

Wizard 1461

Chapter 1461: Giant Tree Takes Action, Shocking the World, Italian Cannon Destroys Primordial Soul!

The number of wizards in the Nine Cities Alliance now totals fewer than a thousand.

They appear exhausted, listless and dispirited.

For more than two months, they've had no idea how they managed to survive.

Apart from the necessary rest for meditation to restore their spiritual force, they've spent the rest of their time spellcasting and battling.

Everyone has grown numb as if living in purgatory.

The seemingly unscathed Nine Cities Alliance has in fact reached the point of utter depletion.

The medicines and Aether Stones needed by nearly a thousand wizards have been drained by two months of war, and their Wizard Tools used in battle have also suffered severe damage.

The Alliance does indeed have a number of pharmacists, but resources have long been exhausted.

As for refining new Wizard Tools, that is simply not something that can be done in a short time frame; it's measured in years.

Throughout these two months, there have been continuous desertions from the wizards.

Some were suppressed, others successfully fled, only to be hunted down by the Amethyst Race waiting on the outskirts, with very few escaping unscathed.

Roman scanned the room and said coldly,

"All energy in the Sky Fire Fortress has been exhausted, and the array cannot be activated, it's not much use now... Everyone, prepare to face the enemy head-on. Anyone daring to flee will be killed without mercy!"

Upon hearing this, the wizards gathered their spirits and stood guard.

At the front of the battlefield.

A tall warrior of the Amethyst Race descended from the sky, exuding a mighty presence.

It was General Suka.

By this day, all his "Nine-leaf Blood Datura" had been used up.

The residue of the Blood Thura left behind had also been completely depleted or purified and dispelled by the wizards' spells.

Therefore, the two sixth-level Black Beasts, knowing the wizards were difficult to deal with, did not linger any longer and each went their way.

He had no way to counter this; he knew that from now on, there were no more shortcuts.

These two months, although the Nine Cities Alliance seemed to have few casualties, everyone was already at the end of their strength.

Under the high intensity of combat, the wizards' physical strength, spirit, and will had reached their limits.

Now was the time for a real fight with bayonets bared.

"Holy Clan warriors, charge!"

Sulca roared, his voice shattering the dark clouds. His sixth-level aura soared, stirring the air for miles around.

Nearly thirty living warriors of the Purple Crystal Clan emerged from every corner, appearing simultaneously and following behind Sulca.

Their faces are resolute, clearly fearless from the bottom of their hearts.

This is the true Purple Crystal Clan – strong, arrogant, overbearing, and fearless!

"Kill!"

Inside the Sky Fire Fortress.

The wizards rallied once again.

Beske encouraged,

"Kill them! After we defeat these alien races, we can go home."

The wizards formed an array, exerting all their strength, casting spells towards the Amethyst Race.

On the battlefield.

In an instant, the din of fierce combat thundered, and the real battle began.

Sulca descended from the sky, his light blazing; his purple fists, like massive mountains, bore down towards Roman.

"Human, meet your death; let yourself be the first primordial soul wizard I, Sulca, have killed!"

Roman sneered,

"Just entered level 6, did you? Let me show you what a primordial soul can do!"

Behind him, his primordial soul wizard form emerged once again, with elemental power from a hundred miles around converging into it.

A thousand-meter long, lifelike and exceedingly solid fire element Fiery Flame Giant Snake appeared out of nowhere.

The giant snake led the charge, clashing head-on with Sulca's fists.

Sulca was hurled away by the terrifying impact; his body ablaze, he soared into the clouds, laughing loudly,

"Using elemental power, huh? All flash and no substance. I'll show you what 'strength could break all techniques' means!"

Sulca clenched his fists, within his body the Amethyst Light continued to compress, flowing into his fists; his aura surged as the void trembled.

"Holy Skill·Twin Star Explosion!"

Boom, boom!

The terrifying fist wind formed two amethyst twin stars about a hundred meters in diameter.

The twin stars crossed the sky and then violently exploded!

The Fiery Flame Giant Snake was sent flying, its form fading.

Just after one exchange, Roman was shocked. The might of a level 6 Amethyst Race was truly fearsome.

He hurriedly deployed his Primordial Soul Witch Artifact·Heavenly Strike Flame Mirror!

Countless Sky Fire powers were absorbed into the mirror, then transformed into fiery rays, shooting towards Sulca!

A punch from Sulca left a deep, slow-healing wound on his fist.

"This is a wizard's Soul Artifact? Indeed, the power is considerable... but to kill me, this is not enough!"

Ignoring the pain, he continued to use straightforward combat techniques and absolute strength to overpower his opponent.

Holy Skill·Mountain Fall!

He pounded out punch after punch, the shockwaves lifting layers of rock, crushing down towards Roman.

The level 6 battlefield was fiercely intense. Within a hundred-mile radius, it became a forbidden zone for all living beings. Neither wizards nor the Purple Crystal Clan dared to step foot in it.

And on the chaotic Fifth-Circle battlefield.

A young Grey-Robed wizard was in charge of control, a burly bald man took on the brunt of the fighting head-on; along with Beske who had achieved Fifth-Circle Perfection, they easily killed a level 5 Amethyst Race member. The amethyst was then discreetly collected by the young wizard.

This inconspicuous group headed towards other members of the Amethyst Race, coming across the bodies of fallen wizards.

The Grey-Robed wizard and the bald man were in fact Holy Infant and Levi's body-tempering clone in disguise.

Utilizing the chaos, they infiltrated the fray, pretending to be members of the Nine Cities Alliance and coordinating perfectly with Beske.

Having already harvested the carcasses of the black beasts, Levi naturally wouldn't pass up the amethyst.

Currently, his original body dared not casually enter the battlefield, still on the outskirts, waiting for the right moment.

He knew that on this battlefield, there were other level 6 beings with the same goal in mind.

Chapter 1462: The world is shocked by the giant tree's move; the Italian Cannon annihilates the primordial soul!

Therefore, he had only one chance for his next move, he had to succeed, failure was not an option!

One after another, wizards died under the fearless attack of the Amethyst Race.

But the aura of the Amethyst Race was also fading with every attack.

Wizards might be individually weaker than the members of the Amethyst Race, but now, in order to survive, they gave their all.

Moreover, they greatly outnumbered their opponents, and there was absolutely no possibility of defeat.

On the Level 6 Battlefield.

General Sulca had become a maddened killer.

Each punch he threw was like launching a missile, the terrifying force repeatedly knocking the Fiery Flame Giant Snake back.

His resistance to spells was high, but considering he had just advanced, coupled with the might of primordial soul spells, it was no joke; his indestructible body was already covered with scars.

Of course, Roman was having an even harder time.

Facing continuous bouts with two Sixth-level Black Beasts, he had already used up much of his energy. His current enemy fought with a death wish, employing a reckless style of fighting, leveraging the

Amethyst Race's invincible physical prowess for a trade-off between injury and injury, leaving Roman in agony.

Worst of all, Sulca seemed to have used some kind of secret technique that sacrificed his lifespan and potential, making him seem much stronger than someone who had just achieved Level 6.

From the very beginning.

Sulca never intended to leave alive; he wanted to burn himself out, kill Roman, and exterminate all the wizards present before the Order Keepers from the Ancient Tower arrived.

Even if that would inevitably lead to his eradication by the Ancient Tower Order Keepers, it didn't matter. If he could leave a significant mark in the Ancient Tower and bring glory to the Amethyst Race, that would be enough!

