

Sixth Ring Wizard

Chapter 16: Chapter 16: Bloodline Curse

Baron Buck put away the anger on his face; he had no doubt about Emil's words.

Anyone might deceive him, but Emil could not.

"Traitor? Hmm, I know, there have always been traitors in the castle. But... what can he do to me?" Baron Buck stood on the high platform, surveying the surroundings with oppressive eyes, no one dared to meet his gaze.

He had relied not on the number of guards but on his own Great Knight strength to lord over Dur Valley for so many years.

Clop! Clop! Clop!

A strange sound of hooves echoed in the quiet banquet hall, sounding much like horse hooves, yet upon closer listening, it was different.

A brown-haired man in a black robe appeared in the banquet riding a strange creature, which was hairless with silver-white skin and had bat-like wings on its back.

The brown-haired man had a simple face, covered with freckles, and he smiled: "Sorry for being late; I was handling casting materials. I'm Malcolm O'Neal, from Green Cottage."

Malcolm dismounted from the creature and patted its head encouragingly, saying, "Well done, go now."

Seeing the strange looks from the people around, he laughed: "Oh, most of you probably haven't seen it; it's called a Night Steed, a creature visible only to those who have faced death. How cute, right?"

The surroundings were silent as the grave; no one spoke, as most looked at him with eyes full of fear.

Malcolm had suddenly appeared in an empty place, as if he rode the Night Steed out of the void.

"Wizard?" Baron Buck, like facing a great enemy, asked with a heavy expression.

Malcolm smiled at Baron Buck: "Yes, I am a Level 1 Wizard from Green Cottage. But you probably don't know what Green Cottage is, nor who Malcolm is, so you don't fear me. For example, you can still talk to me; that's nice."

"After all, you are merely locals of Carlson Continent. Did you know, Carlson Continent is only as big as my little fingertip on the map? Oh, and you might not even know the name of the land you're standing on. Ah, I'm telling you these things, but business is urgent."

As he spoke, he rubbed two fingers on his left hand, producing a transparent crystal ball.

"You are Buck Salara, right?" Malcolm asked courteously.

Baron Buck remained composed and replied, "That's me."

"Oh, good." Malcolm nodded, awkwardly rubbing his head, "I'm sorry, but I'm commissioned to exterminate your entire family, so sorry."

With those words, the atmosphere became as silent as death; Malcolm spoke so naturally, like having a chat before destroying an ant nest.

"What will compel you to spare me, spare my family? Whatever Simon gave you, I'll give you double!" Baron Buck clenched his fists tightly, sweat already beading on his forehead.

Malcolm sighed: "It's impossible; what he gave, you can't match because he offered his soul to me, a soul willing to be enslaved. Someone as strong-willed as you couldn't possibly be willing to be a slave, right?"

"Soul?" Baron Buck wondered if he had misheard.

"Indeed, and it's a soul with extreme hatred towards you. Such a soul is excellent casting material, and fortunately, it allows me to test if my spell model is flawless." Malcolm said excitedly, gesturing enthusiastically.

No one dared to interrupt him, even the birds in the surrounding woods halted their calls.

After his excitement subsided, Malcolm looked around, somewhat embarrassed: "Ah, I spoke too much again, delaying the time; my apologies. Shall we begin, Mr. Buck?"

"I won't sit idly by waiting to die!" Buck drew his longsword and struck first.

That strike was a full effort from a Great Knight; Herag, by merely using his eyes, couldn't grasp Buck's drawing and striking movements.

If he were facing that strike, even with Shenlan's warning, he wouldn't react in time; the speed was simply too fast.

However, after Buck rushed forward, he remained frozen in mid-air with his striking posture unchanged, even his expression fixed.

Malcolm shrugged, spread his hands, and the crystal ball floated to Buck's face, then he said: "Savages are always so rude, impulsive."

"Although time is limited, I must introduce my spell to you: Bloodline Curse, which can wipe out all those within three generations related by blood to the target. My spell requires the target's entire blood, and a soul that harbors extreme hatred for the target, willing to sign a soul contract with me. All these conditions are indispensable, and I hadn't expected to meet these criteria so quickly."

