

## **Wizard 1941**

Chapter 1941: One Punch!

Nightmare World.

Wilderness.

The fat on General of Gluttony's body bounced up layer by layer. She exuded an aura close to that of a Level 7 Middle Stage and sneered:

"Triss, I did not expect, oh I did not expect, that you would dare to come knocking. Who gave you the courage? Is it that elusive Black Dragon Lord of the Dragon Clan? Stop hiding, come out now, Black Dragon Lord."

Triss laughed and said:

"Fat lady, you guessed quite accurately. Lord, take action!"

A giant hand swept through the void, rippling waves of space.

Following that, a figure clad in Black Armor, carrying a shark-tooth-shaped sword on his back, stepped out.

In his palm rested a miniature replica of the Colosseum-shaped Treasure.

Levi asked:

"General of Gluttony, are you interested in acknowledging me as your master and serving me? If so, I can overlook your repeated harassment of my Black Dragon Territory."

This General of Gluttony was strong, probably no less than the Snow Mountain Dragon King before his advancement to the mid-stage. To Levi, killing her for materials was certainly not as worthwhile as subduing her alive.

Moreover, these humanoid Nightmare Creatures didn't have much in the way of collectible materials on them.

That mass of fat had no value beyond being processed into oil, except maybe the Nightmare Crystals were worth some money.

Levi speculated that Gluttony's form must have been shaped by the fears of obesity in some human civilizations of the Multidimensional Plane.

As he knew, Nightmare Creatures named after Gluttony were not limited to this one in Seven Sins City; there was also a powerful Nightmare Monarch associated with Gluttony, seemingly called the Devouring Sky Demon Lord.

The General of Gluttony burst out laughing:

"Hahaha, even the Seven Sins City Lord is merely a collaborator with me. You think you can take me as a slave, do you? Are you worthy? Just with that somewhat attractive witch?"

Triss mockingly said:

"Lord, you're being looked down upon, huh?"

Levi replied indifferently:

"Then forget I ever said anything. I just hope you won't regret it later. Let's see the truth in the heat of battle."

He had simply offered Gluttony an opportunity to live, a kindness mistreated as worthless effort.

Layers of fat on Gluttony's belly contracted like compressed springs.

Bang!

A huge ball shot towards Levi with unimaginable speed.

"Take this, Meatball Impact!"

Gluttony viewed Levi, with his Level 6 Peak strength, as her breakthrough in this battle; kill Levi first, then deal with Triss. Pick the softest target, and break them one by one.

Smack!

The whip cracked through the air, shattering space as it went and opening a void passage!

Even though Levi had said he could stand against Level 7 before arriving, Triss still had some reservations and wanted to draw the attack towards herself.

But the General of Gluttony showed no intention of dodging.

Rolls of fat on her back stacked like mountains, forming a natural and mighty defense. She actually intended to face Triss's whip attack head-on and forcefully kill Levi!

Countless pieces of fat exploded, turning into lustrous blobs of oil and fat, which upon contact with air, ignited into towering flames, resulting in an explosive shockwave!

Triss, having witnessed this move from Gluttony before, activated her protective force field and quickly retreated. That oil, if splashed on one's skin, could burn for a long time, a seven-circle protective force field would not hold for too long.

Of course, Gluttony was not having an easy time either, for she had taken a blow from the Dragon Abomination whip straight on. Beneath the fat, her bones showed black tracking marks, and she was in agony.

"As long as I kill the Black Dragon Lord first, I can then face that woman with ease. If I can't beat her, I can always run."

The next moment, something that horrified her happened. The sound of bones crushing she had envisioned did not come.

Boom!

A muffled collision sounded, as if the meatball had hit an iron wall.

Moreover, an ice-cold hand, hard as steel, gripped her neck tightly!

Levi, pushed back into mid-air, his armor's boots scraping against the void, sparking flames!

Boom—Boom—Boom!

His figure collided with a towering mountain of flesh, the elastic mountain swaying to relieve the great force, and only then did Levi stop.

In his Golden Eyes, fierce flames began to burn, millions of flames descended, forming a 10-kilometer diameter Domain, his Strength within rapidly expanded!

Red Emperor Domain!

Holy Image Law!

Lion King Battle Technique!

Whale Emperor Power Book!

Falling Star Ring!

General of Gluttony looked in terror at the smiling face of the Black Dragon Lord before her, who had swelled to the size of a Frost Giant!

Merely the aura of Level 6 Peak, but how could there be such terrifying Strength? Was this his confidence as one of the Dragon Clan?

All the forces intertwined, coiling together like twine.

Levi, wearing the Doomsday Fist on his right arm, had yet to throw a punch, yet the Void could not stop trembling and shattering.

A fist emitting golden light, akin to a black hole, was devouring all matter around it!

The Level 7 Earth Element Crystal Core shimmered and then faded, unleashing all the stored Strength.

"Underhook Earth Shattering Fist!"

Levi launched his full-strength blow, tracing a beautiful downward arc.

The punch seemed simple, yet it appeared to align with some sort of fundamental Power Rules.

Levi realized that the profundity of the Iron Fist Clan was not so straight-forward!

It had the essence of Power in its simplicity.

Boom!

The most extreme punch he had ever thrown came crashing down upon the head of the General of Gluttony.

The thick layers of external fat were instantly annihilated.

The massive force transmitted, her head splitting open crisply, like a watermelon being cleaved, with fragrant oil splattering everywhere. Levi's Golden Gravity shone brilliantly, repelling all the disgusting splattered substances.

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The bloated body of the General of Gluttony crashes onto the ground from a smashing uppercut!

Boom!

The mountains shake and collapse, the Earth cracks open, and many Nightmare Creatures turn to dust under the onslaught of the gods' battle.

Layers of fat burst apart, spattering red and white grease over a hundred miles.

Witnessing this scene, Triss's mouth gapes open, her breathing heavy and her chest heaving. Even as a seven-circle wizard, her emotions surge uncontrollably with excitement.

The battle has just begun, and she's only lashed out with her whip once.

Then she sees the General of Gluttony suddenly explode into billions of pieces of flesh.