Roman knew. The key to this battle was his fight with Sulca, not the assured victory of the fourth-circle and fifth-circle wizards.

But the problem was.

In the current situation, after an exchange in battle, he had to admit, he was no match for Sulca at full power, in his ascended state.

If this continued, Roman would die here before Sulca burned out his own life and died.

Therefore, Roman hesitated.

He had only recently advanced to a primordial soul, and he hadn't enjoyed it enough. He was also in charge of the Nine Cities Alliance's resources for sixty years, as well as a Level 7 Treasure.

The safety of Roman's life could not be compromised. He did not want to burn his life in pursuit of a momentary brilliance.

Once the thought of retreat emerged, it became unstoppable in Roman's mind.

Sensing the fear in Roman's heart, Sulca laughed crazily:

"Hahaha, human, you're scared, you're not ready to die!"

"Holy Skill-Star Sinking!"

Sulca seized the moment, raging power swirling in his chest before surging into his legs.

His downward slam from above split the sky dome in two.

Before the attack even landed, the Earth cracked open into a kilometer-long chasm, bottomless to the eye. f

Through gritted teeth, Roman's protective force field sprang to action, his innate spell drawing upon the elemental power between Heaven and Earth, swelling into a flaming giant fist hundreds of meters large, clashing with the descending leg!

Boom!

After the earth-shattering collision, the giant fist shattered, and the residual force of the leg strike headed straight for Roman.

Roman grimaced, waging an internal battle.

The Sky Strike Flame Mirror appeared above his head, blocking the wave of attack, and yet left a crack in its wake.

The Rust Dragon Wizard watching from afar was shocked.

"This is the Amethyst Race... even just advanced, their strength is beyond the comparison with those Sixth-level Black Beast lords. Perhaps only a Sixth Ring Senior Wizard could suppress and kill one."

Elsewhere.

Levi, watching the battle, felt a strong shock.

Witnessing a Sixth-level battle firsthand, he deeply realized the insurmountable chasm between Levels 5 and 6.

Even though he considered himself nearly unbeatable below Level 6,

faced with Level 6, he knew his gap with them was like that between an adult and an infant.

With every casual strike, their power exceeded the measurement range of Castro Glasses, making it impossible to measure in the conventional manner.

Because in their every action, they were harnessing the vast power of the universe.

"Alas, if not for having senior Mana and measures like the Ancient Shell Palace, the thought of scavenging on the Level 6 battlefield would be utterly impossible."

...

On the battlefield.

A crack appeared in the Sky Strike Flame Mirror.

Roman spat out a mouthful of blood, his spirit wilting.

"My Soul Artifact is damaged... damn it."

The Soul Artifact shared a bond of honor and disgrace with him.

Even if the Soul Artifact shattered, he wouldn't die, but it was inevitable that he would suffer some damage.

To recover from this, it would take at least decades of nurturing.

He had underestimated the strength of the Amethyst Race and their determination to fight to the death.

After Sulca's ascension, his power had far exceeded Roman's.

The shattering of the Soul Artifact was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Roman steeled his heart and tore open the Void, ready to leave this place.

He decided to abandon these wizards... after all, among almost a thousand people, only less than one-fifth belonged to the Nine Cities Alliance, the rest were nomadic wizards.

He had no reason to die for these people.

He had missions and tasks to fulfill.

Even if he became a deserter, the Nine Cities Alliance and the Wizard Council could not severely punish him.

As for the opinions of the nomadic wizards outside, that was unimportant!

These lower-class individuals have very short memories.

This kind of scandalous history would soon be forgotten, intentionally erased.

"Want to run?"

Seeing Roman attempting to escape, Sulca grew desperate.

If he could not leave a primordial soul wizard behind after burning his life away, then he would greatly lose out!

"Holy Skill-Silent Star!"

His body riddled with cracks, countless amethyst lights burst forth from his body, shooting out!

In an instant.

He threw tens of thousands of punches, the fists' shadows shattering Roman's torn open Void passage.

Chapter 1463: The giant tree takes action and the world is shocked, Italian Cannon annihilates primordial soul!

Not only that, but purple light enveloped Lord Roman.

The world around them became as silent as a dead star, calming down.

The immense pressure made Lord Roman's veins bulge, blood seeped from his skin, and his internal organs were already ruptured.

"Die with me here! Hahaha!"

Sulca's body underwent a Giant Transformation, becoming a purple giant, and his massive hand struck down at the subdued Roman.

Roman's face showed a fierce determination, his primordial soul wizard form, his innate spell, the Sky Strike Flame Realm, all emerged!

Boom rumble!

An earth-shattering explosion shattered Sulca's blockade.

Sulca roared to the heavens.

"You cannot run!"

"Holy Skill-Chasing Star!"

He chased after Roman like a giant pursuing stars, covering miles in a single step and quickly catching up to him.

At this moment, Roman again thought to shatter the Void and flee through it, but how could Sulca let him get away?

His massive hands came together, swatting down towards Roman. The clouds in the sky were compressed by the shockwave, forming dark clouds.

Between heaven and earth, Sulca was like the Thunder God, bathed in lightning, crushing everything in his path!

"Holy Skill·Divine Fall!"

This was the most powerful combat technique he mastered, a simplified version of the Amethyst Saint's God Slaying technique from days past.

Under such a destructive attack, Roman did not hesitate to choose... detonating his Soul Artifact!
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The Sky Strike Flame Realm erupted like a little sun, completely exploding!

Flames covered a ten-mile radius, shooting up to the heavens, tearing through the Wind Disaster Stratum until they hit the barriers of the ancient tower and came to a halt.

In the aftermath, Roman's aura plummeted, his expression listless as if he had aged considerably in a moment.

But he got his wish, passing through the Void and fleeing the site, cursing inwardly:

"Damn, I must make the Nine Cities Alliance compensate me. I've taken a huge loss!"

The self-destruction of the Soul Artifact directly harmed his primordial soul origin, reducing his lifespan by a couple hundred years.

In this life, he no longer had any hope for the seven-circle, and the chances of nurturing a second Soul Artifact were practically nil.

Most importantly, his strength was now greatly diminished.

Although he had not fallen in realm, an indiscriminate punch from the powered-up Sulca was now enough to kill him outright!

On the other side.

The might of the exploding Soul Artifact nearly shattered Sulca's indestructible body, almost falling apart.

His life was rapidly fading, drawing close to the end.

"I cannot die!"

His fierce willpower held on, as he laughed grimly and rushed towards another wizard's battlefield.

"I shall have you accompany me in death!"

In the fifth-circle battlefield.

Everyone was drawn by the distant explosion.

A terrible and brutal aura approached; it was a level six expert from the Amethyst Race. But, Lord Roman... had vanished without a trace?

At this moment, many realized they had been abandoned by the primordial soul wizard.

But these wizards had no time for sorrow, as death loomed right before their eyes.

The Holy Infant directly flew towards the distance, and the body-tempering clone exploded into a sky full of black fog, covering and shielding him.

Within the black fog, the Extreme Fire Wheel sparkled with green light, scattering sparks in all directions. The Holy Infant dove into it and disappeared.

He directly flew hundreds of miles out of the battlefield, then used the Ancient Burning Sky Umbrella to shatter the Void, teleporting once more, until he was a thousand miles away, escaping for his life.

