

## **Wizard 1441**

Chapter 1441: Having fought across eight thousand miles, the Scarlet Dragon Claw shatters the Void!

The enmity between the White Robe Wizard Association and the Nine Cities Alliance within the ancient tower was well-known to all.

Gulila transmitted a message to the red-haired elder, saying,

“Now it looks like someone in the White Robe Wizard Association must have mastered the method to refine golden leaves...

otherwise, why would they collect them?

I remember, Lord Beske also collected quite a few golden leaves.

Maybe we should report this matter to the Lord.”

The red-haired elder said,

“I think that’s a good idea.

The person behind Malia is likely one of the five white-robed elders of the White Robe Wizard Association.

With our strength as four, we're probably not enough to contend against them.

How about we secretly summon Lord Beske, then let Malia and the person behind her make contact, and propose a deal with us...

We can promise that as long as they hand over the method for refining golden leaves, we'll release the captive.

When he comes here to trade, let Lord Beske lead the team to capture him."

"Exactly, we're just hired hands, no need to risk ourselves unnecessarily.

Caution will keep us safe for a long time.

Judging from this woman's financial resources and wizard tool, her backer is indeed no simple character."

"Then it's settled."

After the Mountain's Four Elders had discussed, they sent Gulila to speak:

“Miss Malia, if you want to live, contact that person behind you; we want to make a deal with him.”

Mia asked,

“Tell me.”

Gulila said,

“As long as that person behind you tells us the method to refine golden leaves, we will release the captive, and we promise not to share it with others.”

Mia considered for a moment and said,

“I need to ask that Lord what he thinks, whether he comes or not is not up to me.”

Gulila said,

“Fine, if he doesn’t come, once the deadline passes, you can prepare to die.”

Mia was silent, feeling somewhat melancholic.

Given Lord Ace's character, he would definitely not trade the so-called 'refining method' for her.

Although he seemed kind, gentle, and humble to everyone.

But Mia could feel it.

Deep down, he was a very cold person, like a refining and cultivation robot detached from the ordinary world.

"In principle, I shouldn't contact the Lord.

This might put him at risk.

But the three golden leaves that I managed to obtain cannot end up in these people's hands...

With the Lord's strength, he should be able to deal with these four old men, right?"

As she mumbled to herself.

Under coercion, Mia sent a message to Ace.

...

Fire Dragon Island.

The Holy Infant was crafting talismans.

Stacks of failed talisman furs turned into scrap material.

Of course, this waste material could still be collected and used to feed Long.

“The Art of Talisman Making, aspiring for level 5, is indeed not easy

Over the years.

Apart from the Fire Dragon Tribulation divine talismans, Ace had also made some Water Dragon’s Song, Earth Dragon Barrier, Thunder Dragon Flash, and other divine talismans.

Eventually, he discovered that in the Divine Talisman Dao.

The only ones that could compound power to produce qualitative changes were offensive divine talismans.

Moreover, those from the Burning Faction had the best effect.

The other divine talismans were ordinary, incapable of following the path of amplification.

Therefore, the Holy Infant fully committed to progressing Fire Dragon Tribulation.

Crafting other divine talismans was mainly for cultivating experience.

Suddenly, the communication device rang.

Ace glanced at it, a smile appearing on his lips.

“The Mountain’s Four Elders, interesting, daring to steal my things.

That’s really long-lived.”

He waved his wizard robe and stood up.

Then he left the Sea of Stars, flying towards the Million Mountains.

A month later.

The Holy Infant had already arrived at Mia's location.

From afar, he saw Mia tied up, a rather pitiful sight.

Seeing the Holy Infant come, Mia's face was full of apology, she said softly,

"Lord, it's all my fault for being incompetent

Gulila, sensing his Fifth-Circle Perfection spiritual force, was deeply shocked.

She composed herself, saying,

“At such a young age to have reached Fifth-Circle Perfection, you truly are a remarkable talent.”

The Holy Infant said,

“Let her go, whatever you want, I will give it to you.”

Gulila said,

“You’d better not play any tricks, this woman is under a restriction set by a spell within her body.

With just a thought from us, she can be killed immediately.”

Mia remained silent.

All decisions made by the Lord, she would unconditionally obey without any complaints.

No matter what, she was already deeply moved by the Lord’s arrival.

Although he was most likely here for the golden leaves...

The Holy Infant said,

“You all are too weak to talk to me, just let the person behind you come out.”

Gulila’s expression changed.

It seemed that this person had already sensed Beske and others hiding nearby.

No sooner had the Holy Infant spoken.

Beske, wearing a Flame Patterned Witch Robe, appeared with a stern face, removing his concealment spell.

By his side, there were two fifth-circle senior wizards for protection.

“To think that the one collecting those relics of alien races was Master Fire Dragon of the White Robe Wizard Association.

Master, if you hand over the method to me, and join our Nine Cities Alliance, today’s matter can be perfectly resolved.

Otherwise, although you are a young talent capable of contending with Simon for a moment, fighting with me is still far too inferior.”

Beske was confident, his spiritual force having already perfectly reached one thousand points, he just dared not advance to primordial soul.

His methods and combat experience were also not something Simon, who relied on talent for his rise, could compare to.

In actual combat, Simon would definitely not be his match.

He remembered Master Fire Dragon was only a fifth-circle senior previously, and having reached Fifth-Circle Perfection so quickly must be closely related to his secret collection of golden leaves.

The Holy Infant thought for a moment and said,

“Is your word true?”

I am one of the White Robe Wizard Association’s five elders.

Joining the Nine Cities Alliance, is it really feasible?”

Beske laughed,

“Our Nine Cities Alliance has always been inclusive, embracing talents with no reservations.

With your weapon-making level and talent, by joining the Nine Cities Alliance, your status would be much higher than that of Simon.

Staying in a place like the White Robe Wizard Association, which is full of nomadic wizards, would only waste your talents and life, achieving nothing.

It would be difficult for you to reach the primordial soul in this lifetime.”

Seeing the suddenly appearing Beske and others, Mia felt extremely nervous, blaming herself.

“How could even Beske be here?

Could it be that the Mountain’s Four Elders are Beske’s men?

Damn, Mia, you’ve put the Lord in danger

Beske was a veteran of Fifth-Circle Perfection, now with six level five subordinates.

Even though the Lord was exceptionally talented and possessed top-grade magical artifacts, his odds were probably very slim.

Chapter 1442: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

Dark Ancient Tower, South of Io.

Million Mountains.

Before the Holy Infant arrived at the scene and negotiated with Beske Taylor and others.

Eight hundred miles away.

A burly figure descended from the sky, sitting cross-legged on the peak of a solitary mountain.

His expression was calm, a smile on his lips, with a purple longsword floating in front of him, buzzing vibrantly!

“Interesting, I was just worrying about not finding a senior member of the Nine Cities Alliance, and here comes Beske Taylor.”

The leader of the team that attacked the White Robe Wizard Association was indeed Beske Taylor.

Upon learning that Mia was kidnapped by the Mountain's Four Elders, the Holy Infant immediately notified his true self who was wandering in Io.

Levi instructed the Holy Infant to hurry to the scene, and he himself also hastened there tirelessly.

With the Holy Infant's strength alone, slaying the Mountain's Four Elders wasn't difficult, but Mia would be killed before the adversaries.

Thus, he ordered the Holy Infant to engage in a battle of attrition, while he, from afar, sniped at the enemies with the Amethyst Light Sword.

