

The Mafia 321

Chapter 321 Despair of the Weakest

On the surface of The Vile Altar...

The three members of the Congregation of Revelation now faced off against two soldiers and a bandit from Ironcrest who had joined forces earlier while Kaleb and Arthur made their way through the underground ruins in search of Cesar.

After the confrontation began, each side involved in the situation realized the level of fighting ability of the opposing groups, but also who each group would have fewer problems with in the future.

Since Cesar only had one 3rd-stage herb, they could share this resource among several of them as long as they used the herb to make pills.

However, while Cesar's item could be shared, its vitality status was a matter that some people disagreed about.

All in all, the kingdom's soldiers had allied themselves with the criminals of Ironcrest to fight these three members of the continent's largest army after strategically dividing themselves.

The army and the Ironcrest Temple groups initially had similar strengths. However, with the departure of Arthur, the weakest of the three commanders there, and his replacement by Tyson, the group had gained a remarkable advantage!

As soon as Arthur and Kaleb left to deal with Cesar and collect the 3rd-stage herb, the group of Alex, Tyson, and Peter positioned themselves in front of the entrance to these ruins, impeding the enemy's progress in the area but also pressuring them to prevent their escape.

With the allies' methods against Levi's party, Kohen and his Ironcrest companions found themselves in an increasingly desperate situation!

Pow!

Alex leaped into the air with his war hammer aimed high and slashed at Killian, the poison-style warrior of the enemy group.

As a greenish mist covered the outskirts of the entrance to the ruins of The Vile Altar, Killian moved around the area with his Poison Core, a special type of magical form.

"Old hypocrites, if not today, then someday you will die for the choices you made today!" Killian shouted as he tried to counterattack the enemy, firing a poisonous mana blast from the crystal before him.

"Tsk! You guys talk a lot!" Alex said as he moved to throw his hammer at the enemy attack, spinning it as it flew toward Killian.

Meanwhile, Killian's attack couldn't withstand Alex's, while the soldier's energy axe came closer and closer, threatening him.

Although Killian's powers were poisonous, his attacks were mana-based. If he was counterattacked by a tool-like magical form, he could be blocked or even destroyed because regardless of whether it was a tool or not, it was also mana-based.

Killian's poisonous mana was dispersed by Alex's axe, while the man from the Ironcrest Temple paled in fear as he saw the enemy's attack come too close.

"Shit!" He shouted as he saw that he would be hit hard this time.

Unfortunately, he couldn't count on the help of his two companions, who were too busy fighting Tyson and Peter.

"Peter, how dare you threaten the lives of members of the Congregation of Revelation?" Levi glared angrily at the soldier from the kingdom's capital as he moved to escape the rain of dominoes trying to crush him.

"Why wouldn't I dare?" Peter said, smiling at Levi's words as he found himself in an increasingly dire situation, trapped in the world of dominoes.

"Damn you! Do you realize what you're attracting?" Kohen shouted as he fell to the ground, his face pale, with several bloodstains here and there, while his armor had several dents and cuts showing his skin.

Tyson looked at the man from the Congregation of Revelation headquarters who was temporarily living in Ironcrest. As he laughed and moved, he caused a huge red energy palm to appear in the sky and fall at high speed on the man and the flaming bird lying on the ground.

"Kohen, let this old man take your life!" Tyson shouted as he pressed his power against the enemy, seeing the Sacred Devotee Reeves fall before this attack that could kill Lower-level Mages.

"Fuck!" Kohen struggled to stand up, using what little mana he had left in his avatar-like magical form, causing the flaming bird next to him to grow larger and brighter as orange flames exploded from that position.

As Tyson's demonic palm struck him, he felt every bone in his body vibrate as the mana in his Magic Gem reached its lowest possible level.

As Tyson pressed him, Kohen saw his flaming avatar disperse, unable to withstand the power of his enemy's crushing palm.

'Shit... Am I going to fall here?' He asked himself as he watched his surroundings grow darker and darker, and he gradually lost consciousness.

At that moment, the gem on Kohen's forehead suddenly cracked, and the mana bird disappeared a split second before the red energy palm smashed it against the uneven ground of the ruins.

Boom!

Dust scattered in the surrounding area, while the sound of breaking stones could be heard near where Tyson's demonic palm had struck.

"Damn you! You'll pay with your life! Wait till my superiors hear about this!" Levi shouted as he saw not only Kohen's end but Killian's as well, the second man being brutally attacked by Alex's hammer blows.

He was still standing, but with his two allies practically dead, his situation was alarming!

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Meanwhile, underground in the ancient ruins of The Vile Altar...

Kaleb and Arthur didn't know what was happening above ground. But they were confident their opponents would soon die, for they were the weakest links in their alliance, while the three men left behind were the strongest.

The two weren't worried about the situation of their companions on the surface but rather about how to deal with Cesar, whom they were about to catch up with.

After passing the level where the two level 5 Acolytes had fallen to Vicente, Kaleb and Arthur already knew their opponent had found a way to escape the Nine Demons' formation.

It was impressive, but not enough to make the two Mages give up what they were after!

But they weren't stupid enough to ignore Cesar's current level and the fact that he had managed to overcome such a formation. Seeing the enemy a few dozen meters away, Kaleb and Arthur moved cautiously.

Meanwhile, Vicente was standing in the middle of a long dark corridor, a place where the walls had several symmetrical perforations while the floor had similar structures.

Vicente narrowed his eyes while looking at the two men, especially Arthur, feeling as if he had seen this person before.

'Who is this soldier?'

Chapter 322 Caught in the Trap

When Vicente saw Christopher Hogan's older brother, he didn't think he had seen Arthur before because of this man's relation to the Commander of the army post in Millfall. Arthur and Christopher were very different in appearance.

But Arthur's appearance gave him a familiar feeling that Vicente couldn't explain at first glance.

"You... Are you sure you want to go this way?" Vicente asked in his mana-distorted voice. "There's still time to back out. Take an oath that you'll never raise your weapons to me, and we can all get out of here."

"Tsk! Brat Cesar, you're brave to say those words! Do you really think you can threaten us like that?" Kaleb looked at Vicente as he walked cautiously down the corridor, his mana circulating through his body, his attention focused on the floor and walls of the place.

'Trying to trap us?' Kaleb laughed inwardly, 'seeing' Vicente's whole plan.

"Cesar, you're powerful and talented, but you're far from being able to maintain the kind of resources you have at your disposal," Arthur said in a less harsh tone than Kaleb's. "Hurry up, give us the 3rd-stage herb, and swear in the name of your elements that you will not pursue this matter.

