

Wizard 1891

Chapter 1891: For the greater good, kill it!

He harrumphed coldly, exuding a fascinating aura of authority that loomed over the female staff member.

The witch was sweating profusely, and said in a low voice:

"Senior, please calm down, this is headquarters."

Suddenly, a gentle breeze-like momentum swept in, dispelling the fiery aura of the Fiery Flame Servant.

Levi said with a smile that was not quite a smile.

"Senior, keep cool."

The Fiery Flame Servant looked at Levi, fell silent for a moment, and then turned and left.

Levi stood with his arms folded, thinking that Gorwin was indeed too arrogant.

Compared to him, the Electric Eel Wizard was just a little brother.

At least, on the surface, the Electric Eel Wizard was still a humble and courteous gentleman.

The witch sighed in relief, and with a slight sense of grievance, she gratefully said:

"Thank you, Senior Levi."

Levi said:

"Are you alright?"

The witch smiled and said:

"I'm used to it."

As a Fifth-Circle Wizard, being a civil servant in the Central Realm where powerful masters were abound was no easy feat.

It's obvious that harassment by sons of the Heavenly Dragon Tribe like Gorwin wasn't uncommon.

Levi, with 500 million Aether Stones, headed off to the next destination.

His personal visit to the Central Realm was to meet a significant figure.

...

Realm of Crimson.

Norn City of the Nine Cities Alliance.

The Fierce Sun Tower loomed over the masses in the city, casting a large shadow – oppressive, heavy.

Inside the wizard tower.

Gorwin's eyes were shrouded in darkness.

"This Levi, must be dealt with quickly. Although the Water General is a Cave Wizard, after all, she is of the seven-circle."

In the Void.

A giant fiery face emerged, exuding a terrifying eighth-circle momentum as its booming voice of anger spread.

"Gorwin! What are you doing? I received a notification saying you threatened a Fifth-Circle junior at the Bounty Department? I never should have allowed you to inherit the wizard tower!"

The Fiery Flame Servant said:

"The Bounty Department was giving Levi a backdoor deal, I couldn't stand it, why can he collect the bounty in advance and I can't?"

The flame-faced figure said:

"Ah, Gorwin, you really disappoint me. I just received word that the family will send you to a Federation Plane under the congress, go there and make a decent life for yourself. If there's a chance, you can return to the Central Realm. If not, you can still enjoy life there, can't you?"

The Fiery Flame Servant's expression changed.

"The Federation Plane? Why should I, a proud seven-circle wizard, be demoted to such a remote area?"

Now in the Great Nora Era, everyone was here looking for opportunities, advancing swiftly; naturally, he didn't want to leave.

The flame-faced figure continued:

"You are a Child of the Fire Element and possess an exceptionally excellent Special Talent, the arsonist.

Dual Fire Talent is your edge and also your innate flaw.

Unless you can rise against destiny like a Legendary Wizard and become an unrestrained supreme being, beyond judgment, you will flip over in the gutter someday.

The family initially wanted you to undergo trials in the New World, grasping this opportunity to solidify your Mental State and become a Grand Wizard sooner. Now it seems, our judgment was mistaken.

If we continue to let you behave this way, you might become another Simon. Our family's honors and prestige built over generations through wars in the planes could be ruined by you completely.

So, for now, go to the subjugated Federation Plane and lay low. Let's drop this matter."

Upon mentioning Simon, the Fiery Flame Servant's face twitched.

Simon had died a terrible death – he would absolutely not make the same mistake!

The Fiery Flame Servant said:

"Fine, I'll go. But what about Levi? How do we deal with him?"

The flame-faced figure asked in return:

"How do you want to resolve it?"

The Fiery Flame Servant said:

"He seems kind and benevolent, but his heart is actually dark. I admit, I am truly vile, but he is a hypocrite. If I don't kill him, he will surely kill me. If I don't kill him now, the seven-circle will kill me."

Even as an enemy, he never doubted that Levi could achieve the seven-circle.

The flame-faced figure said:

"He is indeed fearsome, being one of the rare multi-talented wizards in the Wizard World over the past three hundred thousand Near Ancient years. You can't beat him; it's completely understandable."

The gap between him and the top-level geniuses is even greater than that between top-level geniuses and ordinary wizards. He is a legendary seedling in the eyes of the congress.

People like the Black Abyss Walker and the Frost Witch look favorably upon him. They've often shown bias for him at the Great Council meetings... even the Grand Council Chairman has taken notice of him.

Let me speak frankly with you, it's very difficult for you to kill him.

Even with the advantage of the wizard tower and realm, you couldn't prevail over him.

Moreover, if you fail and the matter is exposed, you'll push our family into the pits of fire, and the family won't let you do this.

We who are elders with absolute strength also cannot personally take action against him; it would be a path to certain doom.

That's why I'm having you retire to the Federation Plane, to put an end to this affair."

The Fiery Flame Servant exclaimed:

"The Frost Witch is also his backer?"

No wonder the family was taking this so seriously. Frankly, with the family's influence, ordinary Grand Wizards truly didn't concern them. But a Legendary Wizard, that was troublesome.

He said somewhat confusedly:

"What should I do, then? What if Levi finds out my location in the future and kills me in the Federation Plane?"

Suddenly, it all seemed so absurd.

He, a seven-circle wizard, actually had to fear a Sixth-Circle Wizard and hide from him?

The flame-faced figure replied:

"If you think you are still unsafe in the Federation Plane, then go to an even more distant plane, find some backwater to hide in, the universe is vast, he'd have a much harder time finding you than searching for a needle in the sea... Otherwise, just stay in Norn City forever. Based on my current investigation, given his character, he probably wouldn't openly confront you."

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The Fiery Flame Servant felt powerless inside.

Resentful, extremely resentful.

"I understand, rest assured, I will not shrink back in Noen City. I want to go to the Federation Plane for training, seeking the opportunity to advance to the eighth-circle. I still have a realm advantage. As long as I keep one step ahead of him... I should be able to protect myself."

In the end, he lost his confidence. With Levi's growth trend, what could he use to stay ahead?

Sooner or later, he would be caught up by Levi.

"Damned crow!"

All troubles stemmed from that special spiritual creature, why did it have to fly over Panda Continent!

...

Central Realm.

Black Abyss Tower.

Meeting the Grand Wizard for the first time, Levi felt somewhat tense.

"Senior Black Abyss summoned me, is there something you need?"

The Black Abyss Walker asked:

"I've heard about your situation with Gorwin, how do you plan to handle it?"

Levi smiled and said:

"It's a trivial matter, not worth mentioning. I have already forgiven him. Besides, I can understand Gorwin's earnest desire to uphold the safety of the Wizard World. It's just that he's a bit too zealous."

The serious face of the Black Abyss Walker suddenly couldn't help but smile.

"Levi, you should be aware that after each Grand Wizard achieves Perfection, they need to choose a Legendary Artifact to walk their own legendary path, right?"

Levi, recalling the Truth Atlas, said:

"I have some understanding."

The Black Abyss Walker continued:

"My legendary path involves the Seven Sins Proof. Do you know what kind of world I see in my eyes?"

Levi shook his head.

With a light touch from the Black Abyss Walker, he tapped Levi's forehead.

Levi opened his eyes and saw seven towering swords piercing the skies above the head of the Black Abyss Walker standing before him.

Each one was tens of thousands of feet tall, impossible to gaze upon directly.

He then looked at the other wizards, mortals, and transcendent creatures within the tower. Above their heads, there were also seven swords, varying in length and color.

"These are the Seven Sins, encompassing all emotions of all beings. The Gods of the astral world, the demons of the Abyss, and many powerful beings from the Multidimensional Planes, they all have a close connection with these seven sins. By observing the Seven Sins, I can grasp the emotional changes of all beings, including you... You want to kill Gorwin, right?"

