

## **Wizard 1371**

Chapter 1371: Deer Head Sage

The leader was Shadow Dragon Seidyaz, the elder brother of Shadow Wolf.

“Why isn’t there even a single [Language of the Night Deer]? In ten thousand years, at least two or three will be born in this place.”

Language of the Night Deer.

It was a Sky-Grade Oddity that was most suitable for the Shadow Faction.

Only the Montenegro Mountain region could produce it.

According to his estimation, 10,000 years should be enough for a few Language of the Night Deer to be produced.

These heretics who believed in evil gods generally wouldn’t refine Truth Oddities.

That was why the Shadow Dragon had always believed that the Truth Oddity should be stored in the Church’s treasury.

They had planned for decades while the Deer Head Sage was asleep.

Finally, today, they assassinated all the guards of the treasure vault.

However, in the entire treasury, other than some worthless materials, it was empty.

“D\*mn it, we weren’t fooled by false information, were we?” A fifth-circle wizard cursed, his heart trembling.

For this, they had spent a lot of effort and delayed their search for opportunities elsewhere.

“Impossible. Someone did obtain [Language of the Night Deer] here before,” the Shadow Dragon muttered.

They carefully examined this huge treasure vault, not letting go of any detail or corner.

“Are you looking for this?”

In the night, a magnetic, calm, and indifferent voice sounded.

Whether it was Shadow Wolf, who was in the perfected fifth-circle realm, or the other fifth-circle wizards, all of them were terrified, and beads of sweat appeared on their foreheads.

To be able to descend beside them without anyone noticing...

In this Lightless City, there was only one, and that was... the Deer Head Sage!

They suddenly realized that they could not move, and there was an invisible aura pressing down on their bodies.

This kind of feeling would only appear when facing a primordial soul expert in the organization.

They looked at the source of the voice.

Under the night sky, a noble, translucent creature with a deer head and a human body was staring at them with its bell-like eyes.

The appearance of the Deer Head Sage was somewhat similar to a human face, making it look even more terrifying and strange.

The Deer Head Sage was a thousand feet tall and was like a mountain. He emitted traces of divinity that made people unable to look straight at him.

The Deer Head Sage's body was covered in spots as dense as stars, like dim runes.

In his hand was a black deer formed by shadows.

It was Language of the Night Deer!

The deer didn't struggle at all and was sent into the mouth of the Deer Head Sage.

The Deer Head Sage licked his lips with his black tongue and grinned, "It's so delicious. I wonder how foreigners like you will taste?"

Shadows flowed behind the deer-headed sage. Pitch-like tentacles emerged from the spots on his body, turning into Shadow creatures that bared their fangs and brandished their claws.

The faces of these monsters could be vaguely seen, and some of them were dressed like wizards.

It could be seen that if they were devoured by the Dear Head Sage, they would probably fuse into the Deer Head Sage's body and become one of Shadow monsters, helping the enemy.

Shadow Dragon roared, "Attack! Don't hold back!"

One Shadow spell after another flew toward the monster.

The battle did not last long.

Under the night sky, the mountain-like Deer Head Sage burped.

The distorted faces of Shadow Dragon and the others could be vaguely seen in the spots on his body.

The Deer Head Sage stood tall in Lightless City, and countless believers and residents in the city worshipped him like crazy.

“Mountain God!”

“Deer God!”

“Great Sage!”

“Son of the Mountains!”

The Deer Head Sage had many titles.

There were two figures who did not kneel.

It was a tall and mighty demon with a green face and fangs.

The other was Mind Flayer beside the green-faced demon king.

“Green Demon King, you don’t come to the palace for no reason. Why are you looking for me?”

The demon with a green face and fangs laughed and replied, “Rumor has it that the Deer Head Sage was created by the Lord of the Mountains with an oddity and divinity. Now, it seems that it was indeed true. After devouring so many oddities, your main body should not be inferior to a Morning Star-level oddity, right? If those foreigners find out, who knows what will happen?”

The Deer Head Sage’s expression changed when he heard that.

The Deer Head Sage asked, “Are you threatening me?”

The Green Demon King shook his head and said, “We’re not enemies, why would I threaten you? Son of the mountains, join the glorious crusade. As far as I know, the true Supreme Archmage has long fallen. The one sitting in the Archmage Tower now is only a remnant soul.”

The Deer Head Sage revealed a look of disbelief and asked, “What? The Supreme Archmage now is only a remnant soul?”

The Green Demon King said, "What else do you think? If the Supreme Archmage is a perfected level 7 expert, he would have flattened the entire Io Continent by himself. Why would there be a place for us to live?"

The Deer Head Sage remained silent. Then he said, "I will consider this matter."

The figures of the Green Demon King and the Mind Flayers had already disappeared.

"Io is limited by the rules of the world. Since ancient times, other than the Supreme Archmage and the foreigners who are like passersby, there has never been a level 7 existence. Rumor has it that the Supreme Archmage has inherited a portion of Io's divinity. If I can devour it, my strength might improve."

...

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye, it was already the Month of Winter in Year 1213.

For the Kane Empire, bad news had arrived.

Under the tacit consent of the Barbarian King, the barbarians in the north started to invade the territory of the Kane Empire. Many conflicts broke out.

There were demons in the south and barbarians in the north.

Even though the Kane Empire was strong and powerful, they had to fight against the two enemies.

Chapter 1372: Observing Three Calamities and Four Disasters

The twelve Supreme Mages split into two groups.

They fought against the seven demon kings of the Demon God Temple and the six Barbarian Kings of the Barbarian Race.

Thanks to the change in Io's situation, the wizards were finally freed from the pressure of the empire's mages.

Not only that, a few wizards noticed that the Demon Race's chaos and the Barbarian Race's disaster, these two rare events in the history of the Io Continent happened at the same time.

Perhaps it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for the wizards.

In a chaotic battle between the strong and in the desolate land of the apocalypse, wizards could fish in troubled waters.

For a moment, many top wizard organizations began to send people to participate in this historical event through undercover or other methods. Through this method, they could gain a lot of benefits before the ancient tower closed.

The Io Continent was changing, and the world of turmoil had arrived!

...

Sea of Stars.

Fire Dragon Island.

In the weapon refinement room.

[Weapon Refinement Proficiency +1248]

In front of Holy Infant, a blue eyeball emitting a cold aura blinked.

“It’s so terrifying, and it’s also a top-grade Wizard Tool... I suppose it’s indeed not difficult to make weapons.”

Holy Infant put away the Wizard Tool embryo and sent a message to Elsie.

According to Holy Infant's calculations, he would be able to cultivate and raise his weapon-making skills to Perfection in the fifth-circle realm.

In fact, it was just a matter of dozens of fifth-circle top-grade Wizard Tools.

A top-grade Wizard Tool gave him a lot of proficiency points. On average, it gave him more than a thousand points.

If the other fifth-circle weapon craftsman were to know about this, they would definitely be angered to death.

Even if they worked themselves to death, they might not be able to obtain a top-grade item.

In the end, in Holy Infant's case, unless the materials and design were terrible, the worst was still a fine-grade product.

Not long after, the Ice Queen Elsie who rarely smiled went to the Master's residence.

She looked at the glowing blue eyeball with joy.

She exclaimed, "I like it so much. Thank you, Master. I am really grateful to you!"

"You're welcome. We're just taking what we need," Holy Infant said lightly, looking like an expert.

While the two were chatting, Alexandra sent a message, "Come here, this will broaden your horizons."