"Initially, when Simon approached me with the token, I thought of dismissing him casually. Unexpectedly, he harbored such deep hatred towards you, perfect for completing my spell experiment, so here I am."

"Now, let's begin!"

Malcolm spread his hands, muttering softly. The crystal ball spun rapidly, then ceased moving.

Baron Buck's mouth opened, but his appearance was odd, as if something forced his mouth open.

"Warning! Strong Magical Source detected!"

In Herag's eyes, the situation grew increasingly terrifying.

Malcolm was engulfed in immense magic power, his entire being wrapped in a massive amount of magic.

The crystal ball extended a magic-formed pillar directly into Baron Buck's mouth.

Soon after, Buck's entire blood began rushing through the magically formed tube towards the crystal ball.

The transparent crystal ball quickly turned red as Buck's blood continuously streamed into it.

The crystal ball appeared small but seemed eternally unfillable, taking in as much blood as available.

The once burly Buck soon turned into skin and bones, shrinking significantly.

The scene intensely impacted everyone present.

Ah!!

Only then did the crowd begin to scream and flee, enveloped in overwhelming terror.

"Too naive, we were too naive..."

Herag, watching the scene before him, suddenly found everything experienced before laughably absurd.

Baron Buck thought an alliance with the Duke of Tulip could save him from this disaster, but to a Wizard, perhaps even the King is but an ant.

Who would care about an ant's views?

"My Lord Baron!" Emil's anger overshadowed his fear as he drew his longsword intending to charge forward.

Melissa, on the high platform, also wanted to rush out to embrace her father, but she fell to the ground due to weak legs.

Chapter 17: Chapter 17: Blood Relatives

"Too noisy, quiet down, Conertmans!"

Malcolm muttered a spell in an unknown language, and everyone present was frozen in place, unable to speak or move.

He said with some dissatisfaction, "Magic is the most perfect art, and watching an artistic performance requires silence."

"Detected magical restraint, attempting to break it with magic power," Shenlan suggested.

"No need, hold your current position," Herag instructed, knowing that forcibly breaking the restraint now would definitely catch Malcolm's attention, which would be suicidal.

"Hmm... the blood is drained, time for the next step."

Baron Buck, suspended in mid-air, fell to the ground, a pile of flesh and bones barely recognizable as human.

Malcolm then took out a test tube and, removing the cork, let a shadow squeeze out.

The shadow, naked and distorted, stared intently at the ground where Baron Buck lay.

"This must be Lord Simon, whom Malcolm claimed was willing, but was likely forced into consent," Herag thought to himself.

Simon's soul was unrecognizable, clearly tormented.

He had sought the help of a wizard with an artifact, only to suffer such torment.

"Wizards..." Herag gained a new understanding of this group.

"Shenlan, ensure every detail is recorded."

"Recording in progress..."

Herag had always wanted a way to embark on the path of a wizard, but the existence of a wizard right before him was out of reach.

He merely wanted to become a wizard, not seek death, and it was clear Malcolm didn't see those present as human.

"The final step..."

Malcolm poured Simon's soul from the test tube into a crystal ball, where it flowed in liquid form, mixing with Baron Buck's blood.

The two lifelong enemies could never have imagined that one day their souls and blood would blend together.

After the soul and blood mixed, Malcolm muttered something rapidly, and the crystal ball began to burn, flames of bright red erupting.

Malcolm watched the flames with ecstatic joy, "Perfect! A perfect piece of art! This is the perfect Bloodline Curse."

He glanced around, "From now on, within three generations of Buck's bloodline, they will gradually die. It's a curse no medicine can cure, and the rate of death depends on individual health."

"It's a pity I won't have time to record and observe this data. There are too few ships passing by the Coleson Continent, any further delay and I'll miss my chance," Malcolm said regretfully.

He snapped his fingers to summon the Night Steed, mounted it, and bowed to those around him, "Thank you all for watching my performance, until we meet again!"

The Night Steed spread its wings, gradually disappearing into the clouds.

"The magical restraint has disappeared."

After Malcolm's departure, everyone present regained their freedom, and chaos erupted once again.

Many screamed, rushing out of the castle, and in their haste, many fell, crawling desperately towards the castle gates, fixated on leaving the place.