Wasn't I called here to join the fight? As it turns out, it's just to watch your solo performance? Levi, this kid, is too crafty! To show off, he starts acting.

Dust flies into the air, and shreds of flesh rain down, covering the Earth.

A gigantic pit with a diameter of five kilometers forms, its depths unseen.

Inside, filled with still wriggling red and white substances, grease, chunks of intestines, digested materials, bone fragments, eyeballs... and a stomach that, despite the horrifying explosion, remained unharmed.

Triss's expression tightens, her brow furrowed.

"Breathless, other organs have exploded, but the stomach remains. Is it dead or not?"

Levi senses the lingering ominous haze of danger.

He raises his hand, and Six Great Suns appear in the sky, smashing towards the vast pit below.

Boom!

Furious flames soar into the sky, and combined with oil splattered everywhere, a terrifying inferno ensues. Over a hundred miles where grease has splattered turns into a Sea of Fire, releasing immense energy, making Levi sigh with regret. He originally wanted to collect it to fuel those armors.

All of a sudden.

Levi's figure flickers as he scoops up Triss, teleporting frantically away.

Within the Sea of Fire, the aura of a massive horror begins to surge.

The entire Colosseum seems to tremble.

A hoarse, unpleasant female voice rings out.

"Black Dragon Lord! You must die! The most perfect body that I toiled over for thousands of years to create, destroyed just like that by you!"

A red semi-circular flesh ball with a diameter spanning hundreds of meters rises into the air, surrounded by boundless flames, its surface opening thousands of human eyes, all filled with immense resentment, staring at Levi.

Levi sets down Triss, focusing his gaze.

The lady's face flushes red, her voice questioning:

"Is this a stomach?"

Levi replies:

"Yes, this guy isn't dead, that punch just shattered its fabricated outer shell, its true form remains unharmed. I was wrong, Gluttony is not a humanoid Nightmare Creature, it is truly just... a stomach."

He had thought that this stomach was rare material burst forth from the General of Gluttony, and he almost collected it.

However, upon second thought, he realizes he has not seen the monster's true soul yet.

With the reminder from Danger Perception, he ultimately resisted the urge.

Otherwise, he would have definitely fallen prey to the feigned death and subsequent sneak attack from the General of Gluttony.

Triss jokes:

"Goodness, that scared me. I thought you had become so powerful that you could kill a Level 7 with one punch."

Levi had also been puzzled just now. His punch was indeed powerful, but it shouldn't be capable of one-shotting a Level 7.

"Let's be careful moving forward."

As she speaks, Triss lashes out with her whip, and behind her rises the towering figure of the Medicine Girl Witch Form, holding a medicine basket, with a figure graceful and beauty stunning—adorned with 15 Witch Marks, radiating seven-colored brilliance. Of those, 12 are Sixth Ring Witch Marks and 3 are Seven-Circle Witch Marks. Generally speaking, mastering 3 Witch Marks that match one's realm, and reaching the standard in spiritual force, one is qualified for senior status. It's worth noting that only learning primordial soul spells of the same realm will imprint Witch Marks; learning lower realm spells will simply be considered mastering a new spell, not enough to imprint a Witch Mark.

Levi glances and finds Triss indeed formidable.

Just two hundred and twenty years after reaching the seventh circle, she has already fulfilled the condition for primordial soul spells. All that remains is to raise her spiritual force, and she would attain Senior Seventh Ring status.

In the Seven-Ring Realm, breaking a minor threshold every two to three hundred years is already top-level talent. With such potential, advancing to the eighth circle is very hopeful.

Of course, she still can't compare to Levi. After all, Triss's age is twice that of Levi.

The monster Levi dubbed the "Stomach of Gluttony" splits open a huge gap, endlessly spewing out grease, further intensifying the Sea of Fire.

Medicine Girl is surrounded by a Black Silk Scarf, repelling the Sea of Fire, as innate spells follow her whip strikes targeting the Stomach of Gluttony. The Soul Artifact known as "Black Secret" is also cultivated by Triss to the Seven-Ring Realm; its power is considerable.

Meanwhile.

Nine-colored divine light illuminates the heavens and earth; amidst the rising whirlwind and surging clouds, the Nine-headed Emperor Dragon descends from the sky. With the longsword of the emperor slashing down, Sword Qi cleaves through the Sea of Fire as man and dragon dive into the blaze.

"What a pity, this creature fooled me into wasting a big move."

Levi is confident that had an ordinary seven-circle wizard taken that punch head-on, they would end up shattered, leaving only the primordial soul to escape.

Levi and Triss, taking advantage of their wizard forms suppressing the Stomach of Gluttony, each cast their primordial soul spells.

Thunder Dragon Skill!

Fish-Dragon Technique!

A pitch-black Thunder Dragon and a blue Fish Dragon plunge into the Sea of Fire, resulting in a deafening explosion!

Electric light fills the air, with Electric Snakes writhing chaotically.

The Fish-Dragon transforms into a Flood Torrent, extinguishing the surrounding flames. Electric current intertwines with the torrent, the dual lethal attacks cling to the surface of the Stomach of Gluttony, causing it immense pain.

Multiple attempts to flee are thwarted by the Struggle of the Trapped Beast and Triss's whip, ensuring its capture.

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Without the protection of its body, its strength was greatly diminished, no match for Levi and Triss at all.

Above Levi's head, the Amethyst Light Sword floated, gathering momentum, with endless metal elemental power converging within it, radiating terrifying might.

The nearby Triss joked:

"You all learn this stuff, it's making me want to study one too."

Levi pointed a finger, and the Amethyst Light Sword whistled away.

He joked:

"If the lady wishes to learn, you can find my friend Lord Victor in the Midland Continent. He's the best at this, and he'll give you a fifty percent discount on the tuition fee."

Triss rolled her eyes at him.

"I'm not stupid. I can obviously learn it from you for free. Why would I go to Victor?"

Pfft.

While the two bantered,

The Amethyst Light Sword found an open wound, pierced through Gluttony's rubbery outer layer, and began wreaking havoc inside. Lacking a Companion Sword Spirit, the secret sword was somewhat weaker than before, but with wizard form cooperation, it was still able to cause Level 7 trauma.