Levi said:

"Yes, because he wants to kill me. I can also feel the killing intent directed at me. Once I have the strength, I will surely kill him!"

The Black Abyss Walker said:

"Did you just lie because you were worried I'd blame you for not considering the bigger picture? After all, with the Blood Battle imminent, every primordial soul wizard is a core force."

Levi nodded.

The Black Abyss Walker smiled and said:

"That's good, you're aware of this, and I'm satisfied."

Levi pondered for a moment, then said:

"Senior, if this person is of use, I could allow him more time. Honestly, I'm confident in my abilities to protect myself. I'm just afraid he might die too soon, before I can have my revenge. I am a person who never lets go of a grudge. If he dies by someone else's hand or of old age, I would regret it."

The Black Abyss Walker laughed:

"Hahaha, your thoughts are interesting; there must be some sort of regret that you can't let go of. To be honest, the Gorwin family holds great power, and even I must give them some respect."

"You've seen it, the punishment for Gorwin by the Wizard Tribunal was nothing serious."

"Those people in high positions at the Tribunal, they are the ones who are most afraid."

"You must understand one thing, in this world where the transcendent reign supreme, laws are but vassals to power, and power is a gift that comes with strength."

He pointed towards the high sky.

"Noen City, is the birthplace of the Sun."

Gazing at the overwhelmingly brilliant Great Sun, Levi felt a surge of emotion. Could it be that the behind-the-scenes power of Noen City was actually the Blazing Sun God Wizard, the Great Council Chairman?

The Black Abyss Walker said:

"Of course, you don't have to be too pessimistic. The Sun is not really like you think, otherwise the Wizard Council would have been finished long ago. It's just that some people are accustomed to toadying up to those in power, accustomed to the fear of authority, and they overplay their hand, thinking that by doing so, they can curry favor from the Sun."

"In fact, the Sun doesn't care about these things at all. It is as blazingly intense as fire, inscrutably lofty. It looks down upon all things, including those 'big figures' in our ordinary humans' eyes... Now, I'm asking you, do you still want to kill him?"

Levi thought carefully before saying:

"Kill."

The Black Abyss Walker stood erect, the Seven Sins Sword behind him now enveloped in a terrifying black aura, transforming into seven pitch-black demonic swords, their mere presence enough to shatter the sky.

The Black Abyss Walker said:

"Good, then go ahead and do it. I have high hopes for you. In this upcoming Blood Battle, I will ascend to legendary status, and I'll be watching you from the clouds alongside the Ancient Dragon Continent. I hope that after the trials, be it wizards, knights, or any other new and interesting things you come up with, all can progress further."

Levi said:

"I understand, thank you senior for resolving my doubts and giving me peace of mind."

Black Abyss Walker solemnly said:

"Levi, remember, when you kill him, it's not that you're ignoring the bigger picture, but rather you're doing it for the sake of the bigger picture!"

...

In the Ancient Dragon Continent, the Blazing Sun is hanging high.

After returning from the Central Realm, Levi calmed his mind and devoted himself to cultivation.

His primary goals are only two at present.

One is to reach the maximum spiritual force as soon as possible. The other is to learn as many primordial soul spells as he can before reaching that maximum.

That Golden Stone Gourd, being a sacred relic related to the metal element,

Levi sealed it within the Golden Light Cave, hoping to nurture it further.

As a treasure related to the metal element, the Sword of Victory could have some company.

...

Time flies like an arrow; the days and months pass like a shuttle.

In the blink of an eye, seven years later.

Nora 77th year, the Month of Beginning.

For Levi, this year is a special one; he turned 500 years old.

Five hundred long years, that's the sum total of many generations of mortal rookies.

And yet, this is just one stage of his life.

Days have passed since celebrating his birthday with Hundred Flowers.

This morning, while the weary Hundred Flowers was still sleeping, Levi returned to the Ancient Banyan Fairyland to continue his cultivation.

He mutters to himself, and a phantom gold coin appears in his hand.

Both sides bear Levi's face, one crying, one smiling.

Seven years ago, after leaving Black Abyss Tower, he found his mind imbued with a new spell knowledge.

Looking back, it must have been left by the Black Abyss Walker when he touched his brows.

This spell is called "Destiny Coin," a relatively simple Astrology Magic suitable for Sixth-Circle Wizards to cultivate. Its creator was the late Deep Blue Sage.

Of course, although it's simple, even with Levi's realm and knowledge, it still took seven years to achieve small accomplishments.

His wizard form(s) have been branded with 12 primordial soul wizard forms.

Under normal circumstances, this number is what those geniuses in the primordial soul would have, or even less.

"No rush, I can still learn more."

After practicing the breathing technique several times, suddenly, a dazzling golden light shines from afar, shooting straight into the sky.

Levi's expression changes slightly. That is the location of the Golden Light Cave.

"Could it be that the gourd is undergoing some strange transformation?"

Golden Light Cave.

The Sword of Victory trembles with a buzz, as a gourd circles it while revolving.

Streams of dense golden liquid pour out from the mouth of the gourd, flowing into the interior of the Sword of Victory.

Inside the Holy Sword Tomb.

In the place that nurtures oddities, the Sky-Grade Oddity "Knight's Sword" is continuously solidifying and evolving.

Levi's heart is shocked.

The "Knight's Sword" is actually evolving rapidly towards the "King's Sword"; this pace is comparable to using a mass of Aether Stone!

His mood is edgy, excited.

"So much Power of Golden Element is contained in the gourd, dense enough to turn into tangible liquid."

It makes sense, after all, this is a sacred relic of the Energy Sect and has been buried underground for tens of thousands of years.

Subsequently, Levi simply stays in the Golden Light Cave, guarding the Sword of Victory and cultivating by it.

This guard lasts for three years.

Nora 80th year.

Levi opens his eyes.

Inside the Holy Sword Tomb, the "King's Sword" has taken form, emanating an unrivaled royal aura.

"If refined, perhaps the Sword Spirit can advance further."

Levi looks forward with anticipation.

However, he's surprised to find.

The power within the golden gourd shows no signs of stopping.

And the "King's Sword" seems to still be evolving...

His breath quickens.

"Don't tell me... a Bright Moon Artifact is about to be born?"

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Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

Golden Light Cave, Holy Sword Tomb.

Above the Sky Dome, a golden river meanders and flows, forming eddies.

This is the Element Tide, condensed from the most refined elemental power of the metal element.

The Kingly Aura on the [King's Sword] grows increasingly dense.

Complex, mysterious spell runes flicker, assemble, and evolve into higher-level spell runes.

"The scrap copper and iron I usually use for weapon feeding are nothing compared to the golden element slurry stored inside the Golden Stone Gourd. All the Aether Stones in the world couldn't be exchanged for it."

No wonder this Golden Stone Gourd can condense the [Mystic Sky Spirit Embryo]. It truly is extraordinary.

However, Levi still feeds some discarded Wizard Tools. Even a mosquito's meat is still meat.

"Without the help of this gourd, I wouldn't be able to sustain the Sword of Victory. This is a real gold-devouring beast."

But this is normal, as the Sword of Victory is nurturing a Morning Star-level, or even higher, Bright Moon Artifact.

There can be no emergence out of thin air without a huge cost.

After witnessing the process where a primordial soul perishes and turns into a Truth Oddity.

Levi feels that, in the dark, those transcendent factors of the Land of Darkness are conserved.

They're just transforming into one another in many ways.

Even wizards have yet to fully comprehend this.

"It looks like to completely evolve, I'll have to wait."

...

Two years later.

Nora, Year 82.

By the Small Stone Pond.

Two hundred years of cultivation, the Brilliant Golden Dragon and the Crimson Emperor Dragon have almost concurrently stepped into the Level 6 Late Stage realm.

The Brilliant Golden Dragon, which had broken through earlier, was supposed to progress faster than the Crimson Emperor Dragon.