On the high platform, Baron Buck's two youngest sons wailed in agony.

Their bodies were covered with blood-red patterns, clawing at their heads until their flesh bled, oblivious to the pain, their expressions filled with despair.

"Kot! Jim!"

Melissa noticed their unusual state and ran over, screaming, to hold her two brothers.

"Melissa... Sister..." Kot and Jim suddenly bled from all seven orifices, collapsing limply.

"Ah!" Melissa held her two brothers in agony, crying bitterly.

Soon after, Baron Buck's sister, youngest daughter, uncle, and others began to exhibit blood-red patterns all over their bodies.

Without exception, they all bled from their orifices and died.

Melissa sat weakly on the ground, watching as her relatives fell one by one, overwhelmed by grief and despair.

"Melissa!" Emil ran over, hugging Melissa tightly.

Herag followed, noting the peculiarity that although Melissa was unharmed by the blood-red patterns.

"Emil... I..." Melissa looked at Emil, crying more sorrowfully than ever.

Her expression suddenly turned to terror, "Emil... you..."

"What's wrong?" Emil asked in confusion.

Blood-red patterns started appearing slowly over Emil's entire body, identical to those on Baron Buck's kindred who collapsed.

"I..." Emil stared at his hands, terror and confusion filling his heart.

Herag quickly checked Emil's condition, "Why do you have the Bloodline Curse patterns? Are you within three generations of blood kin to Baron Buck? Miss Melissa is unharmed, which means she lacks a blood relationship with him, but Emil, you're actually related by blood to Baron Buck."

Emil and Melissa were thrown into confusion.

Emil said, "I'm an orphan, taken in by Lord Baron Buck..."

Understanding dawned on him — Baron Buck had deceived him. It was likely he was Buck's son.

And Melissa, for unknown reasons, wasn't Buck's daughter.

"Why is this?" Melissa looked at her still fair hands, thoroughly baffled.

The answers possibly lay only with the pile of bones that was once Baron Buck.

Or perhaps, not even he knew Melissa wasn't actually his biological daughter.

"The noble circle is truly tangled..." Herag remarked with exasperated resignation.

"Cough... cough..." Emil began to cough violently, spitting out blood.

"Emil!" Melissa expressed utter despair.

The sight made Herag think of Nicholas's pocket watch, which contained the Holy Healing Technique capable of dispelling curses.

He hastily retrieved his pocket watch, "Shenlan, channel the magic power into the watch."

"Channeling, 1% complete..."

"10% complete..."

The pocket watch remained unresponsive.

"23% complete..."

The pocket watch was still inactive, and Herag began to worry.

Now he feared that if his total magic power was insufficient to operate the watch, Emil would be beyond salvation.

"33% complete..."

"45% complete..."

Just then, the pocket watch emitted a gentle white light, drawing the attention of Emil and Melissa.

"Isn't this... that pocket watch..."

A woman's ethereal silhouette appeared above the watch, sporting a pair of white wings.

As the figure gazed at Emil, she slowly opened her mouth, releasing a beam of white light.

The light dispersed into a white mist, drifting onto Emil and merging into his body.

The blood-red patterns covering Emil's body began to fade, growing lighter until they vanished entirely.

The silhouette on the watch gradually dissipated as well.

Chapter 18: Chapter 18: Chaos

Herag put away the pocket watch; this Holy Healing Technique was even more powerful than he imagined.

Such a terrifying bloodline curse was actually dispelled as well.

Casting the Holy Healing Technique once consumed 45% of his magic power, and he had just enough left in his body to cast it one more time.

"This is..." Emil thought he was sure to die.

Herag explained, "There is a spell on this pocket watch that can just dispel the curse."

"I see, it seems that magic isn't entirely that horrible." Emil's mood had not yet recovered; everything he had just experienced was enough to cast a shadow over his life.

There was almost no one around anymore, only a ground full of corpses.

Other parts of the castle were very chaotic, with shouts of killing and cries.

A tree falls and the monkeys scatter.

After Baron Buck fell, apart from those who had originally ambushed outside, even the guards and servants inside the castle were rushing to carry away the valuable things inside.

In the entire castle, except for Melissa, all of Baron Buck's blood relatives were dead, which was equivalent to no owner.