While the duplication dying was inconsequential, the loss of his top-grade Wizard Tools would cause Levi great distress.

Seeing the commander flee, the wizards were thrown into chaos. Those with Void Teleportation tools fared better... The rest had no choice but to fly for their lives!

Sulca, like a god of destruction, laughed savagely and smashed his giant fist towards the wizards, his overwhelming fist wind shaking the earth.

At the critical moment.

On both sides of the battlefield, two magnificent presences appeared as if by some unspoken agreement.

A giant Rust Dragon shadow that blotted out the sky and a blue beast shadow reminiscent of a seal erupted with endless strength, joining forces to block Sulca's attack.

Sulca's voice boomed like thunder; his aura was uncontrollable, his breathing unsteady, and he laughed bitterly:

"You finally decided to act... This is typical of wizards, watching their own kind in peril yet choosing to watch coldly, daring only to scavenge in the face of a Major General's impending doom, pah, cowards!"

The ones who intervened were the Rust Dragon Wizard and another level six expert.

This level six, with an aged face clothed in a blue robe, was unmistakably the old wizard from the Deep Blue Organization.

"Sir Rust, regardless of everything, let's join forces to kill this guy first... No matter which School it's from, we both don't want to see so many casualties, right?"

The Rust Dragon Wizard nodded and said:

"I have the same intention."

They had been observing the battle and never imagined that Roman would simply abandon so many wizards and run away by himself.

After weighing their options, both decided to intervene and save these people, planning to settle accounts with Roman later.

Sulca might have seemed formidable, but in truth, he was just having his death throes. It wouldn't be long before he perished on his own.

However, with his strength, he had enough power to kill most of the wizards present before he died.

Despite the grudge the Rust Dragon Wizard held against the Nine Cities Alliance.

At this moment, with alien races before them, no matter what, he could not allow nearly a thousand wizards to die in front of him at the hands of an extraterrestrial.

What's more, many of these wizards had been forcibly conscripted by the Nine Cities Alliance from among nomadic wizards.

Whether they were detestable or pitiable, they didn't deserve to die in this foreign realm.

Blocked by the two level six powers, Sulca couldn't break free, and the wizards scattered.

And thus, the Nine Cities Alliance Army inside the ancient tower was completely disbanded, becoming a part of history!

All that remained were the battles of the three level six figures.

Two primordial souls fought together against Sulca. The heavens shattered, the earth split, the sun and moon lost their light, and the mountains and rivers changed places.

Miles away from the battlefield.

Roman's figure emerged from the Void, spewing blood continuously.

He was too weak, barely able to hold on after teleporting a thousand miles through the Void, and had to come out.

Chapter 1464: The Giant Tree's move shocks the world, the Italian Cannon destroys the primordial soul!

"I must find a place to stabilize my wounds and consolidate my realm... Damn Amethyst Race, you might not care for your life, but I do!"

He glanced back at the intense battlefield in the distance, then quickly left.

He was in a very foul mood.

"Rust and Blue Leopard, these two old dogs with their scheming minds didn't help me when I was fighting desperately, and when I had severely wounded the opponent, they came to scavenge, still pretending to be the good guys... Damn it, it turns out I'm the outcast!"

The more Roman thought about it, the angrier he became. Then he forcibly calmed himself down and, after thinking for a moment, discovered that this was actually for the best.

With Sulca holding back Blue Leopard and Rust, he was able to escape smoothly.

Otherwise, he would surely be killed by them and have the resources of the Nine Cities Alliance from the past nearly sixty years divided up and devoured!

"I'll find a place first, suppress the injuries, then it's safe once I'm back to the Nine Cities Alliance."

As he flew, his expression suddenly changed and he sneered inwardly.

"A mere rank five dares to ambush me? How laughable. Even if only a breath is left in me, I am not to be insulted!"

Behind him in the void, a shadow of a Dragon Abomination cloaked in Nightmare Black Dragon scales emerged, laughing wildly, its spirit soaring to the clouds!

Along with its appearance, a spatial rift stretching a thousand kilometers unfurled as well.

This was the largest rift that Levi could open.

Within the rift.

Thousands of beams of green light, shining across the wilderness, shot out, obscuring the sky.

An immense tree shadow, towering and penetrating the heavens, stood in the wilderness like the World Tree.

At the top of the giant tree.

A golden-haired young girl with a graceful figure and a youthful, beautiful face waved her hand and repelled Roman's spell attack.

Roman's expression changed:

"Level six... this is Queen Banyan. You, a level six expert, are aiding the tyrant and colluding with the Dragon Abomination, aren't you ashamed?"

While Roman spewed insults, he cast his innate spell and charged towards Queen Banyan.

Mana remained silent; she and the phantom of the giant tree merged into one.

Then thousands of branches extended, snapping the void like chains, entwining and reaching towards Roman.

Roman fought as he retreated, relying on his primordial soul wizard form to hold on desperately.

If he was at his peak, paired with a Soul Artifact, how could he be in such a sorry state? novel.com

But he had just been seriously injured. His primordial soul was damaged, his spiritual force was languid, and his strength was greatly diminished.

Meanwhile, Mana's condition, having absorbed the Divine Tree Power and rested to recuperate, was unprecedentedly good.

As this advantage stacked against him, Roman was completely suppressed.

However, Mana was originally a giant tree and not adept at fighting. Her main body was also within a fairyland, and what she was manifesting now was just a part of her power seeping through. Catching Roman was not that easy.

As for dragging Roman into the fairyland to battle, firstly, it was difficult to do, and secondly, there was a significant risk.

Seeing this, Levi hesitated no more; taking advantage of the distraction of the battle between Roman and Mana, his sparks of void energy scattered, and he blinked away.

When he reappeared, he was already behind Roman.

"Senior Mana, please keep Roman trapped for a moment, no matter what, just a single breath will do!"

Levi communicated to Mana.

Mana replied:

"No problem, I can hold him for three breaths!"

After speaking, inside the giant tree, green energy began to burn, with billions of light points swirling around like a particle stream, encompassing a ten-mile radius.

At the same time, the robust earth elemental power was stirred, reshaped, and a green vine prison lush with life trapped Roman within.

Roman's innate spell manifested as a flaming longsword, slashing down through the void!

Boom!

The flames collided with the prison!

"Damn it, this Queen Banyan is actually so formidable!"

If not for being able to mobilize the Power of Heaven and Earth Elements as a primordial soul, sustaining power far beyond any ordinary wizard...

With such intense battling for so long, Roman would have been utterly drained by now.

Now, the instinct to survive drove him to attack fiercely.

"I am the Primordial Soul Body, I cannot die here!"

While attacking, Roman pondered his next move.

Just then.

A violent sense of crisis overcame him.

A colossal white palace constructed out of seashells appeared behind him.

The hundred-meter-long Purple Crystal gun barrel was aimed at Roman, where endless lightning power, attracted by the forces within, converged and compressed, already primed to fire!

Roman was petrified, knowing that even if he didn't die from the blast, he would be left with barely half a life.

His Soul Artifact was shattered at the moment, and he couldn't summon his primordial soul wizard form again, rendering him in the weakest state imaginable.

Being the weakest primordial soul wasn't an exaggeration.

The Dragon Abomination stood atop the cannon, sneering:

"Fire the cannon!"

Boom!

Intensely hot purple light exploded, followed by a blindingly white beam.