However, Levi deliberately prioritized the Crimson Emperor Dragon's cultivation, and the Bloodline Secret Medicine of the Black Lotus Beast was more compatible with the Crimson Emperor Dragon. Thus, the Crimson Emperor Dragon eventually surpassed the Brilliant Golden Dragon.

Although it's a small realm breakthrough, it brought a significant boost to Defense.

The power of many spell-like abilities improved, and the diameter of the [Primordial Magnetic Field] has reached 7 kilometers.

This is still considered normal.

The most defiant change, however, is the [Red Emperor Domain], which covers a diameter reaching ten kilometers.

Generally speaking, the range of elemental power controlled by ordinary seven-circle wizards is in this interval – with the wizard at the center, stretching ten kilometers in diameter. novel.com

To some extent, if this were the criterion for judgment.

The Crimson Emperor Dragon at Level 6 Late Stage can already be compared to an ordinary seven-circle wizard.

"If not for the Fiery Flame Servant having a wizard tower, with my current strength, I might actually have a chance to slay it. Damn Heavenly Dragon Tribe, to be born with a wizard tower."

The Black Abyss Walker said that the wizard tower of the Fiery Flame Servant was given by his family, not created by himself.

An unthinkable notion for an ordinary primordial soul wizard.

On the proficiency panel, other breathing techniques are not too far from breaking through a small realm.

In terms of combat technique.

The Warlord Catalog's seventh layer has reached Perfection, and Levi has begun to get a preliminary understanding of the eighth-level Profound Meaning, [Fight Against Heaven and Earth].

The Eagle Divine Scripture is the same, also reaching the stage of the eighth level [Roc's Mighty Sweep Across the Skies].

As for other combat techniques like [Cold Ice Breath] and the Lion King Battle Technique, Levi has cultivated them to the highest realm, to the point where he can't make any further progress.

In addition, Levi has developed every technique for his self-created Heavenly Dragon Sword Codex after mastering the sixth layer of all breathing techniques.

The next goal is to integrate all the combat techniques he has mastered into the Heavenly Dragon Sword Codex, subtract the redundant, extract the essence, discard the impurities, and create a supreme set of combat techniques that belongs to him alone.

In the path of the wizard.

Levi's spiritual force has stabilized at 4300 points.

Over the years, he again acquired some primordial soul spells through various means.

After careful selection, he chose an excellent level [Wind King Cloak].

When cast, it forms a cloak behind the caster condensed from invisible streams of air, which can protect as well as increase speed, suitable for regular travel.

If it's about fleeing, the [Chariot Rune]'s Heavenly Pegasus Chariot is the strongest, traversing five thousand miles in one breath, something not even a seven-circle wizard's Void Travel can achieve.

Therefore, although Levi possesses his own Void Travel ability, he still primarily "rides horses."

Currently, Levi has learned 13 primordial soul spells.

But many have only been mastered superficially, and are far from Perfection.

For now, he doesn't intend to learn new ones and plans first to digest what he already knows.

Otherwise, even if he were to enter 100 primordial soul spells, he wouldn't be able to get promoted to a seven-circle wizard. It's better to master one primordial soul spell to the Maximum than to have many without full mastery.

In fact, with Levi's strength and realm, although he has mastered many primordial soul spells, he inevitably only uses a few regularly.

The reason he continues to learn.

One is to prevent unforeseen circumstances, to counter enemies that might exploit his weaknesses, enabling him to deal with complex and varying situations with ease.

Second is to imprint Witch Marks and increase the number of Witch Marks.

Each Witch Mark is a "degree certificate" a primordial soul wizard has mastered; it is their "foundation" and the "supplies" for their wizard form(s)' Evolution.

In the Late Stage, wizards compete based on this kind of foundation.

Golden Light Cave.

The evolution of the [King's Sword] is still ongoing. After reaching the Morning Star level, each evolution takes far longer than before. If it is to become a Bright Moon Level Artifact, it seems it will still take some time.

Levi visits the Corpse Pond once again. Now the Giant Whale King Corpse Demon has absorbed a third of the Corpse Water.

Before going back to Hell again, he should be able to finish it.

By that time, he can directly capture a Level 7 Undead in Hell.

If there isn't one, a Level 6 Undead might barely suffice.

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Next to the Corpse Pond, there was an even larger pool.

A thousand-meter-long verdant tree trunk was submerged in it.

This was the Tree Core that Ayak brought back from the Land of Darkness.

The Tree Core possessed Earth attributes.

He adjusted his approach according to local conditions, using the "Rock Transformation Method" mentioned in the diagrams.

He refined it into the [Rock Transformation Wood], which serves as one of the pillars of the wizard tower, representing Earth attributes.

The "Rock Transformation Method" requires a large amount of Earth Element Ores, materials from Earth attribute transcendent creatures, and the spell knowledge of the Earth School of Thought.

First, the wood must be soaked and spell runes infused into it.

Then, it is placed in a high-pressure area underground.

After about a hundred years, it is catalyzed into "fossil-like" Strange Wood. This is the "Rock Transformation Wood".

The refinement of Strange Wood of other attributes also follows the same principle.

Levi arrived in the Nightmare World.

Underground in the Black Dragon Territory, there was also a vast pool.

Inside was the Tree Core of the King of Thousand Eyes.

The pool's water was infused with Nightmare Crystals, materials from Nightmare Creatures, as well as ores of negative energy.

This is the [Nightmare Wood].

Such Strange Wood was not recorded in the blueprints of the Eternal Star Abyss, it was Levi deducing by analogy on his own, unsure if it could be successful.

But nonetheless, it was worth a try.

Only in this way would it suit the attributes of the Tree Core and better harness its effects.

On the Earth's surface.

A wizard tower, even taller than the Nightmare Mother Trees, stood towering.

This was Triss's "home" in the Nightmare World.

Apart from necessary cultivation and research, she stayed here most of the time.

Levi couldn't help but ask.

"Madam, how do you manage your work with the Pharmacist Association?"

Triss said:

"That, I've temporarily retired, one must give the younger generation a chance.

I've been in this position for hundreds of years and, although I've gained quite a few benefits, it inevitably hinders cultivation.

From now on, I will focus on enhancing my strength in the Ancient Dragon Continent and no longer concern myself with these mundane affairs."

Levi said:

"I admire Madam's resolve. After all, with your position, you could climb up to the central high ranks at the Central Pharmacist Headquarters."

Triss shook her head.

"Unless I'm promoted to ninth-circle and I must go to the center, I will not leave the Endless Sea. The waters at the center are too deep, constantly like walking on thin ice, one does not live at ease. You, on

the other hand, see things clearly. On the Ancient Dragon Continent, living a reclusive life, carefree and at leisure."

Levi laughed and said:

"Then I am relieved. I hope my affairs here do not hinder your important matters."

Triss waved her finger in front of her and shook her head with a smile, saying:

"Not at all, you think too much. I stay here simply because I like the Nightmare World. Anya has successfully cultivated her primordial soul, I desire nothing else. To me, being a pharmacist and cultivation are the ultimate goals of life."

Levi said:

"Madam truly loves potion making... By the way, I wanted to ask, do you have any leftover breakthrough potions from when you advanced to seven-circle? I might be just a century or two away from my breakthrough to seven-circle."

Triss was first surprised at Levi's progress and then mockingly scolded:

"I say, you lad, you think of me as a pharmacy, don't you? Off you go, I don't have any, and even if I did, I wouldn't want to give them to you!"

Levi laughed:

"Alright, alright, I'll go. It's fine if you don't have any."

He was about to obtain a Bright Moon Artifact and was in good spirits, hence he joked with Triss.

Watching Levi disappear in a puff of smoke, Triss murmured:

"Getting cheekier by the day, wouldn't be because he's been learning from Hundred Flowers, would it?"