"The one controlling Mia is Gulila; prioritize eliminating her, then the Holy Infant can make his move.

Use a large-scale explosion to cover the traces of my Amethyst Light Sword, to prevent outsiders from seeing the connection between Victor and the Holy Infant.

Also, have the Holy Infant use the Void Shuttle Witch Artifact to blink and rescue Mia."

In Levi's mind.

He had already rehearsed the forthcoming actions many times.

Over the years of his cultivation, the “Golden Dragon Break” spell, although not advanced, had slowly increased in power as his proficiency improved.

Combined with the power boost from some Truth Oddities that Levi had ingested.

This strike of the sword would leave no survivors, Beske Taylor aside.

Beske Taylor he intended to keep alive for a contract, to implement the subsequent actions.

Sword World.

Sword Spirit Fleur opened her sharp eyes.

The Amethyst Light Sword soared into the sky, and purple light circled around the peak’s summit in the Sky Dome.

With each spin, it drew a trace of the Power of Golden Element, integrating it into the fray.

After spinning thousands of times, in the Sword World, the purple light flared intensely.

Storms of sharply honed Elemental Sword Energies whirled and converged within it.

The Sword Spirit, like the King of Swords, commanded countless swords, poised to strike at any moment.

Atop the lonely peak, Levi pointed from afar, his gaze seemingly piercing through eight hundred miles of countless peaks and trees, directly targeting Gulila among the Mountain's Four Elders.

"Go!"

The Amethyst Light Sword emitted a clear sword chime, and with an unstoppable momentum, vanished from Levi's sight.

Meanwhile.

The power of the void twinkled within Levi's body, and he disappeared into the void, leaving the solitary peak.

...

Elsewhere.

Beske Taylor was confident.

“Master, what do you think about what I’ve proposed?”

He wasn’t worried that the Master Fire Dragon would play tricks; with his own Perfection-level wizard cultivation, leading a team of six average strength fifth-circle senior wizards.

Who could withstand under the primordial soul?

No matter how extraordinary your talents or full all-out efforts might be, they are merely illusions.

Unless this Master Fire Dragon possessed a level 6 spell scroll, which was even less likely.

The White Robe Wizard Association is just a group of nomadic wizards; the Rust Dragon Wizard, although a sixth-circle, certainly would not exhaust his Spiritual Origin and pay the price to refine spell scrolls for strangers he met in the ancient tower.

The cultivation of the primordial soul is inherently challenging; every bit of Spiritual Origin wasted is a waste of time and energy.

Even within families, a sixth-circle would not easily refine for descendants unless they truly cared about them.

Mia's eyes became slightly red, looking at the unchanging expression of Lord Ace.

"Lord, don't worry about me anymore.

Mia was able to advance to the fifth circle and witness the highest scenery under the primordial soul.

I am content to die...

You should proceed with your own important matters and not delay because of me."

Upon hearing this, Beske Taylor showed impatience and urged:

"Master, I've thrown you an olive branch.

Whether to accept it or not is up to you; meeting in battle is not my original wish.”

The Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella shot out, growing as it met the wind, its light brightening, covering an area of several miles; terrifying flames burned everything!

Master Fire Dragon said coldly:

“I invite you all...

to depart!”

Beneath his feet, the Extreme Fire Wheel suddenly appeared, green light flickering, sparks flying in all directions.

Beske Taylor’s face showed shock; a Void Shuttle Witch Artifact?

While defending against the flames of the Purgatory Umbrella, he commanded:

“Everyone attack, Gulira, you kill that woman first!”

However, Gulila did not respond.

Amidst the flames, a nearly imperceptible streak of purple light abruptly emerged!

Before Gulila could act, she was pierced through the head by the purple light, her head suddenly exploding into a cloud of blood fog!

Her defensive field, in front of the perfectly coiled Amethyst Light Sword, was as fragile as thin paper.

Even the defensive field of Myriad Thunder Archmage couldn't hold, much less hers.

The Amethyst Light Sword was too fast, and with the great enemy Holy Infant before her, she didn't even know what had killed her before she died.

After annihilating Gulira, the Amethyst Light Sword's momentum did not wane.

Elsewhere, at the same moment Gulila died.

Relying on the explosion created by the Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella and the void blink of the Extreme Fire Wheel, Holy Infant had already reached Mia, scooping up her delicate waist, and rapidly leaving.

He snapped his fingers.

On the Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella, nine streamers transformed from the “Dance of the Purgatory” rapidly extended, like red-hot iron chains, entangling the Mountain’s Four Elders, Beske Taylor, and others!

At the same time.

The Amethyst Light Sword emerged and vanished like a ghost.

In an instant.

The defensive field of the elder with black hair shattered, his head exploding abruptly.

Another fifth-circle fell dead!

Double killing!

But it wasn’t over yet.

“Nine Dragon Tribulation!”

From the Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella, nine ferocious fire dragons shot out, each radiating a destructive power capable of Destroying Heaven and Earth!

Chapter 1443: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

Accompanied by a heaven-shaking explosion, shockwaves rolled, and thick flames enveloped several miles around!

Within the flames, only five wizards remained, their defensive fields flickering and Wizard Tools orbiting around them as they struggled to hold on.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Following four blasts,

the red-haired elder, the bald elder, and Beske Taylor’s two guards...

their heads burst open like watermelons, blood fog spreading and dissipating in the fierce flames.

Their defensive fields, Wizard Tools, had either been blasted away or were also in imminent danger under the explosion of the Nine Dragon Tribulation.

Then, the Amethyst Light Sword, still powerful and hidden within the flames, strung these people together and killed them all in one sweep!

Six Exquisite Eliminations!

The Holy Infant weaved through them, strolling leisurely like the Flame Prince, as he collected all the corpses and spoils of war.

Mia, holding the Holy Infant, was blank in her mind at this moment.

“Who am I?

Where am I?

What’s happening?”

She had expected Lord Ace to be very powerful.

But she had never imagined that Lord Ace would be so overwhelmingly strong!

With one move, six living beings had their lives extinguished in the blink of an eye.

All this happened in the time it took for lightning to flash and eyes to blink.

Had she not seen it with her own eyes, she would have definitely thought it was a primordial soul that had made the move.

With her strength, she naturally could not perceive the presence of the Amethyst Light Sword amidst such a shocking explosion.

Therefore, she naturally attributed the deaths of the six fifth-circle wizards all to the Holy Infant.

Little did she know that the Holy Infant's main function was to create smoke bombs while also using the Nine Dragon Tribulation to reduce the enemy's defense abilities.

The true killer of these six was a purple longsword from eight hundred miles away...

At this moment, Beske Taylor was still not able to react.

He was only instinctively sustaining his protective force field and releasing a Defensive Wizard Tool, and before he could even start exchanging spells, all his teammates were gone?

How could he continue to fight?

However, as a wizard of Fifth-Circle Perfection and rich in combat experience, Beske had stronger Perception Ability.

Amidst the flames,

as the head of the guard closest to him exploded, he caught a fleeting glimpse of an Amethyst Light appearing.

In his mind, a terrifying legend suddenly resurfaced, his heart shaking:

“Death’s Blade, Victor...”

Master Fire Dragon is actually Victor the founder of the Flying Secret Sword Flow!”

Of course, ever since the Flying Secret Sword Flow made its stunning appearance,

the trend of Secret Swords has flourished across Io.