Gluttony's Stomach let out a pained howl as it opened its huge maw and sucked in the surrounding Sea of Fire, then opened another rift.

"Explode!"

A round crimson bead flew out, exploding!

The dreadful power threw even the Medicine Girl surrounded by the Black Silk Scarf and the Nine-headed Emperor Dragon and Thunder Emperor, all of whom became much fainter in form.

The blockade of Struggle of the Trapped Beast opened slightly.

"Black Dragon Lord, I won't let you off!"

Gluttony's Stomach slipped into the fissure in the void, only to find that a purple crucible emerged, radiating intense light, and unexpectedly sucked it in.

"Damn it!"

Inside the Purple Holy Crucible, Gluttony's Stomach bounced around like a ball, hitting and lighting up all the Magic Array Patterns carved on its sides. The crucible trembled non-stop. It was only because this was a top-grade Wizard Tool that it wasn't shattered on the spot; even top-quality Wizard Tools would have broken immediately.

Levi said gravely:

"Lady, prepare for the final strike!"

The Medicine Girl flew over to stand beside the crucible, her whip rising and magic spells dazzlingly twining around it.

The Nine-headed Emperor Dragon and four Earth Spirit Soldiers surrounded the Purple Holy Crucible.

The Emperor suddenly stepped on the back of the Nine-headed Emperor Dragon, erupting like a Golden Lightning from the ground, his form vanishing into the void. He rose higher and higher, his aura growing more overwhelming!

Roc Ascends to the Ninth Heaven, Roc's Mighty Sweep Across the Skies!

Crack.

The void shattered.

The Emperor's figure descended, unmatched, the air of unequaled dominance coiled around the Emperor's Sword!

Sacrifice Life for Justice, Fight Against Heaven and Earth!

Moves from the Warlord Catalog and the Eagle Divine Scripture were perfectly combined and executed in the ultimate sword strike!

At the same time, the crucible opened a gap.

Gluttony's Stomach leaped out, pleading in a panic:

"Black Dragon Lord, don't kill me, I will submit to you!"

Levi sneered.

"Too late!"

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Led by the Chaos Sword Energy, the Demon Dragon Whip, and the Nine-headed Emperor Dragon's attacks, all bombarded Gluttony's Stomach!

An energy shockwave even more terrifying than Levi's previous Underhook Earth Shattering Fist swept through heaven and earth, clearing clouds away, scattering them, whilst the earth below saw rocks lifted and shattered!

Amidst the attack, Gluttony's Stomach let out a heartbreaking wail, its half-moon-shaped flesh torn, scattering across heaven and earth like patches of torn cloth.

A faint true soul floated out from it and was quickly ensnared by Leon, who had been waiting for a while, with a spider web and smoothly secured.

"Heave-ho, heave-ho! Leon, strike!"

Levi estimated that after this wave, once Leon digested all the stored Soul Cans, he should be close to ascending to Level 7.

All along the way, it seemed that as long as there were enough Soul Cans, this little guy virtually had no bottlenecks to speak of and broke through them smoothly, as easy as eating and drinking water.

It looks like the Nether Emperor that the minotaur mentioned was definitely Leon.

Goodness, he had inadvertently raised a former Nether Emperor as a pet.

This was an existence of at least level-10!

With the true soul taken by Leon, that really meant death, with no possibility of resurrection. Levi breathed a sigh of relief.

This battle was a bit harder than he had expected.

No wonder, he was the General of Seven Sins City. The Arrogance General stronger than her and the Level 7 Peak City Lord would definitely be tougher opponents, gotta be cautious going forward.

The Sea of Fire extinguished, and the scathed land was no longer covered in fatty flesh, only pieces of charred cloth-like remains perfectly preserved.

Levi said:

"Lady, let's split these fifty-fifty."

Triss replied:

"Okay, I'll see if I can concoct some new medicines."

Levi felt that these cloth pieces were ideal for Weapon Refinement, perfect for making Wizard Tools for containing and sealing enemies, similar to the "Human Species Bag" in "Journey to the West." Or for refining protective clothing-type Wizard Tools, in any case, infinitely useful.

"Let's go."

Levi said to Triss, who seemed to be in a daze.

The commotion of this battle was too great, it was not advisable to linger.

Triss nodded.

She had merely said it offhandedly.

But after today's battle, she realized that if Levi were to unleash his full strength, it seemed that he would not be inferior to her... perhaps even surpassing her.

Scenes of their first meeting hundreds of years ago, when she saw that cautious third-circle wizard, still flickered in her mind. Looking back unexpectedly, the gap between third-circle and sixth-circle was about to be closed by him... henceforth, it would be a one-sided crush. The scariest part was that she herself was a genius, her cultivation not slow at all; otherwise, she would not have been noticed by the Black Abyss Walker and taken in as a student.

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"Ah, it's truly like a dream."

Triss sighed softly.

Levi asked:

"What's wrong, my lady?"

Triss shook her head, remaining silent.

After a long silence, she finally said:

"Nothing much, just feeling that time is a butcher's knife, I am getting old."

Levi laughed and said:

"What are you talking about, my lady? By the standards of mortals, we are all old fossils; by the standards of wizards, we are in our prime. Moreover, as long as we are not nearing the end of our lifespans, with the accumulation of knowledge and increase of spells, wizards grow stronger with age, not weaker. Why would you even speak of growing old?"

Triss hummed:

"Forget it, a freak genius like you wouldn't understand."

Levi defended:

"I'm not a freak..."

...

Several days later.

Nightmare World.

Outside the Black Dragon Territory, Chaotic Wilderness.

"Kill them! Exterminate the insects!"

"Protect the Black Dragon Territory!"

The Bloodsucking Demon Dragon led the Dragon Palace People, and the Faceless Infant Dragon commanded the Nightmare Creature army in battle against swathes of "dark clouds," spell-like abilities shining brilliantly!

Wherever the dark clouds went, the black storm followed like a shadow.

Upon closer inspection, these weren't dark clouds but legions of Nightmare Creatures the size of hounds, resembling locusts.

Their bodies were gaunt, with sharp teeth, and their heads were bizarrely varied, including emaciated human faces and various animal forms.