...

The Land of Darkness.

The Red Sea World.

The waters were as red as blood. Bagh and a group of Sea Clan members were floating aimlessly in the sea.

The firmament cracked open, clouds converged into a bulky, chubby face—it was the Worm Lord.

He smiled and said:

"Friends of the Sea Clan, this shall be your new dwelling place from now on. Although these waters are red, they differ not from ordinary seas.

Furthermore, you will find that cultivating in these waters will produce twice the effect with half the effort.

I sincerely wish for you a bright future, and at the same time, I hope you don't forget:

It is your Eight-Armed Demon Emperor who exchanged his life for your peace and tranquility!

On the other side of the Pan-Plane, lies the land of your enemies!

Bitterness in the heart will give you more motivation for cultivation."

The God-like face dissipated.

The Sea Clan members contemplated in silence, the words of the face were reasonable.

"The Wizard Council has gone too far, squeezing our living space is one thing, but also wanting to imprison us, they have a say in whether we leave or not."

"I once thought the Eight-Armed Demon Emperor too tyrannical and despotic, but now I realize he is the hero of our Sea Clan."

Bagh, amidst the crowd, felt a spreading sense of powerlessness within.

"Nora, will I ever be able to return?"

Subsequently.

Without the suppression of the Eight-Armed Demon Emperor, the various tribes of the Sea Clan waged incessant wars over the supreme position of Sea Emperor.

Making the already crimson waters even more bloodstained.

Bagh, once a descendant of the ancient Sturgeon Queen, was swept along by the tides, conscripted into the army, and thrown into the flames of war.

...

Five years later.

The year 87 of Nora.

The Midland Continent.

Gondor City.

Outside Gandalf Pharmacy.

A wild, unrestrained white-haired old man Gandalf was talking to himself in his secluded abode.

"Haha, I've made it."

Upon looking inward at his body, a full three million body-refining runes were glimmering, like stars in the sky, shining upon each and every muscle.

"Theoretically, as long as the body-tempering realm is high enough, and the condensed body-refining runes are plentiful, every single cell in a person's body would contain a body-refining rune, and the entire body would have a count of body-refining runes in the billions."

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At that time, spiritual force, body-refining runes, and the wizard's body were fully integrated.

With just a gesture, one could wield the terrifying powers of entities like the Eight-Armed Demon God and the Ten-winged Sky Dragon. Even, stronger than them."

Gandaph, who just advanced to a Sixth Ring Senior, was lost in thoughts about a splendid future.

"Next, I'm to accompany the deity to Hell, where he mentions better body tempering techniques for me. With my strength as a Sixth Ring Senior, I should not be dragging behind too much."

Gandaph, in high spirits, hummed a tune and disappeared from the pharmacy.

Fire Dragon Shop.

Gandaph knocked on the door.

To his surprise, he found that Ace also emanated the aura of a Sixth Ring Senior.

"Oh, Lord Ace, you've reached Sixth Ring Senior too."

Ace said with a smile:

"Oh, old fellow, aren't you the same?"

Gandaph appeared calm on the surface but felt guilty inwardly.

"Ace is so busy and has become a Sixth Ring Senior; I just learned Pharmacy... Damn, he's climbed higher than even me."

Ace said:

"What? Gandaph, won't you come in for a sit?"

Gandaph replied:

"No, there's still work to do at the pharmacy, I'll be off first."

Ace watched Gandaph leave, feeling quite good.

In fact, he was promoted just a few days earlier than Gandaph.

After achieving the Ice and Fire Holy Body, indeed, his cultivation speed improved greatly.

Plus, with the support of [Fire Date] from the deity, he finally reached Sixth Ring Senior.

Although his cultivation was just at Sixth Ring Senior, his weapon-making skill, after years of intensive hard work, had reached Sixth Circle Perfection.

Now, as long as the materials were good, he could produce top-quality products 100% of the time, with a one-third probability for exceptional top-grades.

Over the years, the Fire Dragon Shop had also attracted more and more talents.

Recently, another Six-Circle Artifact Maker joined, making it easier for Ace.

The store's weapon-making business was flourishing throughout the Midland Continent.

What he looked forward to the most was that the deity also said:

In the future, he would be given a real wizard tower for cultivation.

However, once it arrived, Ace would have to modify it himself.

Ace knew.

Soon, in some corner of this world, somebody would have to leave the stage sadly.

"Now that my strength has further advanced, taking advantage of the once-in-a-century Midland Feast, my Fire Dragon specialty auction can also be held. This is a good opportunity to deal with the previous practice items."

...

Half a year later.

Gondor City, bustling with people.

The Midland Feast, as scheduled.

Fire Dragon Auction.

Alexandra and Elsie flanked Ace on both sides, smiling at the coming and going dignitaries.

A Rust Dragon Wizard, who traveled from the Sleeping Dragon Realm, said:

"Master Fire Dragon, you've finally held the auction; I have been waiting so painfully."

The Holy Infant expressed gratitude:

"Thank you, Sir Rust, for gracing the event."

Alexandra said:

"Rust, long time no see."

Rust Dragon Wizard said:

"I heard that you and Elsie's weapon-making studies have progressed quickly, congratulations."

Elsie laughed and said:

"It's all thanks to Master Fire Dragon's teaching, and also, we get to practice here every day."

This grand event.

Attracted about a dozen Sixth-Circle Wizards who heard the news.

This auction will auction 1 exceptional and 3 top-grade Wizard Tools at once; the attraction for primordial soul wizards can be imagined.

Before the auction started.

A wizard radiating a seventh-circle aura arrived here, causing the crowd to exclaim.

"It's the Fire God's Hammer, a Seventh-Circle Artifact Maker. A top figure in the weapon-making industry of Gondor City."

"What's he doing at the Fire Dragon Auction? Is it possible that he's here to create trouble?"

The Holy Infant also noticed the arrival of the Fire God's Hammer and promptly said courteously:

"Senior gracing my auction, my apologies for not greeting you earlier."

The Fire God's Hammer was a robust wizard, appearing aged but not very tall, and surrounded by an air of twilight.

He said lightly:

"Just proceed normally with the auction. I have been in seclusion for a long time and heard upon exiting that a top-notch weapon refinement talent arrived in the city; I came to see if he lives up to his reputation."

The Holy Infant replied:

"I have to attend to the auction then, senior, please make yourself comfortable."

As they say, professionals are archenemies.

He wondered to himself if the Fire God's Hammer was here to pick a fight.

The auction proceeded normally.

Initially, there were exceptional and top-quality fifth-circle Wizard Tools, just appetizers that the Holy Infant casually made from spare materials.

The three top-quality sixth-circle items were swiftly snapped up by primordial soul wizards who had been waiting for a long time.

The final highlight was a fiery red secret sword.

The Fire God's Hammer's aged eyes shone strangely as he scrutinized the secret sword and then nodded silently to himself.

The Holy Infant announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the exceptional Wizard Tool, [Starfire Sword], most suitable as a secret sword. Made from top-grade Achilles Fire Ore, the starting bid is 100 million Aether Stone, with each increment not less than 1 million."

As soon as his voice fell, wizards began vying fervently. Exceptional Wizard Tools are rare treasures.

A group of Sixth-Circle Wizards vied back and forth, but it was effortlessly taken by the Fire God's Hammer for 300 million Aether Stone.

The Holy Infant was startled.

"Could it be that this Fire God's Hammer wants to steal my craftsmanship?"

After the auction,

The Holy Infant calculated that aside from the materials and labor costs for weapon-making,

the Fire Dragon Shop still made a clean profit of 400 million Aether Stone, with the bulk coming from that exceptional Wizard Tool.

Of course, this auction also sold out his inventory of refined weapons, meaning the next auction would have to wait a long time.

Backstage after settling the payment, the Fire God's Hammer suddenly asked:

"Lord Ace, from whom did you learn your extraordinary weapon-making skills?"