I'll tell you the same words you used. There's still time to back out."

Vicente looked at the black-haired man walking slowly toward him and asked. "Good words. The strong really have every right to demand what they want from the weak.

But before we resolve this situation, let me know your names. If I'm going to fall or if I'm going to take you down, I want to know the names of my opponents."

Vicente could easily get the identity of the soldier he was interested in. But Kaleb's identity was a problem that could cost time and resources.

Not every magician carried identification with them. The risk of death in certain operations was higher for warriors, so sects, families, and groups in general often didn't carry identification that could link them to their real forces.

That was even more common among criminals.

Not knowing who these unexpected enemies were who had come to The Vile Altar, Vicente wanted to have a hint before they fell into his trap.

"My name is Arthur Hogan, Commander of the royal army in Saltstar City!" Arthur said as he looked at Vicente with a noble look.

It would have made no difference if he had said his name. As someone whose identity could be easily verified, he had no reason to hide his name from an enemy he wanted to kill.

For warriors like him, knowing the name of the one who killed them or giving their name to their victims was a form of recognition for both parties.

But not everyone thought so. That was the case with Kaleb, who paid no attention to Vicente's question since the force he belonged to had trained him never to introduce himself unnecessarily.

"I'm the one who will kill you if you don't hand over the 3rd-stage herb. Do you have anything else to worry about?" Kaleb said with a hostile tone.

Vicente ignored the comment from the man covered in body tattoos as he looked at Arthur, realizing that this person was Commander Christopher's older brother.

'Another Hogan... Does he have something to do with my mother?' Vicente wondered, remembering his mother's last name was also Hogan.

He had known the surname of the Commander of Millfall post since his arrival in the city. But until this moment, Vicente had never worried about Christopher's possible relationship with Kate.

There were small families with the same name all over the continent and even in the Seidel Kingdom. It wasn't uncommon to find two families with the same name in the same province.

Having no great interest in his maternal family, Vicente had never tried to find out more about Christopher's origins. But when he saw Arthur, he couldn't help but feel uncomfortable, as if he had seen this person before.

But Vicente was sure that he had never met this man in his life.

'Is he related to my mother? Is that why I feel like I know him?' Vice pondered, feeling that Arthur might look a bit similar to Kate.

But that wasn't enough to stop him from doing what he had already planned. 'I will see if I can find out where he came from when I get back to Millfall. As much as my mother's family cast her aside, if I can find them, I'd like to let them know what happened to their daughter. They deserve to know.'

Vicente had no intention of seeking help from his maternal grandparents. But a long-standing problem with his parents and Kate's birth family wasn't going to stop him from telling them what had happened. After all, Kate was a daughter of the Hogan family, and even if she had left through the back door, they should be told of her death.

At least, that was what Vice thought he would want if he were in Kate's parents' shoes.

"Well then, Arthur Hogan and the man with no name, I will remember you. But since you want my life, leave your lives here!" As he said this, Vicente moved backward, causing the two Mages to jump towards him.

When he touched one of the traps in this corridor with his foot, Vicente activated part of what he had planned to deal with these enemies there.

"Idiot! This won't be enough!" Kaleb shouted as he activated his defenses and saw a defensive formation forming a defensive barrier around Vicente's body while several lasers emerged from the walls.

He and Arthur had expected something like this. They weren't surprised when they felt that the whole corridor was firing these lasers capable of cutting through the bodies of unprepared Mages.

But they had activated their defenses, so they weren't affected by Cesar's 'plans' at all.

"When your defenses go down, let's see what you do!" Kaleb shouted as he continued to move through the air, advancing without feeling the lasers in the area threatening him.

Meanwhile, Vicente looked sharply at the two fools, seeing they had fallen into his trap.

'Idiots! Do you think I would lure you into something so obvious? This is just a distraction.' He thought as his real trap sprang up at the end of the corridor.

As Arthur and Kaleb floated in the air from their leap towards Cesar, a series of mana blasts, twice as powerful as the lasers in this corridor, shot out from its ends towards the three individuals.

Chapter 323 Final Confrontation at The Vile Altar (1)

When Kaleb and Arthur noticed the large arrows of mana coming from the beginning and end of this corridor, they both realized the mistake they had made.

By circling their defenses to protect themselves from the offensive formations in that corridor, they were confident they could withstand the offensive power of Vicente's trap. Offensive formations in places like this were not designed for continuous attacks. They aimed to kill or seriously injure as many opponents as possible in a quick attack.

For this reason, simple direct attack formations like the one in that corridor only worked for a few moments before they had to be reloaded. That could take several minutes or even hours, so after the initial attack, they would temporarily go into standby mode.

One could be sure of one's life or purpose by defending against this type of formation. The chances of anything else happening would be minimal, which gave Kaleb and Arthur confidence in their actions.

However, they didn't expect there would be other offensive formations nearby that would be activated at the same time as the one in the corridor!

When they saw Vicente lying on his back on the ground with a golden barrier around his body, the two Mages felt a chill run down their spines at the sight of the many attacks coming at them.

"Shit!" Arthur whimpered as he realized his mistake in using his own energy to defend himself.

Formations were expensive and hard to come by. For every 10 magicians of a certain stage, 2 or 3 would have formations with them.

On the other hand, The Vile Altar's defenses were mostly 3rd-grade since there had never been any Sovereigns in that province, which wouldn't justify the investment in better formations.

That's why Arthur and Kaleb didn't choose to 'waste' their defenses there.

It would've been a waste of resources. Besides, they felt they were strong enough to withstand the onslaught of that corridor's offensive formation.

However, as much as they were able to withstand the offensive power of one of those 3rd-grade formations, it was a challenge for them to withstand the offensive effect of two of them at the same time.

Regretting they had not been more careful, the two men felt their mana defenses fall in the face of the attacks from two formations of equal power.

In the first moment of the attack, they held their positions, feeling their mana being quickly consumed by their defensive spells. But after only 3 seconds, when the laser formation stopped working, they both saw and felt their guards collapse.

While they felt as if the breakdown of their defenses had wounded their souls, they were pierced by at least 6 arrows of mana at various points in their bodies.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!"

The two let out loud cries of pain, losing the strength to stand as they fell to the ground, bleeding from various places.

Vicente watched the two Low-level Mages fall as he lay on the ground, feeling the defensive formation Torne had given him was still working.

The laser attacks that could have killed him had already been deactivated, and it was on standby.

But arrows of mana were still shooting from the beginning and end of the corridor, so he remained motionless for a few more moments, watching the two men in agony.

