

Wizard 1511

Chapter 1511: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower curtain falls and ends in Triumph!

Chaos City.

The great battle was still ongoing.

Of the Four Great Dharma Kings, under the surrounding assault of the masses, half had fallen, only leaving the despondent Earth Dharma King and Thousand Flames Dharma King.

In contrast, the alliance camp.

Of the seven Demon Kings from the demon race, only four remained, and this was because they had the protection of the Level 7 War Treasure known as the Demon God Temple, which had evaded the Archmage's apocalypse attacks multiple times.

Of the Five Barbarian Kings, only the Winged Tiger Barbarian King and the Stone Lion Barbarian King were still fighting desperately.

As for the Rebel Dharma Kings, only the Thunderbolt Supreme Mage and Ancient Tomb Law King still survived.

Other Level 6 experts from various factions had suffered heavy casualties.

Overall, the alliance forces had suffered heavy losses.

Watching those rebels struggling to survive, the calm and composed Supreme Archmage said with a smile,

"I told you I am a God, why didn't you believe me?"

The Mountain Demon King holding up the Demon God Temple, black light rained down.

The Supreme Archmage's Chaos Domain swept through, devouring the black light.

The Winged Tiger Barbarian King found the right moment, launched a surprise attack, and his great sword shattered the defensive field of the Thousand Flames Dharma King.

The Tiger Ancestor burst forth, instantaneously devouring the Thousand Flames Dharma King.

Light erupted from within it, and the chains of the Thousand Flames Dharma King pierced through, binding the Tiger Ancestor in return.

The form of the Thousand Flames Dharma King emerged, his face pale, suddenly aged and emanating a decaying aura. Clearly, he had reached the end of his tether as well.

A supremely brilliant sword light, along with a dense blue fist shadow struck.

The Green Lion Barbarian King and Winged Tiger Barbarian King attacked simultaneously, completely burying the Thousand Flames Dharma King.

Another Mid-Stage Level 6 Dharma King had completely fallen. The Tiger Ancestor devoured his Law Soul, compensating its own losses.

Elsewhere, other Level 6 experts also surrounded and beat the Earth Dharma King to death.

The Winged Tiger Barbarian King, panting heavily, swung his massive tiger-head blade with a heaven-scaling force, and shouted,

"Four-Eyed Snake, you have no one left to use at your side, why not surrender quickly!"

The Supreme Archmage wielding his scepter surveyed the surroundings.

Indeed, only he remained in the entire Chaos City, oh right, and those Ancient Evil Demons imprisoned within the tower.

He showed no sign of panic, and spoke indifferently,

"Come at me then."

At this moment, he still had enough strength to deal with these enemies before him, he did not intend to release the Ancient Evil Demon just yet.

That fellow, once released, recognises no kin, posing a significant threat even to himself.

Historically, wars like the one today had happened several times already.

Each time, he managed to narrowly survive the ordeal and suppress any rebellion.

Only once had he released that Ancient Evil Demon, and ultimately, he had paid a heavy price to contain it again.

To the Supreme Archmage, whether it was the rebellion of the Dharma Kings or the invasion of the demon and barbarian tribes, were all just boring historical cycles.

In this lo, he was the God, no one could defy his will.

The Winged Tiger Barbarian King and the Mountain Demon King attacked from both sides.

The Archmage waved his Scepter, and two streams of water formed a Chaos Giant Snake, pushing them back with an overwhelming force.

The Archmage remained steady and unflustered, stable as Mount Tai.

This time, the ancient tower opened, and he had collected a vast amount of a wizard's knowledge. He spent his days in the Archmage Tower, studying these disciplines.

Someday, he intended to liberate himself from the ancient tower, reclaiming the tower refined with his own body.

If ten thousand years weren't enough, then a hundred thousand, a million...

He was born because of the ancient tower, the tower remains undying, and so does he, what he doesn't lack is time.

Who knows how much later, another Dharma King fell.

Watching his allies diminish, the Winged Tiger Barbarian King felt sorrow in his heart.

The Tiger Ancestor sighed,

"The foreigner who constructed this tower, his realm is unimaginable... all our struggles are in vain."

The Mountain Demon King looked emaciated, continuously using the Level 7 Treasure like the Demon God Temple, greatly depleting his strength.

Even as a ruthless demon, sadness filled his heart.

He only wanted to return to his homeland passed down through memories of successive generations in the Abyssal Plane. He wished to battle across the vibrant Multidimensional Planes, not forever kept as livestock by the creator of this world.

In fact,

the three civilizations within the ancient tower,

the barbarian and demon tribes had been intentionally placed within the ancient tower by the creator using their significant abilities.

The Humans, meanwhile, were gradually born over the subsequent years.

Otherwise, how could these Level 6 demon lords possibly invade the interior of the ancient tower? Even a Level 10 Demon Lord does not possess such capabilities.

Whether the barbarian tribes or the demon race, their purpose, like those accompanying alien races, is to artificially create the most authentic conditions for training the wizards entering the ancient tower. They simulate the complex situations of the Multidimensional Planes to keep the wizard civilization always prepared.

The ultimate result is that, generation after generation, the Demon Kings and Barbarian Kings will never escape this fate.

Now it seems, the final outcome is no different from the past.

As time passed, more Level 6 experts fell in despair.

Chaos City, flowed with rivers of blood.

The primordial soul wizards hidden in the dark, made a fortune.

The Supreme Archmage, with an indifferent gaze, harvested their lives.

"I've said before, I'm doing this for your own good, but you wouldn't heed advice... How pitiful it is, to always act as stepping stones for wizards in this cage. Compared to Sauron and the wizard civilization behind him, I am truly too kind.

In the heavens and earth, a mournful song drifted.

The Winged Tiger Barbarian King ignited into flames, chanting an incantation like an ancient song, as if a believer praying for strength from the Gods.

This scene, caused a shift in the usually tranquil expression of the Supreme Archmage.

He hurriedly cast a spell to interrupt the Winged Tiger Barbarian King's prayer.

Chapter 1512: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower curtain falls and ends in Triumph!

The Mountain Demon King saw the opportunity and silently channeled all of the remaining Origin Demon Qi into the Demon God Temple.

The Demon God Temple blazed with light, and the Demon King hurled it forth. At the same time, he said in a cold voice:

"Explode!"

This Level 7 Treasure, crucial to the demon race, was thus self-destructed by him.

The terrifying explosion swept through Chaos City, the earth cracked, countless houses and churches were leveled to the ground.

The imposing figure of the Archmage was also blasted away on one side.

"You... you've gone mad."

He looked at the Mountain Demon King who had self-destructed the Demon God Temple.

The Mountain Demon King, as if his life force was reignited, shot towards him like a mountain, his shadow punching down from the sky.

The Archmage wielded his staff in resistance.

The song of the Winged Tiger Barbarian King had also ended.

Behind him in the sky, clouds spanning a hundred miles began to roll and spin, condensing into a vortex.

In the vortex, lightning flashed and thunder roared, fire and rain conjured, and a myriad of apocalyptic visions emerged.

A big eyeball, utterly devoid of emotion and indifferent in expression, appeared within it.