Holy Infant and Elsie exchanged a glance before rushing towards Alexandra's coordinates in confusion.

Sea of Stars.

In a certain water area.

Alexandra was sitting on a magic carpet-shaped Wizard Tool with her long and round legs on her side.

After Elsie and the Holy Infant arrived, they naturally found a place to sit down.

In the sky ahead, it was actually seven-colored.

“This... Is someone facing three calamities and four disasters?” Elsie cried out in surprise, but then she reacted.

“Could it be Sir Rust? We have lost contact with him for a long time.”

Holy Infant watched with rapt attention, feeling excited.

“Although the main body should have no problem passing through the three calamities and four disasters, it would still be of great benefit if I could observe it in advance. This kind of opportunity is rare.”

Alexandra said, “Let me tell you a piece of good news. Sir Rust has successfully shattered the crystal and condensed his soul. He only needs to overcome the three calamities and four disasters to form his primordial soul.”

Holy Infant understood.

No wonder Sir Rust allowed them to watch.

If it had already reached the stage of three calamities and four disasters, it would not be a big deal.

No one would take the risk of being attacked by three calamities and four disasters to ambush a wizard.

Even a primordial soul wizard would not dare to do so, as it would only harm others and not benefit themselves.

In the seven-colored sky, in the area that represented the calamity of the earth element, thick elemental power was brewing.

Countless meteorites, spikes, and stone giants fell from the sky.

Rust Dragon Wizard's body was thin, and there were more than ten Wizard Weapons surrounding him.

Seven of them were top-grade Wizard Tools, including the two refined by Holy Infant.

Under the terrifying calamity, Holy Infant felt terrified even from afar.

That power was the true power of nature.

Several ordinary fifth-circle Wizard Tools around the Rust Dragon Wizard were instantly shattered and obliterated.

Only top-grade Wizard Tools coupled with Rust Dragon Wizard's innate spells could barely resist it.

A few minutes had passed but it felt so long. Rust Dragon Wizard roared with a determined expression.

The disaster of the earth element had passed.

Fifteen minutes later, the Rust Dragon Wizard had barely survived the four disasters.

Next was the most difficult three calamities.

After the ice and metal calamities, Rust Dragon Wizard only had two top-grade Wizard Tools left apart from his innate spells.

One of them was the Golden Dragon's Blessing that Levi had refined.

The other was a rusty iron sword in the hands of the Rust Dragon Wizard.

It looked ordinary, but it had helped Rust Dragon Wizard survive many disasters.

The thunder calamity descended.

Purple thunderclouds gathered and covered a radius of several miles.

The vast energy could not help but pour out.

“This kind of energy fluctuation has already far exceeded the range of the perfected fifth-circle realm... However, it’s far from being comparable to a primordial soul,” Holy Infant murmured.

If it was a true primordial soul attack, then it was almost impossible for anyone to form a primordial soul. This was unsolvable.

Within the lightning cloud, a pair of indifferent thunder eyes appeared.

Two thunderbolts as thick as water buckets shot out, and the destructive aura spread everywhere.

The Golden Dragon’s Blessing shone brightly and blocked the thunderbolts.

However, the thunderbolts in the sky seemed to never stop, it came one after another.

A minute later, the Golden Dragon’s Blessing was destroyed.

The Rust Dragon Wizard held the last rusty sword in his hand and pointed it at the thunder eyes in the sky.

“Continue!”

Heaven and earth fell silent.

After an unknown period of time, the thunder eyes disappeared.

What replaced it was a purple palm that was filled with thunderbolts and was a hundred meters long.

Holy Infant could even see the patterns on the palm.

He had a feeling that this so-called thunder calamity was not a dead thing, but a living thing.

However, it existed in a dimension that Holy Infant could not understand.

Chapter 1373: Future of the Knights

If that was the case...

Who had the right, who dared to cast a thunder calamity on a wizard to obstruct the wizard's path of truth?

The huge palm collided with the Rust Dragon Wizard, and everything around it turned into dust.

Rust Dragon Wizard's primordial soul was also thinner.

The rusty sword emitted a dazzling light as it forcefully tore apart the giant palm.

At the same time, there were countless runes in the soul of the Rust Dragon Wizard, and elemental power was projected into the sky.

A shadow of a long, slender, rust-colored dragon that was a thousand meters long breathed in and out flames that were mixed with molten iron. It flapped its wings and shattered the thunderclouds in the sky.

"Ancient Rust Dragon... Is this the Rust Dragon Wizard's primordial soul wizard form? Dragon descendant wizards are proud of their Dragon Clan bloodline. They can't forget it, so there will definitely be a response in return. That's why the wizard form also took the appearance of the Ancient Rust Dragon," Holy Infant murmured, his eyes filled with shock.

The world fell silent.

After the three calamities and four disasters, all the elemental power within a radius of several dozen kilometers surged toward Rust Dragon Wizard's primordial soul.

The primordial soul was the unity of elements, spirit, soul, and spell power.

From then on, wizard shed their mortal bodies.

To them, their core and essence were no longer a body of flesh and blood, but a primordial soul.

A primordial soul did not die and so a primordial soul wizard would not be destroyed.

Primordial soul wizards could temporarily condense an elemental body and use it as their physical body to survive and fight.

Of course, if the primordial soul wizard wanted the primordial soul to remain intact, they needed a real body.

Thus, they needed to possess a body.

However, some experienced and wealthy primordial soul wizards would prepare a suitable body for themselves in advance.

Once the physical body was gone, they would quickly replace it.

According to Holy Infant's understanding, there was no limit to the number of times a primordial soul wizard could possess a body in this world.

However, no matter how the primordial soul wizards possess the bodies, the lifespan of the primordial soul would not change.

If a 2000-year-old primordial soul possessed a baby, then the baby was also 2000 years old.

The primordial soul wizard form of the Rust Dragon Wizard entered the primordial soul, and the primordial soul returned to his body.

The rusty sword entered the primordial soul to be nurtured, and it shone with Divine Light.

The rusty sword had accompanied the Rust Dragon Wizard through the three calamities and four disasters. It had already taken the form of a Soul Artifact and was reborn.

The next step was to grow together with the wizard in primordial soul, just like a Bloodline Divine Weapon.

Rust Dragon Wizard opened his eyes and revealed a relieved smile.

"Congratulations Senior Rust for attaining primordial soul and becoming famous! Our dragon descendant priority has one more expert!" Alexandra laughed.

“Congratulations, Senior!” Holy Infant and Elsie said in unison.

“Hahahaha, I’ve cultivated for a thousand years just for today. My soul is a primordial soul now, my soul is a primordial soul now!”

At this moment, Rust Dragon Wizard was like a child who had just received a toy.

It could be seen how much pressure the primordial soul brought to the wizards.

After Rust Dragon Wizard recovered, he smiled and said, “I hope I can give you some inspiration after I broke through to the primordial soul today.”

“Thank you, Senior,” the three of them thanked him sincerely.

“Senior, what do you plan to do next?” asked Holy Infant.

Rust Dragon Wizard said, “I plan to spend a few years stabilizing my realm. I won’t leave the Sea of Stars for the time being. Maybe I’ll hold a primordial soul ceremony and invite some people to attend it?”

He looked towards the south, in the direction of the Holy Fire Plateau.

Holy Infant heaved a sigh of relief when he heard this.

It seemed that Senior Silverbeard had left the fifth floor.

If there wasn't a primordial soul overseeing this place, this Sea of Stars would feel a little lacking in security.