Arthur's and Kaleb's suffering wouldn't last long, and these two Mages would soon stop screaming, their bodies only moving from the last arrows that hit them.

At the last second, under the protection of the defensive formation, Vicente saw the arrows stop being fired from the beginning and end of the corridor.

Just as Torne had told him, they would only last 9 seconds, while his defense would protect him for 10.

As he felt the protection around him disappear and the core of the formation collapse, Vice sighed in relief.

'Old Torne, you have saved me once again. If I'd had to fight those guys, I'd probably have died at the hands of the enemies on the surface, even if I had defeated those two.' He commented and sighed as he stood up.

'That is no more than my duty. But don't thank me yet. We still have opponents on the surface. But now we won't have any defense. Everything will depend on you, master.'

There were formations that could be used repeatedly. That was the case with the formations in the traps around the ruins of The Vile Altar, which triggered attacks and then went into a standby state to recover the mana used.

But defensive formations generally couldn't last more than one use. Defensive formations were only used when their owners felt threatened by powers greater than their own. Since one would rarely have a formation much more advanced than one's own powers, these defensive mechanisms would be permanently damaged after just one use.

The formation Vicente had used was slightly more powerful than the attacks from earlier. Still, the damage it had suffered was enough to damage it even if it hadn't been destroyed during use.

So now Vicente was without that powerful defense and could only rely on his own powers!

'I know, but that should be enough anyway. How are our enemies on the surface?' He asked as he searched the bodies of the two, quickly taking what couldn't be traced and leaving traceable items behind.

There are still two Low-level Mages on the surface and two Mid-level Mages. But the second strongest Mage is about to be crushed.' Torne said as he felt a huge wooden statue pressing against a single man while the other two Mages seemed to be resting from their recent movements, tired.

As much as the group of soldiers and bandits had had the upper hand against the members of the Congregation of Revelation, it hadn't been easy.

They hadn't risked their lives in the fight, but they had used between 70% and 90% of their strength to reach this moment.

Vicente clenched his fists when he heard it, feeling the difficulty of the situation he was in had decreased significantly.

From the original 10 enemies, he now only had to face 3 opponents before he could return home!

After collecting what those two Mages had for him, Vicente didn't hesitate to leave this level of The Vile Altar, heading to the surface where Tyson had just killed Levi.

Chapter 324 Final Confrontation at The Vile Altar (2)

Tyson let his magical form vanish into thin air shortly after confirming Levi's death. At the same time, his pentagrams returned to his body.

Alex and Peter were either wiping the sweat from their faces or drinking potions to treat their wounds and restore some mana to their bodies.

Recovery potions were exceptionally efficient at healing wounds and could fully restore the mana base of a magician of the same class as themselves in up to 5 minutes.

A magician's recovery time after using a potion of the same level as their own could vary depending on the purity of the potion, the magician's talent, and the severity of their situation.

In short, the greater the talent, the less serious the injuries, and the greater the purity of the potion, the faster its full effect would be.

As they felt the mana in their surroundings enter their Magic Gems without any effort on their part, the two soldiers looked at everything they had done without guilt.

Betrayal or murder might cause remorse or unnecessary thoughts the first time. But after years of experience and several such situations, one would learn to completely ignore those feelings and act as if everything was natural to them.

One of them looked at Tyson as the bald man drank his own recovery potion. "What do we do now?"

"Let's meet with..." Tyson was about to suggest when Peter suddenly made a horrible face and interrupted him.

"Shit! Kaleb and Arthur are dead!" The strongest of the survivors said as he regained his composure.

At the same time he had just missed his army buddy and the Ironcrest bandit, he noticed a level 4 aura from the Acolyte stage approaching them at high speed.

Tyson made a terrible face when he heard this, knowing his men had the Nine Demons Formation with them and Arthur and Kaleb were not easy to deal with.

How could Cesar have defeated them all by himself?

Shocked, he turned his attention to the entrance of those ruins while Alex did the same, not expecting they would still have to deal with Cesar.

Just as the three of them had looks of doubt or anger on their faces, the ground they were standing on began to shake.

As they felt Vicente coming through the entrance to the ruins, they also felt something moving on the ground beneath their feet.

Realizing the enemy was already coming towards them, the three of them jumped up from their positions, moving their mana through their Magic Gems once again.

"Shit! How did that happen?" Alex shouted as he saw metallic claws emerge from the ground where he and his companions were standing.

"The bastard's advanced to level 4... But that shouldn't be enough to explain all this!" Peter frowned as he saw the metal claws coming out of the ground at the three points where they were.

Vicente appeared at the entrance to these ruins while they were wondering how.

The mask on his face was the same as always. Still, the armor around his body seemed much more robust at the moment while several metal structures hovered behind him.

He had one of his hands pointed forward as a red-orange pentagram glowed around him, and the three metal claws that had tried to kill those three moved.

"Today, you came for my head. But I'm afraid it's you who will have to leave your lives in my hands!" Vicente hovered in the air, not hesitating to fly towards those people, knowing they still hadn't fully recovered and that he had to kill them as soon as possible.

Peter's eyes widened as he saw Vice getting closer and closer to them, feeling a little less of his opponent's magnetic pressure than his two allies but still noticing a slightly disturbing sensation in his being.

Meanwhile, Alex was the most affected of the three, finding it difficult to think, understand the situation around him in real time, and even move his body.

The bodies of biological beings were composed of metallic components to a lesser extent. But even though these components only made up a fraction of a magician's body mass, they were still connected to body movement, muscle function, and thought, in short, the most important things a body could do.

These two Low-level Mages felt terrible having the metal parts of their bodies affected by Vicente's ability!

Alex suffered the most because he had the least talent and the least unique magical form of the three.

But even with an extreme magical form, Tyson felt like he was in a nightmare as he saw Vicente approaching him along with several frightening metallic objects.

'Holy shit! What kind of fucking power is that?' He feared for his life for the first time in days, realizing even his wooden Buddha paled compared to Cesar's talent and magical form.

While the three felt terrible feelings in their bodies, Vicente formed a spiral of flying blades around a space of about 30 cubic meters, making it impossible for the men to escape.

If any of them wanted to run away from him, they would first have to overcome a spiral of high-speed flying blades that could tear apart the bodies of even Low-level Mages!

He didn't miss the opportunity to use Peter's metal armor against this soldier, pinning this soldier to the ground while chains like the ones he had used earlier appeared around that man to bind him but also to injure him.

Unfortunately for Peter, he hadn't considered the possibility his enemy had the ability to manipulate metal items from 3rd-grade artifacts.