While the saying 'a Secret Sword in every hand' might be an exaggeration, indeed many more Secret Sword wielders have sprung up than before.

A small number of people, such as a certain Fifth-Circle Perfectionist from the Nine Cities Alliance, also created what they call the "Ten Miles Sword God Style."

It's said that those of the Ten Miles are invincible, bringing death to anyone they confront.

But his abilities are only limited to bullying wizards below the fifth-circle, or ordinary trashy fifth-circle ones.

There's simply no comparison with Victor who, on that day, beheaded a peak level 5 expert from dozens of miles away.

A passing glimpse of the Amethyst Light which, in an instant, annihilated six fifth-circle wizards, most of whom were seasoned veterans.

Only Victor, the founder, could execute such artistry with a sword!

Moreover, Beske had a feeling.

If that streak of Amethyst Light had been aimed at him, then he would more than likely have been in great peril.

Yet that Amethyst Light, after killing six, had left only him untouched...

The explosion from the Nine Dragon Tribulation lit up the entire forest.

Around Beske, walls of fire appeared, repelling the Sea of Fire outside.

He looked towards Master Fire Dragon and said, with a bitter laugh:

“Master...

what a skillful move!”

The Holy Infant spoke indifferently:

“Until we meet again, sir!”

He flicked his finger, and a Fire Dragon Tribulation shot towards Beske, blasting towards him.

Beske’s Fiery Flame Robe billowed, invisible energy waves shattering the fire dragon and sparks exploding everywhere.

The Holy Infant held the Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella in his hand; as the umbrella spun, nine streamers circled around, stirring the air currents, sparks flying in all directions as the Void shattered.

The Holy Infant and Mia escaped into the void and disappeared.

Within the firelight, Beske did not pursue, as a strong instinctual sense of crisis suddenly overtook him!

He hastily took out his Void Shuttle Witch Artifact, ready to leave.

The situation had completely deteriorated today, after all, nobody could have imagined that the weapon-making Master Fire Dragon and Victor were the same person!

Even if they weren't the same person, the two surely knew each other.

That's why Fire Dragon could have Victor snipe his people from afar.

Just Fire Dragon alone, they could have managed with so many people on their side.

But with the unpredictable Victor added to the mix, they stood no chance of victory.

All of a sudden,

just as he was about to travel through the void and leave, an invisible shockwave entered Beske's mind, causing his figure to stumble.

An inconspicuous black crack appeared.

Beske's face changed.

"A spatial rift?"

In that instant, he disappeared.

After a long time,

the flames died down, and the mushroom cloud gradually dissipated.

The entire mountaintop had been leveled by the explosion, leaving only dust and charred ground for miles around; apart from that, there was no sign of life.

Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

A figure fell into the Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison.

It was Beske Taylor, nervous, looking around vigilantly.

All around, various hellish scenarios surrounded him.

Rolling Stones, Sea of Fire, Wind Blade, flood, Thunder, ice, Blade Mountain, Shadow!

“A large Fifth-Ring Combination Array?”

Beske's face was tense, his defensive force field flickering as he held an arrowhead in his hand.

Sparks flew from the arrowhead, his Void Travel Witch Artifact.

He must first escape the array before he can cope with the hidden enemy!

However,

the sparks from the transport Witch Artifact quickly died out, the teleportation...

failed.

The Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison had been remodeled multiple times by Levi.

Chapter 1444: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

Ordinary teleportation Wizard Tools simply couldn't carry out normal teleportation.

Moreover, not far outside the Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison, a level 6 being was stationed.

For Beske to think about teleporting away was nothing but a pipe dream.

Moreover, even if he left the Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison, he would still be within the Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

As long as Levi didn't allow him to leave, he would never be able to return to the ancient tower.

It could be said.

Once an enemy entered this Ancient Banyan Fairyland, they would find that neither heaven nor earth would respond; almost all forms of communication and teleportation methods would be impossible to use to leave from here.

Unless a primordial soul wizard directly used a Dimensional Door spell to pass through the crystal wall of the Ancient Banyan Fairyland and escaped into the Land of Darkness.

Beske was filled with despair.

In front of him, a figure slowly descended.

He was burly and well-proportioned, clad in Black Armor, with a resolute face it was Levi.

Behind him, an alchemy creation a hundred meters tall, enveloped in a thunderstorm, suddenly descended.

On the right side, a mountain-like Black Lotus Beast, its eyes full of killing intent, looked at Beske.

The moment he saw the Black Lotus Beast, Beske understood everything and asked with a sneer,

“Should I call you Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, or Lord Victor, or perhaps Master Fire Dragon?”

I never imagined the most famous wizard and member of alien races in Io were all you!”

The Black Lotus Beast of our Nine Cities Alliance was personally restricted by Lord Roman, unless you are level 6, you couldn't possibly break it.

Who exactly are you, and why haven't you killed me?”

Having been exposed by Beske, Levi didn't panic and merely said calmly,

“I will kill you, but not now!”

Flames encircled Beske, four giant flame walls appeared and protected him inside.

God Nick held a longsword in his left hand, his energy blade tore through the fire wall, and with a wave of his staff in his right hand, terrifying lightning struck at Beske.

The Black Lotus Beast charged fiercely, its powerful Body combined with flame flow and flames, unstoppable.

Beske's strength was at most enough to handle one of them; now being surrounded and attacked, he quickly fell into a disadvantage.

Meanwhile, Levi was not idle; he drew his longsword and from another angle charged at Beske.

If you can justly surround and attack, why bother with a one-on-one fight?

The longsword brought forth thunder, the Half Moon slash shattered everything.

Beske defended with his Wizard Tool; an innate spell transformed into a giant flame turtle, charging at Levi.

Only by killing Levi would he have a chance to escape.

“Damn it, if my Six-Circle Spell Scroll hadn’t been taken by Silverbeard, I would have killed this man long ago!”

Beske felt frustrated.

He exerted all his strength, but under the three-pronged attack from God Nick, the Black Lotus Beast, and Levi,

he couldn’t even last a few rounds and was defeated.

God Nick used a spell to control him, and Beske, looking ashen, asked:

“What exactly do you want to do?”

Levi pressed against Beske’s chest, the power of the Scarlet Dragon flowing intensely.

The mark appeared and then faded.

Before long, Beske’s tone eased, and he said:

“Master, what are your orders?”

Levi said blandly.

“Did you discuss this operation with Roman?”

Beske replied:

“No, because I secretly kept two golden leaves and didn’t dare to spread the word.”

Levi nodded and continued to ask,

“In the battle of the Eastern Sea that day, how many golden leaves did the Nine Cities Alliance obtain in total, and where were they placed?”

Beske replied:

“Including those taken from the nomadic wizards, a total of ten.

The remainder was probably all divided up by other top-level organizations and some nomadic wizards.

I handed over eight of the golden leaves; they are all personally kept by Lord Roman.”

Levi asked:

“Has Roman been in charge of all the resources plundered by the Nine Cities Alliance over the past sixty years?”

Beske replied:

“Yes, that’s right.

Lord Roman is the elected representative of the Nine Cities Alliance.

He has taken a Truth Oath, so he would not embezzle the resources.

This way, when we return to the Wizard World, the Nine Cities Alliance, according to the performance of the various organizations’ members within the ancient tower, comprehensively assesses and divides these resources.”

Levi understood.

It seemed that other top-level organizations and families of various schools probably followed the same practice.

