

The Mafia 301

Chapter 301 How to Act

By the end of the same day...

Liam had been at the Mazzanti estate since the day before, having already organized his things in the dormitory and started training in the indoor areas set up for that purpose.

Having already made an agreement with Vicente, he could already be considered a member of the family, someone who had a duty to help the group but also an obligation to keep secrets and respect the family hierarchy.

He was anxiously awaiting Vicente's return so that he could take his second pentagram and begin working with the 3rd-stage herb. However, he was in no hurry because he knew how complicated it would be to safely do what he had planned.

Vicente was supposed to be preparing for his move over the next few days, so Liam wasn't in a hurry even though he'd been there for several hours.

In the middle of his wait, he met Rory, who was taking care of the family's affairs in Vicente's absence.

After handing over some resources and orders to the family's professionals earlier in the afternoon, Rory returned to continue the investments necessary for the family's continued development.

With the recent change in shifts for his men and the resources Vicente had brought from The Rocky Gorge, it was time to increase the strength of virtually every family member.

No one in Millfall would find it strange if they were to increase their strength quickly in the short term, so it was finally time for them to increase their strength without any worries.

Considering the problems Vicente was facing and how they would need to increase their numbers to take advantage of more opportunities locally, growth was a must!

So, it was not just Liam who was meditating in the training room of the Mazzanti estate. Next to him were several of the family soldiers who were meditating in their spare time.

Meanwhile, Rory was in Vicente's office.

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In Vicente's office, Rory sat in the leader's chair while three soldiers stood in front of him, each wearing the same type of armor and masks on their heads.

The only thing distinguishing these men was their height, as even their hair was covered.

Rory, on the other hand, wasn't wearing the family 'uniform' at the moment, as he was wearing a suit with nothing protecting his face.

He ordered the three while he had some notes on the table before him. "I want you to post a group of soldiers to watch the inn where Jasmine and Layla are. Our enemies looking for the pink-haired woman could arrive in town at any moment. So be prepared to kill anyone who shows suspicious behavior near them.

The three of them accepted this order without a problem.

"Also, alert the rest of the family and the Scarlet Syndicate about the royal army soldiers from outside the city who have come here because of the basilisk. I want to know where their leaders are and how their men are moving in real time!"

"Yes, Deputy!" The men said in unison before heading off to take care of these matters.

Alone in Vicente's office, Rory leaned back in his chair and sighed deeply. 'Bart is powerful, but it alone won't be able to stop the local Mages from invading our home...' He looked to the side of the building where Liam should be. 'If we follow this risky plan, I'll have to fight alongside Bart and the soldiers!'

There weren't many Mages in Millfall. In addition to the 3rd-stage blacksmiths, there were 2 alchemists, 1 engineer, and 1 3rd-stage poison master living in the city. The Viscount and Commander Hogan were the other Mages living in Millfall, warrior-type magicians.

As for doctors and other 3rd-stage professionals, such people would occasionally pass through the city and stay for a few days. But there were no other full-time Mages living there.

Although the number of Mages was small, it was enough to make Rory worry about Vicente's plans, especially since there was no guarantee that Viscount Symons would join the army's Mages in pursuit of Cesar.

If the Viscount stayed behind, it was almost sure Bart wouldn't be able to protect the Mazzanti estate!

'I have to assume that the Viscount won't go. Then, we'll have to face up to 6 Mages on the day Liam begins his absorption of the herb.' The red-haired man thought, imagining Liam's master and Vicente's master wouldn't move on that day.

"This is going to be difficult." He muttered. Even though 5 of the 6 Mages were people without much combat experience, Mages were Mages. They're stronger than ordinary low-level warriors.

With that in mind, Rory got up and went to the training room in the basement of the building.

When he arrived, he found 20 men meditating and 5 in training, all Acolytes, with 3 people at level 2 and all the rest at level 1.

The Mazzanti family now had over 90 members. Most of them were still Apprentices, but the number of Acolytes had been steadily increasing, with 6 men, in addition to Rory and Vicente, who had already passed level 1, being at levels 2 and 3.

But when it came to the Apprentices, there was practically no one below the Senior Apprentice level, the highest rank in the first stage.

With the family's current resources, all 1st stage magicians who entered the family were soon given pills and potions to reach the top of that stage quickly.

The Mazzanti family's current problem wasn't the resources for 1st stage magicians but the resources for 2nd stage people, as these resources were more expensive and rarer and harder to find in towns like Millfall.

"Sigh..."

'We will soon need to find suppliers of resources to meet the needs of our professionals.' He planned to distribute some extra resources to the family's most talented Acolytes and Apprentices.

With little time to build up the strength of his men, he could only rely on the many resources currently at his disposal!

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As Rory prepared for the next challenge, the 3rd-stage soldiers at the royal army headquarters began to grow nervous.

After not hearing from Cesar for almost a whole day, these soldiers were getting nervous about the possibility of losing sight of the one who had a precious medicinal herb in his possession.

On the other hand, they couldn't move against the Mazzanti estate without that group having committed some crime or suspicious act.

So back at headquarters, the magicians interested in robbing Vicente tried to figure out a way to catch Cesar off guard.

"Why don't we use the death of the leader of the Scarlet Syndicate to invade the Mazzanti estate? If we can get the Martial Court to at least authorize our visit to gather evidence, we can scare Cesar into showing himself." One of them suggested to his colleagues.

Chapter 302 Complex Hierarchy

The next morning...

In Millfall's Awakening Temple, a strong blond man stood on top of the city's most famous building, sitting in the lotus position, meditating with his eyes closed.

From his position, one could see practically the entire city, especially the central square, where several families were already moving about in anticipation of another day of Awakening.

However, the blond man had no thoughts of the usual activities of this temple on his mind at the moment.

'Cesar... Are you really going to make me wait?' He thought as orange flames surrounded his body.

Meanwhile, some temple members were watching him from a distance, ready to serve him as he commanded.

"Hey, what do you think Sacred Devotee Reeves wants in our unit?" A man wearing a uniform very similar to those worn by all members of the Awakening Temple commented to one of his companions.

However, although their uniforms were generally very similar, they were not identical. Each had different hierarchies within the organization, which the symbols on their robes could easily distinguish.

Hearing the Novice's comment, a Prior of this unit clenched his fists in doubt as he looked at his superior. 'I hope he won't cause us any trouble.'

The Awakening Temple, or Congregation of Revelation, had a complex hierarchical chain that didn't just follow the level of its members.

From the bottom of this organization to the top were the respective titles: Novice, Monk, Prior, Assistant Temple Master, Sacred Devotee, and Temple Master.

It was a small but complex hierarchy. The Sacred Devotee, for example, was not necessarily the one closest to the Temple Master. Some Novices might even be considered stronger or superior to some Sacred Devotees.