His armor, the only metal item on those three enemy bodies, was a 3rd-grade one, something only Mages could affect.

That had given him the confidence to use it in this place, even considering the special power of the enemy he was pursuing.

When he saw how advanced Cesar's power already was, the soldier from the capital paled and felt the big mistake he had made.

In the midst of this, he felt the enemy's metal chains penetrate his body, immobilizing him along with the armor that tried to crush his chest.

"Aaaagh!"

"Damn it!" Tyson shouted as Peter opened his mouth in agony. "Cesar! Don't do this! Do you know who I am? If you do, you'll get in trouble with The Faceless Ones! Don't..."

A flying sword sliced through his neck as Tyson tried to use his support to threaten Vicente, startling him terribly.

"I know, I know. They're going to kill me." Vicente closed his eyes as he muttered in a sarcastic tone, not caring what kind of support that man had.

He was about to kill two more of the king's men. How could he not dare to kill a bandit from The Faceless Ones faction?

Was The Faceless Ones more powerful than the royal army?

"Unfortunately for you, your supporters aren't here. Learn this. In your next life, don't use distant support at such a crucial moment." Vicente said as he clenched his fists and dealt the final blow to his opponents with the many metal tools flying around.

Swooish!

Chapter 325 Results of the Battle at The Vile Altar

The moment Vicente raised his right hand, the blades flying around sliced into the bodies of those Mages.

The first to die was Alex, who was already in a terrible situation from the moment Vicente appeared near his group. Then Tyson fell second, his throat severely cut.

Tyson had a bitter look on his face before he died, not believing in his last moments that someone like him, full of potential, would fall into this simple place and at the hands of a mere Acolyte.

But only the strong decide how they die!

His regrets and bitterness didn't matter to the world. Since he had dared to act, his death was nothing but natural!

Would it cause a stir in the future? Would the "unjust" death of such a person make any difference to the world?

Only time will tell. But the fact was that Vicente had won this battle!

After dealing with the two Low-level Mages, Vicente finished off Peter. With more than 70% of his forces available to deal with the last enemy, the young Fuller ended Peter's career in the royal army by killing a Mid-level Mage like it was no big deal.

But how hard could it be for him? At his best, with his understanding of his elements higher than ever and with the enemies severely weakened, killing them was like a walk in the park for Vicente!

Earlier, they had gone to excessive lengths to take care of the men of the Congregation of Revelations, confident that Cesar would not be a threat to them.

That had been the mistake of Vice's enemies that night!

Vicente had been riddled with problems before and had even considered 'surrendering' to one of his opponents in search of time to continue growing. Not only that, but he had more problems than he thought, with enemies from one of the strongest forces in the province, another from the most powerful organization in the state, and the last from the most powerful institution on the continent.

His last days had been extremely tense and worrying!

But with a bit of luck, but also competence, those who wanted his head that day were no longer in this world, while he had guaranteed himself the extra time he needed.

Vicente was aware that his problems did not end with the death of these people. Seeing Peter's brutalized body, he was fully aware this night would have its consequences.

But for someone growing as fast as he was, it was always better to push as many of his problems into the future as possible!

Suppose he could leave today's problem until tomorrow, fine! If he could do it a month, a year, or more from now, even better!

'The forces behind them will probably investigate their deaths and find a way to get close to me. Fortunately, I didn't kill any members of the Congregation of Revelation.' He thought as he felt exhausted, finally without any more enemies to fight.

'Anyway, while it's worrying that I killed army soldiers, it will take some time for the royal powers to find out what happened...' His eyes narrowed as he thought about it. 'I have to kill Christopher Hogan! He's the only one in the army who knows about my connection to these murders!'

Remembering this, Vicente felt his heart beat faster.

'There are also the people behind the other group, master. As powerful as they are, the Congregation of Revelations is the least of your worries. Those members of that damned faith seem to be acting on their own, based on the information you have. In that case, your biggest problems right now are the army and The Faceless faction.' Torne said, considering what he already knew from Vicente and what they had heard earlier.

'That is the case.' Vice clenched his fists. 'Dealing with the army won't be that difficult. I can quickly find out who at that post had information about the departure of the Commanders I killed and then deal with them. The problem here is the weakest of my enemies.' He looked in the direction of the bald man's body.

Vicente had no idea who in that faction knew about the movement of those four against him that day. That would be the most difficult point for him to get rid of his problem!

"Sigh... I won't worry about that for now. First, I'll collect the belongings from those bodies, recover, and then return to Millfall." He muttered, realizing there was nothing he could do to solve his problems while he was in The Vile Altar.

Not only that but knowing his men would certainly have problems in Millfall, he was in quite a hurry to get back to his town!

So he quickly gathered the belongings of the six bodies from around the surface of The Vile Altar. He gathered these bodies with the others he had collected in the previous levels and then made a bonfire.

Then he looked at his new possessions while waiting for the bodies to turn to ash.

'The wealth of Mages is really on another level!' Vicente smiled as he realized the resources he had gained from this dangerous encounter he had arranged.

Vicente now had more wealth than he had in the Irwin family vault because of the belongings of 2 level 5 Acolytes, 6 Low-level Mages, and 2 Mid-level Mages.

'It looks like I can make a lot of money from fighting to the death, too.' He smiled and counted more than 13,000 gold coins, counting all types of coins, as he put all the coins of these ten enemies together.

Although none of them was a nobleman or had a wealthy position in society, most were experts in the province and had lived decades longer than Vicente.

They all had savings in their spatial rings, even considering their monthly expenses and the investments that every magician had to make on a regular basis.

There were no banks in Polaris Realm, or rather, there were no banks like those on Earth on this continent. The owners of the coins themselves were the best at keeping them safe, so except for the few cases of rich people who had a lot to protect and had guards to help them, people usually took most of their wealth with them.

Because of this, Vicente was now about 13,000 gold coins richer, in addition to the other items he had gotten from his opponents' rings.

'I also got

- 3 magic stones;
- 4 4th-grade armors;
- 5 4th-grade weapons;
- 21 2nd-grade pills and 14 potions, between 80% and 100% purity;

- 8 3rd-grade pills and 3 potions, between 60% and 75% purity...'

These were the main battle 'prizes,' but there were also other items such as documents, letters, basic artifacts without enchantments, and spells based on different types of elements.

Vicente wasn't unaware of the value of these other things, and of course, he kept anything that couldn't be traced along with the other more valuable items.

He then looked at the ashes of these bodies and finished counting his winnings.

'Time to go!'