It slowly rotated, surveying this realm, its long eyelashes like pillars hanging from the heavens.

It seemed that the power of a formidable entity had been summoned by the song, causing the complexion of the Supreme Archmage to change.

Although it was but a sliver of power, its level was so high that not even he, nor he as the Chaos Ancient Serpent from before, seemed its equal.

Of all the powerful entities he knew, only one person might compare... and that was Sauron, who had refined himself into the ancient tower.

Within the ancient tower, relying on some special methods, one could indeed summon the power of formidable entities.

However, the level of these powers would never exceed the upper limit of the ancient tower's rules. For example, the Blood God Illusion summoned by the Blood Banquet Dharma King.

The power level demonstrated by the big eyeball had already broken through the ancient tower's rules, reaching the Seventh Level.

That's why the Supreme Archmage was alarmed, and without hesitation, he used all his power, gathering it into the Supreme Scepter, with the elemental power around Chaos City surging towards him.

He was not worried about the ancient tower's destruction, as he recognized Sauron's strength; having remained unscathed for hundreds of thousands of years, it naturally had its formidable aspects.

He was just worried about being annihilated by the big eyeball.

"Rise, Dragons and Serpents!"

A white giant serpent nearly ten thousand meters in length descended shockingly.

The remaining level six experts at the site all attacked the Supreme Archmage simultaneously without prior agreement.

They realized that if there was a chance to leave, it would be with the big eyeball in the sky, and they wanted to create conditions for it.

The white giant serpent charged into the vortex, colliding fiercely with the big eyeball, the shockwave scattering the clouds within a radius of hundreds of miles.

Purple lightning brewed inside the big eyeball, and an aura of destruction spread.

Boom boom boom!

Terrible lightning pillars, dense and numerous, struck down like divine punishment.

On the battlefield outside the Chaos City, countless lives perished.

The level six experts, too, found it difficult to last long within it.

The Supreme Archmage roared:

"I cannot die... I have finally seen hope, awaken, Serpent God!"

In his hands, the scepter burst forth with dazzling light, transforming into a lifelike Chaos Ancient Serpent.

The ancient serpent opened its abyssal mouth, intending to devour both heaven and earth, and swallowed the big eyeball.

Boom boom boom!

The indestructible Archmage Tower within the ruins of Chaos City collapsed thunderously. The seals placed upon it all failed.

Accompanied by an indescribable and strange roar, a monster exuding overwhelming killing intent appeared.

The monster, nearly a thousand meters tall with a humanoid form but covered in ominous red hair, had arms that were long past its knees and atrophied legs, looking extremely deformed.

Its hair consisted of writhing fleshly tentacles, with ends depicting various figures, their pre-death appearances vaguely visible, wizards, Dragon Abominations, black beasts, and the Amethyst Race...

Upon the monster's appearance, millions of different attacks were simultaneously unleashed from the tentacle ends, like a multicolored fireworks display shooting into the sky.

The Supreme Archmage retreated behind the monster.

"Quick, kill all these bastards!"

This ancient evil demon, created by using a portion of his own divinity as the core, based on level six peak black beasts, and with countless lives as materials, was known as the "Chaos God Monster," and it also possessed level seven strength.

The monster clashed with the big eyeball, and the remaining level six experts retreated far away.

The Archmage sneered:

"Thinking of escaping? It's too late for that, all of you stay here, there will be no place for you in the new worlds."

Suddenly.

An anomaly occurred in the sky.

The big eyeball cracked, and a terrifying lightning pillar, several miles thick, struck down.

The red-haired monster was sent flying, half of its body blasted away, and all of its tentacles were burned off.

The monster exploded with a boom, transforming into millions of blood-flesh worms, most of which were ground to dust by the thunder, while a small portion escaped into the void, whereabouts unknown.

The Archmage's face changed. The damned monster was indeed unreliable.

He hastily defended with the Scepter, wanting to escape, but unable to leave the bounds of Chaos City, he had to endure.

All eighteen layers of defensive fields were erected, and beneath the heaven-shattering thunder, they shattered layer by layer.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The attack of the big eyeball grew increasingly fierce, with no end in sight.

"I'll stake everything with you!"

The Archmage's illusory figure began to burn, turning into a streak of light, all of which poured into the Scepter in his hand. The Supreme Eye also merged into the Scepter, becoming a gem embedded on it.

From the tip of the Scepter, a blinding white beam shot out, like a ribbon, hanging upside down from the sky dome.

The big eyeball was pierced by this strike, accompanied by the distant echoing of primitive, desolate roars of beasts.

Chapter 1513: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower curtain falls and ends in Triumph!

"Roar!"

A majestic sound echoed across a thousand-mile radius, bringing all creatures within to bow in submission.

The dying Winged Tiger Barbarian King knelt on the ground, murmuring:

"Sky Eye! Spirit of the Blue Sky! Please assist us... in returning home!"

Not long ago, he had received a segment of a codex known as the "Ancient Sky Ballad" in his dreams.

He guessed that it was the courage of the barbarian tribes that drew the attention of the Spirit of the Blue Sky to them, trapped in this world, hence the divine assistance via a dream to pass on the cultivation technique.

However, the cost of using this technique was his life.

Now, although he was dying, he faintly saw a glimmer of hope for the barbarians to escape from this place.

After the roar.

The clouds surrounding the Big Eyeball turned a brilliant gold, with millions of Golden Lightning bolts chaotically shooting through them.

Along with the descent of a resplendent golden lightning pillar that pierced the heavens, the Supreme Scepter was sent flying, and the anguished voice of the Supreme Archmage reverberated through the area.

"Sauron, even in death, the supreme will has noticed the ancient tower. All your painstaking plans will one day vanish like a mirage in a dream!"

Until his dissipation, the one he hated the most was still Sauron, not the Big Eyeball before him.

In mid-air.

The Supreme Scepter floated gently, radiating a soft white light. No matter how the Big Eyeball attacked, it could not penetrate this protective shield.

The Winged Tiger Barbarian King's heart tightened.

"Could it be that there's no way to succeed after all?"

Around Chaos City, the primordial soul wizards had sensed something wrong and had already evacuated. The world was desolate; only the Winged Tiger Barbarian King looked up to the sky with a bewildered gaze.

The great battle was drawing to its end.

In the wilderness, thousands of miles away.

Levi was quietly cultivating, waiting for the ancient tower to close and transport him back.

Inside the Divine Ring Tower, Sauron's Four Treasures, the Sword of Victory, and other treasures were revolving leisurely around an iridescent crystal.

Suddenly.

Sauron's Four Treasures began to tremble and buzz, emitting four different rays of light.

Yellow, red, black, and blue merged into a chaotic white.

Levi asked hurriedly:

"Everyone, what's happening?"

The Truth Magic Mirror replied in confusion:

"I don't know either... Could it be that Sauron has other tricks up his sleeve? Damn, what else is there that we don't know?"

The reliable and knowledgeable Teatime Round Table also shook its head in confusion:

"I'm not sure either, but my intuition tells me it's related to the battle in Chaos City... The Supreme Archmage is a remnant soul of the Chaos Ancient Serpent, and those so-called divine weapons in his hand, I'm not sure they were refined by him; they might have been refined by Sauron."