How was this possible?

Basically, the hierarchies of the Congregation of Revelation didn't take into account the level of strength of its members but rather the services they performed.

A Novice was someone who merely performed basic activities in temples like this Millfall unit. In short, they were helpers to those who kept the temple records, the Monks, who were the actual administrators of these units.

Novices also did the work of cleaning, organizing, in short, simple activities in temples like this one.

But as simple as it was, some Novices could grow and reach higher positions, becoming Novices in more important temples.

Assistant Temple Masters were those who were in charge of leading the temples under the name of the Temple Master, the one who was the organization's leader, the strongest, the one behind the voice that could be heard in the Awakenings throughout Polaris Realm.

The position of Temple Master could only be held by one person, while all other hierarchies could have several members of the faith in such positions.

However, the hierarchy of this power followed the basic idea that the higher positions were superior to the lower ones.

Even though there could be a 3rd-stage Monk and a 2nd-stage Sacred Devotee, the Sacred Devotee would always be superior to the Monk, regardless of their stage.

In special situations, a low-level Sacred Devotee could even ordain an Assistant Temple Master, a Prior, a Monk, and a Novice of a higher level than himself!

In everyday situations, this would only happen between people of a similar or lower level.

In any case, Kohen Reeves not only had a much higher cultivation than all the members of this unit, whether they were Priors, Monks, Assistant Temple Master, or Novices.

As such, the members of the Millfall unit were concerned about the stay of this person, who could only be ordained by Sacred Devotees or the Temple Master.

The Assistant Temple Master heard the comments of some of his men and sighed as he walked over to Kohen.

"Sacred Devotee Reeves, has the Senior communicated with Nun Barber? Don't forget this post is under the supervision of Nun Barber's group. Any problems here could attract the nun's father." A bald but very muscular level 5 man said to the Low-level Mage.

Hearing the warning from the head of Millfall temple, Kohen opened his eyes and looked at the person.

"Don't worry, Assistant Temple Master Sim. I'm here on personal business. That is not something that will affect your temple." Kohen commented with some respect in his voice, for his higher rank and position as a Sacred Devotee was not everything in his faith.

The only people who could apply for the position of Temple Master were the Assistant Temple Masters. Aside from them, the Monks were the only people who could change their designation within the temple. Sacred Devotees, Priors, and Novices could not change their class once they had chosen their path.

So even though Priors and Sacred Devotees were more powerful than other members of the temple because they were born warriors, they had to respect people like Assistant Temple Master Sim because they had to consider bigger scenarios.

Jasmine was a Nun from a higher-level temple than Millfall temple's, so she worked as the supervisor of this unit.

On the other hand, since her father was a 4th-stage Sacred Devotee, her prospects within the Congregation of Revelation were immense.

In the future, she could become the Assistant Temple Master of a good unit and perhaps participate in the power struggle within their faith.

Using her name, Assistant Temple Master Sim warned Kohen he shouldn't abuse his position locally or he might get into trouble with someone quite influential.

'This bald bastard is trying to put pressure on me...' Kohen closed his eyes for a moment. 'Fortunately, Killian and Levi have found a way to come to this town. They'll be here in less than two days.' He thought of the head of the Ironcrest temple and the most powerful Prior in that unit.

Priors were members of the military units, i.e., the guards of the temples under the command of the Assistant Temple Masters. As for the Sacred Devotees, they were also members of military units, except that their direct leader was the Temple Master himself. They had no fixed posts and were free to move about the continent in the name of the temples.

Given these characteristics, the Sacred Devotees were the ones who had the most freedom of movement within the faith, but they were also the ones who had to be careful with whom they dealt with.

Unless they had a justification for circumventing the influence of Assistant Temple Masters, they had to avoid friction with such people, even considering their superior position in the hierarchy of the Congregation of Revelation.

Kohen then smiled and stood up. "In a few days, I'll be leaving your city, Assistant Temple Master Sim. I'm just waiting for someone."

"Okay. I won't bother you anymore if that's the case." As Sim said this, a Novice appeared on the spot, coming from the stairs that gave this place access to the rest of the temple.

"Sacred Devotee, I bring a message for the Senior!"

Chapter 303 Attracting Enemies

When Kohen saw the 1st-stage Novice running with a scroll in his hand, he immediately took the paper from the member of the Millfall temple.

Narrowing his eyes, he instantly forgot Assistant Temple Master Sim's earlier words when he saw the Mazzanti family's mark on the scroll.

'Kohen, if you want me to join your faction, it's not impossible. I have considered your proposal, and I'm willing to accept it.'

As Kohen read this, a smile appeared on his face as he realized his plans to eliminate Cesar with the help of the Assistant Temple Master of Ironcrest temple and the 3rd-stage Prior of that post were unnecessary.

As Vicente had predicted, Kohen only wanted to give him time to make up his mind, while this person had no allies to help him eliminate Cesar. When Killian and Levi were in Millfall in two days, Vicente would either join them or die at their hands!

'It looks like you chose life in the end...' Kohen continued to read the message with a satisfied smile.

'Due to problems that require my presence outside of Millfall, I can't make a deal with you locally for the time being. I'll be gone for a week. But if you're in a hurry, meet me at The Vile Altar in three days.'

'The Vile Altar?' Kohen's eyes narrowed as he lost his smile.

The Vile Altar was a temple about 100 kilometers west of Millfall. This place was one of the many outposts of an ancient faith of Polaris Realm, similar to the Congregation of Revelations.

However, this faith had fallen, and all its followers and members had been wiped out in a war 2,000 years ago.

Its existence was now part of the history books, but some temples still existed around Polaris Realm. These temples were mostly found in poor areas, places of little interest to the human experts responsible for the downfall of such a faith.

But what drew Kohen's attention to the choice of Vicente for their meeting was not the history of such faith but what its temples represented.

That was an organization that had been wiped out many centuries ago. As such, all temples of such a religion had been attacked in the past and could be considered ancient ruins, areas with dangers.

A single malfunctioning mechanism left in one of these temples could be extremely dangerous for anyone who decided to venture into such places.

At the same time, even if there was nothing in such an area, it would be perfect for setting traps.

'Damned Cesar!' Kohen crushed the scroll in his hands while making an ugly expression. 'Are you trying to lure me into a trap, or are you serious?'

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Meanwhile, the Mages of the royal army had already made their moves the night before and warned Vicente of their plans.

Vicente was currently in one of the taverns in the Mazzanti family's territory, having sent someone to deliver a message to Kohen minutes ago and someone to deliver a message to the local army.

Vicente had many contacts in Millfall these days. When the army soldiers asked for permission from the Martial Court to move against the Mazzanti family, young Fuller quickly learned of it through his contacts at the court.

But even though he was quickly warned, he couldn't stop the army's Mages from moving in.