Now that the Rust Dragon Wizard was in charge, the Sea of Stars was enough to sit on the fishing platform in this turbulent era where the three races were fighting.

The observation was completed.

Holy Infant returned to Fire Dragon Island with an excited heart and continued his alchemy business.

“Primordial soul... it really makes people yearn for it. Void Teleportation, controlling the elements of heaven and earth... All of the great techniques and divine abilities of the immortals of my previous life are in this realm.”

...

Time flew by.

Year 1214 of the Holy Brilliance Calendar, Month of Beginning.

Year 49 of the Dark Ancient Tower Calendar.

Relatively speaking, the difficulty of refining the tombstone oddity was relatively high.

After refining, it was time for the round table meeting.

At the 113th round table meeting, Levi listened to his team members' reports.

Levi had left the Ancient Saint plane for nearly fifty years, and the Dusk Holy Temple had been developing vigorously.

Including the Midland branch, there were more than 200 level 1 knights.

Moreover, many of these level 1 knight practiced breathing techniques that were once considered 'shallow'.

Reality has proven that as long as one keeps breaking through the limits, the shallow breathing technique could also become a 'legendary' of the old era.

According to Levi's estimation, without [Evolution], the true upper limit of a shallow breathing technique knight's strength should be around level 5.

For some first-rate shallow breathing techniques, its upper limit was even level 6, for example, the Man-Faced Spider Breathing Technique.

Therefore, these knights were advancing step by step.

This was also enough to grow into the backbone of a knight group, just like an intermediate wizard.

The upper limit of an excellent breathing technique was definitely above level 6.

If they fully matured in the future, it would be equivalent to having a group of primordial soul subordinates. It was still very impressive.

As for the perfect breathing techniques, it should be above level 9.

Some special ones, such as the Red Lotus Dragon, were even level 10.

It could be said that the future of the Knights was bright.

Moreover, even these knights with shallow breathing techniques were not forever shackled by the bloodline of their Primordial Ancestors.

When they reached the limit of this path, they could completely proceed with [Evolution].

Just like Levi, he had mastered everything, broken through his limits, and sought more possibilities.

“There are infinite possibilities in the Multidimensional Plane. The way of the bloodline is very promising!”

Chapter 1374: Gravestone of the Deceased

After the meeting, Levi concluded that just the black beasts in the boundless Land of Darkness were a huge treasure trove waiting to be developed by the Knights!

Needless to say, when the Knights became stronger, they could completely start a war with the outside world like the wizard civilization.

There was nothing shameful about it.

In the relationship between civilizations, there were no friends and no morals. Everyone was fighting for survival. Weakness was the original sin!

After the meeting ended, Hundred Flowers messaged Levi privately.

“By the way, how is Anya?” asked Hundred Flowers.

Levi replied, “Very good.”

He had planted a spy in the Deep Blue Organization who was responsible for reporting Anya’s current situation to him.

Anya’s spiritual force had already reached Perfection in the fourth-circle realm, and he was only short of advancing to the fifth-circle realm.

Levi had already asked the spy to prepare the leveling potion.

When the time was right, he could sell it to Anya.

“Thank you for your trouble.”

Hearing that Anya was fine, Hundred Flowers heaved a sigh of relief.

After all, Anya was her good sister's child, and Hundred Flowers had watched Anya grow up.

"From the looks of it, you've improved quite a bit after advancing to the fifth-circle realm," Hundred Flowers smiled and commented.

"It's alright. I was lucky enough to advance successfully. My luck is not bad, so I gained something," replied Levi.

Hundred Flowers nodded and said, "You don't have to be humble. In fact, I'm not surprised by your current progress. A genius who can open up a new path for the knights, the difficulties and obstacles before the primordial soul realm is really nothing."

Levi felt ashamed.

This was all thanks to the panel. He was just a porter for the panel.

"By the way, let me tell you some good news. Sorrett's spiritual force has reached 900, reaching the threshold of Perfection for the fifth-circle realm," Hundred Flowers said casually.

"This guy is really lucky," Levi sighed.

Originally, Sorrett and Elsie were at about the same level.

Later, because Sorrett was wanted, his progress was delayed for a long time so he was left behind by Elsie.

Now that Sorrett had reached the seventh level, he had directly surpassed Elsie.

Of course, for wizards, a perfected fifth-circle was just the beginning of the preparation for the primordial soul. The following work was the highlight.

Hundred Flowers's cultivation must have improved as well.

However, with Levi's realm, he could not see anything.

They ended the chat.

Levi continued to refine the oddity.

Through the Mind Flayers, Levi knew that there was a level 6 expert in the south, the Deer Head Sage.

Its main body was actually a Truth Oddity.

This subverted Levi's understanding.

Levi suddenly remembered those sculpted aliens who had turned into golden leaves after they died.

The patterns and runes on the golden leaves were similar to Truth Oddities, but they were different.

Levi couldn't help but think about this Deer Head Sage.

Truth Oddities were dead objects that could be put into storage rings, but why did they have spirituality?

They could escape or even attack.

Did this mean that a Truth Oddity was also a form of 'life' that exceeded common sense?

And those foreign races couldn't have been transformed by a Truth Oddity, right?

This sounded fantastical, but it was not impossible.

It was said that...

When the wizards found the Truth Oddities in the foreign race's spaceships, they were mounted in oil painting frames.

Could it really be a collection?

Levi did not think so.

According to the clues provided by the Holy Grail, Levi guessed that these foreign races might have collected these treasures to offer to the Golden Ancient Tree.

The Golden Ancient Tree relied on its ability to create mysterious things.

Through some method, the Truth Oddities turned from a dead object into a real living being.

Truth Oddities were created by the heavens and earth. If one were to embark on the path of cultivation, they would be even more extraordinary.

Of course, these were just Levi's brainstorming based on the current information.

The actual situation might be completely different.

“Placing the Mind Flayers in the Demon Race is really a canny move. This guy has quietly taken a high position. I might be able to take off in the turbulent years to come... As for now, I’ll just obediently refine the oddity.”

Levi wouldn’t go anywhere until he finished refining the gravestone and the dead wood.

Otherwise, it would be a huge loss if it exploded.

A month later, the gravestone was finally refined.

Just like opening a blind box, Levi finally understood the function of this oddity.

It was almost as he had expected.

The Gravestone of the Deceased was related to Death.

It did not increase Levi’s maximum spiritual force.

However, it did increase Levi's spiritual force by 28 points, saving him three to four years of hard work.

This caused Levi's spiritual force to reach 782 points.

One had to know that the spiritual force standard of a perfected fifth-circle was only 900 points.

Levi, on the other hand, had only advanced to the fifth-circle realm twenty years ago.

However, Levi's upper limit was as high as 1100 points, so although it seemed fast, there was still a long way to go.

The second function of the Gravestone of the Deceased was amazing. Levi called it the 'Graveyard of Death.'

Levi took out the Book of Death.

Then, he chanted an incantation.

A group of Undead and Swordsman Gerri appeared.

These undead creatures lined up in front of Levi.

Levi waved his hand, and the shadow of a gravestone appeared above his head.

Then, after the elemental power in the world gathered into the phantom of the gravestone, it continuously surged and turned into a thick negative energy.

Death energy was an important energy for the undead creatures and the School of Death's wizards.

This meant that wherever the phantom of the Gravestone of the Deceased was, it could become a 'human realm purgatory'.

Thinking of this, Levi arrived at Small Stone Pond.

He went to the Dead Soul Date Tree.