The Holy Grail said:

"Let's wait and see. If it's fortune, we can't hide; if it's doom, we can't avoid it..."

Levi's Danger Perception had not issued any warnings; he was unsure whether this development was good or bad.

In the face of power that might be linked to Sauron, Danger Perception was useless.

After a moment's thought, he temporarily took out Sauron's Four Treasures and placed them on the ground. Then, he used Void Travel to leave the area to observe. Without having a clear understanding of the situation, it was best to keep a distance first.

In the wilderness.

Four power projections of giant dragons with diverse forms shot out.

The Immortal Banyan Dragon, the Gloomy Lamp Dragon, the Jade Dragon, the Sea Dragon Huang.

These giant dragon projections traversed thousands of miles and arrived at Chaos City.

Above the Supreme Scepter, a power projection of the Chaos Ancient Serpent even more magnificent than the Four Dragons appeared.

It reached up to Qingming and down to Nine Nether, each of its scales as colossal as a mountain.

After hundreds of thousands of years, the tragic master and four servants once again united.

These projections had no consciousness; they were purely power projections.

Atop the serpent's head stood a white-robed figure that was no different from an ordinary person.

He was handsome with a smiling face, and his eyes held the starry sky.

He was insignificantly small, yet he made the towering Five Dragons seem like mere accessories.

The ancestor of wizards, Sauron!

Single-handedly, he ended the chaotic era of ancient wizards and established the Pan-Plane Wizard Council.

The strongest being in the Sauron Plane since ancient times!

With his hands behind his back, he pointed from afar, and a serpent along with four dragons roared towards the Big Eyeball.

Boom, boom, boom!

The Five Dragons ripped apart the vortex spanning a hundred miles.

After the explosion, the battered Big Eyeball shifted from gold to a sinister black.

Dark as ink, lightning pillars poured down like a galaxy descending from the Nine Heavens.

The columns of lightning broke through the Five Dragon projections and headed towards Sauron.

With but a flick of his finger, Sauron cast:

Legendary Forbidden Technique·Sauron's Great Disintegration Technique.

The lightning column, before it could even approach, was disintegrated and erased by an invisible force.

In the sky, the Big Eyeball shattered like a crystal ball into endless fragments, vanishing without a trace.

This terrifying spell disintegrated the Wind Disaster Stratum within a hundred-mile radius, also tearing apart the invisible veil enveloping this world, revealing the view behind it.

The scene that came into view was a thick, fleshy barrier covered with spell runes twinkling like countless stars — the wall of the Dark Ancient Tower!

On the wall, frescoes marked by the ravages of time depicted one apocalyptic war after another.

Just then, a fresh image of the Big Eyeball was branded upon it.

Upon seeing this, the Winged Tiger Barbarian King felt his heart sink into despair, utterly hopeless.

"The Spirit of the Blue Sky is not the only mighty presence to have descended upon this world... Since antiquity, I do not know how many people like me have attempted to rebel, to leave this place, even summoning the power of their own gods... but without exception, they all failed. In the years, the centuries to come, events like this will continue to unfold."

He remembered the words of the fallen Archmage.

Chapter 1514: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower curtain falls and ends in Triumph!

"He truly was protecting us... because the truth behind everything is more cruel than we imagined, all efforts were in vain."

He closed his eyes, and died completely, his expression peaceful.

In the cavity, the ancient tower's powerful Strength began to repair itself. The sky returned to normal, turning into a clear mirror, and the recent barrier of flesh and blood seemed only an illusion.

Before the phantom of Sauron dispersed, his gaze penetrated the endless worlds, looking towards the ninth layer.

At the gateway to the tenth layer, there was just one door.

In front of the door, Bo Gu's figure slowly crumbled, splitting into billions of amethyst fragments, transforming into a purple torrent, dispersing into the heavens and earth.

"I... I didn't even see where the Gatekeeper was? Why is this? Why?!"

Bo Gu roared in frustration, his consciousness sinking into the eternal darkness.

In the distance.

The other two members of the Amethyst Race also fell into peril.

Powerful auras surrounded them.

These primordial soul wizards returning from the battlefield connected in force. The endless ocean surged backward, enveloping the two Amethyst Race members, forming a blue star with a diameter of a thousand miles.

After the star dispersed, only two amethyst crystals floated in mid-air.

The two level 8 members of the Amethyst Race were dead!

The leader of the battle group said,

"It seems the strongest of the Amethyst Race has already died at the door to the tenth layer... truly overestimating himself."

Lucy looked at the door leading to the tenth layer, her heart calm as an ancient well.

She had long anticipated this outcome.

"Those destined to enter the tenth layer have not yet arrived..."

Suddenly.

She sensed something.

In front of her, a door appeared.

Other Warband Wizards, including those stationed near the wizards, also each had a door appear before them.

A pulling force came from each door, and even eighth-circle wizards could not resist.

All the Warband Wizards disappeared into the fabric of the ninth layer.

...

Endless Sea.

Outer Circle Area.

Yellow Earth Continent.

Mirror Lake has quietly witnessed the many changes in wizard civilization across the continent.

A door appeared, and a vibrant young witch with blue hair pushed it open, stepping onto this familiar land.

She spread her arms wide, embracing the whole world, sunlight gleaming off her hair and face.

"The feeling of returning home is wonderful... Thanks again, Lord Sauron," she murmured in her heart.

Whether entering or leaving the ancient tower, Lord Sauron's will was mysteriously sheltering her and the Warband Wizards.

From Lucy's chest a deep blue sphere emerged, the prototype machine, its light scanning everything around.

Deep Blue exclaimed excitedly,

"Outer Circle Area 5, Yellow Earth Continent... ma'am, we really have come back!"

Lucy said,

"Yes... the era of the Deep Blue Sage is past now, the story belonging to Lucy has begun!"

On the other side.

Outer sea region.

Whether by coincidence or fate.

Two doors appeared above Gray-White Island, and the figures of the Tower Master and Stella stepped out.

They incredulously looked at everything before them.

Stella's mechanical voice excitedly said,

"We... we're back?"

The Tower Master too trembled,

"Yes, after two hundred years, we're finally back... It seems the Gray Tower has met with some disaster, now reduced to ruins. I wonder how everyone else is doing."

Stella tapped the Tower Master with her tail, smiling,

"They must all be alive, let's go search for them."

...

Dark Ancient Tower.

Fifth level.

Io Continent.

Chaos City, a pile of ruins.

The outcome of the final battle unknown to anyone.

Under such a widespread and devastating attack, no one dared stay near the battlefield.

Even if there were spoils of war left behind, they would be destroyed or buried by the sands, awaiting discovery by future generations accidentally.

This event would become a secret forever sealed within the ancient tower.

The ultimate battle nearly saw the fall of all level six experts, benefitting many primordial soul wizards.

The barbarian tribes, the demon race, all severely weakened, leaving only sparks of their cultures to continue propagating in the Northern Territory and the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

Perhaps, in ten thousand, or tens of thousands of years, such events might repeat, but the ultimate outcome is already destined.

Days later.

Some primordial soul wizards gradually returned to the battlefield, hoping to find something overlooked.