Unable to do anything about the invasion of his headquarters by the men of the royal army, Vicente advanced the plans he had already discussed with Liam.

"They really want to threaten me..." Vicente muttered with a terrible look on his face.

"What are we going to do, boss? The soldiers of the kingdom are clearly abusive in their actions." The man next to Vicente said while he had an aggrieved look on his face, feeling oppressed, something he thought he would no longer feel after the basilisk joined their group.

Vicente handed the man a small ring and said. "Take this to Rory. He'll know what to do."

The man put it on one of his fingers but didn't dare look at it.

"Tell our men to prepare for the worst. I'm leaving town to deal with this problem. But you won't be able to rest in peace in our post. Surely someone powerful will try to challenge you in the next hours or days." Vicente stood up and drank the entire contents of a glass of alcohol.

'Unfortunately, I haven't had much time to study the forge lately... Otherwise, I could have prepared some equipment for my family.' Vicente thought as he closed his eyes.

Since he had not yet reached the level of knowledge required to create 2nd-grade firearms, Vicente could not create new weapons for his men, even though he was already a level 3 Acolyte.

"Be careful. I'll be back as soon as possible." He said before leaving, leaving his trusted soldier even more nervous.

Looking at the spatial ring in his hands, the man knew the danger it represented and quickly left to hand it over to one of the Mazzanti family's soldiers.

'I hope the boss manages to get all those pesky Mages out of town.' He thought as he moved, breaking into a cold sweat.

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Meanwhile, Commander Hogan had just received the other note from Vicente, another of young Fuller's invitations to the meeting of experts he planned to hold at The Vile Altar.

But Cesar's invitation to Commander Hogan was a little different from Kohen's.

'If you want my 3rd-stage weed, come and meet me at The Vile Altar, royal army dogs. You think I don't know you're looking for me?

Hurry up, my alchemist will be ready with what you so desperately want in two more days!'

That was Vicente's message to the four Commanders in Millfall, which, of course, provoked some of the men enough.

"That brat! He's challenging us!" One of the four said, not liking it at all.

However, they had already entered the Mazzanti estate earlier and couldn't do much more than go to meet Cesar.

With no concrete evidence against Vicente, they either had to give up the 3rd-stage herb or risk falling into his trap!

"This is obviously a trap." Commander Christopher Hogan said, calmer than some of his comrades. "But this is exactly the reaction we wanted when we entered the Mazzanti building earlier.

We wanted Cesar to show himself and allow us to deal with him. What are you going to do now? Give up?"

"What if he's not at The Vile Altar?" Christopher's older brother asked, a little uncertain.

"What if he is?" Christopher asked back. "Our doubts don't matter. If we want this herb, we have only one choice. If we don't go to him, we can forget about it."

The other three looked at each other, aware of how dangerous it could be to go to The Vile Altar, while Cesar had the advantage of being able to set traps in such a place.

"There are four of us Mages. Cesar's basilisk is in Millfall, so he'll probably be alone." Arthur said.

"But what if Cesar plans to get us all out of Millfall while the 3rd-stage weed is already in the hands of one of his local subordinates?" The Mage from the capital raised this hypothesis.

Chapter 304 Enemy Movements

Considering the possibility that Cesar's message had only been sent to lure them away from Millfall, the Commanders were silent for a moment.

They agreed with Commander Peter Asper that if they all went to The Vile Altar, they could do what their enemy wanted.

"That's a possibility." Arthur agreed. "But there's also the possibility that Cesar sent us this message to confuse us. Maybe he wants us to leave Millfall so his men can use the 3rd-stage herb. Or maybe he wants us to distrust him and stay here while he gets rid of that resource."

Peter and Christopher clenched their fists as they considered this, realizing Cesar was playing with them.

"So what do we do? If we leave Millfall to go to The Vile Altar, we risk losing the herb to someone in Millfall. But if we stay here, we also run the risk of Cesar selling 'our' herb." Christopher Hogan commented with uncertainty in his heart.

Then Alex Regan, the fourth there, gave his opinion. "We don't have any leads on Cesar, much less can we search the city for 3rd-stage weed. It could literally be anywhere. After all, we don't have Cesar's real identity.

But while we can't say where it is or if Cesar is playing us, we do have a course of action.

We can't concentrate our entire group on traveling to The Vile Altar or staying in Millfall. So I suggest that one of us stay in town and watch the Mazzanti family's movements. The rest of us should make our way to The Vile Altar."

"Oh? Will that be enough?" Arthur Hogan didn't think it would be so bad for them to split up like that, but he thought they could split up more evenly. "Why don't we leave two of us here and two go to The Vile Altar?"

Alex shook his head negatively when he heard this question. "Cesar is cunning. If he wants to be at The Vile Altar, we can't just send two of us. Don't forget that he overpowered the basilisk single-handedly."

"But just one of us won't be able to handle the basilisk," Arthur commented.

"Maybe we won't have to deal with it. But if we do, try to contact Viscount Symons. The Symons family has their own problems with the Mazzanti family. If Cesar's men turn out to be with the 3rd-stage weed, the one of us who stays here can seek the Viscount's help." Alex commented as he looked at Christopher.

"That could work," Christopher commented with a pensive expression. "But what if the herb is neither in Millfall nor at The Vile Altar?"

"Then we've already lost it, and there's nothing we can do. Our only option is to risk going to The Vile Altar." Alex said, thinking Cesar had no reason to lead them to such a place without intending to deal with them there.

Cesar already knew they were looking for him. So what would a person like him do in such a situation?

Would he hide and run away from these men? That might not be interesting because, like it or not, Cesar was acting in a city of the kingdom, and these men were soldiers of the most important force in the state.

Having unresolved issues with these soldiers could become a big problem for Cesar in the future!

So, what approach would someone like him take? Eliminate the problem with a confrontation, or rather a trap!

These soldiers also didn't want to maintain a bad situation with someone like Cesar. Since he had already noticed their hostile intentions, he would take revenge sooner or later. As people worried about the future, they preferred to eliminate him now he had already shown himself to be talented and opposed to them!

Therefore, even though they knew there would probably be a trap for them, they were willing to risk going to The Evil Altar!

"Okay. Let's do what Alex suggested. Chris, you stay in Millfall." Arthur looked at his younger brother, and everyone there agreed since Christopher was the local Commander and knew the area best. "The rest of us will see what damned Cesar has in mind."

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A few minutes later...

Mark and Victor rushed to where the rest of their group was supposed to be.

After hours of investigating the local situation, they understood the presence of a 3rd-stage beast on the Mazzanti estate, as well as some recent changes in the town.

Returning to their group to plan their next move, they were on the run when they suddenly stopped as they felt powerful auras pass in front of them at high speed.

"Mages?" Victor looked at the group of three men running towards one of Millfall's exits.