Most of these Nightmare Creatures were less than Level 1 in strength, with only a small portion at Level 2 or Level 3.

They are scientifically known as "Famine Worms" or "Nightmare Locusts."

Individually weak and easily exterminated, yet a single swarm often numbers in the millions. At intervals, they erupt en masse in the Nightmare World, decimating everything in their path if not swiftly eradicated, even the Nightmare Mother Trees.

Although the Famine Worms are frail, by amassing into swarms they can create powerful "Negative Energy Storms," making them difficult to completely eliminate. Moreover, they lay an exceedingly large number of eggs throughout the underground of the Nightmare World, making them impossible to fully exterminate.

The locust disaster cycle includes minor, median, and major occurrences.

The minor occurrences every hundred years are small in scale, which most Nightmare Lords can easily overcome, even reaping a large harvest of Nightmare Crystals to fertilize the main trees.

The median ones every thousand years bring incredibly large swarms that can easily sweep over most small and medium-sized Multidimensional Planes, and the swarms birth terrifying special entities, "Famine Predators," with powers above level 6.

The major ones every ten thousand years bring enormous upheavals to the Nightmare World, forming ultimate locust disasters capable of ravaging large planes, possibly even spawning "Famine Tyrants" and "Famine Queens" rivaling level 9 or even level-10 strongmen!

With each major occurrence, territories of Nightmare Overlords are swallowed by the locust disaster.

For the original inhabitants of the Nightmare World, this is no longer strange.

It's only because the Nightmare is sufficiently powerful; otherwise, other civilizations would have long perished.

Yet, the locust disasters come hurriedly and leave just as swiftly.

Their lifespan is extremely short, even for special entities such as the Famine Tyrants and Famine Queens, they do not live long.

All locusts, the Queen included, live no longer than a year, with the stronger entities living proportionally longer.

Survive this year, and every territory gains substantial benefits.

Especially the Nightmare Mother Trees, which can grow robustly, and in some Chaotic Wildernesses, new unclaimed territories can emerge, sprouting new saplings.

This is an excellent opportunity for the lords to expand their domains.

This time's locust disaster was just the minor hundred-year occurrence.

The Black Dragon Territory has already experienced it several times.

There is no need for the Dragon Palace People, as the local Nightmare Creature army can eradicate the locusts on their own.

Therefore, Levi was not particularly concerned.

But he knew from the history of the Nightmare World.

After this locust disaster, in Nora year 251, it will be the thousand-year event.

Then it will be necessary to call for the battle groups to assist, to prevent the loss of territory.

After the thousand-year locust disaster, another thousand years, in Nora year 1251, will be the "Major Year."

This is what genuinely concerned Levi.

With the current rate of his and his domain's development, it would be inadequate to withstand the level-9 disaster a thousand years later.

By then, one can only hope that the level-9 disaster would not come seeking them.

Preferably, it would go after the Blood Rain Overlord or the Tyrant of Horror, incidentally resolving a major concern for Levi.

According to Levi's analysis, the Famine Worms likely embody the fear of "hunger" felt by most beings within the Multidimensional Plane.

As a transcendent, he feels nothing. However, for most ordinary people and beings, their primary concern is not whether they can break through, but whether they might starve to death tomorrow.

Several days later.

The locust disaster was thoroughly eradicated without causing the slightest disturbance.

The Nightmare Crystals piled up like mountains at the foot of the Nightmare Main Tree.

The Bloodsucking Demon Dragon said:

"Lord, this locust disaster has passed."

Levi responded:

"Well done, go claim your reward from the Black Lotus Beast."

The Bloodsucking Demon Dragon rubbed its claws together, similarly to how flies rub their hands.

"Thank you, boss."

After consuming a few more Dragon Scale Fruits, it felt it could make a dash for the Level 6 Middle Stage realm, catching up to the pace of its elder brother, the Black Lotus Beast.

In recent years, their youngest sister, the Faceless Infant Dragon, has advanced as quickly as if taking steroids, rapidly catching up to it, causing considerable anxiety.

...

Five years later.

Nora year 156.

Land of Darkness, Sauron Pan-Plane.

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In the depths of space, far from Nora, there exists a white world.

It is a middle-level plane known as the Wind Country.

The storms that encircle this world never cease, and the crystal wall at the world's edge is filled with cracks, as if being stretched and devoured by an invisible force.

The Wind Country is the homeland of the Wind Spirit Clan.

It is a race born with the natural ability to control the flow of air.

On this day.

The Capital, Kulkan.

All the Wind Spirits kneel before the corpse of a giant beast, miles in length, mourning in a desolate atmosphere that pervades the air.

These Wind Spirits have bodies as soft as marshmallows and can change shape at will.

They do not have feet but swirls of air like fish tails that allow them to float in the void.

Their leader is a level six expert and also the High Priest of the clan, responsible for issuing divine decrees.

"The Dragon God of Wind has shed its mortal coil and stepped into His Divine Kingdom in the astral world. All Wind Spirits, bid farewell to the Wind God."

"Praise the Dragon God!"

"Praise the Dragon God!"

"May the Dragon God protect us in the astral world!"

Songs echo back, a dirge of civilization.

Above in the high skies, black crows circle.

Among them, a blue crow that stands out—it is Ayak.

With sharp and spirited eyes, it gazes at the corpse of the giant beast below.

To be precise, this is a creature with a flat body that vaguely resembles the Dragon Clan.

Its body soft like clouds, changing freely with the shapes of the wind, it is the Wind-shaped Dragon, a rare sub-dragon with wind-element affinity.

Around it, an endless aura of Death Energy and dusk signifies a natural death, its strength having reached the Seventh Level, the peak of Wind-shaped Dragons. Alas, even the long-lived Dragon Clan cannot withstand the natural cycle of life and death.

On its forehead, there is a shiny crystal, imbued with the potent power of storms. Ayak finds it rather appealing.

If taken, it would make a fine decoration for one's nest, wouldn't it? Likely to attract female crows, right?

And those soft, gauze-like scales on its body, could they be woven into the most beautiful window sheer in the world?

Ayak made up its mind—it would take this dragon away.

Suddenly.

A pirate ship descends from the sky, aboard are bald wizards—who else could they be but Cave Wizards?