They noticed that the statues of the Supreme Archmage in the Church of Chaos had all shattered at the same time.

This implied that the Supreme Archmage, who had ruled Io for countless ages, might have fallen...

And the two divine weapons of the Supreme Archmage, whether the "Supreme Eye" or the "Supreme Scepter", would certainly be rare treasures of immense power.

Finding one would mean more gains than all previous collections combined.

Unfortunately, despite digging around the battlefield for a month, the primordial soul wizards failed to find those artifacts.

The divine weapons might have been destroyed by the Big Eyeball's thunder penalty, or perhaps taken by some other fortunate soul.

Meanwhile.

The ancient tower began to buzz and tremble, stirring the Land of Darkness which continuously rolled and churned.

The Fire Sovereign smiled at the sight of the fallen Amethyst Race on the ninth layer.

"A new ten thousand years might birth some interesting characters... I'm actually quite excited."

He stretched lazily and stood up, with the Dragon Abomination Venerable and Amethyst Saint instinctively moving aside.

The Fire Sovereign wandered through the Land of Darkness, each step appearing to cover endless distances.

It wasn't long before he vanished into the Land of Darkness.

The second strongest of the Pan-Plane who had watched the drama was going home to sleep.

The Amethyst Saint unwillingly watched the Dark Ancient Tower, his projection gradually fading.

Chapter 1515: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower curtain falls and ends in Triumph!

"Failed again... Why exactly?"

At last.

Only the projection of Dragon Abomination Venerable was left, staring at the fifth level.

He was in a good mood and murmured,

"It seems that the little fellow will not appear... interesting, although the Pan-Plane is vast, I have a premonition that one day, we will meet."

Whether as friends or as foes, the Dragon Abomination Venerable was looking forward to that day.

Central Realm.

The wizards using the Eye of Sauron to observe the Pan-Plane breathed a sigh of relief.

"The Fire Sovereign has already left... the ancient tower is about to close."

This news was quickly conveyed through the Wizard Council to wizard organizations across various sub-dimensional portals.

In the Wizard World, the families, companions, and teachers of those who participated in the ancient tower... all were eagerly waiting for this day to come.

...

Holy Brilliance Calendar 1231, Month of Harvest.

Dark Ancient Tower Calendar, 66th Year.

Endless Sea.

Witch's Family.

Triss and several primordial soul witches watched the ancient tower fading away in the sky.

The mother of Snow Lotus Witch, Wind Witch, said,

"Your Anya did really well, successfully reaching fifth circle."

Triss responded with a smile,

"Snow Lotus is also quite remarkable, it's evident you've put great effort into her training... alas, I've been too busy. Anya learned everything on his own."

The Wind Witch replied with a smile,

"I didn't supervise that girl either... Her achievements today, all stem from her own talent."

The two mothers competed subtly, the air rife with tension.

A few days later.

Land of Darkness.

The ancient tower completely dissipated, turning into a stream of light, vanishing without a trace.

In Nora's sky, there was no longer a projection of the ancient tower.

At the training grounds of Witch's Family.

Several figures landed on the ground. Not only were there wizards, but also some transcendent creatures and rare plants under their contract or control, all these were the gains of their journey.

In the group, Anya spotted his mother brimming with a smile.

"I'm back!"

Triss said with a smile,

"Good that you're back, good that you're back... Also, give me back my hairpin!"

Anya had a sheepish look, apparently, the issue of him repeatedly losing the hairpin had been discovered by his mother.

He obediently took out the hairpin and handed it to her.

Triss took the hairpin, wiped it down, then pinned it back into her expertly styled hair bun, oozing a woman's charm.

She said unapologetically,

"You are now a Fifth-Circle Wizard... don't expect me to be able to help you anymore."

Anya shrugged, indicating he didn't mind, and returned to Nether Capital.

Triss looked into the distance.

"Elena and Levi must have also returned, I suppose."

...

Ancient Saint Plane.

On a hillside blooming with flowers.

Three figures appeared.

It was Levi, Elena, and Sorrett.

Sixty-six years, a long time that seemed but a moment.

Levi looked at Elena and Sorrett, aside from their cultivation, it seemed like nothing had changed.

Sorrett's spiritual force should now be over nine hundred points, not far from its maximum. His strength had increased significantly compared to before he entered the ancient tower.

Levi said,

"Sorrett, you go back first, Elena and I have something to discuss."

Sorrett silently withdrew.

Elena sensed slightly, then her face showed surprise as she exclaimed,

"Seeing it with my own eyes, I realize your spiritual force has far surpassed the usual Fifth-Circle Perfection... You must have consumed quite a few oddities, haven't you?"

Levi replied,

"Well, not many, not many..."

Elena was puzzled but did not pursue further questions.

In the Dark Ancient Tower, opportunities were abundant, and these were each person's secrets.

In 66 years, Levi had grown from the fourth-circle realm to Fifth-Circle Perfection.

Although this advancement was fast, it was still somewhat lacking compared to her initial progress. It should be noted that she had advanced to primordial soul by the age of three hundred.

Snow Lotus said with a smile,

"Your achievements on the path of the wizard have far exceeded my expectations, I underestimated you... Anyway, I'm sincerely happy for you!"

Levi smiled and replied,

"Thanks for the praise, actually..pared to others, I only worked harder, and was a bit luckier, as they say, the harder you work, the luckier you get."

Snow Lotus gave him a look, knowing such achievements weren't just about ordinary effort and luck.

"Enough about that, I'm not concerned with this anymore, this is the Morning Star-level oddity you wanted, our cooperation this time was pleasant, we can continue to cooperate in the future... I'm heading back to Sword Flower Tower now to assimilate the gains from the ancient tower. If you're returning to the Wizard World, feel free to visit."

She handed him a finger stored in a jar, covered with purple Truth Runes and exuding an aura of thunder and destruction.

"Thanks!"

Levi watched Snow Lotus's departing figure with grace.

Then, delightedly, he stowed the oddity and returned to the Emperor's Palace.

He had some urgent matters to study and would not return to the holy temple for now.

...

Emperor's Palace.

In the former secret room, Levi's figure appeared. He set up an array, sitting cross-legged on the ground.

In his mind.

Around the iridescent crystals, besides Sauron's Four Treasures, there was now a ten-layer ancient tower-shaped scepter, a rare treasure.

With a thought.

The scepter appeared in his hand.

Its texture was ice-cold, each segment resembling the mace, a cold weapon from his previous life attributed to the door god Qin Qiong.

At the top of the scepter was the fierce head of the Chaos Ancient Serpent, with a bead-like orb embedded in the forehead.

Clearly, this scepter was one of the two divine weapons of the Supreme Archmage, formed by combining the two into one.

Chapter 1516: The expedition battle group returns home together, the ancient tower's curtain falls, ending in Triumph!

This was the fifth treasure that Sauron forged beyond the four treasures.

It was split into two by the remnant soul of the Chaos Ancient Serpent, forming two divine weapons:

The Supreme Eye and the Supreme Scepter.