And Melissa was still in immense grief now, and it was unclear if she could ever recover in this lifetime.

"Melissa, let's bury Lord Baron and the others first." Emil composed himself and decided not to bother about the others.

The dead were already gone, and treasures were not important; the most important thing now was to comfort Melissa.

"I'll go check on Old Henry, and I'll come find you later." After Herag greeted them, he went to the back garden.

The situation was so chaotic now, Old Henry couldn't move, and Herag was afraid he might encounter danger.

Along the way, Herag met many frantic people. Not a few guards had bars of gold and pearl necklaces held in their arms, and they glanced at Herag guiltily. Seeing Herag saying nothing, they hurriedly ran off with their heads down.

"Help...no..."

As Herag passed by a room, he discovered a guard inside raping a maid; the maid's clothes were already torn to pieces.

"You looked down on me before! You even rejected me when I pursued you..." The guard's face was full of malice.

Herag silently took down the longbow from his back and shot an arrow through the window, taking the guard's life.

The maid, gasping for breath, looked towards the window, only to see the back of Herag leaving.

The room filled with a strong scent of blood, and the maid clutched her chest and fled; the guard lay on his back in a pool of blood.

Such scenes were happening all over the castle, a complete chaos.

On the path to the back garden, Herag also saw a guard's corpse, with some pearls scattered beside it, indicating a fight over property.

In the back garden, a person hurried out, and when Herag looked closely, it was Mary, who took care of Old Henry.

"Mary!" Herag shouted.

Mary shuddered in fright, looking even more alarmed when she saw Herag; she turned and fled.

An old lady like her couldn't outrun Herag; it only took him two steps to catch up with her.

"Why are you running? Where is Old Henry?" Herag demanded.

Mary's eyes were shifty, not daring to look at Herag, "He... he fell asleep."

"Asleep? Come with me to check." Herag grabbed Mary's neck and walked her towards the back garden.

Inside the house, the bow still hung on the wall, and Old Henry lay on the bed, looking indeed as if he were asleep.

A cup of wine was placed beside the bed, seemingly the wine given out today.

As Herag approached, he realized Old Henry was already without breath.

"How did he die?" Herag asked.

"He... he..." Mary stammered nervously, "He had a cup of wedding wine this morning, and then he fell asleep. I didn't pay it any mind. Later on, when chaos erupted in the castle, I went to call him and found out he had already passed away."

"Shenlan, detect the cause of death."

"Detection complete: natural death, no possibility of murder."

Herag felt somewhat relieved, at least he passed away without pain.

"You may go." Herag released Mary.

Mary backed away while constantly watching Herag, afraid he'd suddenly start killing.

Outside, many footsteps were approaching, along with a voice Herag found somewhat familiar.

"Melissa isn't dead, I don't know why she survived. Come on, I'll lead the way; she's currently only with Emil. Master David, tonight you can lay your enemy's daughter under you."

"Housekeeper Ivan's voice." Herag climbed onto the back garden roof and observed.

Ivan, with a fawning expression, followed behind a young blonde man, and behind them was a team of fully armed men.

Among this group were a full four Knight Level experts.

Herag quickly reached the banquet square via the rooftops; Emil and Melissa had just finished tending to their dead kin.

"Emil, Ivan is bringing..." Herag relayed what he had seen.

"David? That should be Simon's eldest son; I'm going to kill him!" Melissa said, emotionally charged.

Emil held her and said, "You hide first; Herag and I will handle this."

Melissa surprisingly calmed down: "I'll wait for you."

She knew she couldn't be of any help and forced herself to stay composed.

Herag leaped onto the rooftop, finding a suitable sniping position.

Emil hid atop another roof, ready to react to the situation.

David led a group swaggering in, his face filled with pride.

With Baron Buck, the Great Knight dead, he thought no one could threaten him.

"Our families have fought for over a hundred years, and in the end, we have won, hahaha!" David couldn't help but laugh.

They had sacrificed only one person, but on Buck's side, it was utter annihilation.

Herag was concealed on a distant rooftop, his bowstring taut, the arrow glimmers with cold light.

To be safe, he even poison-coated the arrow.

The arrow whistled out; David, who was still laughing, was completely unaware of the impending danger.

