

The Growth 648

Chapter 648 6: A Wizard's Romance

When Laputa opened its eyes once again, it found itself in a simple shed.

The injuries on its body had healed, and even the hunger and thirst had vanished...

Wherever it looked, there were only log cabins made from freshly cut wood, and faintly, the noisy sounds of people could be heard outside.

"Am I... rescued?"

Looking down at itself, Laputa noticed a bright green Treasure Pearl hanging on its chest.

Laputa, who was extremely sensitive to magic power, clearly sensed a mysterious power emanating from this pearl.

It was because of this mysterious power that Laputa's injuries could slowly recover to their current state.

"A Healing Treasure Pearl?"

Though Laputa had never seen such a pearl, similar objects were not uncommon in the former Witch Country.

Obviously, this bright green pearl was similar to a "Healing Treasure Pearl", capable of continuously releasing life energy to heal its holder.

"Awake?"

Just as Laputa was in confusion, the door of the wooden cabin was quietly pushed open.

A tall figure with the head of an eagle and flesh wings entered the room, curiously examining Laputa.

"Mm, thank you for saving me."

Upholding the wizard's usual politeness, Laputa got up with some effort and softly expressed its gratitude.

Before Laputa could continue to say anything, Feng Xi had already started speaking to itself.

"You woke up just in time, we're almost at the Land of No Gods."

"Hundred Eyed Dragon and the others have already arranged the relevant handover with the natives, you should go help next!"

Despite feeling bewildered, Laputa instinctively nodded.

In hindsight, it proved Laputa had nodded a bit too early.

Because it wasn't until being led into the Oasis by Feng Xi that Laputa realized how many residents were here.

Laputa's current task was to help these numerous residents relocate, to prevent any conflicts during their move.

Tiny mouse-like people, electric-charged thunder bugs, giants as tall as mountains...

To coordinate these diverse beings with different physiques, customs, languages, and writing systems kept Laputa busy and in a frenzy.

This was when the wizard's erudition truly shone through.

Laputa could converse simply with any mystical creature, and for those it couldn't communicate with, it found ways to solve their problems.

In no time, Laputa became the most popular figure among all these mystical creatures.

Then Laputa realized, it seemed to have unwittingly joined a massive refugee alliance.

All intelligent beings appearing in this oasis had basically abandoned their faith in the gods, they were refugees fleeing the gods' persecution to come here.

—Land of No Gods.

Laputa had heard of this place before, and once thought of seeking refuge there while fleeing.

However, it never imagined it would, through a twist of fate, arrive at the Land of No Gods in another time and space.

Simultaneously, Laputa also learned from the mystical creatures about the three siblings Old Dragon, Hundred Eyed Dragon, and Golden Spirit, realizing it was they who rescued itself and Feng Xi.

Indeed, Laputa only learned Feng Xi's name from other mystical creatures.

The winged man who had rescued it from the sand inherently possessed an aura that set it apart from the refugees.

That aura was faith, hope, and a determined resilience.

Unlike the unbelievers who abandoned or were abandoned by the gods, the winged man still harbored hope and pursued its goals unwaveringly.

In contrast, ever since the destruction of the Witch Country, fleeing had become all Laputa's life entailed.

It didn't know what it was doing, nor what its future held, only that it had to run, to hide in a place known to none.

Barring any unforeseen circumstances, this life devoid of faith, belief, and hope seemed destined to become Laputa's norm for the rest of its life.

[But... I don't want to live like this forever!]

At nightfall, when Laputa had leisure from the day's busyness, this thought arose in its mind.

Laputa didn't want to live like a lost dog, it wanted to continue forward like Feng Xi, with hope in its heart.

"Maggie, what do you think I should do?"

With a gentle circle with its fingertip in the air, a black dice appeared in Laputa's hand out of thin air.

This was a witchcraft artifact, and also Laputa's girlfriend.

The term girlfriend required no quotation marks, as she was truly Laputa's girlfriend.

It's known that becoming a wizard is not a smooth-sailing journey.

The path to becoming a qualified wizard is paved with countless risks and sacrifices, with despair and cost unimaginable to ordinary people.

Laputa's girlfriend was one of the prices it paid to become a wizard.

After its girlfriend's death, the unwilling and unyielding Laputa forged her ashes into a dice, trapping her soul eternally within it.

Thus was born this witchcraft artifact that constantly emitted a mournful aura — Magpie's Affection.

Gurgle gurgle...

The eerie dice spun in midair, creating gusts of chilly wind.

Then, an eerie symbol appeared on the side of the dice facing Laputa.

It was one of the twelve wizardry symbols used for prophecy, symbolizing peace, sincerity, and moving forward fearlessly.

"Move forward fearlessly?"

Dumbfounded, Laputa stared at the dice's indication.

Laputa knew this was not merely a prophecy, but also Maggie's persuasion for itself.

Even though she had long died, even as her soul was trapped within the dice, Maggie was still willing to accompany Laputa by such means.

This is the unique romance of wizardry civilization, a love unyielding even unto death.

In Laputa's former Witch Country, partners were never a necessity for survival.

Through artificial synthesis and genetic modification, hybrids like Laputa, half-human and half-beast, had long become the mainstay of the wizardry civilization.

After all, compared to those native species, hybrids like Laputa held astounding advantages in all aspects.

If the need arose, mass production of hybrids was merely a trivial option among wizards.

And only those exceptional among hybrids were qualified to become the lowest apprentices of a wizard.

In such a scenario, only true unwavering love could allow two individuals of different statuses, identities, genders, and even species to entrust their lives to each other.

The treatment Maggie received, being forged into a witchcraft artifact to stay beside her lover after death, was a fortune many ordinary wizards could only dream of.