"Not only that. They are soldiers of the kingdom. But what are they doing?" Mark knew about the basilisk hunt. But given Cesar's situation, these Commanders should leave Millfall and return to their respective posts now that everything was settled.

"Forget it. Let's get back to the group." Victor started moving again, and Mark followed shortly after until they reached a tavern where the rest of their group was.

Arriving there, they were confronted with a situation that was a bit different from what they had expected.

"Huh? What's going on here? Where are the bosses?" Victor asked when he saw that only half of the group was there.

Mark's old friend looked at the man and Victor. "Our leaders have seen an opportunity and are leaving temporarily. In the meantime, we'll continue to prepare for action against Miss Barber's kidnapper."

"What?" Mark frowned. "If we don't act as soon as possible, that damned Cesar will get stronger. His family has become the strongest in the local underworld and has virtually no competition! If we don't act quickly, they'll grow big enough to survive even..."

"Even us?" Mark's old friend laughed. "You're dreaming. Mark? There's no way the Mazzanti family can get that big... Anyway, if you want to know why, I'll tell you. It's because of Cesar. We discovered a few minutes ago that he may have a 3rd-stage herb."

"What?" Victor exclaimed as he looked at the level 5 Acolyte, not expecting to hear such a thing when he returned to his group.

"Are you serious?" Mark's expression changed as he understood what could move even Mages.

Chapter 305 On the Way to The Vile Altar

"Indeed." His old friend smiled as he put his hands behind his back. "We got the information from a soldier who was recently in The Rocky Gorge, the place where Cesar got the 3rd-stage mount.

Anyway, he probably has the herb with him, and several local experts are already moving against him.

A few minutes ago, a group of three Mages left the headquarters of the local royal army. They were preceded by a Mage from the Awakening Temple, who left the city shortly after receiving a letter from Cesar Mazzanti."

How could this group know so much? Through their coins, of course, but also through the greedy souls present in the army and the local Awakening Temple.

With the right contacts, coins, and a willingness to act, anyone could find out the most important things going on in a town like Millfall!

"What about Jasmine?" Mark understood the value of such information and the reason for the movement of the two Mages in his group. But his dear Jasmine's situation could worsen if they didn't act quickly.

"She can wait. Cesar isn't in Millfall, so nothing will happen to her. Anyway, this is our chance to get ready to rescue her, Mark."

"Okay. How long will they be out of town?" Mark asked.

"It could be a week, it could be a month. I don't know."

...

At the same time that Mark was learning about the movement of the strongest of his group, four people from that group were already outside Millfall, following in Kohen's footsteps.

Two of them were the Mages who had come from Ironcrest with Mark and the rest of the staff, while the other two were level 5 Acolytes, great trackers who would "read" the tracks left by Kohen.

Soon after discovering the man's movement and the visit of one of the Mazzanti family men to army headquarters with a note, this group decided to follow that Sacred Devotee.

They didn't know exactly where they were going, but they thought they would find Cesar if they followed Kohen. As people who could benefit greatly from the 3rd-stage herb, there was no way they wouldn't "invest" in this opportunity.

A wild 3rd-stage herb was extremely rare and precious. A single one could help a Low-level Mage reach Mid-level in a matter of hours!

Such an herb could be used to make pills and potions. Yet, it could also be consumed directly by 3rd-stage magicians who had the digestive capacity to handle the medicinal power of the herb.

Considering how valuable the item in Cesar's possession was, they didn't mind putting aside their plans for Jasmine and began this silent pursuit.

While they were doing this, one of them had already noticed that the army Mages who had left the Millfall headquarters at the same time as they were heading in the same direction as Kohen.

"It looks like we were right to go after Kohen Reeves." The man with many tattoos on his body said with a smile, seeing the two groups notified by Cesar were probably moving because of the 3rd-stage herb.

"Perfect." The bald Mage smiled. "Keep your powers under control. Let's surprise these parties and take this high-level herb for ourselves!"

They agreed with their leader and headed towards The Vile Altar, not knowing exactly where they were going but willing to take the risks along the way.

If they succeeded, they could easily increase their strength. So, how could they hesitate in the face of such an opportunity?

The world was full of dangers and opportunities. Not taking risks because you didn't have enough information before you acted was foolish!

A successful magician was not necessarily the most cautious. They were those able to seize opportunities and survive the risks that came with them!

So they set out into the unknown, confident these other Mages weren't moving for nothing.

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Simultaneously with the movement of 6 Mages and 2 level 5 Acolytes towards The Vile Altar, Vicente flew towards that area a few dozen kilometers away from Millfall.

Although he had left Millfall almost the same time as the last group to leave, he was ahead of Kohen, the most advanced of his opponents.

Since Vicente was the only one of these people going to The Vile Altar who could fly, he could move 40% faster than Kohen and the royal army Commanders, even though these individuals were Mages while he was only a level 3 Acolyte.

Thus, Vicente was already ahead of these people on their way to The Vile Altar, already wearing his typical Cesar mask and armor, flying on a large metal sword while using his special ability.

Already aware of the movements of Kohen and the army Commanders, Vicente had many things on his mind.

'I must ally myself with Kohen. He probably doesn't know about the 3rd-stage herb I have and will be willing to help me deal with these soldiers.' Vicente narrowed his eyes, ready to make a deal with that man.

The soldiers of the kingdom would surely try to fight him. And in a battle of Mages, everyone would be at risk of death!

From his point of view, it would be worth making a deal with someone who could die very soon.

That was his bet, to pit his enemies against each other and be the only one to escape the confrontation at The Vile Altar!

"Anyway, I have a few hours to prepare the meeting place for my guests..." He muttered as he thought of The Vile Altar, an abandoned ruin where he was sure there were many dangers.

Every ruin was dangerous. After all, broken mechanisms could be just as dangerous or more so than working ones. At the same time, ruins always held possibilities related to the instability of the terrain and the occupation of the area by magical creatures.

All this meant danger for anyone who entered a ruin, something positive for Vicente as he prepared to meet several enemies.

"Sigh..."

'I just hope everything goes well in Millfall... Unfortunately, that bloody Commander and the Viscount are in town.' He lamented, imagining Bart and the men of the Mazzanti family would have to fight to ensure that Liam successfully absorbed the pentagram from the herb.

They could try to get Liam and the herb out of Millfall so they could do what they planned to do on the Mazzanti estate under Bart's protection. However, any strange movement by the family would be observed by enemies and attract pursuers. Moreover, the variables in the woods and unknown places were even more numerous and problematic than in Millfall.

Though they had other options, Vicente and his men would continue with the plan to do everything on the Mazzanti estate, the place where they felt most confident!

Vicente sighed in anticipation, wishing the best for his people but knowing that in a few hours, trouble would surely reach his headquarters.