In that moment, the world was brightly illuminated, unbearably intense to look upon.

A ten-meter-thick pillar of purple lightning, transformed into a ray, arrived in an instant!

Roman tried to tear through the void and flee from this place.

But with Queen Banyan of the same level temporarily restraining him, he couldn't manage it.

The phantom of the giant tree burned completely, thousands of vines turned into a river of green that bound Roman tightly. As soon as his defensive field appeared, it was shredded by the river.

Such that he couldn't move, nor could he run.

Despair!

For the first time, Roman, a primordial soul wizard, felt despair.

And the one bringing this feeling to him was a Dragon Abomination considered as mere children compared to him?

How ludicrous!

Roar!

An earth-shattering shockwave exploded, and within a ten-mile radius, rock layers were lifted, shattered, melted, gasified...

The Thunder Liquid Cannon exploded, turning the place into a Thunder Ocean.

Amongst the purple, blue, and white glows, nothing else was visible.

Only the wretched screams of Roman were faintly heard.

Then the majestic figure of the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination descended from the sky, carrying the world-ending Red Lotus, and with a thunderous shout, slammed it down fiercely!

Chapter 1465: The giant tree makes a move and shocks the world, the Italian Cannon extinguishes the primordial soul!

With the Dragon God Dharma Body's three heads and six arms, wielding the greatsword with all its might, it struck down in a single slash!

Red Lotus Purgatory+Thunder Half-Moon!

Levi's current strongest two techniques, all unleashed!

Within the giant lightning ball, the Red Lotus ascended, blooming amidst the brilliance!

After the attack, without caring whether the enemy was dead or not, the Dragon Abomination used Void Travel and blinked away.

If even such an attack didn't kill Roman, then he could only flee in disgrace.

If it weren't for the fact that the Ancient Shell Palace could only fire once within a short period, Levi, with his personality, would definitely have fired another shot, or even finished it directly.

The center of the explosion.

Lightning liquid dripped, Red Lotus destroyed the world, with Sword Qi pervading in all directions. It was as if three calamities and four disasters had descended, unceasing for a long time.

The already severely weakened Wizard Roman, both his defensive field and body, were completely shattered by the blast.

A primordial soul phantom that looked exactly like him, protected by a six-layered Magic Ring Divine Tower, carrying treasures like the Sky Fire Fortress and the storage ring, tried to escape but was firmly trapped within the Thunder Ocean by the giant tree.

He couldn't fly out of this terrifying world, no matter how he tried.

"Don't kill me... I can give you all the treasures, I've only just achieved my primordial soul, I don't want to die!" Roman pleaded desperately.

Under the terrifying thunder, his newly born Divine Ring Tower began to crack and disintegrate.

His primordial soul grew fainter and fainter, the spiritual force attached to it began to disperse, and his spell power was leaking out. His presence was getting weaker and weaker.

Not only that, countless spell runes, Mark of Truths, dissipated between heaven and Earth, merging into it.

This was the phenomenon known as "Wizard Fall," which only occurred for primordial souls and above.

In the years to come, perhaps some lucky individual would comprehend a trace of the "Mark of Truth" from this battlefield of Wizard Fall.

In the end.

The primordial soul, a trinity of soul, spirit, and spell power.

Only a faint soul remained, wanting to fall into Hell, but it was captured and intercepted by Leon with a web.

Green branches scooped up the treasures and returned to the rift.

With the Holy Grail in his mind settling down, Levi couldn't dare to breathe a sigh of relief, the sense of danger still present. There were other level six experts nearby.

He blinked through the void, disappearing a hundred miles away.

On the wilderness, a noble and extraordinary four-legged Heavenly Horse phantom, standing tall and proud, was already waiting on the side.

Levi mounted the horse, sitting solemnly in the Silver War Chariot.

"Let's go!"

At his command.

The Heavenly Pegasus Star Soul, Slate Neil, carried him faster and faster.

Beneath the hooves, sparks flew, the void broke, and a passage appeared.

The Heavenly Horse neighed towards the heavens, entering the passage, disappearing from view.

In just a moment.

Levi was already three thousand miles away.

With a single thought, the Scarlet Divine Palace descended shockingly, sucking him inside.

The divine palace trembled, once again shattering the void, disappearing from sight.

Two thousand miles later.

Levi didn't care whether anyone was following him or not, he directly took out the Circle of Ouroboros. Looking towards a thousand miles away, he stepped through the doorway and vanished.

After such a six-thousand-mile journey.

He didn't continue to use the Black Sun Compass, the Golden Light Realm, or the void energy within his own body to travel, so in case of danger, he still had an escape card to play.

"Six thousand miles in one go, it's safe now."

Only then did he breathe a sigh of relief, picked a direction, entered the Scarlet Dark Dimension, and quickly left.

...

Far away.

The fierce battle between General Sulca and the two primordial soul wizards was also nearing its end.

"Sacred Skills-Burning God!"

Sulca spun at high speed, his body melting on its own, like a brilliant meteor, burning himself to illuminate the darkness!

"By the saints above, I die without regret!"

Boom!

The body of Suka explosively disintegrated, another earth-shattering purple sphere blossoming on the ground.

The terrifying energy within seemed as if it could destroy the world.

The Rust Dragon Wizard and Blue Leopard Wizard's faces changed as they each used their methods to defend, still, they were blown away. Their primordial soul wizard forms also faded significantly, evidently both had sustained various degrees of injury.

Some unlucky wizards caught in the blast were directly reduced to ash and smoke.

When the explosion dissipated, a huge crater radiating out for dozens of miles appeared in its place.

Ores and materials from the sky, along with storage rings and other spoils of war, fell like rain as Suka perished.

The Rust Dragon Wizard and Blue Leopard Wizard quickly scooped up the treasure-lit items.

Some objects were blasted far away by the explosion.

Wizards lurking nearby began to frantically scramble for them.

Relying on his primordial soul cultivation, Beske Taylor bulldozed his way through, grabbing what he could.

With Roman fleeing, the Nine Cities Alliance team disbanded. As the leader, naturally, nobody cared about him anymore.

Amethysts, materials, and various bottles and jars.

It was a frenzied grab for whatever one could get.

After doing all this, he quickly took out an arrowhead, sparks flying around it as he disappeared into the void, his destination unknown.

Just at that moment.

A shocking explosion from afar drew everyone's attention.

Below the sky dome, a giant lightning ball opened up, nearly as powerful as the self-destructive force of the Amethyst Race.

The sky dome trembled, the winds and clouds surged, and relentless lightning fell without pause.

"Level 6... There's also a level 6 battling over there, who could it be?"

Everyone was shocked.

They remembered the fleeing Roman.

Could it be that Roman had encountered another enemy?

The Rust Dragon Wizard and Blue Leopard Wizard's expressions subtly shifted.

Clearly, they had not expected other level 6 beings in this place besides themselves.

The two quickly divided the loot dropped by General Suka, leaving only the sixth-level Purple Crystal that had fallen to the ground after Suka's death.

This object was extremely hard, and could not be divided in a short time.

At this thought.

A blue bead appeared in the Rust Dragon Wizard's hand, dreamy beyond measure, as if it contained an entire ocean.

"Lord Blue Leopard, this sixth-level treasure will be yours, and I'll take all of the Purple Crystal, how about that?"