Chapter 326 Situation in Millfall

As Vicente made his way back to Millfall...

More than two days had passed since Vicente left for The Vile Altar. The Mazzanti family's group had been preparing in the meantime and had begun their plans for the 3rd-stage herb just over 8 hours ago.

They had been a little late with their plans. But 8 hours ago, everything had been ready, and Liam had taken the 3rd-stage herb from a ring and started the proper procedures for handling the plant and getting the pentagram it could provide.

Because the group had taken all the precautions in their power, no enemy had noticed the appearance of the 3rd-stage herb in the east of Millfall when Liam began to act.

However, since such a plant naturally emitted a scent and natural aura that was difficult to contain, it would only be a matter of time before local experts noticed it.

After Liam successfully killed the 3rd-stage plant, he began to absorb the Magic Pentagram from it about 5 hours ago.

Now, he was still in the Mazzanti family's training room, where the men under Rory's command were in position, circulating their mana while keeping their weapons aimed at the estate's perimeter.

All of the estate's security mechanisms were activated while Rory stood outside the estate with some of the strongest soldiers, as well as Bart.

Minutes ago, the first enemies had realized what was happening in the city and had found their way to the manor.

The first were mere alchemists, an enemy Rory and his group weren't worried about. But soon after the first 3rd-stage alchemists appeared, local Mages noticed the appearance of such a valuable asset in the area ruled by the Mazzanti family.

Thus, the local forces moved in over the past few minutes, eventually arriving at the current situation where the Mazzanti family estate was surrounded by late 2nd and early 3rd-stage opponents.

Even Vicente's master, Benson King, had moved after smelling the scent of a 3rd-grade herb, for even a blacksmith like him could benefit from such a thing.

In addition to them, the other 3rd-grade blacksmiths of Millfall, as well as the alchemists and other magic professionals of that tier who were currently in the city, were also there.

Viscount Symons couldn't miss such a siege, and he was currently standing next to Commander Hogan, who had promptly invited him ten minutes ago when their groups had gathered to come to this place.

Of the ten Mages who lived in Millfall regularly, eight of them were currently around Cesar Mazzanti's estate!

Along with them were students, acquaintances, or close family members, all waiting to see who would get the precious resource.

"Representatives of the Mazzanti family, don't be silly. Your group can't face us all and keep the 3rd-stage herb!"

The Viscount was the one to speak while some of the wounded from the earlier fighting in the area retreated, seeing that the local Mages would decide the outcome of this confrontation.

Meanwhile, out of curiosity or greed, all of the Millfall Mages there gave way to Viscount Symons, for this man was one of the strongest in the area, not only in terms of influence but also in terms of fighting ability.

If the local magic professionals were sheep, then the Viscount and Commander Hogan were two ferocious wolves that could not be overlooked!

While the Viscount tried to use his words to get what he wanted, Benson looked at the situation cautiously, aware this family belonged to his student and that he should find a way to help Vicente.

At the same time, Lukas was there with his master, who, in turn, accompanied the strongest local blacksmith in this siege.

'Vicente... What the hell have you done?' Lukas asked, fearing the worst.

Meanwhile, Liam's master had a strange look on his face, sensing something familiar coming from inside the Mazzanti estate.

'That aura... It looks like Liam's aura! What is he doing with the Mazzanti family? Why did this family give him something so precious?' The old local alchemist wondered, surprised because he knew nothing about his student getting involved with Cesar.

But considering how much Liam could benefit and how it could even benefit him, this old alchemist couldn't help but worry about the situation.

'I can't let these people get in the way of Liam's moment! If he succeeds in absorbing this orange pentagram, he'll have an even more solid magical base and better prospects for the future!' He clenched a fist under his cloak.

A pentagram like the one Liam was absorbing could greatly benefit alchemists in refining, as its herbal properties would be the best possible. In other words, this pentagram could even improve Liam's alchemical talent.

That's why the owner of Botanica Magica, Abel Thomas, wouldn't let the greedy people in the area spoil it for Liam!

The people around the Mazzanti estate thought differently, some in favor, but with the majority against Rory's group, he said. "Viscount Symons, how dare you threaten us? Don't forget that this city has its laws. You are not above them! If you dare attack us, we'll fight back to protect our rights!"

"Brat, your damned leader put you in this situation by fleeing the city and leaving you alone. Give up the 3rd-stage herb while you still can." Commander Hogan said, while there were some level 5 Acolytes in his group, including a blue-haired woman.

'Cesar... Did you really risk all this?' Nova thought to herself, feeling bad about the situation since what his leader wanted to do was basically stealing other people's property.

According to the rules of the kingdom, what was found was not stolen, and wild items belonged to whoever found them first.

That was why the members of the magic college had put pressure on Vicente before, thinking they were the first to find the yellow pentagram. Of course, the fact that they were stronger than him at that time was also an important point.

In the current situation, Cesar had been the first to find the 3rd-stage herb, so according to the kingdom's rules, he should own it. However, Commander Hogan was abusing his position and power to put pressure on the Mazzanti family!

Nova couldn't help but feel bad about this, even considering her rivalry with Cesar. 'Don't you know how these people are? Why did you take such a risk?' She thought, feeling it would have been better if he had waited to act when he was in the city or even planned to take the weed and Liam somewhere else.

While she thought, Rory looked toward her group, focusing on the completely different man from the one who had recently caught Vicente's eye.

"If you want our resources, come! Whoever is willing, fight! We'll die before we let anyone on our property!"

Chapter 327 The Beginning of the Battle for the Weed

Hearing Rory's provocation, as the pentagrams of this masked fellow appeared, Commander Hogan clenched his fists in anger at the audacity of this petty criminal.

"You little shit! If you prefer the hard way, prepare to die!" Christopher roared, his aura becoming even more powerful as his three pentagrams, one red, one orange, and one yellow, emerged from his body.

"Shit! Are they really going to fight?" Commented one of the many Acolytes nearby as more than 50 people took steps back.

Though many were interested in the show and the possibilities it offered, almost no one wanted to get involved in the first moment of confrontation, usually the most dangerous moment for weaker magicians.

As many Acolytes retreated, the Mazzanti family's soldiers moved their forces while the surrounding enemies also mobilized.

Viscount Symons didn't hesitate to display his pentagrams immediately after Commander Hogan's without revealing his magical form to the surrounding people, as his special powers were internal to his body.

Like Layla, who had super speed as her special power, Viscount Symons had the power of super strength.

Magical forms like Layla's and Viscount Symons' did not give them external powers that could affect their surroundings. Only through spells could they do that.