They had secretly formed an alliance before entering the ancient tower.

Since the resources were all guarded by primordial soul wizards, Levi dared not contemplate more.

No matter what, he would not dare to trouble a primordial soul wizard for treasures.

Levi said:

“You go back to Sky Fire Fortress and tell Roman that you encountered an attack by the Amethyst Race in the Million Mountains, and only you managed to survive using a Void Shuttle Witch Artifact.

However, you also took this opportunity to gather some intelligence about the Amethyst Race.

You learned that in the fifth level, there isn't a level 6 stationed there, only a peak level 5 Amethyst Race is in seclusion to breakthrough to level 6, but you are not sure whether the information is true or false.”

Beske said:

"I understand.

You want Roman to lead an army to attack the Amethyst Race?

However, Roman is quite cautious, and he has a significant responsibility.

The Level 7 Treasure Sky Fire Fortress and sixty years' worth of resource accumulation are all on him.

Since the ancient tower is about to close, he probably won't risk it.

Even if it means killing the Amethyst Race, the cost would be too high, making it not worth it."

Levi said:

"I know.

You just need to relay the message.

Also, do not exhibit any unusual behavior, just conduct yourself as you normally would.”

Beske replied:

“I understand.”

Levi said blandly:

“Go then, and remember to report back to me if there is any new development.”

Beske left.

As for his spoils of war.

Levi only took away 2 golden leaves, some Aether Stone, materials, and spell knowledge, etc.

He did not take any other combat Wizard Tools, as he still needed Beske to carry out tasks.

Chapter 1445: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

“According to Mangang, in front of a level six expert, as long as my scarlet servant doesn’t make any unusual moves, they will have a hard time noticing the existence of the Scarlet Contract, so Roman probably won’t realize that Beske Taylor is under my control,” Levi mused.

Now.

Levi’s pieces, embedded in various major forces, have each taken their place.

Next, it’s time to wait and see, to watch as the situation unfolds.

If Roman doesn’t fall for the trap, Levi is indifferent.

For one thing, he was merely testing the waters, not holding his breath for success.

Secondly, a similar message would be delivered to General Suka by the Amethyst Race.

Given the intelligence and modus operandi of the Amethyst Race, Levi thought it more likely that they would fall for it.

In that case, perhaps he could give Roman a big surprise.

Levi bore a grudge for the Nine Cities Alliance oppressing the White Robe Wizard Association.

He was more inclined to stand with the White Robe Wizard Association than these top-level organizations that monopolized all resources.

...

Outside the Dark Ancient Tower.

The Realm of Crimson.

A large wizard market.

Many low-level wizards and apprentice wizards reside here year-round.

A young apprentice wizard held a knight's sword, manipulating it in front of him with the cantrip "Object Control Technique."

Unfortunately, it fell to the ground after rising eight meters, hitting his foot.

"Ah, when will I be able to learn the real Flying Secret Sword Technique?" he sighed.

Suddenly.

The bustling crowd in the market stopped and unanimously looked up at the sky.

The fifth level of the ancient tower.

A fierce battle was being broadcasted now.

A handsome young wizard with red hair shaded the sky with his Ancient Burning Sky Umbrella, incinerating the realm as nine fire dragons surged towards his enemy.

The flames burst forth, illuminating eternity; the dazzling light, even as a projection, was too intense for the wizards to look at directly.

They couldn't imagine how breathtaking it would be if they were there in person.

After the flames, all the enemies vanished as if they had never existed.

Only the mountains flattened by the explosion and the charred scorched earth remained silent witnesses to everything.

“Is it over just like that?”

“They haven’t even started fighting, right?”

“It’s already over!”

“The power of one man to slaughter seven in a mere instant...

among them was a Fifth-Circle Perfection, moreover, the overall team leader of the Nine Cities Alliance, am I not mistaken?”

“Is this the true strength of the Master Fire Dragon?”

I thought Death’s Blade Victor was extreme enough, but it seems we were too conservative.”

“For some reason, it’s incredibly satisfying to see the Nine Cities Alliance being killed, those snobs who always act superior.”

“Don’t celebrate too soon; maybe Beske Taylor used a Void Teleportation artifact to take his people and escape.

We can't confirm their death until it's certain."

...

Above the high sky.

The city of Ceylon, a part of the Nine Cities Alliance, shines brightly like the sun.

Extremely powerful presences fly in and out, and occasionally, some primordial soul experts can be seen.

Within the city.

Most of Ceylon City's wizards looked utterly miserable.

Beske's soul token had not shattered, indicating he hadn't died in battle.

But being driven off by a fifth-circle wizard in full view of everyone, leaving in utter disgrace, was quite embarrassing.

“Just what is the background of this Master Fire Dragon, possessing such abilities and cultivation and yet unheard of?”

I refuse to believe that such a powerful individual could rise from the ranks of nomadic wizards!”

“Exactly, I suspect he is a duplication of a primordial soul wizard...”

That umbrella-shaped Wizard Tool is outrageous.”

“It’s just the loss of one team leader; it doesn’t matter much.

Our Nine Cities Alliance is still the top-performing top-level organization in this ancient tower event!”

...

Within the Wizard Council.

The ancient tower ranking committee.

The evaluators are heatedly discussing.

“According to the Nine Cities Alliance, Beske didn’t die; he must have fled using a Void Teleportation Wizard Tool.

The other two fifth-circle seniors, with shattered soul tokens, and those four nomadic wizards, are almost certainly dead.”

“The participants of this ancient tower are just too extreme...

In the past, any top-tier prodigy could easily climb to the top, but now, no one dares to be sure until the very last moment.”

“Isn’t that the truth?

Even a prodigy like Simon has been eliminated; you can imagine how difficult this event is.”

“Among the alien races, not to mention the ridiculously powerful Amethyst Race.

The Three-Headed Dragon Abomination of the Dragon Abomination race is said to be the strongest.

As it stands, none of our wizarding prodigies seem to match up.”

“Fortunately, Victor emerged out of nowhere, scoring a point for us wizards.

Dominating from the shadows, he has climbed to the seventh place on the Earth Rankings of the ancient tower, behind only the seasoned Fifth-Circle Perfectionists sent by top wizard organizations.”

“And now, with an old hand like Beske Taylor, a seasoned Fifth-Circle Perfectionist, being repelled by an unknown nomadic wizard, and his other six fifth-circle senior subordinates obliterated in one blow...

in my view, this Master Fire Dragon can temporarily take the top spot in the ancient tower.

Such an achievement is truly incomparable; looking at the history of the ancient tower, it’s certainly worth recording in the annals.”

“It’s true that the achievements of the Master Fire Dragon are formidable.

In his first appearance, he joined forces with the Red Dragon Queen to slaughter a rank five Amethyst Race, then faced off against Simon without falling behind, and now, with a flick of his wrist, he has obliterated six fifth-circle wizards.

His achievements in this ancient tower are indeed unparalleled, and looking at the entire history of the ancient tower, they are definitely worthy of being inscribed in the annals of history.”

“Isn’t it inappropriate though?”

The Master Fire Dragon’s power mainly relies on his Wizard Tool.

Including him in the top ten is fine, but to directly rank him first...

isn’t that a bit too opportunistic?”

Chapter 1446: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

Amid the non-stop arguing.