This treasure is called 'Ocean's Heart,' capable of automatically gathering the power of Heaven and Earth Elements, significantly enhancing the density of the water elemental power in an area, and it can also summon eight peak level 5 Sea Spirits sealed within it for combat," he said.

This Ocean's Heart was obtained during his exploration of the Sea of Stars.

In terms of value, it was no less than the sixth-level Purple Crystal, perhaps even higher. It just didn't fit well with his sect.

Using this treasure to exchange for the entire sixth-level Purple Crystal would allow him to commission the refinement of quite a few Wizard Tools in the future.

Of course, he could actually force his way to seize it and leave, without sharing with the Blue Leopard Wizard, without any problem.

However, he still had to mingle in the Wizard World after this, and offending a person from a top wizard organization like this would be too much trouble. It would also attract more enemies to the dragon descendant priory, which would be quite unwise.

The Blue Leopard Wizard said with a smile:

"Agreed, I'll take the treasure then. The Purple Crystal will all be yours. It was a pleasure doing business."

He felt that although he had not had much contact with the Rust Dragon Wizard, he was indeed a person worth getting to know.

Afterward, Rust and Blue Leopard both looked in the direction of the recent explosion, exchanging a glance before stepping into the void to investigate.

Shortly after, two figures appeared above the giant crater.

Inside the crater, molten rock transformed by the high-temperature lightning strike formed magma, with heat waves sweeping through and the air twisting.

Across the earth, there were various crisscrossed ravines carved by Sword Qi, the sheer might of them causing one to click their tongue in wonder.

Between heaven and earth.

Faint traces of the sound of Truth resonated from the void, gradually fading; strands of dreamy rhythms of Truth dissipated into the unknown; coupled with the noticeably denser fire elemental power in the area.

The Rust Dragon Wizard guessed what had happened and murmured:

"With a Wizard Fall, all things thrive, Creation scatters across heaven and earth, leaving no trace of Truth... Roman has died."

Chapter 1466: The name of the monster is famous all over the world, the number one ancient tower of the current era!

At the Magma Giant Pit.

The Rust Dragon Wizard and the Blue Leopard Wizard had their spiritual forces completely dispersed, searching the surroundings but found nothing.

Dependent on their primordial soul-level Perception, paired with Void Travel capabilities, it was like radar, meticulously scanning an area within a thousand miles radius.

They still found nothing.

At last, both appeared near the Abyss Giant Pit with serious expressions.

The Rust Dragon Wizard said,

"The level 6 who killed Lehman has already fled to an unknown location... This has become troublesome."

They thought that, relying on Roman's ability, once he teleported through the Void to escape, catching him would be nearly impossible.

Unexpectedly, Roman just happened to blink near Levi's hiding place.

Then he was intercepted by Mana, and Levi took him away with a shot!

Now, after multiple sections of long-distance Void Teleportation, Levi had already gone six thousand miles away.

Not to mention a Sixth-Circle Wizard, even if a Seven-Circle Wizard came, if there were no other tracking methods and clues, how could they find the tiny Levi in this vast world?

The Blue Leopard Wizard said,

"Thinking back, I vaguely saw a giant tree phantom, perhaps it was the Queen Banyan who has disappeared for a long time..."

The Rust Dragon Wizard nodded and said,

"Exactly, and these traces of Sword Qi attacks all over the ground, and the same as those from the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination. I've long heard that the Queen Banyan and the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination are in cahoots, it seems true from the look of things.

However, it appears that the fatal blow to Roman wasn't delivered by Queen Banyan or the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, but by another extremely powerful lightning technique, perhaps some kind of rare treasure..."

The Blue Leopard Wizard expressed his frustration and sighed,

"The biggest winner turned out to be that Dragon Abomination... Not only did it abduct the Queen Banyan, it stole many treasures, and even took the Nine Cities Alliance's resources accumulated over sixty years, an utter stroke of luck."

The Rust Dragon Wizard said,

"Once we get out, we'll check the projection playback, maybe we can take a peek at its true face... The Dragon Abomination acts recklessly, completely ignoring consequences, the behavior of this Three-Headed Dragon Abomination doesn't seem typical of Dragon Abominations, maybe it was disguised by other alien races or a wizard."

At some point, Alexandra and Elsie, who had also reaped great benefits on the other side of the battlefield, appeared at the edge of the giant pit.

They naturally stood beside Rust Senior, looking at the scene of world destruction before them.

Alexandra, shocked, with her chest heaving, said,

"Such terrifying power, I didn't expect there to be a level 6 battle here... Was it Roman?"

Rust said lightly,

"Roman is dead. The Nine Cities Alliance's ancient tower operation was the most well-prepared and harvested the most... But they absolutely didn't anticipate that Roman would perish on this fifth level."

Elsie exclaimed,

"What? Roman is dead?! A Primordial Soul Wizard, even if self-destructing the Soul Artifact and escaping grievously wounded, shouldn't meet such a fate, right? Could it be that not even the primordial soul escaped?"

Rust said,

"Because there was another level 6 hidden here, only we never discovered it until now."

Alexandra puzzled,

"Could it be another School's primordial soul?"

Rust said,

"No, it was Queen Banyan."

At this moment, Alexandra and Elsie suddenly understood.

"It turns out it was the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination and Queen Banyan playing behind the scenes..."

As Sulca died, and Roman perished.

The great battle between the Amethyst Race and the Nine Cities Alliance came to an end.

For the Burning School of Thought, the silver lining was that, due to the Rust Dragon Wizard and Blue Leopard Wizard's involvement without bearing grudges, the casualties among the nomadic wizards of the Burning School of Thought and the Nine Cities Alliance were not as severe.

People were still alive, even if resources were gone... The ancient tower venture turned out to be a pure waste of sixty wonderful years.

Of course, the massive explosion of Sulca also ended up giving those poor souls some benefits.

Apart from the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, the Rust Dragon Wizard and the Blue Leopard Wizard also emerged as the biggest winners.

They divided most of the resources from Sulca and were also seen as 'heroes' through a livestream, benefiting their reputation in the wizard world.

Inside the ancient tower, life and death did not matter.

As rivals of the Nine Cities Alliance, their generous actions, rather than exploiting the situation, were considered "noble."

The place where Roman perished may become a small "Opportunity Blessed Land," but it was left for future generations to unveil.

...

Wizard World.

Realm of Crimson.

Nine Cities, Ten Caves, and Twenty-Four Mountains.

Countless nomadic wizard markets, thousands of wizards, all stood silently.

They stood stock-still at street corners or within their own wizard towers, looking at the projection of the ancient tower in the sky.

The world seemed to quiet down.

They had once cheered for Wizard Roman leading the Sky Fire Fortress, shedding countless black beasts.

They also cheered for Roman and Sulca's peak battle.

But they had not anticipated that Roman would abandon nearly a thousand wizards of the Nine Cities Alliance at a critical moment and escape alone.

They could also understand, after all, Roman was honored as a primordial soul, valuing his life more importantly.

And indeed, bearing the mission to safeguard a Level 7 Treasure and the resources of the Nine Cities Alliance for sixty years was somewhat justifiable.

The problem was, he ultimately didn't escape...

When the magnificent phantom of a giant banyan tree emerged, everyone's hearts were clenched.

Roman fell into a hard battle, and that damn Three-Headed Dragon Abomination, somehow obtaining a palace-type rare treasure, used a level 6 attack from it to deliver Roman a fatal blow.