'Rory, I hope you can handle this situation. After this challenge, we'll have some peace!'

Chapter 306 The Origin of the Curse Word

As Vicente moved, the spatial ring he had sent to Rory earlier came into the possession of the Mazzanti family's Deputy.

Noticing the 3rd-stage herb on the ring Vicente had sent him, Rory sighed, worried for his friend but also for the men under his command.

Knowing that Commander Christopher Hogan was in town, as well as Viscount Symons, the number of Mages his group might have to deal with was far greater than he had prepared for.

'Damn it, Vice. How do you get into so much trouble? You look like you've been cursed!' Rory thought as he walked towards the cultivation room where Liam awaited Vicente's return.

There were curses in Polaris Realm. Anyone with knowledge of enchantment could create cursed items or cast curses themselves.

Curses were unique, delicate spells that were usually used to create a desired phenomenon.

For example, having a tool that could light up the night without giving off heat or soot could be very interesting to have around a house. But there were no such things in nature, and the technology of this world was far from creating electric lamps like those that existed on Earth.

However, with a special kind of curse, magicians could transform an inanimate object, such as a glass, and create a special essence inside it. From this essence, the light element, together with the mana in the environment, could be drawn into the ordinary glass, creating the desired light effect.

That was a way to use curses for good.

In practice, enchanters were magicians who specialized in cursing things. However, because of the way the profession came about, they didn't use the word curse to describe what they did.

In the distant past of Polaris Realm, a powerful magician had become famous for developing powers and spells that had never been seen before. But the world's first enchanter was no ordinary person. He had used his path to shape the lives of those he came in contact with through tragedy.

From his creation sprang the first body enchanters, or Necromancers for those who prefer, as well as various professions of the dark path.

An enchantment or curse was a unique method behind many professions. But those who followed the light path didn't use the word curse unless they wanted to refer to something negative, something related to the dark path.

Even if there were curses without evil intentions, anyone in Polaris Realm today would only use the word to refer to the bad.

At the thought that Vicente might be cursed, Rory considered the possibility that his friend had fallen victim to some kind of taboo spell, something forbidden by the Enchanters' Association.

'Could that be it?' Rory thought, considering the string of bad luck Vicente had suffered since his mother's death. 'Bad things happen, but not that often. Is he really cursed?'

Rory couldn't be sure of his concern since he hadn't stopped to study the matter and needed to ask for recommendations from enchanters. But considering Vicente's bad luck, he was beginning to worry more.

'I will ask our enchanter to see what he can find out. If there's a way to test people for curses, I want to look into it.' He thought as he came face to face with Liam.

Seeing Liam meditating in the room where some of the Mazzanti family soldiers were getting stronger, Rory said quietly.

"Liam, I have the herb you're interested in. Wake up. We need to discuss what will happen next."

Seconds after Rory's words, the brown-haired alchemist opened his eyes and felt his heart beat faster.

"Where's Vicente?" He asked as he pulled himself up and approached Rory.

"He can't come to you. The problems with the herb forced him to start our plans before he spoke to you." Rory said as he left the room so as not to disturb the soldiers who were training or meditating.

Liam narrowed his eyes when he heard that. "So what are we going to do? He promised me we'd talk about it before we move."

"I know. We're in more trouble than we thought." Rory said before showing the alchemist the reality. "Liam, Vicente is on the move while 4 Mages, 3 Low-level ones, and 1 Mid-level one are after him.

There are currently 2 particularly dangerous Low-level Mages in Millfall for us, but this will be your only chance to absorb the 3rd-stage herb. If we don't act quickly, the situation might get worse, and we might have to either give up this herb or take a lot more risks in the future.

So we don't have much to do right now. Either you're ready to move on, or we'll stop here." Rory firmly said as he opened one of his hands, revealing the ring that contained the herb.

Liam looked at the ring and clenched his hands in uncertainty. "Who are these Mages?" He asked, aware there were some Mages in Millfall who weren't powerful fighters.

"Viscount Symons and Commander Hogan."

Gulp!

Those were the only local Mages who were born warriors, and only other Mages could stop them!

'Shit! Why couldn't Vicente lure them away?'

Rory saw the worry on Liam's face and said. "Rest assured, Vicente did everything he could. Unfortunately, even he can't control the Mages' free will. He was able to reduce the number of our opponents greatly, but he couldn't bring them down to zero."

"So what should we do? The moment I remove this herb from the spatial ring, it will take me at least 1 hour to kill the herb's consciousness. It may take me up to 5 hours to absorb the pentagram it generates," Liam said.

Wild medicinal herbs could be tough to kill as long as they weren't in the hands of their enemies. However, since their bodies were quite fragile and had various weaknesses, if they fell into the hands of an enemy, they would be at a great disadvantage, even to beings of a lower level than themselves.

Since that herb was already vulnerable to him, Liam wouldn't have the difficulties Vicente had in dealing with it. He could kill it with a good chance of success.

However, given the level difference between him and the herb, it would still take him several hours to complete the first part of Vicente's plan.

That worried him!

"I can tell you that in no more than two hours, all alchemists above level 2 in Millfall and all local Mages will realize what we're doing.

Even if this estate has suitable defensive magic formations, that won't stop the medicinal scent for long. Before I'm done, we'll surely be visited by enemies looking for this resource."

"I know. We have some security mechanisms, weapons, and the 3rd-stage basilisk. I can't guarantee what will happen, but when someone gets to you, many of us and the enemies will already be dead." Rory said seriously. "If you're willing, we can make our attempt in another 24 hours."

That was the time to make sure that the Mages on their way to The Vile Altar couldn't change their plans and get back to Millfall in time to be involved in the situation Liam was about to create.

Liam clenched his fists, but with the spatial ring already in his hands, he couldn't let go of something so precious.

'That is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If I miss it, I might regret it in the future.' Liam thought.

"Okay, I'll trust you."

Chapter 307 Why?

Hours later...

A few hours before Kohen and the other Mages would arrive at The Vile Altar, Vicente arrived at the rendezvous point he had chosen.

Arriving in a mountainous part of Scott Province, he was soon confronted with ancient ruins, but not so old or destroyed that someone like him couldn't recognize the area's past.

Seeing the remains of ancient buildings on the edge of this pointed mountain, Vicente slowed down and began to look around more carefully.

The place he was standing on was the main mountain in the area, one of several in the vicinity, a mass of land that stretched more than 2 kilometers from its lowest point to its highest.

The mana in the area was practically identical to that in Millfall, completely different from what Vicente had expected to find there, given the area's history.

'So this is where the Vile Altar was located? It seems hard to believe. Why would a faith once present in a large part of the continent build a post in this state in such an ordinary place?' Vicente moved more carefully through the terrain of ruins mixed with craters and vegetation.