Ace replied:

"Sorry, my teacher advised me not to mention his name before my official apprenticeship ends."

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Where does he have any mentorship?

All are various skills from Hundred Schools that I obtained through different methods, integrated into the proficiency panel.

Fire God's Hammer said:

"I want to make a deal with Lord Ace."

Holy Infant paused, then asked:

"Senior, please speak."

Fire God's Hammer said: f

"You should be able to feel that I am about to die..."

Holy Infant asked:

"Senior, is it because your time is coming to an end?"

Fire God's Hammer said:

"Yes, I have been cultivating up to this day for 3,200 years."

The average lifespan of a seven-circle wizard is 3,000 years.

The Fire God's Hammer might have a special physique, or he may have found other ways to extend his life.

He got straight to the point:

"I want to give my weapon-making inheritance to you for free, but I have a request."

Holy Infant asked:

"Senior, please tell."

According to the experience from a previous life, many times, the things that are free are the most tricky.

Fire God's Hammer said:

"My real name is Sod Emon. I have lived a life of lonely cultivation and weapon refinement until I met the love of my life in my later years. We had a son named Hagrid Eamon. Unfortunately, he did not have wizarding talent, so I sent him to the mortal world."

Holy Infant suddenly asked:

"Senior, Hagrid Eamon, is he the same legendary Blacksmith Master, Flaming Hammer, from the Emerald Kingdom in the mortal world?"

Fire God's Hammer looked surprised:

"You've heard of him?"

Holy Infant said:

"I have a friend who also came from the mortal world, and when he was there, Flaming Hammer was already a legendary figure."

Fire God's Hammer laughed:

"So it is indeed fated. I didn't expect him to make something of himself in the mortal world... Flaming Hammer, the child wanted to carry on my title, it seems."

Holy Infant said:

"I understand now, senior wants me to take care of your family in the mortal world, right?"

Fire God's Hammer said:

"Yes, but not just that. Taking care of a mortal family is not a difficult matter for me.

If any of my descendants have wizarding talents, I would like you to be their teacher, pass on my inheritance to them, and teach them weapon-making.

The grand convergence of planes is the worst of times and the best of times. Sadly, I will not be able to see it.

I want him to take advantage of these favorable winds and rise with the help of noble people."

Holy Infant still had some doubts and asked:

"Senior, besides that descendant in the mortal world, do you have no other offspring?"

Fire God's Hammer's eyes became reminiscent:

"After my beloved passed away, I never took another partner. And as I'm old now, I fear death. I only wanted to try to break through the realms, to borrow another hundred years from heaven. But unfortunately, human efforts cannot defy the will of heaven, and I've failed... By the way, Lord Ace, do you not have a beloved?"

Holy Infant smiled wryly:

"I don't."

Not to mention that, he never even thought about it.

Fire God's Hammer roared with laughter.

"In you, I see the shadow of my younger self, devoted to seeking the truth, with weapon refinement as a companion. Take my advice, it's still better to find a partner."

Holy Infant said:

"Senior, I have one last question, why me? After all, we do not know each other."

Silverbeard walked in and said:

"Lord Ace, it was I who recommended you, I'm sorry for not informing you beforehand."

Fire God's Hammer nodded.

"I have half Dwarf Kingdom blood in me, and I've known Silverbeard for a very long time."

Holy Infant said:

"Wouldn't it be just as good for Senior to entrust it to Lord Silverbeard?"

Silverbeard smiled bitterly:

"Lord Ace, you really think highly of me. With my abilities, I'm afraid I cannot safeguard Senior Sod's weapon-making inheritance. Besides, in terms of weapon-making talent, I'm far behind you. The skills will likely be buried with me."

Fire God's Hammer said:

"I know, Lord Ace, there must be a noble person behind you that we cannot imagine helping you. In the future, on the path of wizardry, you are sure to go far... The fact that the scum of the Council of Ten Thousand Clans have been trying to assassinate you for so long without success proves this."

Holy Infant was silent for a moment and then said:

"Senior, allow me some time to think about it."

The more critical the moment, the more one needs to be calm, in case it's a trick of the Council of Ten Thousand Clans.

Fire God's Hammer said:

"Good, take your time to think about it. I will need Lord Ace to swear an oath of truth regarding this matter, so it indeed requires careful consideration."

Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

Levi also learned about the fortuitous encounter that befell the Holy Infant.

"There's such good fortune?"

He asked Gandaph to use his connections to inquire about Fire God's Hammer's life and character.

"If it is true, it would indeed be a good thing for the Holy Infant."

Fire God's Hammer.

He is not an ordinary seven-circle wizard; he is of Seven Rings Perfection.

In the entire Midland Continent, he is very well-regarded.

Days later.

Gondor City.

Fire God Mansion.

"Senior, I have made up my mind."

Holy Infant looked at Fire God's Hammer, who seemed to be even more shrouded in the heaviness of twilight.

This scene should be very familiar to the original self, who began his struggles in the mortal realm and witnessed life aging, sickness, and death.

Fire God's Hammer said:

"Lord Ace, this weapon refinement inheritance you can use for yourself, do not pass it on to others besides my descendants, and especially do not donate it to the congress... However, if Silverbeard makes achievements in the future and ascends to seven-circle, also pass on a portion to him."

Holy Infant said:

"I understand."

Fire God's Hammer exuded the true aura of Seven Rings Perfection.

A strand of red light flew out from his forehead, floating in front of Holy Infant, transforming into a mini hammer.

"This is my Soul Artifact, 'Fire God's Focus', which contains the records of my inheritance. If any of my descendants are fortunate enough to enter the realm of the primordial soul, then pass it on to him."

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After confirming that the Holy Infant was alright, it was put away, and then an oath of truth was taken to make a promise.

Having done all this, the entire being of the Fire God's Hammer seemed even older.

He stood in front of the forge, bare-chested, swinging his hammer.

"My path as a wizard began with blacksmithing; let it end with blacksmithing..."

The Holy Infant listened.

This scene felt familiar.

Indeed, the cultivation journey of the original self also began with blacksmithing.

Before he knew it, Silverbeard also silently stood behind the Holy Infant.

"Senior Sodor... have a good journey."

Apart from Silverbeard and the Holy Infant, the grand mansion was devoid of others. Those once-loyal servants had long been dismissed.

Thud.

Thud.

Thud.

The sound of hammering dissipated.

Leaning on the hammer, the Fire God's Hammer hunched over in front of the forge, standing silently without a sound.

The primordial soul of a Seven Rings Perfection slowly drifted away as the dying Sodor gazed at the Holy Infant and Silverbeard, saying:

"Living, it's truly wonderful."

Runes that formed on the departing soul as marks of death began to fade away, and the Witch Marks started to vanish.

An ocean of spiritual force scattered into the Land of Nihility, known to no one.

Spell power formed an Element Tide, rolling over the skies of Gondor City.

The soul of Sodor waved a hand and descended into its designated place.

Fire Dragon Shop.

Alexandra and Elsie flew into the sky, looking towards the center of the city.

"A primordial soul has fallen."

"And it seems to be one whose cultivation far surpasses ours, sigh... this path is much too difficult."

The hearts of the two women were complex.

On that day.

The primordial soul wizards in the city all felt the elemental disturbance from the fall of a strong one. Some even seized this opportunity to press on with their cultivation, hoping for a breakthrough.

It wasn't long.

Before the news of the demise of the Fire God's Hammer spread throughout the Witch City, with many wizards mourning for him in their hearts.

"Alas, Senior Fire God's Hammer was a good person, choosing Gondor Witch City as the place of his demise."

"It seems this senior always went about alone, without ever mentioning a family."

Several days later.

Wizards from Sorren Holy Tower arrived in Witch City and, in accordance with legal proceedings, held a public funeral for the Seven Rings powerful wizard, with the city in silent mourning for three days.