Chapter 1467: The monster's name is known far and wide, the first esteemed ancient tower of this age!

The subsequent explosion engulfed everything, and the wizards outside did not witness what followed.

If Roman's Soul could escape, there would still be hope for a resurgence, as the saying goes, "Primordial souls do not perish, nor do wizards."

However, if the primordial soul were shattered as well, leading to death and the end of his path, Roman would only be able to enter the Underworld as a spirit, to start a new cycle of reincarnation.

Even if there was a next life, it would no longer be Roman, but a new individual.

And high above in the sky, looking down upon the teeming masses, was one of the nine giant cities—Noen City.

In front of a conference table, projections of powerful primordial soul wizards converged for a meeting.

They all looked solemn, some even angry and sorrowful.

One of the imposing eighth-circle wizards spoke:

"The soul token has shattered, Roman has fallen."

The other primordial soul wizards were silent for a moment before speaking:

"We've lost, completely lost, and to think we were defeated by a rank five Dragon Abomination, utterly ridiculous..."

"Why is our school's luck so abysmal? Even though we were the most prepared, we have been far ahead in performance over these sixty years."

"Roman is dead, and I don't want to be too harsh on him. In any case, I'm not satisfied with his performance in the ancient tower."

"Rust and Blue Leopard could have taken action sooner to save Roman. Instead, they just watched Roman self-destruct his Soul Artifact and only intervened after both parties were severely injured... They preach great wisdom and righteousness but are full of schemes and lack any sense of duty towards the great wizard civilization!"

"We can't blame them, though. Some of Roman's previous decisions were too domineering, and he angered many... Besides, given they're our competitors, the extent to which they went is already admirable."

"It's too late to say anything now, the most important thing is to figure out how to mitigate our losses."

"How can we recover? The ones who killed Roman were Queen Banyan and the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination... once the ancient tower closes, they'll just run back to the Dragon Abomination plane and

be protected by the Dragon Abomination Venerable. Are we supposed to start a war with a level-10 being over such trivial matters on behalf of the Wizard Council?"

"Of course not, but the true identity of this Three-Headed Dragon Abomination is questionable, it may not be a Dragon Abomination at all... Perhaps it's from another alien race, or even a wizard in disguise. We could only see a projection from the outside of the ancient tower and couldn't make out anything, hence we were misled by this person, thinking he was Dragon Abomination."

"But even if he is a wizard... once he returns to the Wizard World and undergoes a disguise, with the world being so vast, how will we ever find him?"

For a while, the primordial soul wizards fell silent.

"Losing those resources is irrelevant, even the loss of the War Treasure is bearable with our strength. The problem is, this war has obliterated the prestige of our Nine Cities Alliance. We have utterly disgraced Great Council President Amon... sigh, now we just wait for the accountability."

"The Sky Fire Fortress was a War Treasure created with great effort, its value cannot be compared to that of an ordinary level 7 treasure. I remember when it was crafted, it was imbued with a variety of complex tracking marks—can we track the Dragon Abomination using these?"

"It's useless, the Dragon Abomination seems to have acquired a Space Treasure capable of creating its own plane. As long as he keeps the treasure within that Space Treasure, our tracking methods are entirely ineffective. However, if he dares to use it, provided it's within the Nora plane or the human realm, even in the sub-dimensional portal, we'll be able to locate his coordinates. At that point, we can send a few primordial souls to capture him."

"Ah, our losses are tremendous, and we will certainly face the brunt of public opinion... those low-level nomadic wizards will have something to criticize."

"Let them criticize, at that time we can find the closest crime in legal terms, catch a few examples, and make an example of them to silence the rest. It won't take a thousand years, or even a hundred years, for today's events to be forgotten."

...

The Sleeping Dragon Realm.

The dragon descendant wizards felt their blood boil seeing Rust Senior from the priory kill General Sulca and save nearly a thousand wizards.

"Do you see? That's called having a grand vision. Those people from the Nine Cities Alliance should really take note!"

"After this battle, our dragon descendant priory's reputation will rise even higher."

"Good riddance to Roman, how could anyone be so shameless. Well done, big brother Dragon Abomination!"

"Be careful with your words, just feel relieved in your heart."

"By the way, the Dragon Abomination and that giant tree make quite the peculiar pair. Could this also be a forbidden love story? Dragons and trees, they can't possibly produce offspring, can they?"

"That should be impossible. I've never heard of any plant with the Dragon Clan's bloodline... but who knows, this giant tree is no ordinary plant but a genuine level six expert."

"This opening of the ancient tower has seen all the glory taken by that Dragon Abomination... he really has solidified the title of the strongest being below the primordial soul. To kill a Sixth-Circle Wizard before countless life forms, such an event is rare to witness in ten thousand years."

"Strictly speaking, he just utilized the power of a rare treasure; it's not like he killed on his own strength."

"Even so, it's impressive. If it were me, I wouldn't have the courage and determination to strike at a primordial soul wizard. Daring to face the might of a primordial soul, even though he is from another race, I am willing to call him... a true brave warrior!"

...

The Endless Sea.

Star Sea.

Green Forest Island.

This is the base for the Fourth-Circle Wizard organization Lush Forest Tower.

In theory, such a level of organization, situated in the highly competitive Star Sea, would struggle to survive.

Chapter 1468: The monster's name is known far and wide, the first esteemed ancient tower of this age!

But in reality, this tiny Lush Forest Tower had stood in this place for over a hundred years.

Throughout the century, no one dared to provoke trouble here.

After all, everyone knew that the Tower Master of the Lush Forest Tower, Green Forest Witch·Lola and the primordial soul of the Witch's Family, Medicine Witch Triss had a close relationship.

It's said that before Triss came into her power, she was good friends with the Green Forest Witch.

Even though she later advanced to a primordial soul, their friendship never ended.

That day.

Triss came to visit her old friend and was chatting with the Green Forest Witch.

The Green Forest Witch of today had also advanced to the fourth circle and, being a longevity species like a giant dragon, had a long lifespan, making the fourth circle not so difficult for her after accumulating time.

The Green Forest Witch said:

"I heard you sent Anya to the Dark Ancient Tower. That place is very dangerous."

Triss laughed and said:

"Without experiencing storms, how can one see a rainbow? He followed me, things went smoothly, but he also needed to be tempered well. At any rate, he managed to survive through it and will be able to return home in a few years."

The Green Forest Witch remarked:

"That's good—your son's cultivation has already surpassed this old thing."

Triss said:

"It's fine to keep to one's own pace, humans have short lives and can only rely on breakthroughs in their realms to extend them, I can't compare with you."

Suddenly.

Triss, looking at the projection above, her expression went from calm to shocked, her face filled with disbelief.

"Roman is dead... He was a primordial soul of the Nine Cities Alliance."

Although the Green Forest Witch was not of a high realm, she knew what this implied.

"Doesn't this mean that the most powerful Nine Cities Alliance... has actually been defeated?"

Triss said:

"Yes, it's really unexpected, but Roman met his demise through his own faults. I hope our Ocean School of Thought can learn from this and have the last laugh."

The Green Forest Witch said:

"Judging by the performance of that senior from the Ocean School of Thought, we shouldn't have a problem... Roman's death has something to do with that ancient banyan tree. Being able to step into the category of a level six expert with the body of a plant, it's either a natural mutant or a divine tree seedling; either way, it's extraordinary."