The Vile Altar was more or less similar to the Awakening Temples in the Congregation of Revelations. However, while temples of Jasmine's faith were present in every city of more than 50,000 inhabitants on the continent, altars of the faith of this extinct religion were not as common on the continent millennia ago.

The faith behind The Vile Altar had a few million followers, and as old as it was, even at its best, it wouldn't have more than 3 altars in the states where it was present.

Unlike the Congregation of Revelations, which preached the harmonious progression of magicians throughout Polaris Realm with words of hope for people's lives, the faith behind The Vile Altar was very different. It was much harsher in its words and beliefs and preached a difficult path to follow that often led down tortuous paths.

Their followers were often associated with terrible things, with the dark path.

That was one of the reasons for the war 2,000 years ago that led to the end of this organization, but also the reason why this faith had no altars in many places and was often hidden in remote areas.

But even though he knew the history of this organization, Vicente didn't understand why it had an altar in a poor place. After all, other areas in Scott Province were richer than the one he was in.

As he observed the surroundings with his second skill, Vicente narrowed his eyes and thought about how strange it was.

'Is there a bigger reason behind it?'

There were still many things Vicente didn't know about this world. The magical studies that young people like him had during their childhood didn't include very complex topics.

Each magician's journey was unique, and there were no limits impossible to overcome, nor was there a single path or ideal way to follow. What was right for some might not work for others, and sometimes distinctive magicians had to take unique paths.

It was impossible to know who had a special destiny and who was just an ordinary person. Therefore, the academies on this continent, even the most advanced ones, only taught the basics about the world, magic, and the possibilities of Polaris Realm.

If one wanted to reach the pinnacle, discover the truth about the magical world, or much more, they would have to learn what was necessary for themselves, using their experience and foundation to gain new information.

As a graduate of the Academy of Stars, Vicente didn't know everything about this world. Still, he knew the basics, and he knew how to explore and learn new things from his current knowledge.

Seeing this place, he decided to explore the area a bit while preparing the ground.

'First, I'll scout the area and set up defenses and traps around it.' He thought as he saw some interesting places to hide some of the equipment he had brought.

Vicente didn't have much. But he had defensive items, offensive items, poison, distraction mechanisms, and a few other options he knew well how to use in the situation he would soon find himself in.

With the things he had brought from Millfall and his experience of life on Earth, he was sure he could prepare something for his guests.

Whether it would be enough to win, he wasn't sure, so he planned to bring Kohen to his side, at least temporarily.

But even if that man decided to help him, he would still need his traps, considering the number of enemies coming into this area.

So, before entering the ruins of The Vile Altar, he studied the terrain carefully, mentally marking where he could set his traps.

As he did so, he analyzed the terrain and the buildings left behind by the previous owners of this place and quickly identified some traps that would be difficult to deal with.

'Fortunately, almost every trap has physical components that contain metal...' Vicente sighed as he looked at the dark terrain in front of him, where there was a trap that could easily kill unprepared Acolytes.

Thanks to his skills, he was once again able to identify traps in front of him and move to avoid setting them off.

As he overcame another trap, he saw some stairs in front of him, leading to the last level of this facility.

'This place...' Immediately upon entering the last level of The Vile Altar, Vicente felt a negative sensation in this place and stopped before continuing on his way.

Feeling the hairs on his arm stand on end, he looked at that part of his body and broke out in a cold sweat.

He paused in front of the entrance to this plane and saw nothing but an intense darkness in front of him.

As he looked ahead, he felt like he was looking into a black hole, like he was going to be sucked into the darkness at any moment.

At the same time, he felt like he was being watched, an awful sensation.

'Damn it, this place should have been abandoned over 2,000 years ago! What could still be here?' He asked himself, not believing what he felt now was related to living beings occupying the area.

The feeling coming from that darkness didn't seem to come from living beings!

Knowing that after the fall of The Vile Altar, it had been scoured not only by the victors of the war but also by explorers and adventurers from all over the continent, Vicente didn't expect to find anything in this place to justify unnecessary risks.

He stepped back, but just as he was about to walk away, Vicente felt someone behind him grab his shoulders.

"Since you came, why don't you stay?"

Chapter 308 Negative Spirit

"Since you came, why don't you stay?"

Hearing a crackling voice behind him, Vicente felt his back go cold as his heart suddenly began to pound harder.

Feeling he shouldn't have his back to whoever was behind that voice, he jumped forward and turned to see who was there.

"Who are you?" He found the strength to ignore his sudden fear and ask.

"Hahahaha, do you think you can ask questions here?" The voice came again from behind Vicente, like a shadow trapped behind his back.

With sweat forming on his body and his heart beating faster, Vicente tried to calm himself by moving his mana around his body.

'I only have the option of trying to fight it!' He activated his two pentagrams, making his first Magic Gem glow under his mask as a yellow and a red pentagram appeared.

"Oh?" The crackling voice sounded curious, noticing something unique about the first person to fall into his trap in over 500 years. "You look more interesting than I thought, hahaha. Perfect! Your body will suit me!"

"My body?" Vicente narrowed his eyes as he picked up the magic stones he had brought to face the Mages he had invited to this place.

Electromagnetic Pulse!

His eyes glowed, and bluish lightning emanated from his body, spreading to all sides of the dark chamber he was in, momentarily illuminating the whole place.

In a second, Vicente saw what was in the darkness, noticing several skeletons around what looked like an altar where several red eyes were watching him.

His electromagnetic pulse lasted only a second, and soon, the intense darkness of the area returned while the creature that had been on his back a moment ago shifted his position.

"Is that all you have, human?"

Vicente finally saw the creature appear in front of him.

Standing before that thing, he took a step back, swallowing his saliva as his eyes quivered.

In front of him was a creature dressed in a cloak of darkness, with no legs, floating in the air, while his hands looked like the bones of a skeleton, without flesh or skin. But at the same time, even though they looked like bones, they didn't seem to be material. They seemed to be some kind of spiritual existence that didn't belong to the material world.

Where the creature's face should have been, Vicente could only see a purple glow coming from what should be the creature's neck, with a lot of darkness where the head should be.

"Shit! A fucking ghost! He realized what the creature was and cursed his luck.

Ghosts were one of the many types of magical creatures in Polaris Realm, a type of negative spirit usually associated with the Dark Path.

Ghosts could be created from the souls of living creatures, which, if certain requirements were met, depending on the conditions of the place where those creatures died, could form and return to the world of the living.

That was the basics about ghosts, the only thing Vicente knew about them.

There wasn't much information about this kind of creature in the basic academies around the Seidel Kingdom. So when he recognized the type of opponent he had unfortunately gained, Vicente was afraid.

'What should I do?' He asked himself as his two pentagrams glowed and the field lines around him formed a defensive sphere.