"It's just right to place the Gravestone of the Deceased here."

Levi did what he said, he placed the gravestone there.

In the next moment, the dense elemental power passed through the Gravestone of the Deceased and transformed into a gloomy death aura.

The next day.

With the Dead Soul Date Tree as the center, an area with a diameter of one kilometer became a human realm ghost country.

Death energy grew, and negative energy filled the air.

This was the current area of the 'Graveyard of Death' that the Gravestone of the Deceased could convert.

"From now on, you will cultivate here," Levi said to the Undead.

The Undead were like fish in water, wailing and howling filled the place.

"The death aura, the Undead, and the Dead Soul Date Tree form a perfect Hell-like ecological cycle. This way, there would be a paradise for the Undead in the Ancient Banyan Fairyland. In the future, I can even form a School of Death wizard organization here."

With the continuous addition of new functions, the Ancient Banyan Fairyland became more and more like a complete world.

“Gerri, look after the Dead Soul Date Tree. No one is allowed to steal the dates on it,” said Levi.

“Alright,” said Gerri as he nodded.

The Gravestone of the Deceased could also add a fourth-circle School of Death talent.

However, Levi’s slots were already full, so this talent did not take effect.

As for the ability to increase the power of spells related to the Death Sect, there was no need to say much.

Levi felt that with the addition of different types of Truth Oddities in the same school, then the power of his spells might undergo a huge qualitative change one day after each quantitative change.

Of course, this required a lot of Truth Oddities to put this into practice.

Chapter 1375: The Void Entity (1)

Upon refining the tombstone, a new ghostly shadow of it appeared within Levi’s seven-colored crystal.

“Without realizing it, I’ve now gathered nine oddities. The Dark Ancient Tower truly lives up to its reputation—opportunities are everywhere.”

Levi turned his gaze towards the withered wood oddity.

“This oddity must be a Morning Star-level oddity,” he mused.

“I’ve heard that some oddities can’t be refined if one’s realm isn’t high enough. I hope this one isn’t like that.”

The oddities were all unique.

Some Bright Moon-level oddities could be refined with ease, while some Morning Star-level oddities required a wizard with a primordial soul to succeed.

Levi focused his God (consciousness) fully, immersing himself entirely in the task of refining this oddity.

The Aether Meditation Art was all-encompassing, allowing him to refine the withered wood oddity regardless of its nature or faction, without any barriers.

Three days later, Levi looked at the withered wood and let out a sigh of relief.

“Not bad. Even though the refining process was incredibly slow, it was still possible... That’s good. The slower the refining, the higher the quality of the oddity. It seems likely this is indeed a Morning Star-level oddity.”

The Abyss Canyon was like a grim scar on the earth.

Levi practiced in seclusion on the desolate plains.

In the practice of cultivation, time was irrelevant.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed.

During these three years, Levi devoted himself entirely to refining the oddity.

Aside from his basic Meditation Art and breathing technique training, he had put all other tasks on hold.

With his mind fully focused, the refining speed gradually increased.

Levi never expected that refining an oddity would be so time-consuming and exhausting; it was truly a painful yet joyful process.

He could only imagine how much more difficult it would be to refine a Bright Moon-level or a Glorious Sun-grade oddity.

Nonetheless, the refining of the oddity was finally nearing completion.

...

In the year 1217 of the Holy Brilliance Calendar, during the Month of Germinal.

The 52nd year of the Dark Ancient Tower.

In the Sea of Stars, at the marketplace, Mia's fifth-circle cultivation had long since stabilized, and her pharmacy's business had been thriving.

Once she built a good reputation, no one cared anymore whether her shop was licensed or not.

After all, as long as no one died and customers could achieve breakthroughs, that was all that mattered.

Over the past three years, two fourth-circle perfection wizards successfully advanced with the help of potions from Mia's little pharmacy and expressed their gratitude.

Those who didn't succeed mostly understood that it had nothing to do with the quality of the potions but was simply due to their own shortcomings.

Even if they felt any resentment, they didn't dare take it out on Mia or cause trouble at her shop.

After all, she was a fifth-circle wizard.

Most importantly, behind Mia stood the genius wizard, Master Fire Dragon, one of the Five Elders.

Currently, in the Sea of Stars, he was unrivaled in the art of weapon-making.

Due to his stellar reputation, Master Fire Dragon's weapon-making business was always fully booked.

Even some wizards from other top organizations came to seek his services.

To not delay his own talisman crafting and alchemy, Master Fire Dragon exchanged contact information with these fifth-circle wizards, promising to craft wizard tools for them when he returned to the Wizard World.

As a result, nearly half of the nearly forty fifth-circle wizards in the Sea of Stars were friends of Master Fire Dragon.

One could say that among the Five Elders, aside from the Rust Dragon Wizard, who had already reached the primordial soul realm, even the likes of the fifth-circle perfection Red Bone Wizard and Madam Miracle could not match the prestige of Master Fire Dragon.

Of course, the illustrious “Master Fire Dragon” still maintained his demeanor of a refined gentleman, modest and courteous as ever.

Never arrogant, never boastful.

Fire Dragon Island

Inside the Weapon Refinement Chamber, three alchemical creatures of different forms, each radiating intense heat, were soaring through the air.

One was designed as a classic fire phoenix.

Another resembled a fiery red golden beetle.

The third was a deer with a horn on its forehead, as if ablaze with twin flames.

A fire phoenix, a Fire Golden Turtle, and a Fire Forest Deer.

The Fire God's trio of companions was now fully refined.

"Assemble!"

Holy Infant chanted an incantation and gave the command.

Flames surged towards the sky.

Within the blaze, the phoenix sang loudly, the golden beetle flapped its wings, and the deer bellowed.

In the end, a monstrous creature emerged with the head of a phoenix, the armor of a golden beetle, and the lower body of a deer.

Its wings were like two metal plates, adorned with beautiful and mysterious patterns.

"This design isn't as elegant as the Wind God model, but it's functional, and that's what matters," Holy Infant said.

Holy Infant planned to find a time to present the Fire God model to his true self.

With this addition, the Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison array would be even more impenetrable with the Wind God and Fire God models guarding it.

After years of weapon-making and alchemy in the Sea of Stars, Holy Infant's skills in Weapon Refinement had advanced significantly, giving him hope to achieve fifth-circle perfection before his cultivation reached its peak.

As for his talisman crafting skills, he was diligently working towards level 5 proficiency.

In Holy Infant's view, talisman crafting was currently the only skill that might allow him, with his fifth-circle cultivation, to pose even a small challenge to a primordial soul.

All he needed was a few hundred level 5 divine talismans. Throwing them in overwhelming numbers might even give a primordial soul a hard time.

If a few hundred weren't enough, then a few thousand might do the trick—enough ants can bring down an elephant.

Of course, this was merely theoretical.

In reality, level 5 divine talismans were not easy to come by.

First, the success rate of crafting them was low.

Second, they took a long time to make and were extremely costly.

“Lord, are you ready? Senior Rust Dragon’s primordial soul ceremony is about to begin,” Mia’s voice called from outside.

“Yes, I’m ready.”

Holy Infant, carrying a gift, joined Mia, and together they flew toward Gandaph Island.

Mia, her mind wandering, couldn’t help but smile to herself as she admired Holy Infant’s increasingly mature and steady demeanor.

Gandaph Island.

The grand stage for the ceremony was already set up.

Rust Dragon Wizard stroked his beard, smiling cheerfully as he watched the guests come and go.