The knight behind him sensed some danger but couldn't pinpoint its origin.

The knight raised his hand, intending to warn David: "Master..."

An arrow pierced through David's throat, blood splattering.

"Master!" The four knights quickly surrounded and protected David.

But at this point, it was too late; David pointed at the sky, unable to utter a word before collapsing.

"Ugh..."

Housekeeper Ivan clutched his throat in horror, blood bubbling from his mouth, and he fell too.

"Take cover!" someone shouted.

The crowd began to disperse, each seeking shelter.

It was at this moment that Emil descended from the rooftop, with Herag providing long-range support; they were already very familiar with this coordination.

With Herag's hundred percent accurate archery, combined with Emil's extremely powerful melee ability, this group was completely outmatched.

Just ten minutes later, Herag put away the Fine Steel Bow and joined Emil in cleaning up the battlefield, ensuring none remained who hadn't been fully dealt with.

Chapter 19: Chapter 19: Departure

"Captain Emil!" Guard Jimmy rushed over with eight others.

The group was covered in blood, and some were injured, appearing to have just been through a fierce battle.

Herag asked, "You didn't leave?"

Jimmy laughed, "We're not like those heartless folks, just took out some of Behard's men. We have nowhere else to go, might as well continue following Captain Emil."

Emil didn't speak; he hugged each of the guards one by one.

"Let's first bury the Lord and the others," Emil said after a moment of silence.

Jimmy asked, "What about those who stole the stuff?"

"We need to leave here quickly. With the Lord gone, the ownership of Dur Valley is uncertain, but it certainly won't fall to Miss Melissa. If Miss Melissa stays here, she will be in danger as she obstructs the interest distribution," Emil explained.

Everything of Baron Buck's family was dead, and the barony title was non-transferable, but the existing wealth could be inherited by Melissa.

Judging from the Bloodline Curse spell, Melissa is likely not the biological daughter of Baron Buck, while Emil might be.

But none of that matters anymore.

Melissa is a nominal heir; who actually inherits depends on the power struggles among the parties involved.

Melissa now has neither strength nor influence, and just surviving would be challenging enough. She can't hope to compete for the land, mines, and other wealth of the territory.

Jimmy and these few knights choosing to follow is actually quite a risky decision.

If someone decides to get rid of Melissa, they would all die with her.

Herag returned to the rear garden, glanced at the well-tended flowers and plants, and sighed, "Old Henry, I don't have time to help you with these plants. In a short time, there probably won't be a new owner for the castle; let these plants grow wild."

Old Henry had long prepared a coffin for himself, and Herag carefully carried it out from a shed, gently placing Old Henry inside.

Herag glanced at the longbow on the wall, thought for a moment, then took it down and placed it into the coffin as well.

While sorting through Old Henry's belongings, Herag discovered that the silver coins he had given him before were all kept in a pouch, none spent.

The back hill of the castle.

Herag's group dug a series of pits here, burying Baron Buck's family and Old Henry.

"The Tomb of Henry Brand"

Herag erected a gravestone for Old Henry, fulfilling a promise he made when he first borrowed a bow.

At the foot of the hill, three carriages were already parked.

Melissa was directing the guards to categorize and load the items onto the carriages.

She appeared composed, only her eyes remained red.

A lot of the castle's valuables were plundered, but some hidden caches remained known only to direct descendants like Melissa.

These assets would afford her a wealthy life for the rest of her days, but she clearly didn't just want to be a wealthy woman.

Once everything was prepared, the convoy set out.

Herag and Emil rode at the front, while Melissa lay asleep in the carriage.

She hadn't slept since the previous day, utterly exhausted in body and mind.

"How long to reach Nosentan Academy from here?" Herag asked.

Emil replied, "If things go smoothly, about three months."

"Three months—a long journey indeed." Herag looked forward, the path ahead uncertain.

Their journey was to Nosentan Academy in Pearl Province, seeking the protection of Melissa's mentor, Master Claude.

Melissa and Claude truly shared a mentor-student relationship, not a superficial one maintained by money.

Across the entire Norton Kingdom, Claude was a revered figure, taking Melissa as a student due to her exceptional talent.