But with their pentagrams, they couldn't use long-range special attacks or even use powers that were unbelievable to watch.

But that didn't mean their powers were easy!

Layla could even outrun a Mage if she wanted to, even considering her 2nd-stage magic realm. As for Viscount Symons, as long as he could land a blow, he could hurt even Sovereigns!

That was part of what their incredible power could do for them!

So when the Viscount moved his mana, no one around him saw anything special. But those who knew him frowned because they knew how dangerous he was.

He was only a Low-level Mage, but he could kill practically anyone in the vicinity with a single blow!

Not only did his physical strength generate offensive power, but his skin, bones, muscles, and practically everything else on his body were much tougher than people without his special power.

Consequently, for someone to seriously injure him, they would have to be at least a High-level Mage!

Shit!" Benson realized the problem and moved too, appearing at the side of Rory's group almost simultaneously as the owner of Botanica Magica, Abel.

Rory looked at the two men, whom he hadn't expected to see that day, and didn't move against them.

Meanwhile, the Mages activating their powers in the surrounding area looked at the two men strangely, seeing that the day's battle would not be easy.

"Benson..." Henry muttered as he saw his rival standing next to a family of criminals, something he hadn't expected.

"Benson, Abel, what are you doing?" The Viscount didn't like this move either.

Although these two were not born warriors, they had considerable powers. In Benson's case, he had impressive strength, and his magical form, the Flame Hammer, was not to be underestimated.

On the other hand, Abel could fight with his magical form, Bronze Cauldron, even though it was a tool specifically designed for alchemy.

"Your Grace, I can't allow you to continue. I don't know what's going on, but my disciple is the one absorbing the pentagram generated by the 3rd-grade herb. So please wait until he's finished, or else I'll have to disrespect you." The old man said as his pentagrams formed in the air, and a 2-meter-high cauldron with a larger radius of 80 centimeters formed in front of him.

"As for me, I have my own interests. I hope to get some tips from you today, Your Grace!" Benson said as he pointed his flaming hammer at the Viscount, seeing other local Mages standing around, undecided on which side to take.

The current 3rd-stage poison master of this city saw the confrontation brewing and pondered. 'With these two old men on the side of the Mazzanti family, their chances are not zero. But while victory for the Mazzanti family might be in the interest of us non-warriors, the same cannot be said for victory for the Viscount's group.'

The white-haired, middle-aged woman looked away from the Viscount and Commander Hogan. 'If they win, this herb won't help us. But if we stand up to them, as much as our chances of fighting them later are better in this hypothesis, our chances of being persecuted in the future would also be greater.'

Insulting a member of the army and the Viscount would be extremely risky for anyone there. After all, they couldn't kill those two men even if they had the power to do so.

No matter how much what those two did was against the rules, killing nobles or soldiers of the kingdom was a serious crime!

If they couldn't eliminate those two, the Viscount and Commander Hogan would surely come after them in the future!

'I'd better leave. I won't gain anything here!' This 3rd-stage woman, the only one in this town, moved in the opposite direction of the confrontation, acting in the same way as the other two Mages there.

They wanted the 3rd stage herb, but if they allied themselves with the Mazzanti family or the Viscount's group, they would get into trouble either way. If they stayed with the Viscount, Cesar would come after them when he returned from wherever he was. If they sided with Rory, they'd be in trouble with a Viscount and a member of the army.

Staying out of that confrontation seemed best to some of them, despite their interest in the 3rd-stage herb.

"Let's go back." Old Benson's rival said, looking into the man's eyes.

"But Master..." Lukas' master hesitated, aware of the value of the Mazzanti family's herb.

"There will be an auction soon. Let's focus these powers on that event. We don't have much to gain here today." Henry said before hurrying off.

As everyone took their positions for the fight to come, shots rang out from the side of the Mazzanti estate, kicking off the confrontation for 3rd-stage weed!

Benson was one of the first Mages to move, acting alongside the basilisk with the Viscount in his sights. Meanwhile, Rory would soon join Liam's master in the battle against Commander Hogan!

Chapter 328 Torne's Story (1)

Many bullets were fired as the battle for the Mazzanti estate began, most of them aimed at Viscount Symons and Commander Hogan.

While the bullets had no chance of hurting them, they could subtly distract them while the family's strongest defenders moved against them.

But these were not simple bullets that would merely cause discomfort to the enemies they hit. Before he left, Vicente hadn't been able to create any new weapons or ammunition. Still, he had made some modifications to the existing weapons and ammunition.

Since all of the family's weapons and ammunition already had electromagnetic properties, and some of them even had earth element properties, they could do more damage than anyone could imagine.

The Viscount immediately became more serious when he felt the first of several bullets hit him, noticing an electric current running through his body, making him feel a slight numbness in the place that had been hit first.

But as he was hit by half a dozen more bullets, he not only felt that sensation grow stronger, but he also noticed that a bullet that had hit his right leg formed a shell of earth at the spot where it had hit. At the same time, another bullet that had hit his left arm seemed to have momentarily increased the difficulty of him moving that limb.

'Fucking Mazzanti family! Their weapons are truly formidable!' He pushed a little to get rid of these sensations around his body, seeing that the enemy was not so easy.

Even without Cesar to join these ordinary warriors, such individuals could cause trouble on their own!

The Viscount was physically powerful, so he wouldn't be stopped by that alone. But this man recognized the value of the Mazzanti family's weapons, which could hinder 3rd-stage magicians to some degree.

Commander Hogan felt it on his skin as he was electrocuted several times in a row by the bullets that struck him.

It wasn't enough to stop him, but it was enough to make him angry!

He grimaced as he saw Rory's Flame Avatar forming, along with Liam's master's cauldron flying towards him.

At the same time, Benson temporarily floated in the air as he fell towards Viscount Symons, using most of his strength to hammer the man.

Aware of the Viscount's strength, Benson didn't hold back. No matter how hard he attacked, that man would not die. So he attacked him as if he were looking at an ore that was difficult to shape, without any doubt.

"Hold that, Your Grace!" Benson shouted as his Flame Hammer grew in size, creating a shadow that could cover an entire house.

"Shit! That damned blacksmith dares to attack His Grace?" One of the men from the Symons family shouted as he felt the pressure in the area, moving to avoid being hit by enemy bullets but also to avoid being affected by the Mages' battle.

The same was true for the soldiers there, who were assigned to raid the Mazzanti estate and take the 3rd-stage herb.

Nova disagreed with Christopher's methods, but like a soldier following orders, she moved to find an opening to break into Cesar's residence.