Triss stared intently at the image of the Dragon God with three heads and six arms, holding the world-ending Red Lotus, the wild Dragon Abomination.

She muttered to herself:

"This monster... is it him?"

In the eastern part of Green Forest Island.

Melin Small Tower.

In the pharmacy lab.

Compared to before, Witch Marlene seemed to be getting younger instead of always looking like an old woman nearing the end of her years.

She was preparing a potion, getting ready for her Third-Circle Pharmacist exam. Her Second Circle Perfect apprentice, Leah, the witch, was assisting her.

For Marlene, with her talent and lifespan, reaching the third circle naturally couldn't have been achieved without Levi's subsequent help.

Otherwise, she would have become a pile of earth by now. Levi has always believed in reciprocating kindness for kindness.

Plus, with a little help from Triss, their organization was now full of vigor and flourishing.

As for Leah, she was a Dual-element Affinity Seedling that Levi had taken in from the Yellow Earth Continent 160 years ago, the daughter of the late lady boss.

In the Outer Ring Region, such talent could already be considered a little genius. Advancing to the second circle wasn't too strenuous, and if she tried a bit harder, she probably should have reached the third circle by now.

For Levi, as the years passed by, there weren't many of his companions from the Gray Tower left, besides the Tower Master whose whereabouts were unknown... take each day as it comes and cherish it.

After finishing the medicine preparation.

Winnie came walking in excitedly. She too was now at Second Circle Perfect and was about to reach the third circle.

Her talent was just passable, but after striving hard, her steady progress was commendable. For her, reaching the third circle was the ultimate goal of her life, beyond that, she dared not hope.

"Ms. Marlene, this Dark Ancient Tower has really opened our eyes, this three-headed and six-armed monster, actually killed a Sixth-Circle Wizard... My gosh, I would hardly believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Upon hearing this, Marlene couldn't help but sigh:

"It deserves to be called a monster, every time it appears, it brings shock in a different way. With its own strength, it killed its way through the first five levels of the ancient tower, from geniuses to primordial souls, all fell at its hand, it's unimaginable..."

But then again, we can consider ourselves lucky this generation. Although we're not qualified to enter the ancient tower, we can see the worlds of those geniuses through projections.

Elites from various schools shine together, a collection of heroes rising just like the stars in the sky, making us utterly astounded.

And above these geniuses, there are the freaks like the Sun, overwhelmingly suppressing all lifeforms.

Death's Blade, Master Fire Dragon, the future of these individuals is hard to gauge. The primordial soul, which ordinary wizards can only dream of, might just be their starting point, not their endpoint..."

Winnie laughed and said:

"Indeed, after seeing these geniuses, one realizes the real gap between people... The small distinction between the Inner and Outer Ring regions symbolizes two different worlds. Had Levi not brought us to the Star Sea Region, we couldn't have imagined achieving what we have today."

Leah asked:

"Speaking of Senior Levi, he hasn't visited for a long time, I wonder how he is doing now?"

Triss had not told them about Levi entering the ancient tower.

They might think that Levi was still traveling afar or in seclusion.

Winnie laughed and said:

"Levi is different from us, he is destined not to be part of our world."

Marlene nodded and said softly:

"Just as the Tower Master once said, he was never one to settle for the ordinary, his heart full of sharpness, yet very reserved, remember, we owe a debt of gratitude to Levi, and we must always be thankful."

Chapter 1469: The monster's name is known far and wide, the first esteemed ancient tower of this age!

Leah's thoughts drifted back to the past, to the kind and friendly Grandpa Keg, now fixed in her memory like a sealed old photograph, ever fresh as time passed.

When talking about Levi, everyone was reminded of the most important person of the Gray Tower in the past, that sphere...

Winnie rested her cheek on her hand, gazing at the blue sky.

"I have a feeling," she said, "that the Tower Master will come back."

Marlene murmured:

"I also choose to believe..."

...

On this day.

As the Nine Cities Alliance within the ancient tower disintegrated, Wizard Roman perished.

Countless wizards felt an unimaginable shock.

No matter what method was used, the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination actually dared to calculate a primordial soul wizard with such calm and composure.

Such an event was extremely rare throughout history.

Since time immemorial, primordial soul beings have been high above, regarding all below the primordial soul as ants or children.

Now, the children had swung their swords and killed a primordial soul.

Such audacity and capacity, even if the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination might be an alien race, earned the affirmation of many.

Regarding this, the followers of Sect Hierarch Victor of the Flying Secret Sword Cult had to admit:

"With the opening of the ancient tower so far, the Three-Headed Dragon Abomination is rightfully the strongest creature below the primordial soul. But the strongest human, without a doubt, is Victor, not the Master Fire Dragon!"

...

In the Land of Darkness.

The oppressive and tense atmosphere made the void tremble.

The Amethyst Saint looked at Sulca's tragic death with a calm expression, but a hint of disappointment in his heart.

Though in the end, a primordial soul from the wizard civilization had died, it was not by the hands of the Amethyst Race, which was not perfect.

Some were sorrowful, others rejoiced.

The Dragon Abomination Venerable laughed heartily.

"Hehehe, gutsy and spirited, I, Dragon Abomination Venerable, am willing to acknowledge you as the strongest beneath the primordial soul!"

The Fire Sovereign also nodded repeatedly, thunderously saying:

"Indeed, he can keep his composure in the face of danger, act methodically, and make clean hits. I now hope he can live a little longer. I'm a bit curious, given another ten thousand years, how far could he grow?"

The Amethyst Saint remained silent, looking towards the quiet Ninth Floor of the Dark Ancient Tower.

The hope for the Amethyst Race's turnaround lay right here.

If they could enter the Tenth Layer, they might glimpse the ultimate secret of the Dark Ancient Tower, and even controlling the ancient tower was not impossible.

The Dark Ancient Tower was a supreme treasure that legendary existences yearned for in their dreams.

If the Amethyst Saint could possess this treasure, he was confident he could shake the Fire Sovereign's prominence in the Pan-Plane! Soon, he would make the invaders from the Wizard Council pay a price!

...

Inside the Dark Ancient Tower.

Half a month had passed since Roman's fall.

Levi did not dare to slack off for a moment; he crossed the Io Continent and returned to his starting point... Dragon Palace Island.

This was the most desolate place in Io, a place even black beasts were unwilling to visit.

Upon arriving on the island, he found it unchanged from the time he had left.

He established a cave abode, set up a shelter, and arranged the hidden array meticulously.

Then he placed the Holy Grail on the ground and turned into a streak of light as he entered it.

In the fairyland.

On the great plains.

The ancient banyan tree swayed gracefully, with Mana currently absorbing the divine power from those nine golden leaves.

Levi quickly gave his thanks:

"For this battle, thank you for your assistance!"

Mana's figure emerged, rubbing her eyes as if she had just woken up, and smiled tenderly:

"Don't worry about it; I wanted to test the limits of my current power."

The Holy Grail spoke:

"Levi, you truly are brave... I now believe that you are the fated one Sauron spoke of."

Levi smiled bitterly:

"Not at all... The victory in this battle has nothing to do with me; it was all thanks to Mana's powerful control. Otherwise, no matter how strong the Ancient Shell Palace's power was, missing the target would have been in vain."

A transcendent being like Mana might not excel at killing, but undoubtedly excels at defense or control.