"Hahaha, so many alien races, catch 'em all and sell them on the black market, we're going to make a fortune... wait, there's even a Level 7 sub-dragon corpse, jackpot!"

"Yeah, it's been tough, finally a good haul. Ever since the Water General's death, life has been harder. Nightmare Black Dragon, the boss, is so unpredictable, he's impossible to serve!"

On the pirate ship, there are two Sixth-Circle Cave Wizards and a group of Intermediate Wizards, all fully armed, radiating murderous intent, clearly having emerged from the battlefields stained with blood.

"Follow me to the fight, lads!"

"Let's show those barbarians how fearsome wizards can be!"

The Cave Wizards charged down.

The Wind Spirits, just emerging from their grieving state, showed not a hint of will to fight in their eyes.

An ancient parable states: The fall of the Dragon God is also the end of Wind Country.

Resistance is meaningless; they have no future left.

Just as the Cave Wizards began their assault, a sudden change occurred.

Their pirate ship got smashed by suddenly appearing icebergs from nowhere, the lights flashed brightly, and their low-quality protective array quickly shattered.

Boom!

A giant Ice Giant Sword hundreds of meters in length slashed down!

The pirate ship was cut in half.

At the hilt of the great sword stood a beautiful blue crow, poised and calm, majestic yet stable.

"Caw caw caw!"

The Cave Wizards were dumbfounded.

Caught up in arson, murder, and looting, they had completely overlooked the presence of a crow.

"Damn it, what the hell is this?!"

"Crap, we can't go back!"

"Brothers, let's kill the crow first!"

About a quarter of an hour later.

"Run! This crow is too strong! Old One-Ear is dead! Old Three Legs has fled!"

"A wise man does not eat the loss before his eyes! Retreat!"

"Don't kill me! Mercy, Brother Crow!"

High above in the sky.

The blue crow battles numerous enemies single-handedly, not at a disadvantage.

After slaying a Sixth Ring Senior Cave Wizard, another of the Sixth Ring sold out his comrades and fled.

A group of Cave Wizards scattered like birds and beasts.

"Caw caw caw."

Ayak's Ice Feather wings shot out, one after another, the pirates met their end.

In the end, save for that fleeing Sixth-Circle Wizard, all others lay dead on the spot.

Even if they weren't dead, they wouldn't be able to set sail again, for their ship was gone.

Ayak's combat prowess doesn't pale in comparison to the likes of Snow King, a combat-oriented special spiritual creature.

With the support of Levi's Sixth Ring Perfect Cultivation, these Cave Wizards were truly not worth mentioning.

That's why it could roam the Land of Darkness so safely and untroubled.

With its intelligence and ability, unless faced with a Seventh Level existence, no one could keep it down.

The Wind Spirits looked at the handsome and heroic blue crow with shock in their eyes.

This was the strongest being they had ever seen, aside from the Wind God.

The Wind Spirit Clan Leader greeted in their Wind Spirit language.

"Thank you, Crow God!"

Everyone else also expressed their gratitude.

"Could it be that the Crow God is an incarnation of the Dragon God come forth in a new life?"

"Indeed, otherwise how could there be such coincidences in this world?"

"No wonder the ancient prophecy also stated, when the Dragon God falls and the world meets its end, a Heavenly Destiny Divine Bird will come to our salvation!"

"Was it mentioned in the prophecy? I never heard of that."

"Don't bother with the details, just praise the Crow God and be done with it!"

The Wind Spirits chattered amongst themselves. Ayak naturally couldn't understand them, but it instinctively felt they must be singing its praises.

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In fact, it simply did not want the body of the level 7 Dragon Clan to fall into the hands of the Cave Wizard.

This item belongs to me, Ayak!

It recalled its master's instructions, and spat out a miniature airship.

At the prow, a projection of Gandalf with a kind and benevolent face emerged, speaking in the common language of wizards:

"I am Gandalf, from the Wizard World. Due to the irresistible force of the inter-plane confluence, your civilization may be heading towards destruction. Those who wish to survive, please board this ship. The airship's automatic navigation system will lead you to the new worlds. There, shall be the new home for the Sauron Pan-Plane All Clans!"

This speech was already pre-recorded, convenient for rescuing some innocent small and medium civilizations.

Of course, it could also trick more labor forces to come to the Ancient Dragon Continent to work and participate in the Blood Battle.

These airships were also the cheapest kind, lacking any protective systems, mainly used as transportation means.

The isolated Wind Spirit Clan had no grasp of the common language of wizards.

But clearly, this was the Noah's Ark bestowed by the Heavenly Destiny Divine Bird to save them.

Ayak opened its mouth, its belly resembling Doraemon's dimensional pocket, and took the enormous body of the giant dragon into it, slowly departing.

"God has taken away its past life!"

"The Dragon God has reincarnated as the Crow God!"

"Praise the Crow God!"

The Wind Spirit Clan hurriedly boarded the ship.

"Clan Leader, it seems the airship can't fit everyone."

"It can fit, we are the Wind Spirit Clan, we are air, we can just squeeze a little."

Ayak embarked on its journey once again.

In the vast Land of Darkness, it had been traveling alone for eighty years.

The legend of the Heavenly Destiny Divine Bird might spread across many more small planes.

...

The Midland Continent.

Dawn Tower.

The place of seclusion.

Victor opened his eyes, his sixth-circle Maximum spiritual force sweeping out.

"This is my limit, what a pity, I still don't have enough primordial soul spells. I have only mastered 3, and the pass mark given to me by my true self is 12."

Although it is 12, there's no need to strive for excellent or top-grade spells like my true self.

Any spell that can enhance the power of the secret sword is acceptable.

The three spells he now masters are all supportive of the sixth-circle.

For example, "Sixth-level Metal Enhancement", "Advanced Sharpness", "Metal Uprising" and the like.

These spells are mainly to drastically enhance the power of the secret sword, continuously stacking and strengthening attack power!

If you can slay the enemy with one sword strike, there's no need for defense; this is the Sword Sect's ideology and confidence!

Of course, having said that.

It's still necessary to master a few protective spells, escape spells, to increase the success rate of assassination.