That day, after an anomaly with Sauron's four treasures, the scepter appeared in Levi's mind, and its true name was:

[Ancient Tower Scepter]

This treasure did not contain an artifact spirit. Levi speculated that the remnant soul of the Chaos Ancient Serpent might well be its artifact spirit.

However, for some reason, the artifact spirit had escaped the control of the scepter... or rather, Sauron had intentionally made it so.

And Levi also understood the true function of this scepter.

That was to grant Levi a portion of the ancient tower's authority.

With just a thought, a stream of information surged from the scepter into his mind.

[Ancient Tower Enforcer (Level 5 Authority)]

[Law Enforcer's Manual]

[Ancient Tower Activation Countdown: 100 Years] f

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Indeed.

Levi, by some stroke of fate, had become an enforcer of the Dark Ancient Tower.

As is well known, within each level of the Dark Ancient Tower, there exists a corresponding enforcer.

Most of them are elemental spirits with far superior strength to that of their level, in charge of guarding the checkpoints, maintaining order, and preventing exploitation, among other tasks.

Now Levi was also one of them, but his status was even more transcendent than those enforcers.

Those enforcers could only wander within the ancient tower, while he operated outside of it.

According to the Law Enforcer's Manual, as a Level 5 inter-dimensional enforcer, he had the following rights and obligations.

First, using the closure of the ancient tower as the time node, every hundred years, he could enter the ancient tower once, staying there for a year. During the opening period, he could freely choose to enter any one of the first five levels. Like normal participants of the ancient tower, he could explore and gather resources, but only he could enter. Any other method, including smuggling from the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, would not work, otherwise, he would be punished by the ancient tower rules and stripped of his enforcer authority.

Second, in case powerful entities like the Spirit of the Blue Sky infiltrate the tower, the eyeball embedded in the scepter would project an immediate warning. He needed to use the power of Sauron's four treasures together with the scepter to eliminate such enemies.

Although the ancient tower was powerful, the infinite possibilities of the Multidimensional Plane meant that supreme wills like the Spirit of the Blue Sky could still pose a threat to the normal functioning of the tower's rules.

Naturally, with Levi's present strength, there was no need for him to directly confront these terrifying beings. He merely had to utilize his enforcer authority, and when necessary, forces would naturally eradicate these invaders.

This task was previously performed by the Supreme Archmage; however, his authority was not complete because he possessed only the Ancient Tower Scepter and not the other four treasures. Once Levi entered the ancient tower, all items of authority were fully assembled.

Therefore, this Ancient Tower Scepter theoretically contained extremely terrifying power; however, Levi could not "abuse his power," otherwise, he would be severely punished.

Third, as a Level 5 enforcer, Levi could, without disrupting the fundamental order of the ancient tower, bring out a small number of alien races from within the tower, but he was strictly obliged to control those he brought out.

Compared to other wizards, who could only bring out transcendent creatures or mortals with wizarding talent from the tower. Bringing out alien races from inside the tower was not allowed.

If not for this authority, even with the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, Levi might not have been able to take out Martha and her daughter. But bringing Aya and the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ant was no problem at all.

In short, taking away "NPCs" from inside the ancient tower was permissible, but it had to be done in moderation.

Fourth, during the millennial opening period of the ancient tower, Levi could join other enforcers inside the tower to "punish" participants who bullied the less powerful and violated rules, based on the regulations specified in the "Manual."

In the manual, some of Levi's other questions were also answered.

For instance, the indigenous people of the lower five levels were allowed to move to the upper levels, with 10 being their final destination.

As for the checkpoints leading to the sixth level and above, they were not open to the natives. This was probably to prevent the natives from continuously climbing the tower and amassing too much strength, potentially giving rise to powerful beings that could disrupt the balance of the ancient tower over the long ages. Thus, leaders of the barbarian tribes and the demon race had to go to great lengths to start from the Supreme Archmage.

But even if they killed the Supreme Archmage, they would still be unable to leave. Their task was to play their roles well within the ancient tower.

Although this seemed cruel, it was for the good of the wizard civilization.

...

After reading the manual, a joyous expression appeared on Levi's face.

"I've actually become a lapdog of authority within the ancient tower...The Dark Ancient Tower indeed has a destiny with me!"

Of course, although he was a lapdog of authority, his capabilities were still limited.

He could mainly reduce the opening time of the ancient tower to once every hundred years.

This way, without having to wait for ten thousand years, he could re-enter the ancient tower and stay there for a year.

A hundred years might feel prolonged, but for Levi, it was manageable.

If he could live for more than ten thousand years, then he would have entered the ancient tower a hundred times before the next opening.

"Now looking back, Sauron technically opened a back door in the ancient tower for the so-called fated person... Whether or not that fated person is me, it has favored me after all.

But alone, even if it's opened every hundred years, I can only skim the surface of the resources within the vast ancient tower ecology; it's still an insignificant amount."

And with his Level 5 authority, he could only enter the "novice village" of the first five levels.

According to the Law Enforcer's Manual, he would need Level 6 strength and must complete certain "assessment tasks" to obtain Level 6 and Level 7 authority to proceed to the sixth and seventh levels.

Similarly, Level 8 authority required Level 7 strength, Level 9 authority required Level 8 strength; as for Level 10 authority, the Law Enforcer's Manual did not specify clearly.

This involved the never-before-reached tenth level of the ancient tower, potentially containing the tower's greatest secrets, naturally not something that could be easily disclosed, even if he was an enforcer.

In an instant, Levi thought.

What appeared as a resplendently glittering Ancient Tower Scepter had turned into a very ordinary wizard's staff.

The Ancient Tower Scepter was crafted using a segment of the Dragon Spine and an eyeball of the Chaos Ancient Serpent.

With Sauron's skill, it was definitely a genuine Level 10 Treasure.

Though it was a Level 10 treasure, its functionality was very limited.

Because its main function was related to the enforcer's authority.

The other functions were supplementary, mainly three.

First, the eyeball at the top of the scepter could monitor some of the alien races on the first five levels of the ancient tower.

Second, using the Ancient Tower Scepter for spellcasting could significantly amplify the power of the spells.

Third, the Ancient Tower Scepter was very sturdy and could be used as a melee weapon to directly club people; it had a very good effect and was suitable for body-refining wizards to use.

Some people, outwardly wizards, in reality, relied on the staff to bludgeon their enemies to death.

Indeed, just like Levi's Gandaph guise.

Chapter 1517: The commander returns at dusk, and the sword extinguishes the Nightmare Black Dragon revealing Divine Power!

Ancient Saint Plane.

Emperor's Palace.

Levi held the scepter and ascended beyond the heavens.

With a swing of his scepter, a crimson Divine Dragon burst forth, detonating in the distance.

Flames filled the sky, the shockwaves rippled, and the turbulent waves scattered the Wind Disaster Stratum for a moment.

Using Caslot's Eye, which was meant to measure the power of spells, the display didn't show numbers but:

[???

Seeing this scene,

Levi put the device away.

"This thing won't be of much use anymore..."

The current version of Caslot's Eye could measure up to an energy fluctuation limit of 500 Cas; anything beyond that appeared as question marks.

The figure of 500 Cas

was the maximum set by the inventor after investigating and collecting a multitude of attack power data from Fifth-Circle Wizards.