As one of the strongest level 5 Acolytes in the area, she proved her mettle by defending her companions from bullets that could have seriously injured them.

While wielding her sword, she leaped into the air with the weapon in her hands, pointing it at the sky as her orange pentagram glowed.

Magic circles appeared on the outskirts of that area, and then several sword tips made of mana emerged from those circles.

"Dozens of swords slicing the world!" She shouted as she launched her move, causing 20 mana swords to fly at high speed against the Mazzanti family's bullets aimed at her fellow soldiers.

Watching from inside the Mazzanti mansion, one of the oldest men in the family couldn't help but sigh at the sight of the blue-haired beauty in action.

'What a problem... The boss' woman keeps getting in the way!'

...

While the battle in Millfall continued, Vicente had already covered the first few kilometers of his journey between The Vile Altar and his city.

But even if he could fly, it would take him hours to make the entire journey to Millfall.

Aware he could do nothing more than what he was already doing, Vicente had been talking to Torne ever since he left the ruins.

From the time they had talked, Vice now knew that Torne was a former member of the Cataclysm Order, a Dark Path faith represented by the altars around the continent known as The Vile Altar.

The Vile Altar was the Dark Path's version of the Awakening Temple.

There were currently no competitors to the Congregation of Revelation in Polaris Realm. That is, there were other faiths on the continent, but they were nowhere near the main local religion, which had more than 80% of the continent's population on its side.

But the continent's past had been very different. In addition to the Cataclysm Order, three other religions shared with the Congregation of Revelation the 80% of the population that now belonged exclusively to members of the Awakening Temples.

According to Torne, there were five major religions in Polaris Realm some 40,000 years ago. But each of them had been persecuted by the members of the Congregation of Revelation until only that faith remained.

The Cataclysm Order was one of the two religions that had been exterminated by the Congregation of Revelation, while the other two had been defeated but not exterminated. Since the other two were religions of the Light Path, they were incorporated into the Congregation of Revelation after their defeat.

In any case, the Cataclysmic Order was a religion like the other four that existed in the past. Like the Congregation of Revelation, it also performed the Awakening of young magicians.

Today, this process is monopolized by the Congregation of Revelation, but that wasn't always the case.

In the distant past, people from families with elements of the Dark Path would have their powers awakened at the altars of the Cataclysm Order, which was obviously friendlier to people from that path.

In a world where magicians with negative elements were seen as potential mass murderers or lunatics, the altars of Torne's faith were like hiding places for those who wanted to disguise themselves.

The Cataclysmic Order was born out of the need for dark magicians to have support and a place to hide from the many other magicians who would persecute or kill them simply because of their elemental affinities.

In short, the origins of this religion lay behind one of the causes of the war that brought it to an end about 2,000 years ago, when Torne was killed defending his post.

At that time, the former Sovereign in charge of the altar in the Scott Province had fallen but not disappeared!

Chapter 329 Torne's Story (2)

Torne wasn't always a ghost. Born 4,000 years ago, he had grown up in a town in the Gugia Empire, a state further west on the continent, far from the Seidel Kingdom.

He was an orphan who hadn't known his parents and had been raised in an orphanage in his hometown. When he turned 14, he had gone through the Awakening Ceremony in one of the Congregation of Revelation's temples.

At that time, he had no idea he had been born with an affinity for the Dark Path. By going through the Awakening in one of the temples of a Light Path religion, he had naturally been marked and suffered at the beginning of his journey.

But before meeting the Cataclysm Order, he had managed to escape those who wanted to kill him or persecute him for his magical affinity.

Even though the Congregation of Revelations was a religion of the Light Path, they didn't persecute magicians with an affinity opposite to the one they espoused. No, it would be too much work and impossible to eradicate all those with negative elements.

After all, all kinds of elements were necessary for the world to function. If all the magicians of certain elements were killed, it would only bring temporary 'peace.' The world itself would force the emergence of new individuals with affinities to those 'less represented' elements.

Knowing this, those of the Light Path have never attempted to completely eradicate those of the Dark Path. What the Congregation of Revelation did was catalog the magical forms and talents of those who awakened their abilities in their temples, following the journey of the few while ignoring that of the majority.

People of lesser talents had little chance of changing things relevant to the Congregation of Revelation, so they simply ignored them. They would only hunt down and kill those who were more extreme, who attracted a lot of attention, or who had very extraordinary talents.

Torne had been born with a green talent, so he hadn't attracted unnecessary attention in his time.

As high as green was, it wasn't worrisome enough. However, people with such talents would be watched from afar by members of the Congregation of Revelation.

That had happened to Torne, and although he had survived the Awakening of his powers in a temple that hated him, he encountered many problems on his journey because of this hostile observation.

The aftermath had bound him to the altars of the Cataclysm Order in his homeland, where he had begun his journey into the religion of the Dark Path magicians.

He had grown up in this faith until he became a Sovereign 3,000 years ago when he was finally directed to lead the altars of his faith in the Seidel Kingdom.

At that time, the situation of his religion was no longer good. However, it still continued its actions throughout the continent.

Since this was a kingdom where the strongest had been Sovereign since that time, someone of his level was needed to maintain the group's local representation.

At that time, the Cataclysm Moon Pendant had been lost, so Torne moved to The Vile Altar of Scott Province, where he remained for the rest of his life.

At that time, many battles had taken place between members of the Dark Path and the Congregation of Revelation, battles that few people knew about because there had been no major massacres or battles in the cities. What's more, the dominant faith on the continent had hidden most of what had happened. It had concealed much of the war that had marked the end of the Cataclysmic Order, the last competing faith to the dominant faith in Polaris Realm.

It was about 2,000 years ago when Torne had met his end, dying in battle alongside his companions of The Vile Altar.

Fortunately or not, after his death, his soul had formed a ghost, a kind of non-human, vengeful creature, something that had its weaknesses but also many strengths.

For example, while the vitality of a human Sovereign was a few thousand years, without considering the use of special resources, the vitality of a ghost of the same level was ten times greater!

Torne was not far from death when he died, and he should have reached the 5th stage if he wanted to live more than a few centuries at that time. But he had become a ghost and now had a few thousand more years to mourn in this world.

That was the "good" part, but there were problems. For example, ghosts couldn't go far, or their spirits would dissipate.

In short, some places were more or less suitable for such beings. The places where they were born were usually great places for them. Still, depending on how lucky one was, you could be limited to an area of 100 square kilometers or an area of 100 square meters.

It wasn't possible to choose the area in which they could move without risk. Thus, a spirit would be completely hostage to the reality of the place where they appeared.