In the end, they still could not find the inheritance of the Fire God's Hammer.

Until one day, a recording made by the Fire God's Hammer himself during his lifetime suddenly began to circulate in Witch City.

"Do you want my inheritance? If you want it, I'll give it all to you. Go search for it! In the Endless Sea! I've left everything of mine there! — Sod Emon."

Witch City buzzed with shock.

Many young wizards harbored dreams of finding the inheritance of the Fire God's Hammer.

Setting out from Midland Continent and other schools, heading into the vast Endless Sea.

Seeking the inheritance of a Seven Rings Perfection wizard, yearning for a meteoric rise.

A wizard's recording could not be falsified, so many held an unshakeable belief in it.

Naturally, there were also those who speculated that this was just a prank by the Fire God's Hammer, merely to divert attention.

Regardless.

All of this became a mystery.

The answer, carried away by the wind.

Fire Dragon Shop.

The Holy Infant studying the "Fire God's Hammer Device Manual" grinned and said to himself:

"This move of mine is really quite handy, let everyone go search."

...

Time flies swiftly.

Thirteen years later.

The Nora centennial year.

With the Mortal Wizard Association taking control of the Seven Kingdoms Continent, the whole Continent had long been renamed Mortal Continent.

Over the past hundred years.

The Wizard Council had carried out drastic transformations, with the human realm undergoing colossal changes.

Laws aimed at the protection of mortals were enacted one after another.

These laws reaffirmed that wizards should not kill mortals without cause.

Especially the despicable acts of School of Death wizards using mortals to refine evil spirits and ghosts were categorically prohibited.

If discovered, depending on the severity of the case, execution was the maximum penalty.

And regarding the rule that mortals must not be killed without just cause.

All wizard organizations, at the time of recruiting members, must have them swear an oath to this effect.

If a wizard organization fails to oversee its members properly, then it must bear the corresponding legal responsibility for the actions of its members.

Furthermore, the congress promotes the just actions of Quasi-Knight Rangers among wizards and has established the "Mortal Patrol Team."

To thoroughly cleanse the lingering evil cults and dark creatures plaguing the human realm.

What's even more astounding is.

The congress declared, led by the Dusk Holy Temple from the Ancient Dragon Continent.

That a reform trial of the Non-bloodline Breathing Technique for mortals without wizarding talent will be initiated.

For those with talent, the Wizard Council will provide certain resources to support them.

On the centennial of Nora, after a series of intense behind-the-scenes preparations.

The Supreme Council, composed of legendary wizards, announced the establishment of the first batch of "Multiverse Experimental Zones" on the New World of the human realm.

The Ancient Dragon Continent was among these names on the list.

With the congress assuring lead control, the cultivation and living of alien races in the New World will not be interfered with.

At the same time, these races are encouraged to voluntarily offer their methods of cultivation to the congress.

After being studied and possibly optimized or reformed by powerful members of the congress, they may be taught to more mortals, ushering Nora into the "Great Transcendent Era."

In addition.

The congress carries out large-scale military training throughout Nora's entire territory, including the federations under the Wizard Council, expanding the scale of the battle group.

Great Council President Amon, on the centennial, addressed the entire territory:

["Blood Battle is imminent, and in the Pan-Plane of Nora, no one can remain indifferent. To survive or perish, the choice is in everyone's hands. Those wishing to grow stronger with Nora; those wanting to claim a place amid the crack between Heavenly Father and demons; those desirous of embracing a better future, unite around the congress. The will of Sorren shall lead Nora onto the Supreme path!"]

Chapter 1898: Life and Death Reincarnation, White Emperor Holy Sword!

Speech Day.

The once Emerald Kingdom, where Lush Forest Province is located.

The Holy Infant, clad in a plain red robe, arrived at a mansion.

The mansion was imposing; its ancestors must have been nobles.

In the Mortal Continent today, there is no traditional national system, only Safe Zones affiliated with various wizard academies.

But the traditional noble culture is still deeply rooted.

Inside the mansion, the sound of forging could be heard, and the Holy Infant gently knocked on the door.

A middle-aged man came out, and upon seeing the handsome and extraordinary red-robed wizard, he nervously asked:

"Wizard Lord, what can I do for you?"

The Holy Infant said:

"Honoring a promise to an old friend, has your wife just given birth to a son?"

The middle-aged man exclaimed:

"Wizard Lord, how did you know?"

The Holy Infant laughed and said:

"Don't be nervous, because I am a wizard who has mastered magical spells."

The middle-aged man breathed a sigh of relief.

Good, he had thought this person was the child's biological father.

"Lord, please come in."

He didn't understand what was happening, but he dared not leave the Wizard Lord hanging outside.

The Holy Infant gracefully entered the house.

A middle-aged beauty, pale and sweating profusely, was holding a thin and loudly crying infant, looking at him warily.

The Holy Infant snapped his fingers, and a drop of Spring of Immortality floated into the infant's mouth.

The baby, as if having found milk, licked his lips and stopped crying.

The Madam shakily asked:

"Lord, what are you doing?"

The Holy Infant laughed:

"In any case, I will not harm you."

He took out a testing crystal and gently placed it on the infant's forehead.

In an instant.

Red enveloped the space.

"Child of the Fire Element?"

The Holy Infant was inwardly startled, showing a pleased expression.

Seeing this, the couple seemed to guess something.

"Lord, does my child possess wizarding talent?"

The Holy Infant said:

"Yes, and the talent is excellent. He is destined to stand above others in the future!"

The middle-aged man's face flushed with excitement.

In this era, wizards are no longer ethereal legends.

But the lofty beings who soar through the skies.

What mortal does not wish to become a wizard?

The next moment.

Within the red glow, a yellow-brown shield phantom appeared, solid and steady.

The Holy Infant's expression changed.

"Not only the Child of the Fire Element but also a Special Talent, furthermore, of the earth element... not unlike Silverbeard, capable of taking the Dual-class path."

This kind of Special Talent phenomenon, the Holy Infant had never seen before, but it looked quite remarkable.

"What a pity, the Fire God's Hammer senior left 13 years too early."

The Holy Infant felt a mixture of emotions.

The Fire God's Hammer had waited for a few hundred years, but such is fate.

Similarly disheartened was Levi in the fairyland.

"Fate mocks us."

The Holy Infant said:

"This child has the makings of a Grand Wizard, and when he is a bit older, I wish to take him for training. Would you agree to this?"

The father said:

"We agree, Lord. Which wizard organization do you belong to, so we can write to him?"

The mother hesitated a bit.

"Lord, being a wizard is very hard, isn't it?"

The Holy Infant replied:

"Indeed it is hard, but not as much as for ordinary people. Moreover, you need not write letters. If you wish, I can ensure you are taken to the wizard organization's family district where you can visit him at any time."

The father urged the mother:

"With such good fortune before us, what are you still hesitating for? This Lord at a glance is no ordinary wizard."

The Holy Infant said:

"The wizard organization he will be heading to is the Tower of Dawn. Upon his graduation, I will personally guide him."

The couple was persuaded, and after leaving the management of the mansion to other family members, they embarked on a new journey.

...

Five years later.

Ancient Dragon Continent.

Tower of Dawn welcomed a new five-year-old arrival.

Compared to other children his age, he was slightly short and frail, his eyes timid.

His name was Toby Emmon, and despite his young age, his intelligence far exceeded his peers. He had already been a low-level apprentice wizard practicing meditation for two and a half years.

Winnie, who was now a fourth-circle wizard, smiled and said:

"Little guy, I'll be your teacher from now on, but for weapon-making, you'll need to go learn the basic theories from Senior Huffman."

Little Toby said:

"Hello, teacher."

And so began the rise of a Child of the Fire Element with dual Earth Talent, carrying forward the unmet ancestral will.