On one hand, giant trees typically lean towards the earth element and can gather the earth elemental power from heaven and earth.

On the other hand, with their vast body and numerous branches, capturing enemies is incredibly convenient.

Levi suspected that it wasn't just Roman who would be trapped; even a Sixth Ring Senior Wizard might be momentarily held by Mana's ability.

Levi knew full well.

He might look imposing, but his ability to kill Roman was all due to external factors.

The Red Lotus Purgatory and Sword Qi he threw down might injure Roman severely, but they definitely couldn't cause any substantial damage.

He had come a long way, able to fight above his realm time after time.

But upon reaching the fifth-circle realm, he realized that even with so many cards up his sleeve, he couldn't hope to challenge a level 6 without external aid.

Of course, relying on the Heavenly Pegasus Star Soul, the Scarlet Divine Palace and other trump cards, well-prepared and strategically used, he indeed could escape from a Sixth Ring wizard.

Had he not had these methods, he would definitely have been discovered by the Rust Dragon Wizard and others that day.

"One day, when all my Knight Breathing Techniques reach peak level 5, my spiritual force reaches the maximum of 1620 points, and all my nine innate spells are perfected. My body tempering technique and main combat techniques are also fully mastered. Plus, even further advanced Bloodline Dharma Body... I wonder if I could shake a level 6?"

Levi couldn't help but speculate.

"Well, advancing to level 6 is the right path... No matter how many aces I have, they're all in vain against a primordial soul wizard's ability to mobilize the power of heaven and earth elements."

At the seaside.

Levi looked at the shell demon mistress, her face flushed with excitement and waves of emotions crashing within her.

"How does it feel to hunt down a level 6? Exciting?"

The shell demon mistress beat her chest with a look of lingering fear and a bashful smile:

Chapter 1470: The monster's name is known far and wide, the first esteemed ancient tower of this age!

"Master, it was thrilling...so exhilarating."

Levi said,

"Take good care of this Ancient Shell Palace, it is the pride of your Shell Demon Clan."

Now, only two shots of the Italian Cannon remained, and Levi had to be very careful with them.

The power of this cannon was truly formidable, properly utilized, it could create a lot of value.

"We can't use it again until the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ant sheds its skin. One shot of the Italian Cannon for a Level 6 Alien Insect, a guaranteed profit without loss!"

Back at the Small Stone Pond.

World Burning Flame Snake looked upward, patting its round belly.

It was only a fifth-circle creature, yet it had devoured the powerful soul of a primordial soul wizard. Definitely, it wouldn't be able to digest it all for a while.

If it absorbed everything, its strength would certainly advance even further, the benefits would be endless.

Seeing Leon in such a state, Levi laughed and asked,

"Are you alright, Leon?"

Belching heavily, Leon hummed,

"I'm fine, Master. That meal was too rich, so delicious..."

Levi said,

"Then take your time to digest it."

He stripped off his clothes and entered the waters of the Small Stone Pond, soaking comfortably in the bath.

"The tight string has finally been loosened. The ancient tower has been open for sixty-two years, and I haven't dared to relax for a moment. Now, I just wait for a wave of Heaven Crystal Dragon Ants... As for the Golden Absolutes Race, let it be up to fate."

It wasn't that Levi didn't want to make an effort, but lo was so vast, finding the Golden Absolutes Race was like finding a needle in a haystack.

Moreover, with the harvest from the Nine Cities Alliance over the years, he felt that the Golden Absolutes Race could be dispensable.

In the Spring of Immortality, strands of mysterious power infused into Levi's body, soothing his tired mind and body.

Soaking in the bath, Levi drifted off into a deep sleep, his mind free of any distractions.

This sleep lasted half a month, nearly longer than all of his sleep in the past sixty years combined.

That day,

outside Dragon Palace Island.

The figure of the Holy Infant descended from the sky, accompanied by Beske.

Kneeling on the ground, Beske said,

"Master, these are the amethysts and items burst forth from Sulca's body that I've collected."

Levi took the ring and stored it away. Looking at Beske with a calm gaze, he said,

"Your mission is completed. Beske, embrace death gloriously for your master."

He handed a longsword to Beske.

Understanding his intent, Beske looked at the longsword with a resolute expression and said,

"Yes, sir!"

After speaking, he plunged the longsword into his heart and scrambled it.

As time passed, Beske collapsed into a pool of blood, his gaze gradually dimming.

Levi took Beske's ring and Wizard Tool, closing his eyes for him.

"Rest in peace."

After saying this, he turned around and threw Beske's body to Long.

He then pulled out the already full Leon, making him devour Beske's soul without any chance for reincarnation.

A person as crucial as Beske couldn't leave any traces, giving enemies a chance to investigate his cause of death.

You see, some powerful beings from the School of Death could speak to the dead and extract information.

Levi had no choice but to dispose of Beske. The ancient tower was about to close, and Beske was supposed to return to the Nine Cities Alliance.

There, filled with powerful beings, even a Grand Wizard might be present. If they discovered the Scarlet Contract on Beske, it could put Levi at risk.

Thus, it wasn't that Levi was cold-hearted; he merely wanted to ensure his own safety.

As for Yor, the spy from the Amethyst Race, he had died long ago at the hands of a wizard.

Levi now had two vacancies for six Scarlet Contract slots, just waiting for the right people.

The Holy Infant also delivered the collected spoils of war to Levi.

Levi said,

"Now that the White Robe Wizard Association has disbanded, we can soon go home. Just stay by my side... Don't let the ancient tower close and leave you stuck here forever."

The Holy Infant had no complaints, he returned to the Ancient Rong Space and began a new round of busy organizing the flesh mountains.

Levi began the exciting task of sorting through the spoils of war.

Starting with the Holy Infant's spoils, after tallying them up, Levi was visibly pleased.

"5 pieces of level 5 amethyst... Out of just over thirty members of the Amethyst Race, in such chaotic conditions, snatching about one-seventh of them, quite good."

So many amethysts, along with those he had previously stored, were enough for future refinement of numerous top-grade Wizard Tools.

Regrettably, the most precious Sixth Level Purple Crystal and the Soul Artifact that Roman had self-destructed with, were probably taken by Rust Dragon Wizard and his ilk.

Apart from the amethysts, there were massive piles of rare ores, all emanating a faint Amethyst Light.

The bodies of the Amethyst Race naturally contained a storage space, so they could swallow many ores in one go and then slowly digest them.

These were not yet fully digested, mostly low-level, but there were quite a few level 4 and even level 5 ones.

In addition, there were also some spoils of wizards killed by the Amethyst Race, which were also valuable, no need to elaborate further.

Beske's spoils were not much different.

pieces of level 5 amethyst, along with a pile of miscellaneous Wizard Tools, materials, knowledge, and more.

In some crevices of the miscellaneous items, Levi spotted some seed-like red particles, emitting a strange aura.

"What is this?"

Levi picked out the seeds, approximately a dozen or so.

The Black Lotus Beast suddenly asked,

"Such a pleasing scent! Lord Dragon King, what is this?"

The Bloodsucking Demon Dragon also descended from the sky, looking at Levi, and flattered,

"I also think it smells good, kind of want to eat it..."

Before they knew it.

Nearby transcendent creatures were all drawn in.

Even some black beasts that hadn't died out in the flesh mountains crawled out of the mountains of corpses and sea of blood, drew near to Levi, easily slain by the alchemical creatures.