The Dragonfly Wizard clapped his hands, halting everyone, and yelled loudly,

"Wizard Tools are an intrinsic part of a wizard’s combat strength, where’s the trickery in that? Humans are inherently weak, and it is precisely by relying on Wizard Tools, spells, and such means that we can compete with innate, powerful transcendent clans. Is it shameful to kill an enemy with a Wizard Tool? I think, for the time being, he is number one on the Earth rankings."

Since the Grand Wizard had made his decision, some of the dissatisfied primordial soul wizards dared not say much.

"However, Lord Dragonfly, this Master Fire Dragon comes from an unknown origin. It is not clear whether he is from an organization, a family, or a nomadic wizard... The prize for the first place on the Earth rankings is not much, and the top wizard organizations surely wouldn't care, but if a nomadic wizard takes this honor, they would certainly be displeased."

After he finished speaking, the atmosphere in the congress quieted down, and the Dragonfly Wizard sneered,

"Whoever is displeased can come to me for a debate. The original rules didn't say it couldn't fall into the hands of a nomadic wizard... Among the legendary wizards of past and present, there have been nomadic ones. What are you suggesting, that nomadic wizards are not worthy of the title and should be stripped of their wizard status?"

The primordial soul wizard hastily said,

"Lord Dragonfly, you misunderstand; that's not at all what I meant. Forget I said anything!"

Joking about such matters could offend some significant figures, after all.

Eventually, after some discussion,

The congress declared.

After more than sixty years since the ancient tower opened, as of now, the one at the top of the Earth rankings is,

Fire Dragon Master Ace!

Before this, the top spot was always occupied by a perfected fifth-circle wizard from the Thunder Divine Hall.

His name was Torque, who self-proclaimed to be the 'Thunder of Mankind.'

It was said that his upper limit of spiritual force reached 1111 points, and it had already been perfected.

His innate talents were also of the nine talents, and he was currently just over seven hundred years old.

Centuries ago, he was the champion of the Lightning School of Thought wizard league, standing in a position like that of the fallen Simon.

In truth, such a talent had no need to adventure in the ancient tower, as the chances of advancing to the primordial soul were not small. But Torque loved combat, and in the end, still came.

Over the past sixty years, Torque's battle achievements have been nothing short of dazzling.

Since entering the ancient tower, he has held the top spot on the rankings. Simon and these younger generation talents, due to their young age and insufficient cultivation, could not even be mentioned in the same breath as him.

Now, however, he has been surpassed by a previously unheard-of Fire Dragon Master, triggering a widespread uproar in public opinion.

The Lightning School of Thought, especially Torque's organization the Thunder Divine Tower, questioned the Judging Committee's fairness and impartiality.

"Just because of one incomprehensible battle, it's not enough to prove anything."

"Relying on a Wizard Tool or treasure's might, with one's own spells and cultivation mediocre, can such a person be ranked first?"

There were a chorus of doubts.

The Fire Dragon Master had no background or connections, and indeed, his previous performances had been quite ordinary,

and now he had suddenly risen above these top organizations, making them naturally dissatisfied!

In response, the Dragonfly Wizard asserted absolute fairness and impartiality, stating that anyone who disagreed could appeal to the congress.

The Dragonfly Wizard was already a Grand Wizard, so any appeals would have to be taken to a higher level.

To be in authority above him, there are only eleven such individuals in the wizard civilization today...

Even if these top wizard organizations acted out, they wouldn't dare to trouble the legendary wizards with such trifles in the Central Realm, who handle myriad affairs each day.

And legendary wizards would not descend to judge over such petty matters.

And so,

An unknown Fire Dragon Master, previously a nobody, suddenly became a celebrity in the Wizard World.

Even starting to attract a horde of die-hard fans like Lord Victor.

"Fire Dragon Master, number one on the Earth rankings! With a single move, he killed six fifth-circle wizards and scared off a perfected fifth-circle one, and can be called the strongest human below primordial soul level!"

"Right, that's so cool, with a single strike, mountains burn and seas boil. Even at the fifth-circle, why is there such a huge gap between people?"

"Can't help it, there are always some geniuses in this world who can become unique figures within a certain realm, standing out from the crowd."

To this, fans of Sect Hierarch Victor of the Flying Secret Sword Cult had something to say,

"If Victor used his secret sword from a hundred miles away, this so-called Fire Dragon Master would be beheaded in an instant, the first place on the Earth rankings is too dubious."

"That's right, it's all because Victor is too understated, his battle achievements too few; otherwise, he would have been the first on the Earth rankings long ago."

Then there were a small group of fans of the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, wizards suspected of having anti-social personalities, who said,

"In front of the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, this Fire Dragon Master, Thunder of Mankind, and Victor are all just chickens and dogs."

"The Dragon Abomination lies dormant, probably planning a more splendid performance. Let us just wait."

...

Holy Fire Plateau.

Nine Cities Alliance.

Roman listened quietly to Beske Taylor's report, then said,

"I previously suspected that the Amethyst Race did not have a level 6 upper-level presence, but, to be cautious, I refrained from sending troops. Now it seems that this might indeed be the case. However, it's already too late. The ancient tower is about to close, and we'd better avoid creating trouble."

Beske replied,

"I think so, too. I was just worried that if the Amethyst Race were to bear a level 6 upper-level, they might initiate an attack on us."

Roman laughed,

"What harm is there in that? The Amethyst Race Sacred Land presently has at most a few dozen people. Even if they are all rank five, or even if a level 6 upper-level emerged, they could hardly shake our easily defended Sky Fire Fortress. If they really dare to come, then we'll just harvest more amethyst before the ancient tower closes. That would be a good thing."

Chapter 1447: Slash all enemies before you with one sword, the strongest human under the primordial soul!

...

Amethyst Race Sacred Land.

A burly man, his muscles sculpted like amethyst, was devouring metal, relishing every bite.

He was General Sulca, a powerful warrior of the Amethyst Race who had recently ascended to level 6.

In front of him stood over thirty level 5 warriors of the Amethyst Race.

This was a force mighty enough to sweep away everything in its path.

Compared to any of the top wizard organizations that fielded teams of thousands,

they had only a fraction of those numbers, merely one-thirtieth.

Yet, when looking across the whole Io, the number of wizards was a hundred times that of the Amethyst Race.

But Sulca was not afraid.

On the contrary, he was more excited than ever before.

Every member of the Amethyst Race was an elite soldier, a fierce warrior.

All the Amethyst Race, united in purpose and effort, had only one goal.

Sulca boomed,

"My comrades, since ancient times we have been enslaved and humiliated by the wizards. They are like locusts, numerous and plundering all. It was the saint who changed this situation, allowing us to live with dignity.

Now, it's time to repay the saint. The ancient tower will close soon, and before it does, follow me and slaughter to your heart's content! Fight to the death, and fear not!

The Amethyst Race is the strongest tribe, the favored children of Creation! Let us show the might that the saint exhibited in battling the gods of the astral world, charge!"

Inspired by Sulca's words, all the Amethyst Race warriors roared like thunder, shaking the sky dome.

"Kill!"

"The strongest tribe!"

Yor stood among them, equally fervent as he shouted.

Sulca said,

"To my knowledge, in the south of Io, on Holy Fire Plateau, there is a neighbor known as the Nine Cities Alliance. For sixty years, they've scavenged the most resources from the ancient tower... And their Sky Fire Fortress itself is also delicious food. Next, let us strike the first battle! Everyone, follow Yor and march to Holy Fire Plateau!"

Yor raised his arm and cried out,

"Everyone, follow me!"