New beginnings often come with departures.

Body Refining Academy.

The increasingly aging Professor Salman stood in the training field, gazing at the sunset's afterglow.

Herman came.

Marlene came.

A white snake with a powerful presence descended from the sky, looking at Salman with moist eyes.

"Jorman, it's really nice, you're becoming more and more like a real member of the Dragon Clan. Salman, you've also done a remarkable deed, far greater than what I've accomplished."

Levi arrived as well.

Salman said:

"Thank you, Sir Levi, for taking me in."

Levi earnestly responded:

"You're welcome, thanks for all your contributions over the years."

Salman packed his belongings and said with a smile:

"Goodbye, everyone, I am off to travel far."

Salman left.

He said he was going on a journey.

But everyone knew.

That this departure might be forever... He simply didn't want to die in an undignified manner in front of acquaintances.

In the path of cultivation, such occurrences are too many to count, and Levi is powerless to help.

With his current resources and status, he could pay a tremendous price to change the fate of Marlene and the others, some fourth-circle, some fifth-circle.

But he couldn't elevate Salman to the sixth-circle... He is not a God.

Level 6, is a threshold that countless transcendent beings throughout history could never cross.

Watching Salman's receding figure, memories flooded back, and Levi shouted his thanks:

"Sir Salman, thank you for establishing the Gray Tower... I believe, in ten thousand years, the Gray Tower will still stand."

...

Five years later.

The year of Nora 110.

At only ten years old, Toby had become a high-level apprentice wizard and was already the rising star among the newcomers at the Tower of Dawn.

After consulting with Ms. Lucy about his special talent, Levi learned that it was the "Heart of Guardian," which was extremely excellent and second to none compared to top-level talents.

Lucy also felt relieved that Toby's special talent was not fire-based.

Otherwise, having Dual Fire Talent, although beneficial for early cultivation, also came with several innate flaws, and could be quite troublesome if not handled properly.

She also agreed that it would be good for Toby to follow the path of dual-class wizardry.

Earth and fire give birth to metal.

Theoretically, Toby could even cultivate three elements simultaneously, but there was no need for that; not everyone is Levi.

The Holy Infant had fulfilled the promise regarding the Fire God's Hammer.

Next would be to train Toby to become the new generation leader of the Fire Dragon Shop.

Perhaps, one day, he too could truly retire like the original.

The inheritance of the Fire God's Hammer is not just limited to weapon-making.

In reality, there was also the legacy of spells, which both the Holy Infant and the original benefitted from.

With the help of the noble ones, blessed with divine opportunities.

The speed of the Holy Infant's cultivation urged Gandaph Alexander to start desperately catching up.

After all, they are all duplications; whoever is weaker feels the embarrassment.

Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

Golden Light Cave.

Levi opened his eyes, with thunder flashing within them.

"Sky Dragon in the late stages of level 6, Death Ember Dragon in the middle stages of level 6, spiritual force also at 4536 points... Thirty years, indeed just a flick of the finger."

Following the breakthrough of the Sky Dragon, the speed of "Traveling the Void" was further increased, 20 times his conventional travel speed.

The effect of the Death Ember Dragon's "Undying Body" and "Undying Divine Domain" was also marginally enhanced.

Inside the Holy Sword Tomb.

The Golden Stone Gourd no longer spit out Gold Element Slurry, because there was truly none left.

A simple-looking three-foot Green Blade Sword, unlike the style of wizard world sword-making, with an air of fairyland, floated in suspension.

This sword was elegant but emitted an unstoppable, sharp, and heaven-piercing imperial aura.

A hundred li around, vast elemental power of metal tumbled and surged as if worshipping an emperor.

"Such an anomaly, according to the 'Illustrated Guide of Strange Items,' only occurs before the formation of the highest level of Bright Moon Artifacts,"

Chapter 1899: Golden Star descends to the mortal world, the legend returns!

White Emperor, the Metal of the Five Elements.

That is, one of the Seven Great Elements of this world—the metal element.

It coincidentally aligns with the "White Emperor's Son" of the Panda Sword Sect.

Saint, above even a king.

Hence, above the King's Sword, is the White Emperor Holy Sword.

Beyond this, the White Emperor Holy Sword also carries a special meaning.

This represents the number one sword of Huaxia!

Such a celestial anomaly has attracted the attention of many powerhouses within the Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

The surging power of the metal element unravels like a scroll being unfurled:

The sky darkens, shrouded in demonic aura.

One after another, shadows sword-control their way through the wind, led by a lean bearman's phantom figure with hands behind his back.

His face is sharp and fierce, and his killing intent confronts you head-on.

"White Emperor's Son... Is this anomaly the obsession of the White Emperor's Son?"

Levi had never seen the White Emperor's Son. But there weren't many strong figures in the Panda Clan, and with such an extraordinary presence, it must be the ancestral founder of the Sword Sect, the White Emperor's Son.

In the anomaly.

Those sword saints positioned themselves as if they were forming an array, as though facing a formidable foe.

Before them stood a towering Flame Demon, burning everything in sight, emanating terrifying level 9 might, possibly a powerful lord from a layer of the Abyss.

The White Emperor's Son's robe billowed, his Qi shaking the universe, as he coldly said:

"Evil mages, hand over the Mystic Sky Spirit Tree."

The Flame Demon laughed wildly:

"Hahaha, what a bunch of little insects. With such feeble strength, you even dare to pursue into the Abyss, truly pitiable... But those idiots before you were real failures, allowing you to reach this layer of the Demon King's Abyss... to come this far is something you can indeed be proud of."

Around the White Emperor's Son, invisible swords seemed to be swinging, constantly shattering the void.

"All of the Sword Sect obey my command, Assemble the Great Cycle of Invisible Sword Qi, and slay this great demon!"

The sword saints shouted, releasing Shattered Invisible Sword Qi from their mouths.

The Sword Qi enveloped the Flame Demon, forming a destructive whirlpool of Sword Qi that revolved around the heavens.

"Destroy!"

The terrifying sounds of slicing and mincing came through, along with the Flame Demon's wilful laughter.

"How trivial, how weak, yet you have the courage to wield a sword at my person, how ignorant!"

Boom!

A terrifying pillar of red fire shot up thousands of miles around, fending off all Sword Qi.

The Flame Demon's massive hand swiped, causing several sword saint figures to fall.

The White Emperor's Son turned into a blast of Invisible Sword Qi, racing and traversing the lands, piercing through the Flame Demon's domain towards its face.

The Flame Demon clapped its hands together fiercely, and the next moment, painful screams ensued.

"Damn insects!"

Its hands, they fell off.

The Flame Demon opened its mouth wide, unleashing a violent flame flow, engulfing the Sword Qi.

"Eh."

After the flames passed, the Sword Qi figure was nowhere to be seen.

However, from behind, a cry of pain was heard.

A pudgy figure from the Panda Clan was pierced through the chest by Sword Qi.

The figure of the White Emperor's Son emerged, his face twisted, hysterically saying:

"Traitor, where is the Mystic Sky Spirit Tree?!"

This figure, labeled a traitor, replied in disbelief:

"Have you gone mad, chasing into the Demon Realm? It's just a tree, I exchanged it for the peace of the Panda Clan's descendants, was I wrong?"

The White Emperor's Son said:

"Making a deal with the demon race, aren't you clever? The ancestral master once said, with the foresight of Sauron and the Holy Emperor, the Panda Clan can rest in peace for 300,000 years. Have you forgotten?"

The traitor countered:

"They are all dead, how can they protect us? We need to save ourselves! You've led so many from the Energy Sect and sword saints on an expedition into the Demon Realm, like a moth to a flame, that's what's truly destroying the foundations of the Energy Sect! White Emperor's Son, you descended as the Golden Star, wise for a lifetime, the closest you came to the Mixed Element after our founder's fall. Why be so foolish now?"