Advancing to the primordial soul realm and holding a ceremony was a well-established tradition in the Wizard World.

Chapter 1376: The Void Entity (2)

Although he was in another world, he could not change this habit.

Not only that, when the Rusty Dragon Wizard returned to the Sleeping Dragon Realm, he wanted to hold another one.

It wasn't really about the gifts.

It was simply to vent all the frustration of a thousand years of solitary cultivation.

To announce to the world that he had reached the primordial soul realm.

Achieving the primordial soul realm was as hard as ascending to the heavens.

To finally reach it and not become famous would be like wearing splendid clothes at night, unseen by anyone.

Even though holding a primordial soul ceremony was still a distant thought for Levi, he had considered it.

When the time came, should he hold a ceremony?

The conclusion was to play it by ear.

It would depend on the circumstances at the time, including the era's context, his personal strength, and whether he had strong backing.

"Thank you all for coming to my ceremony," Mandros announced. "There are no formalities at this event—everyone, please feel free to enjoy yourselves. I'm hosting a grand feast for three days, so eat and drink as you please!"

Rust Dragon Wizard laughed heartily.

With his thousand years of cultivation and perfect nine-talents, his wealth was far beyond that of an ordinary fifth-circle perfection wizard.

At the Gift-Giving Ceremony, Holy Infant presented a piece of level 5 fire-element metal, something that Rust Dragon Wizard could use even after reaching the primordial soul realm.

Having mingled in the Sea of Stars for so many years, Holy Infant had collected many rare metals through potions and weapon-making.

Rust Dragon Wizard thanked him, saying, "Thank you, Master Fire Dragon, for your gift."

Holy Infant quickly smiled wryly, replying, "Senior, you flattered me. Given your current status, it's not quite appropriate to call me 'Master.' Please, just call me Ace."

Rust Dragon Wizard chuckled.

"Nine Cities Alliance, Wizard Roman, presents a sixth-circle Fire Orchid," a sharp voice suddenly rang out.

An unexpected guest had arrived.

The newcomer was an unknown fifth-circle wizard who appeared to be simply delivering a gift.

Rust Dragon Wizard had the gift taken, smiling faintly as he said, "Thank you for the gift, Sir Roman."

The messenger spoke up, "Lord Roman wishes to invite Senior Rust to the Sky Fire Fortress as a guest. Would Senior Rust do him the honor?"

Rust Dragon Wizard sneered, "Why doesn't he come visit us at the Sea of Stars?"

Now that he was a primordial soul wizard, he naturally had no fear of Roman.

Moreover, he knew that when Roman had reached the primordial soul realm, he had only achieved eight talents.

As for himself, he had achieved perfect nine talents as a primordial soul.

His future achievements would likely surpass Roman's.

Even though he advanced to the primordial soul realm later, given some time to fully develop the Rust Sword Soul Artifact, he might be able to match Roman in a fight.

The messenger broke out in a cold sweat.

He was just delivering a message, but now, faced with the presence of a primordial soul wizard, he was filled with fear.

Seeing that the invitation to the banquet had failed, the messenger scurried away to report back.

Alexandra couldn't help but remark, "This is the power of the primordial soul. At least here within the ancient tower, even the Nine Cities Alliance's threats are nothing."

Elsie's heart was filled with longing.

“I will reach the primordial soul realm, no matter what!”

After requesting leave from his true self, Holy Infant joined the festivities. During the three-day ceremony, there was endless revelry, drinking, and merrymaking.

When the party was in full swing, the fiery Alexandra pulled the ice-cold Elsie to dance.

The fourth-circle and fifth-circle wizards couldn't take their eyes off them. Even Holy Infant, though still a minor, watched intently, mumbling to himself:

“Amazing, the dragon girls' dance is really something.”

One in blue, one in red.

The two beautiful dragon descendant ladies danced like two graceful serpentine dragons.

Unfortunately, everyone knew that Alexandra and Elsie were a couple, so they were wise enough not to disturb them.

After the banquet, the two dragon girls, Ann and Elsie, went into seclusion, aiming for fifth-circle perfection.

In between his talisman crafting, Holy Infant continued refining the Water God model and the Earth God model.

He had already gathered all the alchemy materials he needed. All that remained was the time to refine them.

Barring any unforeseen events, the fully formed Nick God could be completed within six to seven years.

Inside the Weapon Refinement Room, Phoenix, who had also indulged in three days of pleasure, resumed work.

Every time Phoenix saw Holy Infant working tirelessly like a machine, never showing fatigue, he felt a bit more at ease.

...

Holy Fire Plateau

After annihilating the Tomb Clan a few years ago, the Nine Cities Alliance began a period of rest and recuperation.

The Amethyst Race, over these years, had hollowed out countless mines within the Million Mountains. With a multitude of level 5 Amethyst Race members, their power was formidable.

Without adequate preparation, it was unwise to engage in all-out war.

Moreover, with Io currently in turmoil and battles raging both north and south, now was not the time to waste resources fighting the Amethyst Race. Taking advantage of the chaos for profit was the right move.

Sky Fire Fortress

Roman was playing with a large bronze halberd.

This was a level 6 exotic artifact, similar to a wizard's magical item.

Such artifacts could be generally referred to as "exotic treasures."

These exotic treasures were crudely crafted.

With a wizard's knowledge, they could be deciphered and used, though not as effectively as by the original owners.

The halberd was called, "Annihilation of the Eight Desolations!"

It had belonged to a level 6 leader of the Tomb Clan, who now lay dead by Roman's Soul Artifact, the Sky Strike Flame Mirror.

"It's a pity, though this treasure is excellent, it weighs 108,000 pounds... Without spells, it's impossible to wield. Using spells, however, wastes spell power; I might as well use my own primordial soul spells. It's better suited for the Amethyst Race or Dragon Abominations, those with strong bodies but simple minds."

Roman muttered to himself.

In truth, the body of a primordial soul wizard wasn't weak either.

After all, each ascension of spiritual force slightly enhanced the body.

Plus, he had solidified some passive spells and the like.

But to wield a halberd weighing 108,000 pounds effortlessly was still beyond reach.

Chapter 1377: The Void Entity (3)

He put the artifact away.

The messenger he sent to attend the Rust Dragon Wizard's primordial soul ceremony reported, "Lord Roman, the gift has been delivered, and the invitation extended... However, that Rust Dragon Wizard is incredibly arrogant. He accepted the gift but refused the invitation. He even suggested that you visit him at the Sea of Stars."

Roman's fist clenched tightly, his brows furrowing as he replied, "He just advanced to the primordial soul realm, and he's already so arrogant. He doesn't know his place... He's too full of himself..."

Roman was now 1,200 years old, having reached the primordial soul realm 300 years ago.

He was not far from becoming a senior sixth-circle wizard.

After the sixth circle, each minor realm's advancement became extremely difficult.

The intricacies were countless.

Although the Rust Dragon Wizard had reached the primordial soul realm, he had just entered it.

There was still quite a gap between them.

Judging by his tone, he clearly didn't take Roman seriously at all.

This made Roman's anger rise.

"Just wait until we return to the Wizard World. We'll see."

...

Holy Brilliance Calendar, Year 1217

Month of Flowers

On the barren plains, a troop of barbarian soldiers rode on ferocious beasts the size of giant elephants, and flew on giant birds.

There were only a few hundred of them, but they moved with the presence of thousands.

Judging by their aura, they were all level 3 or above, with many level 4s.

There were also a few level 5s, clearly no weaklings among them.