One by one, the imposing figures of the Amethyst Race transformed into streaks of purple light, racing towards Holy Fire Plateau.

Sulca watched the army depart, then with great speed, he flew deeper into Million Mountains.

Before he reached level 6, he had felt the aura of another level 6 being from a distance, deep within a large basin.

After ascending to level 6, he went to investigate and found a black beast lord.

One of the several Black Beast Kings of Million Mountains.

Attacking the Nine Cities Alliance, no matter how strong the Amethyst Race, would be futile with such a numerical disadvantage.

Though the Amethyst Race was fearless, it did not mean they would recklessly fly into the fire, knowing fully well the outcome.

So he needed to add fuel to this grand battle.

On Io Continent, in terms of numbers, what could surpass a Black Beast army?

The last Black Beast Tide was just the tip of the iceberg.

In that basin, there was a huge rift that led to a vast and intricate underground world.

A world filled with mystery and the unknown, a true paradise for black beasts!

High in the sky, Sulca spat out a dreamlike blood-colored plant.

The plant was over a meter tall, with a total of nine blood-colored leaves and a dark red flower.

The moment this plant appeared, it even caused anomalies to arise around Sulca, with visions of mountains of corpses and seas of blood surrounding him.

Circles of invisible aromatic particles spread out.

"Nine-leaf Blood Datura, a rare plant with a deadly allure for most transcendent creatures and black beasts, truly a priceless treasure."

Not many knew of this plant.

Sulca knew of it because the Amethyst Race would rely on the anomalies produced by this plant to lure black beasts to the Land of Darkness for combat training of their kin.

Now, as the decisive battle approached, this plant could finally be put to good use.

In fact, aside from the exotic fragrance that is fatally attractive to black beasts.

If consumed regularly, the petals of this plant indeed benefit the growth of transcendent creatures.

Soon, black beasts began to appear in the woods around him, chasing after him.

"Come on, all of you, join us, and let the wizards feel the pain!"

...

Sea of Stars.

White Robe Wizard Association.

Fire Dragon Island.

Two figures descended from the sky.

Mia, as if awakening from a dream, had a flushed face, took heavy breaths, and her chest heaved. She lowered her head, whispering:

"Thank you, Lord, for rescuing me... It's my fault for being inefficient, putting you at risk."

The Holy Infant said indifferently:

"You work for me, I naturally wouldn't stand by and watch you die. Just be more meticulous in your future tasks... However, the Wizard World is full of treachery, and even with utmost caution, there is always the chance of being betrayed. Don't be too hard on yourself, and besides, with my strength, these goods aren't nearly enough to put me in danger."

When he spoke these words, his pride and worldly confidence caused Mia to become momentarily entranced. The sunlight shone on Lord Ace's handsome face, making it glow brilliantly.

"This is indeed the true nature of the Lord: seemingly indifferent to all things, yet possessing absolute power, with everything under his control."

In her mind, she was full with the scene of the Lord taking action.

The Burning World Giant Umbrella covered the sky. Under the endless blazing fire, all enemies vanished into smoke, turning into nothingness.

Although the Lord mentioned afterwards that Beske escaped using a Void Shuttle Witch Artifact,

this battle was still considered shocking and sensational.

The Holy Infant spoke calmly:

"You may return. The ancient tower will close in a few years. Don't go out any longer, just focus on your cultivation, and wait for the departure."

Mia snapped out of her reverie, saying:

"I understand, thank you, Lord!"

Then, lowering her head and speaking softly, Mia said:

"Lord, after we go out, will you take Mia in?"

The Holy Infant nodded:

"I keep my words, rest assured about that."

Mia let out a long sigh of relief, a bitter smile on her face:

"I was worried my incompetence would disappoint you. Now I'm reassured. I'll be more careful in the future!"

After Mia left, the Holy Infant returned to his place of closed-door cultivation and finished arranging all the spoils of war.

Aether Stone side.

The Mountain's Four Elders and those two Beske guards contributed around three million in total, quite standard.

Wizard Tool side.

The Mountain's Four Elders were all equipped with the most rubbish Fifth-Circle Wizard Tools, while the two guards had very fine Wizard Tools, considered top-quality.

The remaining spells, knowledge, materials, and other items need no further discussion.

The only surprising find was the five golden leaves discovered on the Mountain's Four Elders.

Of course, three of them were collected by Mia during her travels over the last two years.

This meant that the Holy Infant now had seven golden leaves on his side.

Adding those to the two obtained from Beske by the main body, there were, in total, nine golden leaves now.

If all were refined, with good luck, increasing the upper limit of spiritual force by a hundred points shouldn't be a problem.

It was an unexpected joy to gather so many without killing members of the Golden Absolutes Race.

The remaining golden leaves were mostly controlled by the top wizard organizations and would likely be unattainable.

Suddenly, the Holy Infant looked towards the direction of the Holy Fire Plateau, a smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

"Just as I thought, the Amethyst Race simpletons are the easiest to deceive."

Chapter 1448: Three heads and six arms sweep thousands of troops, Red Lotus descends to the world, unmatched!

Holy Brilliance Calendar 1227, Month of Harvest.

Sea of Stars, Star Bazaar.

Mia's small pharmacy.

"Mia, have you heard? It's said that someone inadvertently saw the Amethyst Race's army, heading towards the direction of the Skyfire Plateau... My goodness, a clean sweep of rank five Amethyst Race, each one of them an existence capable of battling ten on their own."

Listening to the words of the shop owner opposite her, Mia said:

"The Nine Cities Alliance has an army of over a thousand wizards; the Amethyst Race shouldn't be able to stir up much trouble."

The shop owner replied:

"Hmm, and moreover, the Nine Cities Alliance has the War Treasure Sky Fire Fortress, which is easy to defend but hard to attack. With Roman stationed there, there should be no trouble."

Mia sighed and said:

"Well, that's the advantage of being a top-level organization..."

Frankly speaking, as a human, Mia certainly did not want the Amethyst Race to win, but she also did not wish for the Nine Cities Alliance to have an easy time.

After the small talk.

Mia continued her cultivation. Since the last incident, she knew all too well that her strength wasn't sufficient, so she cultivated with even greater effort.

"I'm too weak. I would hold back Lord Ace..."

...

Gandaph Island.

The Rust Dragon Wizard, Alexandra, Elsie, Madam Miracle, and the Master Fire Dragon were sitting together in a meeting.

The battle that day, apart from possibly being seen by projections from the outside world, was unseen by anyone within the ancient tower.

And the Holy Infant did not wish to publicize the matter, so throughout the Io Continent, only Beske and Mia were in the know.

If these people knew that the Master Fire Dragon had single-handedly annihilated six fifth-circle wizards and repelled a Fifth-Circle Perfection, what would they think?

The Rust Dragon Wizard was in high spirits; as a Dragon descendant wizard, his lifespan should be around two thousand and some hundred years old. He was now considered to be in his prime.

He dialed back his primordial soul's dignity, seeming no different from before.

But for the other four, they had already developed a lamentable barrier between themselves and Rust Senior.

The Rust Dragon Wizard spoke:

"Gentlemen, I've received accurate intel that within a month, the Amethyst Race might launch an attack on the Nine Cities Alliance."

Alexandra's face grew grave as she said:

"This is a serious matter. Does the Amethyst Race have a six-level presence?"