In the end, Baron Buck was merely a baron, but the stature difference with Claude was vast.

In the current situation, only Claude could protect Melissa.

Herag, watching the sunset on the horizon, said, "After I help you reach Nosentan, I'll be leaving."

Emil was surprised, "Leaving? Where are you going?"

"I don't know, but I want to become a wizard, so I'll search for clues when the time comes," Herag said with determined eyes.

After recent events, Herag yearned more than ever to grow stronger and become a wizard.

He didn't want his fate controlled by others; even the Great Knight of Baron Buck was powerless against a wizard.

Herag would never forget Malcolm's gaze on everyone that day; it was as if looking at insects.

"Then you could ask Master Claude when the time comes; he's the most learned person in the Norton Kingdom," Emil suggested.

Visiting Master Claude was indeed one of Herag's goals; more importantly, he wanted to explore the Nosentan Academy library.

Having been in this world so long, Shenlan still hadn't had much substantial knowledge input.

Shenlan's database was currently empty, lacking information about the world's history, culture, and geography.

Herag specifically asked Melissa, and Nosentan Academy was the only place in the country with a library, storing a vast collection of books.

As the convoy traveled, the local people stopped to watch by the roadside.

Some put their fists over their hearts, soon followed by everyone doing the same, seeing off Melissa's convoy.

The events at the castle were no secret; Melissa had become the sole survivor.

When Baron Buck was alive, he wasn't harsh to the people in the territory, at least ensuring none would starve to death.

With the lord now dead, the future leadership was uncertain; whether it would be better than Baron Buck was also unknown.

Initially, Jimmy and his companions had composed themselves, but witnessing this scene brought inevitable sadness to their hearts.

This was the place where they grew up; leaving this time most likely meant not returning.

Melissa grew increasingly calm these days, but anyone could see she was holding back a fire, likely wanting to restore the family's glory.

She didn't care whether she was Baron Buck's biological child; it didn't matter. She would always be part of the Sara Family.

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Half a month later, deep in the night.

The convoy camped overnight in an open area, Herag lay on a haystack gazing at the sky.

As long as the sky was clear, the stars could be seen at night; the countless stars never ceased to amaze him.

He lay there for a while, unable to sleep, so he took out a pocket watch to play with.

When he opened the watch, the hands inside were still ticking.

"This tower feels a bit strange..." Herag stared at the hexagonal tower in the background, inexplicably attracted to it.

Chapter 20: Chapter 20: Starry Sky Meditation Technique

Herag had a sudden idea: "Shenlan, is there magic power on the watch?"

"There is 4% magic power, it has been marked, would you like to absorb it?"

He was a little puzzled: "I remember I had absorbed the magic power on the watch, why is there 4% again now?"

After Shenlan marked the magic power, Herag saw countless blue dots on the watch's dial, continuously changing and flickering.

"Shenlan, record all the changes of these dots and see if there is any pattern."

"Recording underway..."

Herag observed for a long time. There were a total of 1000 dots on the dial, each flickering with some dots having magic power while others did not, forming a different array map each time.

"There must be some hidden information..."

For people in this world, it might be difficult to understand that information could be expressed in this way. But Herag had received higher education, and he studied computer cryptography in university.

One hour later.

"Dot array information has been fully recorded, there are 1000 dots, and 1000 array maps."

Shenlan recorded every different array map completely. After these thousand array maps flickered once, they started over from the first one.

In Herag's view, a thousand distinct array maps were arranged in front of him.

He observed these figures and thought to himself: "What is the pattern here..."

"Shenlan, superimpose these array maps using the rule of even elimination and odd preservation."

The so-called even elimination and odd preservation involved superimposing all these array maps together, and whether each dot spot had magic power depended on whether its count was even or odd.

If it was even, erase this dot spot, if odd, retain this dot spot, thus obtaining the final array map.

"Array map processing completed." Shenlan provided the processed composite array map.

Herag observed for a while and then said, "Shenlan, can these dot spots form a single stroke?"

"Yes, a single stroke is as follows." Shenlan demonstrated through animation how to connect these dot spots into a single stroke.

"I understand. Shenlan, control my body's magic power along this single stroke route to link the dots on the watch together."