Their strongest leader was a burly man in heavy armor, with an aura as vast as the sun and moon.

On his neck was a tattoo of a black giant tiger with wings, majestic and fierce.

With every movement, he seemed like a mighty tiger descending from the mountain.

All creatures of the wilderness fled in fear.

His name was Bagh.

He was the seventh general of the Winged Tiger Tribe, one of the six great tribes of the barbarians.

As a warrior close to level 5 peak, he had slain several Imperial Archmages on the northern battlefield in recent years.

At the edge of the Great Rift ahead, Bagh signaled for his troops to stop.

“Lord Bagh, why are we stopping here?” his deputy asked.

Bagh’s gaze was deep and somber as he looked at the abyssal rift ahead.

“Three thousand years ago, when our barbarian king, the Badger King, first reached the Barbarian King realm, he fought a great battle here against a veteran supreme mage of Kane. The battle lasted three days and nights, and in the end, the Barbarian King triumphed against the odds, perishing alongside his foe. After that battle, the Kane Empire learned of our Barbarian King’s invincible courage and no longer dared to test our limits.”

Bagh took out some strong liquor and poured it from the heavens into the gorge below.

“Although the Badger King wasn’t from our Winged Tiger Tribe, I, Bagh, have always respected the strong! This drink is for the Barbarian King!”

The others were also stirred, and hundreds of barbarian warriors shouted towards the abyss in unison, “To the Barbarian King!”

The sound echoed, resonating through the abyss.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the void, sparks flying from its body, crashing straight into the wilderness.

Boom!

Accompanied by the sound of the earth cracking, a massive crater, a hundred meters in diameter and dozens of meters deep, exploded in the wilderness.

Dust filled the air and, as it settled, a figure emerged, staggering and holding his head.

“The power of the void is so difficult to master. I can’t control it properly at all... My head’s been buzzing like crazy these past few days,” he muttered.

This person was Levi.

Three days ago, he had refined the peculiar withered wood artifact.

So far, he had discovered several functions of this oddity.

First, it increased his spiritual force limit by a full 50 points! This was equivalent to the power of five Water Dragon’s Songs and far superior to the Flame Ghost’s Kiss or Spirit of the Broken Sword. Thus, it was undoubtedly a Morning Star-level oddity.

With this enhancement, Levi’s spiritual force limit had now reached 1150 points.

Second was the most impressive feature of the withered wood artifact. It transformed Levi himself into a rare anomaly, similar to a Space Cracking Beast or a Flame Space Silkworm.

Levi's body now contained a sliver of the original power of the void.

This new constitution he dubbed:

"The Void Entity."

This trace of void power allowed him to perform void teleportation with his physical body without relying on a top-grade wizard tool.

As everyone knew, this was a capability only primordial soul wizards possessed, and even then, it required the use of spatial spells.

For Levi, however, it was as instinctual as eating or drinking water.

Moreover, this sliver of void power wasn't static.

It could slowly increase as Levi's strength improved or by refining other void-based items like a Space Cracking Beast's Claw.

By then, the frequency and range of Levi's void teleportation would gradually expand.

Perhaps one day, while other wizards' "blink" abilities would have cooldowns of more than a day, Levi would be... "unlimited firepower."

In that case, even if a primordial soul wizard came, Levi, with his danger perception, Scarlet Dark Dimension, and other trump cards, should have no problem escaping.

The third function of the withered wood artifact

Was to enhance the power of spatial spells. However, spatial spells were profound knowledge only learned after reaching the primordial soul level. For the current Levi, it was somewhat impractical.

The Morning Star-level oddity was extremely mysterious, and Levi had only just refined it.

The functions he had discovered so far were these three.

Further development would need to be done step by step.

Unfortunately, the withered wood did not come with a companion spiritual creature.

In recent days, Levi had been continually practicing with the "void power" within him.

Like a wizard who had just learned a flying spell, he was extremely unskilled.

He got up from the ground, the sparks on his body extinguished.

Ahead, a troop of barbarian soldiers, exuding an overwhelming aura, stared at him in shock.

“This human’s physique is even stronger than ours, the barbarians.”

“Indeed, I can feel it. His vitality is like the blazing sun in the sky, so bright it’s unbearable to look at!”

Chapter 1378: The Void Entity (4)

“He fell to the ground, creating a massive crater without a single scratch on his body. What a monster,” whispered the barbarian soldiers, their eyes fixed on Levi as if he were some kind of otherworldly being.

Bagh’s expression was serious. He had seen it with his own eyes—this man had emerged from the void itself. Mastering the power of the void was something only the Barbarian King could begin to comprehend.

“Could it be that this man is a foreigner with strength nearing that of the Barbarian King?” he thought, both surprised and uncertain.

As a barbarian, Bagh held no particular fondness for foreigners, but he bore no deep-seated prejudice against them either. He decided to ask, “May I know which foreign power you belong to?”

The natives were aware that foreigners formed factions among themselves, so they actively gathered intelligence on them.

Levi replied, "I don't belong to any power. I'm just passing through with no hostile intentions. Carry on with what you were doing."

After saying that, he tapped into his void power once more, preparing to leave.

"Please wait," Bagh called out.

"What is it?" Levi paused and asked.

"I'm Bagh, a general of the northern Barbarians' Winged Tiger Tribe. Would you be interested in becoming a guest of honor in our tribe? We already have five like you. Anyone who proves their worth can receive rewards from the Barbarian King. Didn't you come here from another world to gather resources? But even with your advanced methods, in the few decades you've been here, you can't match the wealth we've accumulated over millennia."

Bagh's offer was sincere. Their tribe's Winged Tiger Barbarian King, Barr, was known for his eagerness to recruit talent. Under Barr's leadership, the Winged Tiger Tribe had reversed its decline and become one of the six major barbarian tribes.

Levi considered for a moment and then said, "Do you have a way to communicate? Leave me a contact, and if I finish my business, I might consider it."

Bagh's words made sense. No matter how hard the foreigners worked, the resources they could gather were just the tip of the iceberg compared to the three major native civilizations.

Among the three powers, the Kane Empire reigned supreme, dominating the ages. The Barbarians and the Demon Race were much weaker in comparison and needed to recruit talent to stand against the empire. Foreigners, unrestricted by local allegiances, made the best recruits. Many wizards had already joined the factions, fighting for their chosen side and profiting from the chaos of war.

Levi had considered this path himself but thought actively volunteering would lower his status. Bagh's invitation presented a convenient opportunity.

He mused to himself, "Now that my strength is enough to traverse Io freely, it's time to come out of hiding. Apart from the Kane Empire, tightly controlled by the Supreme Archmage, the Demon Race has the Mind Flayers as their pawns. I should see for myself what the Barbarians have to offer."

Levi had long been curious about the Barbarians' Totem Warrior path. He wanted to take this chance to study it, to see if it could provide any insights for the path of knights. The road to transcendence lies in studying various strengths, adopting the best, and discarding the rest.

Seeing that the foreigner might be interested in joining, Bagh's face lit up with a smile. "Our method of communication may seem a bit primitive," he admitted, aware that the foreigner's civilization was far more advanced than his own tribe.

He handed Levi a shell.

“This is an Echo Shell, extremely rare,” Bagh explained, holding up the shell. “They come in pairs, one male and one female. If you and I each hold one, we can communicate across lo.”

Levi examined the shell carefully, finding no issues with it. He smiled and said, “Interesting.”