Theoretically, ninety-nine percent of Fifth-Circle Wizards in the Wizard World would not exceed this number.

Of course, there would inevitably be some oddities who could surpass this limit, but they were too few in number, and since the creator himself had never encountered them, they were not included in the statistics.

With Levi's current Perfection-level Fifth-Circle cultivation, using Fire Dragon Tribulation—a third-circle innate spell—was almost equivalent to his ordinary attack.

This meant that with the augmentation of the scepter, his regular attacks surpassed the maximum attack power of other Fifth-Circle Wizards.

Of course, this was not without the assistance of fire element oddities and the amplification from "Aether Dominance."

"There's nothing that a shot of Fire Dragon Tribulation can't take care of... If there is, then just fire another one."

Of course, even this attack was still insignificant to a Primordial Soul Wizard.

Levi stored the scepter and casually landed on a mountain peak.

He opened a spatial rift.

Mana stepped through with her slender legs, standing in the void, her arms open wide, embracing the world outside the ancient tower.

In her hand appeared a green whip, which she cracked towards the heavens, tearing apart the Wind Disaster Stratum and revealing the crystal wall behind it. Beyond it lay the brightly starlike Multidimensional Plane.

With tear-filled eyes, Mana emotionally exclaimed:

"The Multidimensional Plane is endlessly magnificent... I've finally left the ancient tower, hahaha!"

For Levi, who had spent many years outside the ancient tower, it was hard for him to grasp the sentiments of this Level 6 native like Mana.

Mana rushed over and gave Levi a courteous, light hug before quickly stepping back, her face unable to conceal her smile:

"Sorry, I've been looking forward to this day for so long, I'm too excited."

Levi said,

"Not at all, I'm merely fulfilling my promise. For a being like you to remain trapped in the ancient tower would indeed be a waste of talent... However, if you plan to be outside in the future, it would be best to alter your appearance. Otherwise, many things we did inside the tower could become known to those outside."

Mana gently smiled and said:

"Don't worry, I'll just come out to breathe now and then, I won't cause you any trouble... Besides, I can't stay away from my physical form in the fairyland for long."

Mana patted Levi's shoulder, turning back before stepping into the fairyland, she said:

"By the way, in a while, I plan to fuse with the Ice Sea Plane. When that happens, I won't be able to act, and neither will Martha... So for your safety, we plan to start after the Heaven Crystal Dragon Ant awakens."

Levi said,

"Alright, I wish you success in advance."

Returning to the Emperor's Palace,

Levi placed all the transcendent creatures he collected from his trip to the ancient tower into Alice's ring, which he had repaired to be a Fifth-Circle Wizard Tool.

Most of these transcendent creatures were of low grade and didn't require a place as excellent as the fairyland for cultivation.

However, these creature resources, though hard to find in the Wizard World, held considerable cultivation value.

He didn't have the energy to manage so many transcendent creatures, so he left it to the professionals at the Giant Beast Paradise.

As for the dragon-king species and mixed-blood dragon clan he required for his own cultivation, they remained in the Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

As for the organizations under his command, he had no plans to move them into the Ancient Banyan Fairyland yet.

Growth of power required the refinement of blood and fire, not confinement in a cage, reliant on his protection.

Several days later,

Levi thoroughly catalogued his gains from the Dark Ancient Tower, a satisfied smile on his face.

As for rare treasures, including the Holy Grail and the scepter, he had obtained six in total.

Fifteen pieces of Truth Oddity were accounted for, including three Morning Star, five Sky, and seven Earth-Grade.

Of course, those transformed from the golden leaves and those within the Romantic Ring were not included.

As for Wizard Tools, materials, and rare flora and fauna, there was no need to elaborate.

"Sixty-six years have turned a poor boy from the Wizard World into a hidden giant of wealth, and there are likely not many Primordial Soul Wizards richer than me,"

Levi flickered and headed to the Dusk Holy Temple.

He wished to make an incognito visit to see how everyone had been performing.

Training ground of the holy temple.

Many Level 1 knights were sparring, their combat techniques occasionally enhanced by the flashes of Talent Brands.

"Not bad, looking around, there are already hundreds of Level 1 knights, and the total number of the Knights, now stands at three thousand."

These three thousand were rigorously selected, emphasizing quality over quantity.

Thanks to the inherent superiority of the knights' path and the resources of the holy temple, the success rate of the Dusk Holy Temple Knights advancing to Level 1 was significantly higher than the rate of apprentice wizards becoming official wizards.

Levi mused,

"Such an organization is already capable of overwhelming most middle-level organizations in the Wizard World."

In the temple,

three beams of light shot forth, belonging to the Blood Knight, Divine Light Knight, and Golden Lion Knight stationed at the holy temple.

Chapter 1518: The commander returns at dusk, and the sword extinguishes the Nightmare Black Dragon revealing Divine Power!

They hurried on their way, looking as if some emergency had occurred.

Levi's expression changed, and he silently followed them, complaining in his heart:

"The ancient tower has been closed for several days now. Haven't these guys noticed that I, as the commander, haven't returned? It seems that this home can operate perfectly fine without me."

Levi was not angry but rather somewhat relieved.

This meant that everyone was busy with their duties and not slacking off. As the boss, he liked employees like that.

Generally speaking, if something went wrong on the Ancient Saint plane, it would definitely be near the entrance.

Levi arrived at the site before the Blood Knights.

His Danger Perception hadn't issued any warnings, and it was obvious that the enemies were not strong. With the strength of the Ancient Saint plane, they should be able to cope.

The "Four-Sided Flame World" array he had left behind was still operating inside the entrance of the plane.

To Levi nowadays, this array seemed extremely weak.

"Next, I'll refine two sets of Eight Heavenly Dragon Prison arrays, one outside and one inside, to give the enemies a double surprise."

With the harvest from the ancient tower and forty million Aether Stones,

Levi wouldn't have to worry about materials for arrays for a long time. He was exceedingly bold and powerful.

Recently, the situation in the human realm has become increasingly tense, with Cave Wizards everywhere, which has led to the Ancient Saint plane being invaded much more frequently than before.

Levi concealed his figure, quietly passed through the array, and stepped outside.

Inside the Seven Kings of Hell.

The thundering sounds of spells echoed.

Coral, the blood vampire, Red Eye, and other gatekeepers were jointly attacking a Level 5 Cave Wizard.

Coral still had the cultivation of fourth-circle's Perfection level, while the blood vampire and Red Eye were fourth-circle seniors.

Though they were of lower cultivation, they suppressed the enemy with the help of the array and their numerical advantage... If Levi represented the ceiling of wizard combat strength at his level, then the Cave Wizards were the sewer.

The gap between fourth-circle and fifth-circle was not as insurmountable as between fifth-circle and primordial soul. Relatively speaking, fighting against higher-ranked enemies was quite common. Many top talents could achieve this feat alone.

Elsewhere.

The Feather King and Wing King, two level 5 experts indigenous to the Ancient Saint plane, alongside the combat array composed of Ancient Saints, were facing off against three Level 5 Cave Wizards.

They were under greater pressure because one of these Cave Wizards was at Fifth-Circle Perfection.