In addition, to increase the killing power against demons, Levi has also arranged a Light Sect spell for Victor, called "Holy Light Wrap". As the name suggests, it means to enshroud the blade with holy light attributes, so that stabbing demons would result in critical hits, each strike a Blazing Fire.

Gandalf came to visit.

He said with a beaming face:

"Victor, the once-in-a-millennium 'Roger Banquet' is coming up, you must have received an invitation, right? Are you going to attend? After the banquet, there will be a grand auction, maybe there will be something good."

The "Roger Banquet" is a traditional festivity passed down by the Legendary Wizard "Platinum Wind Roger".

On this day, Roger's legacy organization "Platinum Steeple" would invite many well-known persons from the Wizard World to gather.

They would exchange cultivation insights, foster friendships, and progress together.

Victor asked:

"Are there any breakthrough potions? If not, I won't go."

Gandalf said:

"I'm not sure about the potions, but there will definitely be formulas for Seven-Circle Breakthrough Potions. Although formulas are typically reserved for the true self by Madam Triss, collecting multiple formulas is also beneficial. Let's go together, after all, it's held at the Metal School's dojo, you might gain something. It's a once in a thousand years event... Besides, the true self will also attend."

As a fifth-circle pharmacist, Gandalf was also striving hard to reach the sixth circle, thus collecting potion formulas was of great importance to him.

"Alright."

Lord Victor pondered for a moment and decided to take a look, perhaps to collect some more useful primordial soul spells.

Over the years, the Metal School often invited Lord Victor to give lectures.

However, he disliked high-profile appearances and was too busy, so he never went.

Fire Dragon Shop.

Gandaph called out.

"Ace, let's go to the auction. Even Victor is attending."

Standing with his hands behind his back, Victor saw a plain black bag tied to the waist of the Holy Infant and asked:

"It's been a few years, what new Wizard Tool have you refined?"

The Holy Infant chuckled:

"This is the 'Bag of Gluttony.' It's very powerful, refined for myself."

The very first storage item that the Holy Infant used at the beginning of his wizard journey was called "Bag of Gluttony"; it sort of represents a kind of remembrance and sentimentality.

The Holy Infant continued:

"I happen to be short on some weapon refinement materials, so let's go together. With more people, if we encounter an assassination attempt by the Council of Ten Thousand Clans, we'll have someone to look out for each other. By the way, Gandaph, how's your 'Ten-Winged Heavenly Dragon Body Tempering Technique' coming along?"

Gandaph sighed:

"This body tempering technique is indeed much harder than the 'Eight-Armed Demon God.' I've been cultivating for over thirty years and only reached the fourth-circle realm. To fully master it, I'm afraid it won't happen until the Seven-Ring Realm."

Listen to that boast; vintage Gandaph.

Before departure.

Yali and Elsie hurried to follow.

"Master, we also received an invitation, heh heh."

The Holy Infant smiled:

"Then let's go together."

Both women had recently advanced to the senior realm of the sixth-circle, with greatly enhanced strength. With their two swords combined, they could fight at the level of Sixth Circle Perfection, and they also make good bodyguards.

Every time the Holy Infant sets out, he is mentally prepared to be targeted.

The group of five boarded Gandaph's leading airship, the Phantom 60, and quickly set off towards the Bronze Realm.

At this grand gathering, the invited primordial soul wizards are basically all geniuses.

It might be quite lively when the time comes.

...

Ancient Dragon Continent.

Training ground.

Levi muttered an incantation, and with a palm strike, a pillar of fire infused with searing flames and a metal melt flow shot into the sky, dissolving everything in its path or casting it into a river of molten metal.

"Not bad, the power is commendable. As a Dual Faction, it's even stronger than 'Six Suns Continuous Explosion' at the same level. Moreover, for me, the difficulty of cultivating Dual Faction Magic isn't much higher than Single Sect. In the future, I should collect more of these spells."

In the past years, he managed to grasp the 'Earth King's Blood,' 'Destruction Melt Flow,' 'Holy Flame Giant,' and 'Shining Eye' – these four grand spells, refining all of them to level 13 standard, just shy of breaking through to the sixth-circle with some more refining work.

Besides that.

The 'Nightmare Dragon Breathing Technique' also broke through to the Level 6 Mid Stage, with the diameter of the 'Nightmare Domain' reaching six kilometers.

This means that the duplication of the Nightmare has a wider range of activity. The duplication of the Nightmare is very powerful, but the limitation is large and enemies can easily avoid it, so it's necessary to expand the range as much as possible.

High above the sky.

Madam Triss's pink airship floated along as she urged:

"Levi, hurry up."

Levi replied:

"Coming, it's a shame Hundred Flowers is in seclusion, she will miss such an exciting event."

If it were an ordinary Wizard Gathering, Levi wouldn't be really interested.

But the "Roger Banquet" is something he wanted to see for himself.

No other reason, but just to learn more about this Extraordinaire who created the 'Infinite Primordial Soul Method.'

Platinum Wind Roger!

One of the greatest Legendary Wizards after Sauron!

Chapter 1947: Chat with Roger! Goal, Rainbow Sea!

Bronze Realm.

Within the realm, there stood a metal mountain range a hundred thousand meters tall, gleaming with the luster of platinum.

This is "Roger Mountain," one of the spectacular wonders left by Roger. It is said to be a treasure.

However, from the ancient times to the present, no one has taken it away.

At the foot of the mountain, the once-millennium Roger Banquet is underway.

The banquet site is enveloped in an unbreakable primordial soul-level array.

Only those with invitations who present proof are eligible to enter.

The banquet is to last for three days.

On the first day, the main event is the Platinum Steeple hosting a simple feast where everyone just drinks and chats.

On the second day, there are free activities, socializing, exchange of cultivation insights. There's also the thrilling "Roger Martial Arts Competition," where one can compare spells and skills.

On the third day, there is free trading and a large-scale auction where good things always emerge.

The Phantom 60 airship slowly floats in the air.

The Midland feasting squad has arrived.

"Oh ho ho, delicious food! I, Gandaph, am here!"

Once the socialites arrive, they immediately attract everyone's attention.