'Ghosts are spirits. That means there are no metals in their bodies, and they are basically made of mana and the element of darkness. How am I supposed to deal with that?' He thought, not wanting to waste his energy trying to form metal weapons to hit the ghost in front of him.

Apart from mental attacks, mana-based attacks, or attacks based on the elements of light and darkness, practically nothing else could be used against a ghost.

Vicente had no mental abilities, and his natural elements were Earth and Lightning. With only mana on his side, he was in a terrible situation!

"Hahahaha, human, your ability is amusing. Unfortunately, it can't stop me." The ghost said before moving.

As he flew towards Vicente, he passed through the electromagnetic barrier created by the field lines around the human and reached his target so quickly that Vicente had barely seen the enemy's movement.

Gulp!

'That fast?' Vice tried to move, but in front of this ghost, he seemed to be moving in slow motion, while the negative spirit could move freely.

As he saw the creature's skeletal hand approach his face, Vicente stopped using his pentagrams. Instead of wasting his mana on his useless skills against such a spirit, he poured as much mana into his body as possible, trying to create an extra layer of defense between him and that creature.

As he touched Vicente's forehead, the ghost noticed the movement of his little adversary and laughed at the child's futile hope.

"Are you trying to defend yourself? Nonsense! You're just an insect compared to the power of this Sovereign!"

He pressed against Vicente's head, exerting great force until the black-haired boy's body flew in the opposite direction.

Pow!

As he flew out of control, Vicente quickly slammed his back against one of the walls of that dark area, feeling the difference in power between him and that ghost with a single blow from his opponent.

Crack!

'This can't be...'

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaag!" He cried out in pain as he realized his helplessness in the face of that creature staring at him while several bones around his body broke.

"That's not good enough, is it? I'll show you what this Sovereign can do before he extinguishes your soul, human!"

Once again, Vicente saw the creature change position in the blink of an eye and appear in front of him while his body was trapped in the wall's rubble.

Unable to do anything, Vice only saw the ghost grab him by one of his wrists and then throw him to the ground, making him feel a few more bones break around his body.

As he tasted blood in his mouth and screamed unconsciously, Vicente felt he would lose consciousness at any moment as his mana ran out.

'Is this how I'm going to die?' He saw the creature reappear above his body and heard the strange laughter of the ghost as his screams came from its mouth.

"Hahaha, human, your body is not weak!" The ghost laughed as it grabbed Vicente by the scruff of his neck and lifted him into the air. "Others of your level would have been seriously injured after my first attack. But even after two blows, you're still conscious..."

Hahaha, you are perfect for me! With your body, I'll reach the peak and kill those damned dogs who left me in this situation!"

He said aloud as streams of darkness formed around Vicente's wrists and heels.

As he moved away from Vicente, the spirit made a few seals, causing a purple magic circle to appear in front of him, glowing brighter and brighter as its chains bound the young human's body.

"Human, rejoice. This Sovereign will take your body to the pinnacle of magic. With me controlling your body, it will only be a matter of time before you become an Archmage!"

Chapter 309 Throne of Darkness

As a purple beam of mana shot out of the ghost's magic circle, Vice saw everything in front of him go dark as he felt like he was falling down an endless canyon.

'Am I going to die?' He asked himself as he felt his body crumble, extremely weak, while the two pentagrams around his yellow Magic Gem seemed to turn gray as if they were turning to stone.

As they cracked, Vicente felt the mana in his body slowly disappear as his consciousness grew weaker and weaker.

Tud! Tud!

His heart pounded harder, and as he closed his eyes, Vicente found himself back in his worst nightmare, where he and his family were fleeing from a rain of high-level remnant attacks.

Seeing a giant piece of bone fall on his mother once again, Vicente felt like he was in hell, remembering all the feelings of that time.

'Mom...'

His consciousness reappeared as his deteriorating situation stopped worsening, and his mana held firm in its defensive position.

"Mom..." He murmured as he opened his eyes again, tears of blood streaming from his eyes.

"Oh?" The spirit saw his target return to consciousness while five magic circles were under his control, gradually suppressing his target's body.

To possess Vice's body, or anyone else's, this spirit would either have to get his target's permission or drain his opponent's mana.

Entering the body of a living being could be extremely dangerous, even for high-level spirits!

The owner of a body was the sovereign being over it. Even at a low level, the owner of a body could use their mana to suppress and destroy invading spirits!

However, this advantage was only valid if that living being had mana!

'This human is really tough! But he'll soon lose his strength!' The spirit thought silently, seeing that Vicente must already be at the limit of what he could do. 'When you pass out, your body will be mine, and I can finally leave this place!'

"Time to die, human!" He said as he doubled the amount of mana he was using, causing some of the purple magic circles around Vicente to mark the young man's skin.

Sensing this, Vicente struggled as he screamed in pain, conscious but still helpless against the 4th-stage spirit in front of him.

"Do you want my body?" Vicente struggled to ask, knowing that ghosts couldn't get far with their spirit forms. "If that's what you want, I have bad news for you. This body is not so easy for you to control!"

"Tsk! You talk too much!" The spirit ignored Vicente's words as the young man moved the last mana remnants in his existence.

'Now, it's all or nothing.' Vice thought as he moved his last energies into his second Magic Gem.

"Oh? Finally giving up?" The spirit approached Vicente as he felt the mana barrier on the young man's body disappear.

"Hahaha, time to possess him! I'll finally have a body!" He shouted as he flew with the intention of entering Vicente's body.

However, when he was only a few centimeters away from reaching Vicente's body, the yellow Magic Gem on Vicente's forehead disappeared, and a blue gem shone brightly on his forehead.

"Daring!"

A voice suddenly emerged from inside Vicente's second Magic Gem. Meanwhile, the spirit sensed that something was wrong.

As he quickly changed his movement and dodged Vice, that spirit suddenly felt his mana tremble, something that had never happened in his 2,000 years of existence.

'What is it? Why do I feel overpowered all of a sudden?' He became serious as he looked at Vice's back and saw a yellow pentagram emerge from the human's body.

The moment the first pentagram of Vicente's second Magic Gem appeared, the darkness around this underground chamber vibrated as the free mana in the air condensed around it.

"It can't be... This... This brat has two Magic Gems?" The ghost opened his mouth as he retreated a few meters, bringing his magic circles closer to himself.

But when he saw Vicente's second magical form appear to the world, the ghost's shock and awe would increase exponentially.

The figure of a huge throne of darkness appeared before him while the young Fuller's body exuded a strange pressure that belonged to beings of the purest lineage.

Vicente's eyes became even blacker while a cloak of darkness formed on his shoulders, simultaneously with the appearance of a crown of the same element.

As he sat on the throne, Vicente moved a hand toward the ghost, and a voice came from within his second Magic Gem.