The Rust Dragon Wizard replied:

"It is not yet clear, but I suspect there is one, considering it is no secret that the Nine Cities Alliance has a six-level powerhouse. Even if the Amethyst Race is stubborn, without a six-level, they surely wouldn't assault the Sky Fire Fortress. Wouldn't that be tantamount to seeking death?"

Madam Miracle said:

"Looks like there will be quite a show to watch next, with the Nine Cities Alliance's power, they are sure to come through this ordeal, though they are likely to be badly hurt... The members of the Amethyst Race are fearlessly fierce, and now that they are mobilizing en masse, they are a well-trained slaughtering machine."

Although she was at Fifth-Circle Perfection, facing just any rank five Amethyst Race, she wouldn't dare to be careless.

The cheat-like magic resistance, unparalleled bodies, and attack power, powerful combat techniques of the Amethyst Race.

One moment of carelessness could cause a wizard to lose everything.

Most importantly, the Amethyst Race was united, and in collaboration, they didn't need the cutthroat team dynamics typical amongst wizards, always having to guard against teammates.

Elsie asked:

"Rust Senior, what should we do next?"

The Rust Dragon Wizard slightly smiled and turned to the Holy Infant:

"Master, what suggestions do you have?"

The Holy Infant laughed and said:

"Since the senior has asked me, I'll offer my opinion. First and foremost, it's absolutely impossible for us to help the Nine Cities Alliance. They oppressed us first, and had the senior not advanced to primordial soul, we might no longer exist."

The Rust Dragon Wizard nodded, signaling for the Holy Infant to continue.

The Holy Infant said:

"But as wizards, regardless of where we are, we definitely can't aid alien races to attack our kin. After all, among the Nine Cities Alliance, there are many nomadic wizards who are compelled to join and work for them out of desperation. Hence, we should stay as onlookers, assisting neither side, pretending ignorance... In this way, when we return to the Wizard World, the congress can't say anything."

The Rust Dragon Wizard laughed and said:

"That's also my thought. Speaking of which, why would the Amethyst Race attack the tough nut that is the Nine Cities Alliance? I thought they would attack us."

That was something the Rust Dragon Wizard could not understand at all.

The Holy Infant said:

"Maybe it's because the Nine Cities Alliance is too conspicuous, easiest to draw fire... Weren't the Empire's mages the first to attack the Nine Cities Alliance in the wars of the past?"

Alexandra nodded and said:

"Makes sense."

...

Gula Province.

This place is located in the southern region of Io, the only area in the South that has not yet been conquered. The one in control of this province is none other than the Blood Banquet Dharma King.

Kalin City.

A marginal small city of the province.

On this day, a seemingly ordinary red-robed mage slowly approached.

He was weary and covered in the dust of travel, none other than Levi in disguise.

Based on his calculations, the grand battle between the Amethyst Race and the Nine Cities Alliance would take some time to commence.

The Million Mountains spanned the Io Continent from east to west, and even traveling from the Amethyst Race Sacred Land to the Skyfire Plateau would require considerable time.

This battle.

Levi planned to watch the fire from across the river and take advantage at the edge of the battlefield after both parties had worn each other out.

Since the Amethyst Race dared to charge at the Nine Cities Alliance with just a few dozen individuals, it indicated that General Suka must have made adequate preparations.

He felt that the Amethyst Race surely had some other trump cards he was unaware of.

This war could likely last for a considerable duration.

With the Ancient Shell Palace, Mana as his senior, and a variety of Void Teleportation abilities.

As long as he was a bit more cautious and not targeted by six-level beings, he could leverage this war to obtain much profit. Be it amethyst or anything else.

Chapter 1449: Three heads and six arms sweep thousands of troops, Red Lotus descends to the world, unmatched!

Of course, while waiting for the war to begin, he couldn't just sit idle.

In the northern barbarian tribes, the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants would take another three years to shed their shells, around the year 1230 of the Holy Brilliance Calendar.

According to the message from the Ice Phoenix, she hadn't found an opportunity to approach the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants yet.

Levi told her to wait patiently, and if there was still no chance when the shedding time came three years later, then they would have to give up.

For him, the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants were not a necessity. On the contrary, the Frost Flame Ice Birds of the Ice Phoenix were indispensable.

However, according to Levi's judgment, there should be an opportunity when the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants were shedding their shells.

After all, the barbarian tribes weren't united as one.

The Ancient Eagle totem which he had saved that day, according to his following investigation, had not safely returned to its tribe.

He suspected it was likely calculated by the Winged Tiger Barbarian King and that giant tiger totem.

When the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants were shedding their shells, it would be the most vulnerable time for the entire Heaven Horn Tribe. Then, the forces coveting the Dragon Ants in the shadows would hardly be able to hold back their hands.

He just needed to pick the right time and make good use of his trump card as well as the skill of Void Teleportation.

It wasn't impossible to snatch away the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants amidst a ring of rival powers.

As the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants were sleeping, they were defenseless and completely unconscious.

Under such circumstances, he could forcibly take them away with fairyland first and then try to make a Contract before they woke up.

If he couldn't successfully Contract them before they woke, then he would find a place to release them in the Wizard World, so as not to destroy his own fairyland.

Finally, regarding the Mind Flayers.

The demon race had been preparing for years, coming on fiercely. Relying on foreigners and various wild rank five and level 6 upper-level experts who joined the crusading army, the demon army advanced like a hot knife through butter, having already taken down several provinces in the South of Io.

Honestly, Levi lusted after that Dear Head Sage.

To be able to become a level six expert as an oddity, he wondered if killing this guy would cause a Morning Star-level or above oddity to burst out?

Of course, he was clear-headed; level six experts, before he left the ancient tower, had nearly no chance of being killed or directly confronted by him.

To be able to escape under the nose of a level six expert was already defying the heavens.

He wouldn't let himself fall into irreversible catastrophe just for an oddity.

After inquiring around, Levi arrived in Gula Province.

He wanted to conduct his own research, to survey on-site the possibility of snatching the Bloodsucking Demon Dragon from the clutches of the Blood Banquet Dharma King.

If there was an opportunity, then he would make a big move. If not, he had to let go of this obsession.

"Alas, missing this Bloodsucking Demon Dragon, I might have to pin my hopes on the Land of Darkness or plane traveling in the future."

Inside Kalin City, the people were in a state of anxiety.

Probably because the neighboring Mo'er Province had just been taken down by the demon race.

Now, the flames of war had already spread to the edge of Gula Province.

Kalin City Church.

Bishop Moz was currently packing his belongings, looking ready to flee.

He had received information that within a month, Kalin City would be breached. It was said that the Blood Banquet Dharma King had secretly defected to the demon race and was planning a mutiny.

This wage laborer had to think ahead for a way out.

"It's a sin, I haven't even been a head priest for a hundred years and now I'm facing this sort of thing."

Moz cursed under his breath. He had just finished packing and was about to leave.

A large hand gripped his shoulder and after a whirl of heaven and earth, he no longer knew where he was.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a red-robed Archmage exuding an aura of dread that was indescribable for him as a Level 4 Mage.

Moz asked trembling:

"I am Moz, the head priest of Kalin City; may I ask what the Lord wants with me?"

Levi calmly asked:

"Are you afraid of Death?"

Moz hurriedly nodded his head.

"I am afraid, who wouldn't be afraid of dying..."

He was terrified in his heart, wondering if the Archmage had found out about his plans to flee.

Levi nodded:

"Then that's easy to handle."