Because of the achievements of the Three Avatars over the years, as well as the influence of the ancient tower ranking and Wizards Ranking, Victor, Gandaph, and Master Fire Dragon are called by some the "Three Heroes of Gondor City."

The arrival of all Three Heroes, especially Victor, gives the organizers from Platinum Steeple some inward satisfaction.

"The Light of the Nomadic Wizards, Gandaph, Fire Dragon Ais, Dawn Divine Sword Victor... Tsk tsk tsk, this Roger Banquet is indeed a rare gathering of wizards in the Wizard World, all three of them are here."

"Isn't it? I have a nephew who begs me daily to find Victor, wanting me to pull strings to get him into Dawn Tower for studies. Sigh, he doesn't understand, even among Sixth-Circle Wizards, there are levels. How could Victor possibly consider my face?"

"That's nothing; I have a cousin with only Second Ring Cultivation obsessed with Master Fire Dragon, just to get close to him, she especially runs to the Fire Dragon Shop to buy things."

"You all have nothing on this; my Grandma, nearing her end and knowing breakthroughs are hopeless, intensely follows Gandaph's news every day, claiming she wants to pursue true love..."

"Anyone who makes it to the level of primordial soul is no ordinary person, but those like them are freaks."

"Hah! Temporary glory proves nothing. From the past to present, looking across the Multidimensional Plane, figures like the Three Heroes of Gondor City are aplenty, like fish crossing the river. But in the end, how many have become Grand Wizards and legends?"

Acquainted wizards communicate through their spiritual force, privately chatting and gossiping.

There is envy and praise, as well as belittlement and contempt, such are human feelings.

Gandaph glances over.

Among those present are many familiar figures, many of whom were top talents of the Dark Ancient Tower.

For example, the Snow Lotus Witch seated at the table from the Endless Sea, who is now a Six Ring Senior Wizard as well.

When she notices Gandaph's gaze, she politely smiles back.

At the same table, there's a dashing man in a White Robe, the Son of Hurricane, also a Six Ring Senior.

There's also a bald, burly body-refining wizard, the supreme fist wizard, an Ocean Abyss Alliance talent from an earlier batch of Sea Aristocrats, already at Sixth Circle Perfection.

And there's a golden-robed, attractively built, stunningly beautiful Golden-haired Witch, probably the Letney Family's genius, also a Six Ring Senior, apparently known as Lightning Nun·Karpna.

Gandaph thinks to himself.

"If the Electric Eel Wizard were still alive, he'd be nearing Sixth Circle Perfection too, I suppose."

There are still many other school talents around, but Gandaph isn't very familiar with them. There are also a few Seven-Circle Wizards invited, but not many. Such powerhouses are mostly high-ranking individuals in top wizard organizations or congress, busy with important roles, and seldom venture out. Those who come are mostly free spirits.

A pink airship descends.

Triss, Levi, and Anya arrive at the banquet and take their seats at the table from the Endless Sea.

Over the years, Levi has also gradually made a name for himself in the Wizard World, especially after Ancient Dragon Continent became an experimental pilot site, all the more so. Therefore, there are quite a few who recognize him.

"The Dusk Hall Master has arrived; this is a major player, reviving the nearly extinct knight path to level 6, quietly establishing the Dusk Holy Temple, and even the Supreme Council is paying great attention."

"What? Knights can reach level 6 now? Weren't the strongest only Level 1? Have I been secluded in intense cultivation for too long, becoming out of touch with the times?"

"You don't know yet? Now the Ancient Dragon Continent is designated by the congress as the [Knight Talent Training Pilot Site], it's even been formally recognized... Oh, and the Ancient Dragon Continent is also a [Mechanic Pilot Base], [Qi Sect Talent Incubation Base]. Impressive, isn't it? Such a small Ancient Dragon Continent has three completely different Extraordinary Paths, and all are quite promising."

"Shh, this young man is rather formidable; my impression of knights is still stuck on those Low-level wizard escorts."

"Moreover, this Levi, although he seems to rarely take the lead, is actually close with some of the top talents like Gandaph, Ais, Victor, Alexandra... These young elites of Midland have a good relationship with him. He's also a VIP alongside Triss."

Some of the more traditionally secluded old practitioners can't help but look toward Levi.

The man's appearance, wearing Black Armor and carrying a shark-tooth-shaped sword, with a resolute face, surely has the temperament of a knight.

But in fact, judging by the spiritual force fluctuation he emits, his wizard cultivation is also at Sixth Circle Perfection, truly a person that can make others green with envy.

Chapter 1948: Chat with Roger! Goal, Rainbow Sea!

At the center of the banquet.

A seven-circle wizard from the Platinum Steeple clapped his hands and smiled:

"My name is Fors, the Deputy Tower Master of the Platinum Steeple. Welcome to all who have traveled from afar to attend Roger's banquet. It's rare for us to gather like this, so let's enjoy good food, good drinks, and friendly exchanges. With an eighth-circle wizard stationed here, I hope no displeasing incidents will occur."

Levi looked around and saw that there were at least a hundred primordial soul wizards present.

He had been worried that the Council of Ten Thousand Clans might take this opportunity to cause trouble.

But now, it seemed unlikely.

Unless they sent a large force, it was a futile effort.

Moreover, this grand feast might also have been deliberately set by the Wizard Council as bait to catch the bigger fish; there could be powerful beings watching secretly.

During the meal.

Several primordial soul wizards took this opportunity to get to know and interact with other guests.

Everyone elegantly raised their glasses to toast one another.

And the most popular "attractions" were the seats of those senior seven-circle wizards, as well as Levi and the Gondor Three Heroes.

Levi also kindly got to know everyone, taking this opportunity to expand his social connections.

Generally speaking, those who could attend such a banquet were of high quality.

There was none of the unpleasantness seen in some novels, such as disagreements or jealousy-induced conflicts.

All of them were dignified primordial soul wizards, and with so many people around, such incidents were unlikely.

After the banquet ended.

Some primordial soul wizard suddenly proposed.

"Senior Fors, I've heard that those destined may find [Roger's Treasure] if they can reach Roger's Summit. I wonder if this is true?"

Hearing this, Fors burst out laughing:

"It's true. If you are interested, why don't we give it a try?"

