.

"No, he originally had a magic wand..."

As the third eye on his brow slowly opened, Feng Xi observed distinct energy flows in the surrounding air.

It's evidently the so-called "Magic Power."

Regrettably, without the aid of the magic wand, this cat race couldn't gather magic power or use witchcraft, rendering his current situation worse than Feng Xi's.

At least Feng Xi had implants to use, and his internal Primordial Qi was gradually recovering.

In contrast, losing the magic wand, this cat race had lost everything and could only helplessly witness his own gradual descent towards death.

"Are wizards such a fragile profession?"

Thinking back to when Laputa single-handedly confronted the entire Sky City, and seeing this cat race close to perishing from thirst, Feng Xi felt he had gained a new understanding of the special profession called "Wizard."

Wizards are indeed powerful when strong, yet remarkably weak when fragile.

The Mountain and Sea Civilization never favored such extreme professional tendencies, instead pursuing balanced development in the Ascension Ladder.

Feng Xi himself was a prime example of this ideology.

Even temporarily deprived of casting attributes, he could surpass normal biological survival abilities through implant enhancements.

In fact, even without implant fortification, the Mountain and Sea People's physical strength was not something ordinary creatures could challenge.

Born with species advantages coupled with acquired trait cultivation...

Even the relatively frail Winged men from the Mountain and Sea Civilization could effortlessly achieve extraordinary feats of strength.

"So, is he Laputa?"

With confusion and puzzlement, Feng Xi lifted the feeble cat race with one hand.

The cat race's unexpectedly light weight, Feng Xi roughly estimated it wouldn't exceed fifty kilograms.

This included all the belongings it carried.

"He's carrying quite a lot of miscellaneous items..."

With a gentle shake, Feng Xi caused various odd items to fall out from the cat race's pockets.

Dried lizards, peculiar herbs, artifacts with unclear purposes...

Looking at those random items, Feng Xi reinforced his stereotype of the wizard profession.

While Qi Cultivators also practiced Alchemy Dao and Artifact Refining, their reliance on external items was not as... severe.

After much thought, Feng Xi could only use "severe" to describe his impression.

A wizard without a magic wand might be even less robust than a regular leopard.

"Regardless of whether he is Laputa, having encountered him I cannot let him die without aid, it doesn't require much effort anyway."

Lightly flapping his wings, Feng Xi was evidently unaccustomed to his new wings.

Yet after several attempts, Feng Xi finally managed to fly.

And so, carrying Laputa in one hand, Feng Xi slowly ascended into the sky, then headed towards the nearest oasis he could see.