Behind him, Excalibur appeared.

He said:

"From now on, follow me and vow a Contract..."

Under the immense pressure of power, how could Moz dare to disobey?

Afterward, Levi asked:

"Tell me everything you know about the Blood Banquet Dharma King; don't try any tricks, or else you'll find no place to be buried when you die."

Moz said:

"Yes, Lord, I'll say anything, just don't kill me..."

Next.

Moz told Levi everything he knew.

But since his own strength was too weak and his position average, the information he possessed was already known to Levi from the Mind Flayers.

The only valuable piece was the rumor that the Blood Banquet Dharma King had defected from the empires and joined the demon race. But it was just street gossip, not to be taken as fact.

After speaking, Moz looked at Levi and asked:

"Lord, may I go now? I swear there's no falsehood in what I said!"

Levi threw him under the Banyan Tree, fed him to Long, and then walked away.

In the following days.

He went to an even larger city, Texius City.

There, he found a level 5 Archmage and after some questioning, finally obtained some useful information.

First, the Blood Banquet Dharma King had indeed defected, and the empire's upper echelons were also aware of it, but they were powerless to send someone to capture him.

Second, the Blood Banquet Dharma King was currently in Gula Province. After declaring himself king, he resided in the Blood Temple in the Blood-colored Mountain Range, calling himself the Blood King.

Third, the Blood Banquet Dharma King's beloved pet, the "Death Blood Worm", was with him, staying constantly in the Blood Temple and enjoying the worship of thousands. The Death Blood Worm's strength was probably at the peak of level 5, definitely not as good as that of the strongest sub-dragons like the Black Lotus Beast.

Chapter 1450: Three heads and six arms sweep thousands of troops, Red Lotus descends unmatched!

After learning this intelligence, Levi contacted the Mind Flayers, who said he would investigate further.

A few days later,

An exciting piece of news came from the Mind Flayers.

First, the Blood Banquet Dharma King had indeed defected.

Second, seven days later, the Green Demon King, the Flame Demon King, the Deer Head Sage, and several other level six experts who had defected to the demon race, would be holding a banquet in the neighboring Mo'er Province.

According to the Mind Flayers' knowledge, the Blood Banquet Dharma King might attend the banquet.

If the Blood Banquet Dharma King's appearance at the banquet is confirmed, Levi would be able to act.

Levi asked the Mind Flayers to discreetly inquire from the Green Demon King whether the Blood Banquet Dharma King had any duplicative tricks, such as duplication.

If the Dharma King had left a level six duplication inside the Blood Temple, his plan would fail.

In any case, below level six is manageable, but above that, he really couldn't provoke them.

While waiting for news from the Mind Flayers, Levi started heading toward the Blood-colored Mountain Range.

The Blood-colored Mountain Range stretches for thousands of miles and is very vast; he temporarily hid there, facilitating his forthcoming actions.

Before acting, he also needed to clear up the surrounding environment to see if there were any other variables, to facilitate his escape after achieving his goal.

In any case, the riskiness of this operation surpassed that in Ron City.

Three days later,

Levi reached the edge of the Blood-colored Mountain Range.

He was now thousands of miles away from the Blood Temple, yet that feeling of immense danger lingered.

This made it evident that the Blood Banquet Dharma King was indeed inside the temple.

He didn't dare get closer, although the perceptual range of a sixth-level wizard wouldn't reach that far. Nonetheless, it was still better to be cautious.

He burrowed underground, set up a concealment array, and, using Hermit Rune, hid there waiting for news from the Mind Flayers.

...

The Holy Fire Plateau.

Inside the Sky Fire Fortress.

Roman was engaged in secluded cultivation.

His subordinate's urgent communication went off.

He left his retreat, and a figure hurriedly approached, bowing, then spoke with a panicked expression:

"Lord Roman, we have discovered numerous tracks of the Amethyst Race in the Million Mountains. My subordinates suspect that the Amethyst Race has mobilized en masse and has started to target the wizards."

Roman furrowed his brows and said,

"Being part of the Nine Cities Alliance, flustered and exasperated is unbecoming. Have you confirmed, are these folks from the Amethyst Race here to attack us or the White Robe Wizard Association?"

The subordinate said,

"Judging by their direction, it should be us..."

Roman asked,

"Are there any level six Amethysts?"

The subordinate shook his head:

"None observed so far, all are level five Amethyst Race members."

Roman waved his hand, signaling the subordinate to leave.

"The Amethyst Race dares to attack our Nine Cities Alliance, they must have the backing of a level six. It seems Beske Taylor was right, there wasn't a level six existence in the Amethyst Race before, they must have recently advanced... In that case, use this opportunity to annihilate the Amethyst Race in one fell swoop."

Over sixty years of development, the Nine Cities Alliance has also birthed many Fifth-Circle Wizards. Merely with the number of Fifth-Circle Wizards, they could crush the Amethyst Race.

Moreover, they have nearly a thousand Fourth-Circle Wizards, and almost all possess senior Fourth-Circle strength or higher.

In addition, equipped with war treasures like the Sky Fire Fortress, the actions of the Amethyst Race this time are like moths to a flame.

No matter how strong individual power is, it's useless against absolute numerical superiority.

This is the reason the Amethyst civilization never dares to provoke wizard civilization outside of the ancient towers.

"However, although the Amethyst Race is nothing to worry about, the development of the White Robe Wizard Association over such a long period must not be underestimated; we need to be cautious of those nomadic wizards that might seize the opportunity to strike while the iron is hot and kick us while we're down."

Roman called Beske Taylor and other leaders together and started a full-scale city defense.

Everyone learned about the Amethyst Race's attack not with much panic but with eagerness to engage.

The Sky Fire Fortress had withstood a sea beast tide of thousands previously; could a few dozen Amethyst Race members possibly turn the tide?

Contrarily, everyone was very interested in the "amethysts" left behind by the deceased of the Amethyst Race.

Beyond this, the insides of the Amethysts often stored a lot of undigested ores along with their spoils of war.

After their defeat, these could all be looted, representing a hefty harvest.

...

In the blink of an eye,

Several days passed.

Mo'er Province.

Inside a city enveloped in gunpowder smoke.

The Green Demon King, the Flame Demon King, the Deer Head Sage, and a total of six level six experts were waiting and chatting casually.

Suddenly, a cloud of blood that covered miles of sky appeared in the distance and leisurely floated over.  
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The blood cloud dimly formed into the terrifying shape of a skull, looking quite dreadful.

The Green Demon King laughed and said,

"Our friend is here, let's all stand and welcome him. The renowned Blood Banquet Dharma King, I presume you all know him."

The blood cloud descended from the sky and landed within the city, transforming into a middle-aged Dharma King donned in a black robe, with a ruddy complexion and unusually Crimson lips.

He was the Blood Banquet Dharma King, a legitimate level six expert.

The Blood Banquet Dharma King chuckled and said,

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. I was delayed because I went to invite another ally."

After finishing, he clapped his hands and said aloud,

"Let us welcome Thunderbolt Supreme Mage Nurezz, the Left Hand of the Magic God..."

The faces of the Green Demon King and others slightly changed.

Purple lightning tore through the skies, illuminating the demonically obscured sky dome.

Then, a figure with an imposing presence and flashing lightning landed next to the Blood Banquet Dharma King.

He was dressed in a purple lightning robe, with an arrogant demeanor. Among the level six experts present, his aura was second to none.