Not wanting to delay his march, Bagh said, “The Winged Tiger Tribe will always welcome you. I have some matters to attend to, so I must take my leave... Also, this rift is a battleground where one of our Barbarian Kings fought a Supreme Mage from Kane. It may still hold hidden dangers. It’s best if you don’t venture too deep.”

“Thanks for the warning. I’ll be careful,” Levi replied.

After bidding farewell, Bagh led his army southward in a hurry.

Levi watched them disappear into the distance, then returned to his shelter. “These barbarians are quite different from my preconceived notions,” he mused.

Ancient Banyan Fairyland. The region of Flaming Mountain.

The Iron Tree was thriving, now over two meters tall. The Black Lotus Beast rested in the lava, healing its injuries. When it saw Levi approaching, it quickly stood up.

“Lord Dragon King,” it greeted respectfully.

“It’s fine. Continue your recovery. Your body still needs a lot of time to heal,” Levi replied.

The Black Lotus Beast had already awakened but had been severely weakened by the Nine Cities Alliance and required a long period of rest to fully recover. Without Simon’s control, the beast had regained most of its sanity. It understood that it was Levi who had saved it and knew that he wasn’t a Dragon Abomination but rather a human with Dragon Clan blood.

After Levi displayed his Six Dragon’s Might and gave a convincing speech, the Black Lotus Beast willingly submitted to him. After all, Levi possessed the bloodline of its ancestor, the Red Lotus Dragon, perhaps even stronger.

Seeing the Dragon King’s kind nature warmed the beast’s heart. The Dragon King was nothing like Simon—he was genuinely a good person. The Black Lotus Beast had been resting peacefully in this paradise for three years, eating and sleeping with nothing else to do, and it almost felt embarrassed by such a leisurely life.

After checking on the Black Lotus Beast, Levi returned to the Small Stone Pond. Nearby, in the Graveyard of Death, the fruits on the Dead Soul Date Tree had all ripened. The tree thrived here just as well as in its original habitat.

Gerri the Swordsman was quietly training, practicing his swordsmanship. Levi had already learned Ghost Crying Slash from Gerri, incorporating it into his own sword techniques. He also had some ideas for the second form of the Heavenly Dragon Sword Codex.

The other undead, too, were growing stronger, nourished by the death energy that surrounded them.

## Chapter 1379: The Void Entity (5)

When he gets the chance, Levi plans to visit Hell or the School of Death headquarters to capture more Undead and raise them here.

Even though he isn't a wizard of the School of Death, with the Book of Death and the Graveyard of Death, he might just be able to create an Undead Calamity and unleash an army!

As his Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison advances further, he could even open an "Undead Zone."

After harvesting all the Dead Soul Dates, it would take at least a few decades for the next batch to bloom and ripen. However, Levi now has over a hundred of them, which should be enough for his training for a long time.

He consumed one, and the juice melted in his mouth. A gentle warmth flowed into his mind.

Within the Divine Ring Tower, Jin and Fleur, who resided there, also seemed to be absorbing this warm flow. Levi had noticed this phenomenon long ago.

Companion spiritual creatures can gradually grow, too. Generally speaking, as a wizard's spiritual force grows and their power increases, the companion creatures also improve until they reach their own limits.

Long was a bit special; its growth simply required constant eating. Levi wasn't stingy with his spiritual creatures, allowing them to absorb the warm flow freely.

The Seven-Colored Crystal had also grown significantly compared to three years ago. Inside, the silhouettes of nine oddities floated.

A nondescript withered wood emitted the brightest, most precious glow.

After finishing his meditation, Levi took out the Klein Crystal.

Spiritual Force: 800/1150

Spell Power: 80,000

...

“My spiritual force is now comparable to a veteran fifth-circle senior wizard. Among the top-tier talents of my generation, there probably isn’t anyone else with 800 points of spiritual force.”

After reaching the fifth circle, progress for everyone becomes slower and more challenging. Levi, however, advanced steadily, step by step, eventually surpassing others.

All of this would not have been possible without the panel, the Truth Oddity, the Holy Infant avatar, the Dead Soul Dates, the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, and many other factors.

Of course, Levi's effort was also crucial.

In terms of his knight training, the Sky Dragon Breathing Technique is close to reaching level five and will be a primary focus for the coming years.

In addition, Levi's Six Heavenly Gods is currently nearing the end of level eight, and a breakthrough isn't far off. He's eager to see how it performs after reaching level nine, believing it will significantly enhance his strength.

Throughout history, the chasm between the primordial soul and the fifth circle has been like an insurmountable barrier. Levi doesn't intend to challenge a primordial soul with his fifth-circle power, but he does want to test how far he can go, relying on his various skills and hidden cards before he breaks through to the primordial soul.

In the days that followed, while training in the wilderness, Levi continuously worked on taming the sliver of void power within him.

A month later, Levi could now perform Void Teleportation with ease. He tested his ability and found that his maximum range was around a hundred miles. However, with his current store of void power, he could execute Void Teleportation up to ten times in a row.

This meant he could "blink" ten times consecutively before exhausting his void power.

For Levi, the greatest advantage of void power wasn't for escaping; it was for surprise attacks. Combining void power with Wind Dragon Scamper, he could strike wherever he wanted, whenever he wanted, without worrying about being kited by mages.

He called this void teleportation skill “Void Step.”

One day, above the rift, sparks flickered in the void. A figure appeared out of thin air.

“Now that I’ve fully mastered the Void Step, combined with the Golden Mirror and Circle of Ouroboros, my escape capabilities are virtually unmatched. It’s time to explore this Abyss.”

After wiping away any traces of his presence and checking his condition, Levi flew toward the Abyss.

“According to Bagh, a Barbarian King fell here. I must be cautious during this exploration.”

After all, this was the site of a level-six powerhouse’s death. If they were like Rose and hadn’t died completely, Levi could be in serious danger.

But based on his current Danger Perception, there didn’t seem to be any immediate threats.

Half a day later, under the flicker of the Hermit Rune, Levi had reached the bottom of the Abyss.

Here lay a vast underground world.

Miasma, toxic gases, and moisture had accumulated here for countless years.

The walls were covered in all sorts of moss and fungi.

A dark underground lake spread out before him.

Along the shore and across the lake, flocks of some kind of black-beast waterfowl gathered.

“It looks like this place has become a nest for black beasts... The giant specter seen by the Flying Scythe Beast must also be a level-five black beast.”

With so many black beasts, Levi certainly couldn't let the opportunity slip by.

He released the Wind God Model, Gerri the Swordsman, and other undead creatures, ordering them to harvest all the low-level black beasts and pile them under the ancient banyan tree for Long to feast on.

He also summoned his Sword Spirit and joined the fray himself.

Together, the two swordsmen began harvesting the level-four and level-five black beasts in the area.

Half a day later, the lake had fallen silent.

All the black beasts, except for those that had managed to flee into the deeper parts of the underground world, had become fertilizer for the Queen Banyan.

On the vast plains, the Queen Banyan grew more vigorous, sprouting tender new buds.

Levi estimated that Senior Mana was likely close to awakening. When that happened, he'd have a primordial soul-level powerhouse on his side.

Suddenly, a somewhat nervous, childish voice called out:

"Thank you for saving me."

The speaker wasn't human; it was a small, luminous, snow-white shell.

The shell was only about the size of Levi's palm.

"Are you speaking to me?" Levi asked.

The shell slowly opened, and a tiny, milk-white figure, completely naked, flew out.

Recalling his studies, Levi's eyes flickered with recognition. "A member of the Shell Demon Clan?"