In Torne's case, this part of Scott Province didn't have a good concentration of dark elements. The area in which he could move was smaller than the entire ruins of The Vile Altar!

Therefore, he had been trapped there for nearly 2,000 years, waiting for some fool to come close enough to possess him.

Only by possessing a human body could a spirit like him not be restricted to places full of negativity!

Anyway, that was the story Torne had just told Vicente, making the young man understand how there could be a Sovereign ghost in this remote and weak place, but also the story of this guy.

"You're really old. No wonder you know so much." Vicente muttered after listening to his slave's report.

'I hope my age can help you, master. But it's good to be away from the altar after so long. You have no idea how often I've imagined what it would be like to go out and explore the world again.' Torne said in an emotional tone.

Living in isolation for so long hadn't been easy. Even though he had become a ghost, Torne's rationality had hardly diminished. But since he couldn't meditate to become stronger and didn't need to sleep or eat, the last few centuries had been rather monotonous for him.

Walking through a forest or advising a young man in battle was extremely satisfying to him. That's why he felt so good now when he sensed the outside world from inside Vicente's mind.

"But old Torne, there is something I don't understand. You said that the ancient religions that competed with the Congregation of Revelation also awakened new magicians. Wasn't that an exclusive method of the Awakening Temples? How did you do it?"

Chapter 330 Complex Method

'All five religions that existed on the continent until a few thousand years ago had a method for awakening the magical powers of the members of our race, master.' Torne answered Vicente's question, surprising him considerably.

As far as Vicente knew, only the Congregation of Revelation had the method of Awakening magical powers. That was what he and more than 90% of the population of the Seidel Kingdom knew, so he was surprised to hear that the truth wasn't that simple.

Torne continued. 'The method used in the Magic Awakening was created by a member of the elven race about 100,000 years ago. At that time, magical beings who relied on gems to awaken their full powers lived virtually hidden throughout the continent.

That was the age of the beasts, or rather, the age of the beings who formed pentagrams and didn't need the gems. They were as strong or stronger as today, and there were practically no pentagram hunters to fear.

Meanwhile, gem-dependent beings lived in hiding, like nomads who couldn't afford to live in one place for too long. Not only would that be dangerous, but it would also limit them and put them under the influence of beings they couldn't fight. So, our race lived poorly.

The few human cities at that time were built by the few magicians who were lucky enough to obtain Magic Gems. But they were less than 0.001% of the magicians we have today, so there weren't many cities like ours today, and the magical development of our race was practically at its starting point, without any tools, spells, etc.' Torne said, teaching Vicente a little of the reality that few in Polaris Realm knew.

Before the Magic Awakening was mastered, humans and other races that depended on gems were much weaker. Relying on luck and special phenomena, only a small fraction of people at that time could awaken their powers at the right age.

But with only a few people Awakening their powers, humans, for example, lived in hiding and poorly because much of the development of this world would come after the Magical Revolution that began 100,000 years ago.

The people before the Magical Revolution in Polaris Realm lived almost the same as the human population on Earth before the Agricultural Revolution!

As such, the race of magic humans was much less numerous than it is today, much weaker, less developed, and basically living as hunters and gatherers of common things.

'But then, a few decades after the elf's Awakening, he revolutionized everything.' Torne said with a twinkle in his eye, for the elf he was talking about was practically a God to all magic humans of this world, someone worshipped by the continent's five ancient religions.

'Cultivating mana back then was the same as it is now, master. But there were far fewer magicians than there are now. Therefore, those lucky enough to awaken their powers had a very easy time evolving.

The resources available were practically unrivaled. Whoever found them could absorb them with peace of mind, and no one would threaten them.

Of course, there were beasts, and they were more dominant than they are today. However, beasts have always behaved like beasts. As long as you don't enter their territory or take what one of them is guarding, they are unlikely to come after you.

Because of this, some of the few magicians who existed at that time were able to cultivate to the 3rd and 4th stages, and some even reached the 5th stage, Paragon.

But this particular elf reached the 6th stage, becoming the first Archmage of Polaris Realm!

Fortunately, he wasn't just a warrior. He was a scholar. That is how everything you know became possible, master. With this elf's advancement to the 6th stage, in just a thousand years, he would appear with the method behind the Awakening.

From then on, everything would be different. The world, which had been primitive and basically lived the same way for countless years, was revolutionized and completely changed in a short period.

All the professions you know were created in this period, along with all the artifacts, complex items, formations, recipes, and spells. In short, everything you see in human cities or buildings was developed in the last few millennia.'

Vicente had an interested look on his face as he listened to Torne's words. Knowing the ancient history of Polaris Realm was very important for everyone, as it was a way to understand why things were the way they were today.

'So, the method of Awakening has been the same ever since? What does it look like? Can someone like me build his own Awakening Temple?' Vice asked.

Torne understood what Vicente meant. 'Sort of.' He said before pausing.

'What do you mean, sort of?

'Is it possible for someone like the master to have a place to awaken people's powers? Yes. But is it possible for you to build such a place? Not at the moment.

To build a place for Awakening, you would need an Archmage. Only someone of that level could cast a spell strong enough to "trap" gems in the Awakening place. There are several steps that I don't know the details of myself, but none of them can be accomplished without the strength of a 6th-stage magician.

So it is possible, but the master is far from reaching what it takes to have such a place.' Torne said, imagining Vicente wanted to know this in order to awaken his sister's powers in a place that was 100% safe.

'But the master has the option of recovering the Altars of the Cataclysm Order. My religion has already built these Awakening places all over the continent. All we would have to do is repair the damaged structures of one of them.

But even after that, we would still need at least one Paragon to activate the Awakening. Below that level, the mana required to perform the Awakening spell would exceed the magic reserves of the one attempting it, and they would fail.'

'A Paragon, huh?' Vicente sighed, for this was a realm far from his own.

As far as he knew, there were no Paragons in the Seidel Kingdom. Not only that, but those who reached this stage were so powerful that they were considered among the strongest in Polaris Realm!

People at this realm could easily live for more than 10,000 years!

Each of them was a colossus and was related to the leadership of the largest continental forces, including the Congregation of Revelation.

'That will be impossible for me.' Vicente commented to Torne.

'For now, master, for now.' Torne smiled, but that was the fact. 'As impossible as it is for you to help your sister, that doesn't mean we can't try some things.

The Cataclysm Order has been destroyed, but I can assure you that many things related to us are forgotten all over the continent, master. If you dedicate yourself to finding them, we can get a lot of relevant resources for you to grow stronger!'