Herag did not yet know how to use his internal magic power, so he had to rely on Shenlan to do it for him.

Shenlan controlled the internal magic power, inputting it into the watch, and the magic power started from the first dot, transforming into a winding line, eventually forming a single-stroke image.

The moment the magic power completed the single stroke, a stream of information entered Herag's mind.

"Congratulations on solving the little puzzle I set! Your ability to solve this puzzle shows that you are observant, think diligently, and have an excellent mind. We at the Sixth

Ring Tower welcome outstanding wizards like yourself to join. You can use this watch to join the Sixth Ring Tower."

"At the same time, I will teach you the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, which is unique to the Sixth Ring Tower. Of course, if you already have a better meditation method, you can use your own; the Starry Sky Meditation Technique can serve as a reference. Excellent meditation techniques always have their unique aspects."

"Nicholas Carlos Camby, Radiant Calendar 1024."

The teaching of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique was also conducted in the form of information flow, eliminating the language barrier, making it easier for Herag to comprehend.

After receiving the teaching of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, he gained more understanding about wizards and meditation methods.

The Starry Sky Meditation Technique explained the practice method of meditation, as well as some basic knowledge about wizards.

People who practice meditation methods but have not yet become official wizards are all called wizard apprentices. Wizard apprentices are classified from low to high as First-Class Apprentice, Second-Class Apprentice, and Third-Class Apprentice.

Each stage has precise and strict requirements for spiritual power, and advancement to the next stage requires meeting the spiritual power standard and going through a ceremony.

The second-class advancement ceremony for wizard apprentices generally involves taking some magic potions to help break through.

There are many types of meditation methods, each with different meditation techniques, but the principle is the same.

Through meditation, people sense the surrounding energy wandering between heaven and earth, absorbing and converting it into their own magic power to enhance their spiritual power.

People who can perceive wandering energy are those who have wizard potential.

When Herag first encountered "unknown radiation energy," Shenlan had hinted that it was compatible with his constitution.

It was just that at that time, Herag did not understand how to absorb and utilize these energies, so he had Shenlan handle it.

There are varying levels of wizard potential, the difference is that those with high potential absorb faster, use more efficiently, and practice quicker.

Those with low potential often remain stuck at the First-Class Apprentice stage due to inefficient absorption and utilization, leading to slow spiritual power growth.

Herag did not know his potential, as he did not have the means to test it nor did he have any standards for reference.

"Thinking about this now is meaningless, better to try this Starry Sky Meditation Technique first."

The meditation technique of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique is quite special, where the meditator needs to look up at the starry sky, find a star at random, and then observe and meditate, materializing this star in their mind.

Once the meditation on a star is completed, one can be considered to have started, thus stepping onto the threshold of a First-Class Apprentice.

The Starry Sky Meditation Technique has an extremely high upper limit, theoretically possessing infinite improvement potential.

The more stars you can meditate, the stronger your spiritual power will be.

When the number of meditated stars reaches a certain level, the stars will form a star map with additional effects, but that is not something Herag needs to worry about now.

What Herag needs now is to complete the meditation of the first star, then this star will become his source of magic power, allowing him to draw magic power from it during daily meditation.

"Herag Merlin: Power 2.0, Agility 1.6, Constitution 2.2, Spirit 2.5, Magic Power 55%."

Herag once again looked at the attribute panel, finally understanding the role of spiritual power.

If he considered himself a container of magic power, spiritual power determined the size of this container.

The higher the spiritual power, the more magic power can be stored and utilized, also impacting casting speed, magic strength, etc.

"Then, which star to start with?"

Herag looked at the starry sky, a sky full of stars. These stars were different from those of the previous world, making them unrecognizable.

He chose a brighter, seemingly larger star and began to meditate.

Herag attentively observed that star, in accordance with the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, trying to imprint it in his mind.

After a whole night, Herag opened his eyes; the image of the star was already a silhouette in his mind, some distance from completion.

"Too bad there isn't Meteor Grass to assist, otherwise the speed should be a bit faster." Herag sighed.

General meditation methods have corresponding aiding potions that can speed up the meditative process and improve efficiency.

The Starry Sky Meditation Technique requires an herb called Meteor Grass, which typically grows on fallen meteorites.