The little figure nodded. "Yes, my name is Jibek. If it weren't for you, those big creatures would have eaten me."

Chapter 1380: The Void Entity (6)

Levi clicked his tongue in surprise.

"I never thought that the Io Continent would still have the Shell Demon Clan."

Shell demons were, in essence, small fairies that lived in shells, much like hermit crabs.

In ancient times, there were many kinds of little fairies. Flower fairies, grass fairies, stone fairies... It could be said that any place with mountains, rivers, or forests with spiritual energy might nurture a tribe of little fairies.

Most little fairies were gentle by nature and not good at fighting, but they were well-suited for handling various chores for wizards.

As wizard civilization developed rapidly, the little fairies quickly declined. There was no way around it, as these little creatures couldn't be bred in captivity.

Nowadays, they had become the playthings of the wealthy in the Wizard World.

"Why are you here? This place is full of black beasts," Levi asked.

"Our Shell Demon Clan has lived here since ancient times. These big brutes are invaders," Jibek replied angrily.

"Jibek, where did you go? The Mistress has been looking for you!" A female shell demon, slightly larger than Jibek, emerged from the lake and grabbed Jibek, pulling him away.

"The Mistress told you not to talk to strangers. How did you forget so quickly?" she scolded.

Jibek muttered, "He saved me. I don't think he's a bad person."

Levi's eyes flickered thoughtfully. Like ordinary fairies, shell demons could be used to tend to rare plants and flowers. If he could somehow entice these little fairies to the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, it would be a good deal.

As Levi was pondering his plan, a gentle, magnetic female voice tinged with a bit of shyness suddenly echoed in his mind.

"Honored one, I am the Shell Demon Mistress. Would you care to come down to the lake for a chat?"

Levi's mind whirled. This woman was likely the leader of this group of shell demons. It seemed she had noticed him earlier when he was hunting the black beasts, but wasn't sure of his intentions and thus sent Jibek to test him.

Passing through a series of lake tunnels and some simple illusions, Levi arrived at a hidden place and saw a magnificent castle made of coral.

The castle was splendidly luxurious, with thousands of shell demons living there.

In the Mistress Hall, atop a massive shell about three meters in diameter, sat a figure with a snow-white body indistinguishable from a human's. Her skin was soft and smooth, her curves gentle, and her body as supple as boneless flesh.

In truth, shell demons indeed had no bones, resembling clam meat. She had two semi-transparent, rainbow-colored shells fluttering behind her like wings, which flapped as she flew.

"Thank you for saving Jibek, Lord. I am Linabell, the Mistress of this Shell Demon Clan," the Shell Demon Mistress said.

Judging by her power, the Shell Demon Mistress seemed to be only at level four. She appeared a bit nervous in front of Levi, a level five powerhouse.

“No need to be so formal. I was just hunting the black beasts here and happened to save her. I like helping others,” Levi replied with a slight smile.

The Shell Demon Mistress smiled gently and replied shyly, “Although we have lived here for generations, we are weak and have nothing much to offer in gratitude. Here are some shell pearls for you, Lord.”

She gestured for two adorable female shell demons to present two jade boxes, each containing translucent pearls.

Shell demons could produce shell pearls, which were excellent materials for making potions.

Levi put away the shell pearls and asked, “This place is so dangerous. Why don’t you and your people move to the sea?”

The Mistress sighed and replied, “The sea is too far away. With our strength, we can’t make the journey... Moreover, deep within this underground world lies a treasure of our clan. We have always wanted to retrieve it, but we are powerless to do so.”

Levi said, “So you introduced yourself to me in hopes that I would help you retrieve this treasure?”

The Mistress looked troubled and said cautiously, “Yes, that’s exactly what I was hoping for. Our clan was once prosperous, with tens of thousands of members. But since losing our treasure deep in the underground world and having our homeland invaded by black beasts, we have gradually declined... If you can help us, we are willing to become your vassals, asking only that you take us in.”

After some thought, Levi said, “Tell me the situation in detail, and I’ll consider it.”

The Shell Demon Mistress sighed in relief and quickly explained everything to Levi.

Jibek and the other little shell demons eagerly brought out what they considered to be their finest delicacies to entertain Levi.

As it turned out, the Shell Demon Clan in this area had once been quite prosperous. They had lived even deeper within the underground world, where they discovered a massive ancient shell with a diameter of a kilometer, possibly the remains of a level-six creature.

Ever since, the Shell Demon Clan had relied on their ancestral shell-refining techniques to refine this giant shell for generations. A rare creation, encapsulating the collective wisdom of the Shell Demon Clan, was born from their efforts: the Ancient Shell Palace.

This was a shell demon nest that combined functions for living, reproduction, attacking, escaping, and defense—all in one. From the description, Levi guessed that it might be an exotic treasure above level six, somewhat like the “Sky Fire Fortress” of the Nine Cities Alliance, though likely not as advanced.

Later, a Supreme Mage from the empire stumbled upon this place and tried to seize the Ancient Shell Palace. The Shell Demon Clan was no match for him. The Shell Demon Mistress at the time then contacted her cross-species lover, a Barbarian King from the barbarians.

The Badger Barbarian King was the same Barbarian King warrior mentioned by Bagh, who had died here.

A fierce battle ensued in this place. The Barbarian King was no match for the Supreme Mage but fought valiantly for the Shell Demon Mistress, choosing to perish together with the mage.

Not long after, this place became a convergence point. Black beasts ran rampant, and danger lurked everywhere. Without being a level-six powerhouse, no one dared to delve deep into this area, and it gradually faded from people's memories.

The black beasts Levi had killed were only the tip of the iceberg of the underground world. In the depths, level-five and above black beasts were common, and even peak level-five black beasts appeared frequently.

"A tragic yet beautiful love story," Levi commented.

The Shell Demon Mistress added, "My lord, I speak the truth."

Levi said, "I can help you retrieve your treasure. But you must swear loyalty to me and take the fairy oath."

The Shell Demon Mistress replied decisively, "No problem!"

For her and her people, staying here would only mean a slow death. Sooner or later, they would be discovered by the black beasts and end up as snacks for them.

Only by obtaining the Ancient Shell Palace could the Shell Demon Clan rise again.

And for Levi, as long as he enslaved these little fairies, the Ancient Shell Palace would effectively be his.

Levi said, "You are not safe here. Swear the oath, and I'll take you to a more habitable place."

"I swear..."

As the queen, the Mistress held absolute control over her clan, much like a queen bee. Where Linabell led, the clan followed.

On this day, more than three thousand shell demons, together with their Mistress, arrived at the Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

"Wow, the air smells so sweet."

"Wow, the spring water is so good."

"Such tall trees."

“What a huge turtle.”

They chirped like a flock of little sparrows, making the fairyland livelier.

Levi said, “In this fairyland, there are many springs of immortality. Next to them, I’ve planted medicinal herbs. You can live in the springs, which will benefit your growth. Just help take care of the plants and flowers in your spare time.”

“Yes, my lord,” the Mistress replied, her eyes welling up with tears of joy. With a place like this to call home, the Ancient Shell Palace suddenly seemed much less important...

Watching the busy figures of the Shell Demon Clan, Levi mused to himself.

“Shrimp soldiers, crab generals, clam maidens, turtle guards, and dragons all over the place... Hmm, this Dragon Palace is really starting to take shape. All that’s left is a Crystal Palace.”

He stepped out of the fairyland, gazing into the depths of the underground world.

“The Crystal Palace lies just below.”