Crack.

The traitor's head fell.

"You... you don't understand!"

The White Emperor's Son appeared lost and dispirited. His figure made of Sword Qi, under the Flame Demon's flames, gradually began to disintegrate.

A streak of golden light broke through the sky toward the Land of Nihility; that was... the Golden Stone Gourd.

"Keh keh keh, if this treasure willingly comes to me, then I shall ungraciously accept it."

The Flame Demon's huge hand reached out for the gourd.

"Taibai Invisible Sword Qi!"

Within the Golden Stone Gourd, the metal elemental power accumulated over untold years.

In an old white figure's hands, it converged into a blazing, unbearable white Sword Qi!

Boom!

It's like a galaxy falling from the heavens for thirty thousand miles!

Taibai Sword Qi, a descent from the heavens!

In the hands of the Flame Demon, a whip made up of volcanic segments emerged!

The whip and the Sword Qi collided.

The Flame Demon's figure retreated, gazing at the collapsing void ahead.

Countless Sword Qi, like ants, gnawed out a black hole. The Golden Gourd flew into the nihility, vanishing from sight.

...

This anomaly, suffused with ancient obsessions, dissipated, and Levi fell silent within.

He pieced together the legends passed down by the descendants of the Panda Clan and the fragments of the anomaly, revealing a relatively complete history of the Energy Sect.

"Sword saints' fifth realm, is it Taibai Invisible Sword Qi?"

Regrettably, the Flame Demon was too powerful for even that ultimate Sword Qi to harm it at all; such is the chasm between level 8 and level 9.

It was an expedition doomed to failure.

Probably the White Emperor's Son and others also understood in their hearts that there would be no return from this journey.

But to stand by and watch a civilization's supreme treasure taken to the Abyss by a traitor, one can understand that sentiment.

As the Holy Emperor said, the Sword Sect tends to be fanatical, extreme—perhaps this is an example.

"Now it seems that the Mystic Sky Spirit Tree has likely fallen into the hands of the Flame Demon Lord of some Abyss Layer, but that was a long time ago, and that Flame Demon might be dead by now. Forget it, what am I thinking of all this for, as if I could go to the Abyss and retrieve the Mystic Sky Spirit Tree myself."

Chapter 1900: Golden Star descends to the mortal world, the legend returns!

If that Flame Demon were still alive, it definitely would have ascended to level-10 by now, becoming a more profound lord in the Abyss.

Nora lamented:

"The Abyss, a place of despair. Countless weaker civilizations have been devoured by it, and what's most terrifying is that this trend seems endless."

Levi sighed:

"Yes, an Abyss, a Nightmare, truly the two forbidden lands of the Multidimensional Plane."

Compared to them, the astral world and the Underworld are much kinder.

Levi waved his hand.

The longsword composed of Truth Runes flew into his hand. f

Nora smiled and said:

"After this retreat, your strength will surely climb to the next level."

This is indeed a Bright Moon Artifact.

Levi said:

"Next up is the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, it will trouble you as I am currently rushing to reach seventh-circle, and many things cannot occupy my attention."

Nora replied:

"I know, I'm idle anyway."

After greeting Levi and the group from Hundred Flowers, he began another round of seclusion.

Seven years are left until the next opening of the ancient tower.

Levi must refine this Bright Moon Level Artifact as soon as possible.

All other matters are temporarily set aside.

...

Flame Mountain World.

This is one of the federations under the Wizard Council, once the homeland of the Flame Spirit Clan.

Times change, the Flame Spirit Clan has become history, their bloodlines either merged with wizard civilization or perished.

Most of the current residents in the Flame Mountain World are wizards from the Burning School of Thought, followed by the Flame Mountain Battle Group stationed here by the Wizard Council.

The elemental power of fire here is relatively dense, not much inferior to the Realm of Crimson.

The only drawback is that it's too remote, somewhat isolated from the Wizard World, and can only rely on some cross-world news for information.

Carlos Volcano Cluster.

A small flying ship hovered in the sky, a figure in a white robe with a gloomy face appeared, looking at this desolate and lonely Earth, his heart was complex.

"Let's settle down here for the next place of seclusion. Three hundred years to the east, three hundred years to the west, in the vast Universe, isn't there a chance that I, Gorwin, can find something that belongs to me? The Blazing Sun God Wizard could use the Three Flames Talent to achieve legendary status and become the highest combat power in the unbound Wizard World. Although I lack his talent, it's still hopeful for me to become a Grand Wizard. Levi, I won't forget that it was you who pushed me to this state."

...

Five years later.

Nora 115th year.

Midland Continent, Gondor City.

Fire Dragon Shop.

Weapon Refinement room.

The Holy Infant is enveloped in surging cold air, forming a scene of Ice and Fire Double Heaven in front of the furnace.

Inside the furnace.

A cerulean fan spins leisurely, Frost Runes continuously embedding into it.

In the hands of the Holy Infant, a cerulean bead emerges. He exhales and chants an incantation.

The bead flies into the slot of the fan, perfectly fusing together. And there are exactly seven such slots.

The Holy Infant fully focuses on carving a miniature array, massive amounts of runes knowledge branded into the fan.

Seven days later.

A dazzling blue radiance stirs the ice elemental power, projecting a spectacular Anomaly within the Weapon Refinement room:

A sky-covering, phoenix-like large blue bird flaps its wings, engulfing surroundings with towering Blue Cold Flame, where everything it passes is frozen, and all creatures hibernate, as if even Space-Time has solidified.

The Anomaly is complete.

The Holy Infant exhales deeply, saying:

"This top-grade Wizard Tool, its quality, is not inferior to my 'Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella', even surpassing it. Those cerulean feathers are truly excellent refining materials, likely the most core essence from a transcendent creature."

The essence from a creature, generally irreplaceable, use one less each time.

This Wizard Tool, named 'Frost Sky Seven Feather Fan', mainly uses frost feathers, with other rare frost materials added by the Holy Infant.

Especially that blue bead, known as 'Cold Clam Pearl', acquired from an auction for 200 million Aether Stones from a kind of ancient giant clam.

The cost alone makes this fan surpass most top-grade Wizard Tools. Its true value is immeasurable!

The Holy Infant beckons.

'Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella', 'Frost Sky Seven Feather Fan', 'Crimson Dragon Ring', 'Extreme Fire Wheel', 'Red Infant Sword'.

Five grand Wizard Tools rotate around him, emanating splendors.

Any ordinary primordial soul wizard would be lost in awe at a single glance.

This is indeed overly domineering.

An ordinary primordial soul having one of these could pass it down through generations. The Holy Infant has five.

And 'Purgatory Nine Dragon Umbrella' and 'Frost Sky Seven Feather Fan', one fire and the other ice among these Wizard Tools, are even the top among the top-grades.

The Holy Infant murmurs to himself:

"However, this 'Frost Sky Seven Feather Fan' can currently only be considered a semi-finished product. To fully unleash the power of those seven frost feathers, seven different types of frost items are needed, of which I've found only one. If it's ever completed, its power would be unimaginable."

However, the principal himself has said.

The second type of frost item is located on the sixth layer of the Dark Ancient Tower, and he will help the Holy Infant retrieve it when the time comes.

The Holy Infant knows, someone is about to suffer again.

He leaves the Fire Dragon Shop and goes to a deserted place to test the power of the 'Frost Sky Seven Feather Fan'.

With a single wave, where the ice flames pass, nothing remains unfrozen!

"A Sixth Circle Perfect Wizard wouldn't dare to confront it head-on. With so many top-grade Wizard Tools in hand, coupled with my Sixth Ring Senior strength, I am unbeatable below the seven-circle. If those scum from the Council of Ten Thousand Clans dare to trouble me, they will definitely not return."

The Holy Infant feels aggrieved.

The Council, bullying the honest, clings to him every day.