The combat strength of Cave Wizards could be considered a notch lower, but with that Fifth-Circle Perfection among them, it posed a significant trouble. This was a gap that even an array couldn't easily compensate for.

Previously, it was because of a Fifth-Circle Perfection wizard that had caused substantial losses to the Senior State Assembly.

Levi didn't rush to take action. He walked around the island and didn't detect other enemies.

"It looks like these are just a few small fries. Without a primordial soul wizard, I fear nothing... but I wonder how strong an Earth Cave Soul Wizard really is?"

Inside Inferno Hell.

The Wing King held a long spear, and the Feather King gripped a shark-tooth-shaped sword.

The level of their combat techniques was exceptional; it was clear they trained diligently.

Levi muttered:

"Compared to them, Lord Cang is too lazy. Next, I'll give him an ultimatum—if he can't advance to level 5 within ten years, he'll be chopped up and fed to the fishes. All he does is breed all day long!"

This Fifth-Circle Perfection wizard named Hilder had a slender build and pale skin. He sneered sinisterly as streams of water twisted towards the Feather King and Wing King.

Explosions of blood qi burst forth from the two Level 5 Ancient Saints, enveloping them and taking the form of "Blood Armor" as they repelled the water with their energy.

The Wing King's armor was black, menacing, and covered in spikes.

The Feather King's armor was golden, splendid, covered with metallic feathers.

"Blood Armor" was essentially "Blood Source Armor."

However, the Ancient Saint Dharmic Formulation and the Knight Breathing Technique were not entirely the same, therefore the Blood Source Armor they created was a relatively low-grade version.

Levi had previously tried to have the Lizardmen cultivate knight's breathing techniques according to the unique bloodlines within them, but the results were not as good as the Ancient Saint Dharmic Formulation.

Thus, he later encouraged the Lizardmen to devote themselves to the Path of the Ancient Saints.

This method researched by Sauron turned out to be the optimal solution for the Lizardmen.

After the eruption of their Blood Armor, the two Ancient Saints' attack and defense power had significantly increased.

They ignored the attack spells of the other two average Cave Wizards, withstanding the hits in their armor, preferring to kill off the weakest first before jointly facing the Perfection wizard.

Hilder, seeing their tactic, scoffed:

"This is the first time I've seen such a trick; once I capture you, I'll study it in detail. Don't struggle in vain. Soon, the legions of the Black Dragon Empire will flatten this place!"

The Feather King retorted with a cold laugh:

"You are the ones who have incurred great trouble. The Emperor is about to return triumphantly from beyond the skies, and you dare to intrude upon the king's territory. You're truly courting death."

Through the Knights, they knew that the Lord Emperor was soon to return from his eminent journey.

With this in mind, they were fearless; if the sky were to fall, the Lord Emperor would hold it up!

Hilder frowned and said: [nøvel.com](http://novel.com)

"Still so tough when death is at your doorstep... The Empire Lord of the Black Dragon Empire is an eighth-circle wizard. You lowly creatures who look at the sky from the bottom of a well can never imagine how powerful he is. Even if your master comes back, he will have to behave with his tail between his legs!"

His Fifth-Circle Perfection spell blasted out, causing the array to tremble repeatedly.

The Feather King and Wing King were forced back, their Blood Armor shattered, revealing their battered bodies.

Just then,

Accompanied by a clear phoenix cry, an elegant and splendid Five-Color Peacock soared across the sky. The Five-colored Divine Light fell, and the wounds of the Feather King and Wing King visibly healed.

Chapter 1519: The commander returns at dusk, and the sword extinguishes the Nightmare Black Dragon revealing Divine Power!

At the same time, a handsome and powerful shadow of a Hast Eagle soared through the sky, fearlessly charging towards the Cave Wizard Levi.

Following that, a golden lion's phantom, caught off guard, collaborated with the Feather King to devour an ordinary Cave Wizard.

The Feather King transformed into golden light, with countless golden feathers forming an invincible greatsword, slashing him to death.

A Fifth-Ring Earth Cave Wizard died on the spot!

The Feather King laughed and said,

"Thank you all for saving the day."

The Blood Knight said,

"We're all brothers here, no need for formalities. Our strength is weaker, so we can't confront them directly. We rely on the two of you to make a move, and we will provide support."

The Wing King laughed and said,

"With the Five-colored Divine Light, that's enough, hahaha!"

The Divine Light Knight had already experienced it. Bathed in Divine Light, even if injured, one could recover rapidly, and combined with the strong physical condition of a Level 5 Ancient Saint, he had worn down that Fifth-Circle Perfection Cave Wizard last time.

Meanwhile.

More and more Ancient Saints rushed to the battlefield. After so many years of development, the number of Ancient Saints in the Senior State Assembly was incomparable to before.

For a moment, Dharma Idols, Talent Brands, combat techniques, and divine weapons shone brilliantly together.

At the Coral Witch's end, another Cave Wizard also fell on the spot, killed by the array.

In the end, only Hilder was left, his expression drastically changing.

He had brought a full three Fifth-Circle Wizards, but they couldn't even breach the enemy's gates and were all counter-killed by two Lizardmen leading a group of Level 4 combatants...

He wondered in his heart,

"What kind of organization is this? Forget it, I'll retreat for now. Let the Black Dragon Army flatten this place. Damn this array, without it, how could they possibly stop me?"

Actually, Hilder felt that by using some secret moves and sacrifices, there was still a chance of victory, but it wasn't worth it.

He waved his hand.

Waterspouts flew out towards the surroundings, clearing everything in their path.

Seizing the opportunity, he quickly rushed towards the outside of the array.

Everyone dodged, except for the Feather King and the Wing King who tore through the waterspouts with combat techniques and chased after him.

"We can't let him escape!"

"Kill him!"

Some controlled the array to block Hilder, others took charge of control, and the Ancient Saints bombarded relentlessly. The last Fifth-Circle Perfection had been captured this way.

However, Hilder's strength was clearly stronger than his opponent.

He waved his hand, and a wall of water appeared, temporarily blocking the Feather King and Wing King.

He sneered and said,

"You're just relying on your numbers and the array, thinking you can defeat me? If I want to leave, you can't stop me! The Black Dragon Army is coming, so you all wait for your death!"

As the words fell.

A clap sounded.

Hilder felt like he had hit a wall of air, his head buzzing.

He turned around.

Just when there had been no one in the void, a figure quietly emerged from the ripples.

He was well-built, dressed in knight armor, wearing a blood-red cloak, his face calm, and his eyes cold.

"And who are you?"

Hilder's expression was frantic. With his Fifth-Circle Perfection Perception, he had not detected the other party approaching. What kind of terrifying strength was this?

Could it be a level six expert?

Was he the Emperor spoken of by the two Lizardmen?

Feeling uneasy, Hilder exploded into thousands of water droplets that splattered everywhere.

The black-armored swordsman suddenly threw a punch.

Boom, boom, boom!

The flurry of punches shattered all the water droplets.

These droplets coalesced together, revealing Hilder's form, who looked terrified. He had just used elementalization, but it had failed...

The opponent hadn't even used a spell to suppress him, which was utterly inconceivable! This person was definitely a level six expert!