"With the Throne of Darkness, all darkness is under my control!"

As this strange voice appeared, the ghost's eyes widened as he tried to flee. But he felt the darkness around him slipping out of his control, disobeying him. At that moment, he realized that if he didn't escape, he would die!

As his body became heavier and harder to move, a black circle of magic appeared over him, forming such an intense pressure on him that even in his spirit form, he couldn't stand it. When he stopped floating, he felt his body being pressed into the ground, where another black magic circle had just appeared.

He tried to stand up, trying to counterattack his opponent while glowing a strong purple color, extremely afraid of his own demise.

'This overwhelming power... If I stay here, I'll be destroyed.'

"Kneel!" The voice came again from Vicente's forehead, and the pressure on the ghost doubled in strength.

"Mercy! Mercy, my lord!" The ghost could stand it no longer and cried out in fear, sensing the darkness' chosen one would kill him if he didn't take this approach.

"Please, my lord, let this humble spirit serve you! I am willing to take a mark of slavery!" He cried as he stopped resisting the enemy's will and prostrated himself of his own accord while still being pressed by Vicente.

In doing so, he revealed his spirit essence, the most critical part of creatures of his nature, something that could decide his life and death but which could also be used to force slavery pacts even more powerful than the One-Sided Seals.

As the spirit revealed its essence to Vice, the single pentagram of the young man's second Magic Gem moved, quickly marking it. In an instant, it marked the ghost's essence, connecting that Sovereign to Vice's second magical form.

As the mark of slavery solidified on the ghost's essence, the blue glow on Vicente's forehead finally faded as his Throne of Darkness disappeared.

Seeing Vicente fall, the spirit felt the pressure in his surroundings disappear and moved toward the unprotected body of this human!

Chapter 310 Sacrifice

Seeing Vicente's body fall to the ground, the ghost narrowed his eyes as he felt the freedom of no longer being oppressed by that supreme power.

'That power... I've never felt such a strong oppression before. Even though he's an Acolyte, he's managed to get the elements of a Sovereign out of control.' He thought as he approached Vicente, trying to understand the source of power of his new master.

Realizing that Vicente wasn't feeling well, the ghost used what little mana he had left to stop his master's fall, approaching Vicente as the young man's body slowed to a stop in mid-air.

'Cyan talent and two Magic Gems, huh? No wonder your body is so resilient. Unfortunately, your second power seems to be too much for your body.' He circled Vicente's body and analyzed the situation of his master, who was in a terrible state.

After consuming all of his mana, Vicente would be in a bad state due to exhaustion, but also due to the many injuries he had suffered from this spirit.

However, when he used his second magical form, he was much worse off than he should have been because of the beating and magical exhaustion!

Vicente knew he couldn't bear to use his second form without suffering a severe setback. So, ever since he had awakened his powers, he had made it a rule only to use his second gem if his life was in danger.

By doing so today, he got rid of the problem of the Sovereign spirit, but he was now in a serious condition because of that!

The ghost stopped in front of Vicente and injected some of his remaining mana into his master's body, closing his eyes while he analyzed the situation of this body more thoroughly.

At that moment, the ghost saw a seemingly infinite space in which Vicente's second Magic Gem dominated almost the entire space, while the first gem, squeezed into a corner, seemed about to shatter.

Seeing Vicente's spirit body in this infinite space, the spirit took a closer look at his master and noticed several damaged mana pathways, bones, and organs.

'The injuries I caused account for about 35% of your current situation. That overwhelming power caused the rest of the problems.' He looked at some magic veins in Vicente's spirit body and saw darkness over them.

""He probably won't be able to use his first magic form anymore if I let him recover normally." He muttered, trying to find a way out.

"That can't happen. He can't handle using his second form, so he depends on his first form to grow as a magician. Without it, he'll never master that supreme skill.' This spirit opened his eyes back in the dark chamber in the underground part of The Vile Altar.

"My master, the only way I can stop you from failing here is to sacrifice some of my mana!" He said as a purple magic circle formed beneath him and Vicente while the mana in the surrounding area mixed with his own, connecting him and his master.

As Vicente's slave, part of his instinct told him to sacrifice himself for his master if there was no other alternative to avoid the bad of his superior.

In this terrible situation, Vicente was in, if he didn't use his own essence to stabilize the situation of his master's mind, Vice would run the risk of never progressing in magic again!

At the same time, as Vice's slave, his life was tied to that of his master, and he couldn't possess the bodies of others. In other words, Vicente was the only one he could follow from that day on, and if his master died, he would die too!

In this situation, the spirit preferred to sacrifice a part of his essence and used the little power he had left after the previous situation, causing the darkness in this chamber to disappear and several purple flames to appear around what looked like an altar.

'Heavenly Burning: Exchange of Vitalities!' He formed a series of seals, causing the mana he had left, which was a lot for someone of Vicente's level, to form a beam of light towards this human's body.

"Rest assured, my master! With this part of me, I'll stabilize your foundation, and you'll be fine!" He said in his otherworldly tone, his body becoming more and more transparent.

As this happened, the mana in Vicente's body began to resurface in his being, the space where his essence and spirit body were filling up with mana little by little, like dry land where a can has just been pierced.

As his reserves began to rebuild, the darkness around his magic veins and pathways in his spirit body diminished, and his condition returned to normal.

The bones in his fleshy body emitted strange sounds as his entire body shook, his muscles twitching as he was subjected to a sacrificial art.

As his fractures closed, his bones and muscles became stronger, and the density of his mana increased.

In about 15 minutes of ritual, the ghost lost about 40% of his essence and managed to repair all of the most serious damage to his master's body.

But as he finished the ritual, feeling his spirit body about to disappear, the old ghost looked at Vicente's body with an even more frightened expression than before.

'Your body looks like an endless hole that can swallow all my energy!

I sacrificed 40% of my power, enough to take an ordinary person at your place from level 3 to the peak of the 3rd stage, a High-level Mage!

But you, my master, only recovered and reached level 4!

"Sigh... That's all I can do for you, master. From now on, if I make any more sacrifices, I will disappear and no longer be able to serve you." He said as he stopped using his sacrificial art while his aura stabilized at the end of the 3rd stage, having lost most of his powers.

"I feel that after a few hours of rest, you will wake up on your own. So I'll stop here. I hope you don't mind this insignificant slave taking shelter in your body."

With that, he hurried into Vicente's body, afraid he would disappear if he didn't find a suitable reservoir after all he had done.

The darkness in that area returned to normal, along with the mana that had been stirred up in the last few minutes, which would soon return to its usual state.

Meanwhile, in the depths of Vicente's consciousness, a black cocoon appeared near his spirit body. At the same time, his first Magic Gem and its associated pentagrams cracked and trembled, threatening to explode the previously solidified part of it.