Levi's figure flickered and disappeared from the spot. When he reappeared, his hand was already gripping Hilder's neck.

With a light punch, he knocked him out, set up a spell restriction, sealed his cultivation, and tossed him aside.

He said lightly,

"Lock him up. I will interrogate him next."

Seeing this scene.

The knights, the Ancient Saints, the gatekeepers, all their faces lit up with joy.

The Golden Lion Knight laughed heartily and rushed over, hugging Levi.

"Commander, you're finally back!"

Divine Light Knight Denise stood still, her beautiful eyes shocked and her mouth slightly open, evidently still not recovered from the simple yet powerful punches moments earlier.

"Commander..."

This figure was the commander that the Knights had been yearning for day and night.

Although they could meet through projected videos, it was still not the same as meeting in person.

It was like Levi returning home during the Lunar New Year in his past life.

Even the normally composed Blood Knight was somewhat excited.

"Sixty-six years, a mortal's lifetime has passed... Commander, you're finally back."

Levi laughed and said,

"Indeed, it's been a long time. Seeing that everyone is alright, I'm relieved."

Then, Levi continued,

"I should really give everyone a break now, to properly celebrate... But some unwelcome guests are about to pay a visit. Let's deal with the enemy first, then set up a feast and have a good chat."

Upon hearing this.

The Feather King's expression grew solemn as he said,

"Commander, shall I call all the Ancient Saints?"

The previous invasions had been minor skirmishes involving nomadic Cave Wizards, but today seemed to promise a blood battle.

Levi said,

"Yes."

He woke Hilder up, and upon seeing Levi, Hilder's heart trembled.

"Who are you? I am the commander of the Black Dragon Empire's 17th Legion. Release me at once!"

Levi sighed.

Chapter 1520: The commander returns at dusk, the sword destroys the Nightmare Black Dragon revealing Divine Power!

"It seems that you Cave Wizards have been living underground for too long and still haven't grasped the current situation..."

He grabbed Hilder's head, and the power of the Scarlet Dragon surged into it.

A moment later.

Hilder was already bonded by the Scarlet Contract. Now, Levi had two contract slots left, which were perfect for interrogating enemies.

Hilder told Levi all the intelligence he had on the Black Dragon Empire, without holding anything back.

After questioning, Levi gently twisted off Hilder's head, sending him to his death.

The others watched Levi nervously. Seeing that Levi was not panicking, they also felt somewhat reassured.

They also wondered what level of power the current commander had reached.

Levi pondered.

From the current situation, the entire Black Dragon Empire was a major military empire, similar to the Amethyst civilization.

The empire had twenty-four legions, each led by a Sixth-Circle Wizard.

In addition, there were four Generals with Seven-Ring Cultivation, each commanding six legions.

At the top was the lord of the Black Dragon Empire, the Black Dragon Wizard Needle.

Although this person was a Cave Wizard, his strength was formidable, after all, he was a dragon descendant, and he practiced both body refinement and spellcraft.

Overall, strictly in terms of the number of primordial souls, the strength of the Black Dragon Empire was sufficient to contend with a top wizard organization openly.

Consider that the Witch's Family openly has only thirteen primordial soul witches.

Hilder was a major team leader of the 17th Legion.

Upon discovering this place, he had already communicated with other team leaders of the legion; the legion had dispatched three major team leaders to help him take down what appeared to be an entrance to a secret realm.

As for the legion commanders, they had not yet personally entered the battle. Perhaps they were still wary of the Wizard Council.

Once forces above level 6 began to enter the fray en masse, it would truly escalate the situation, likely leading to a relentless, irreconcilable conflict.

Thus, whether it was the war between dark and righteous wizards or the Black Dragon Empire's war against the Church in the human realm, both primarily dragged on through cannon fodder.

In fact, the fierce war between dark and righteous wizards that lasted a hundred years had seen, in total, only about a dozen combatants above level 6 perish.

Levi said:

"Next, a large wizard legion will come as our enemy. Go and bring all the combat members of your own forces who are above level 3 here to prepare for battle."

Levi was intent on using this war to test the military strength of the Ancient Saint plane.

The Blood Knight and Feather King both nodded, and the commands were swiftly carried out.

The Ancient Dragon Empire and the Dusk Holy Temple, both charged with combat, were promptly mobilized.

The Giant Beast Paradise, mainly responsible for logistics, held back most of its members except for some powerful Spiritual Wizards who joined the battle.

Everyone was thrilled to know that their commander had returned.

They had been honing their skills in the Ancient Saint Plane for a long time, their blades untested.

Now was also the time to demonstrate their capabilities in front of their commander, a great opportunity to achieve distinction.

During peaceful times, various organizations in the Ancient Saint plane had devised a comprehensive and practical wartime rewards policy.

Whether it was teams or individuals making the kill, it was possible to allocate military honors according to war recordings, fairly.

For this purpose, the Ancient Saint plane had specifically purchased a batch of war recording Wizard Tools and merit calculating Wizard Tools from the Wizard World.

In Civil Wars or organizational trials, achievements were primarily determined this way.

Before long.

Two battle groups, aboard their respective airships, arrived grandly at the plane entrance to be inspected by Levi.

Levi looked at the soldiers disembarking from the airships, his expression dignified.

On the Knights' side, those above level 3 were few and far between; the group mainly consisted of members of the 18 Twilight Cavalry who were stationed at the headquarters, along with some from the fur clan.

The commander of the fur clan was Algerta, whom he had not seen for many years. She was now level 4, though not listed under the Dusk Holy Temple, but rather separately organized.

Seeing Levi, Algerta looked somewhat nervous, feeling a sense of trepidation as she drew near her homeland, her fluffy tail drooping.

"Not bad, Algerta, you are almost reaching the upper limit of the Primordial Ancestor..."

Algerta's bloodline originated from the Silver Frost Wolf.

Judging from the third-rate shallow quality of the Frost Wolf Breathing Technique, this creature was essentially a rank five transcendent creature, perhaps level 6 at most... but there might be some unique aspects to it.

Algerta had initially cultivated the breathing technique at an extremely fast pace, and Levi speculated that she might indeed be a direct descendant of the Frost Wolf. Her reaching level 4 now was not surprising to him.

Suddenly curious, Levi wondered if a breathing technique, cultivated to its limit without evolving, would directly result in a return to ancestry?

For his own breathing technique, reaching its ultimate limit was still far away.

He could consider using Algerta as an observation subject in the future.

The former Tiger tribe Tiga and Lion tribe Simba were also now level 3 knights, while the Black Panther, having failed to break through, had aged and died, respectfully buried by its peers.

Apart from these three, the other fur clan knights were far from reaching level 3.

Compared to the knights, the Ancient Dragon Empire, which had developed for much longer, boasted many more level 3 powerhouses.

A well-prepared Lizardman Battle Group of three hundred individuals awaited orders.

Levi looked around at the numerous familiar and unfamiliar faces, and, drawing Excalibur, he declared aloud:

"Today, our homeland will face the most brutal battle in history. I won't ask everyone to be ready to die... I only hope that all of you, for our organization, for yourselves, fight bravely against the enemy and survive in the cruel world!"