This was no secret.

According to Roger's will, no official organization, including his inheritor, the Platinum Steeple, could enclose Roger Mountain or charge admission or claim it as their own. Instead, it was to be treated as a common wealth of the Wizard World. His mighty strength was also matched by his interesting character, and he left some unexpected "treasures" for wizards in Roger Mountain.

Of course, these "treasures" were not easy to obtain.

Roger Mountain itself contained a powerful Primordial Magnetic Field, so strong that it could interfere with the actions of primordial soul wizards, to the extent that even Void Travel could not be utilized. Thus, only those with great persistence, great strength, and great fortune could have a chance of obtaining them.

Typically, seven-circle wizards can easily reach the peak.

For sixth-circle wizards, it's not so certain.

Levi had heard of this as well.

Now that his strength was sufficient, he also wanted to try conquering Roger Mountain during this opportunity.

At the foot of the mountain, over a hundred primordial soul wizards floated in the void.

Triss said:

"I won't go. I already went when I broke through to the seventh-circle. Levi, you go. You should have a shot at reaching the summit, and Anya can give it a try as well... well, it's all about participating."

Anya:

"..."

Truly a mother's concern, writing off her own son like that... but admittedly, he indeed stands no chance.

Other seven-circle wizards refrained from participating, obviously having summited before.

Fors laughed and said:

"Since everyone has come from far to attend this banquet, our Platinum Steeple can't be stingy. Let's add some fun. The first one to reach the summit will be awarded 3 billion Aether Stones by the Platinum Steeple, the second one 2 billion, and the third one 1 billion. The rewards are just a small token of our appreciation; please don't take it personally."

Gandaph laughed heartily:

"With such generosity from the Platinum Steeple, I believe it won't be long before the Metal School rises again and produces a legendary champion!"

Others were also pleasantly surprised.

"How generous of the Platinum Steeple!"

"This first place, I'll take it."

Upon a single command, a hundred primordial soul wizards began to fly upwards.

If one is not strong enough to reach the summit of Roger Mountain, this is the only way.

Otherwise, if one were to directly fly to 100,000 meters high and approach the mountain body, they would be suddenly caught by the traction of the Primordial Magnetic Force and plummet at high speeds, crushing their defensive field and inevitably causing severe injuries.

Among the hundred streams of light, a few particularly stood out.

Lord Victor merged with his secret sword into one, transforming into a streak of golden light, far in the lead!

Holy Infant, with his feet on the [Extreme Fire Wheel], turned into a blaze of fire and shot forth.

Gandaph was engulfed in burning black Divine Light, and his speed was not slow either.

Levi was wrapped in thunder light, with air currents billowing, leisurely following behind the Three Avatars.

"This Elemental Magnetism is so strong, it feels like flying with a mountain strapped to my back, but if I activate [Primordial Magnetic Field] and adjust the magnetic direction around me, I could easily win. But there's no need; I'll let Victor have it, so he can save up to buy a breakthrough potion. I can't be too high-profile with so many people around."

A hundred primordial soul wizards passed like immortals crossing the sea, each displaying their magical abilities, creating an astonishing scene. Many wizards even activated their wizard forms, taking the challenge seriously.

Triss whispered to herself.

"Levi, this guy, is taking it too easy... It looks like he's letting Victor take the first place."

Given her understanding of Levi, he would probably control his rank to be within the top three.

The higher they went, the stronger the Elemental Magnetism became.

Midway up the mountain, Anya's forehead was covered in sweat; he was clearly struggling.

His veins protruded as he pushed his limits and advanced another thousand meters, but eventually had to stop.

If he persisted any further, he feared he would suffer severe injuries.

"Sigh, if I were to advance to a Sixth Ring Senior, I might be able to go further. Now, let's see how Levi performs."

Chapter 1949: Chat with Roger! Goal, Rainbow Sea!

The mountainside serves as a checkpoint, where at least two-thirds of primordial soul wizards are weeded out.

"Alas, I really can't do it."

"Yeah, it feels like my veins are about to be ripped out."

"And that's not all, it's like my primordial soul is being sucked out by the Elemental Magnetism."

"I've heard that Roger Mountain itself is a level-10 Treasure. Roger once used this mountain to crush several level-10 Alien Races' powerhouses. It seems that its fame is well-deserved."

"What do you think, out of the remaining people, who could win the crown?"

"Is there need to guess? It's certainly Lord Victor. With his Sixth Ring Perfect Cultivation, and as a top-level genius, no one can suppress him, except for seven-circle wizards."

"I have a feeling that the Dusk Palace Master seems pretty relaxed, maybe he's conserving strength for a final sprint. The knight's body is strong, it might be of help."

About two-thirds of the way, top-level geniuses with Sixth Ring Senior Cultivation, like Son of Hurricane and Snow Lotus Witch, also resigned in helplessness, and both Alexandra and Elsie stepped down as well.

Snow Lotus Witch's beautiful eyes watched the towering figure of the black-armored swordsman from behind.

"He's becoming stronger and stronger, and it's no ordinary person that can make Madam Triss move to live in Ancient Dragon Continent."

The eyes of Son of Hurricane show reluctance to admit defeat.

"Sigh, my cultivation is no weaker than Fire Dragon Ais, but his compass-shaped top-grade Wizard Tool helps him offset a lot of Elemental Magnetism."

After flying for a while longer, Holy Infant and Gandaph also start to feel strained.

At this point, less than twenty primordial soul wizards are still climbing.

Essentially, all are at Sixth Ring Perfect Cultivation.

Holy Infant activates the Purple Extreme Saint Dragon Witch Phase and rides the dragon further ahead, and then he stops, ultimately climbing four-fifths of the way. His prowess mainly lies in his Wizard Tool; he is fine for slaying foes, but it's not much assistance in this scenario.

"It seems only those with Sixth Ring Perfect Cultivation have any hope of reaching the summit."

Gandaph summons the White Elephant and merges with it, finally reaching five-sixths of the way before stopping.

"If nothing unexpected happens, the champion and the runner-up should be Lord Victor and myself."

Next to Gandaph, the supreme fist wizard looks on in disbelief.

"He's only at Sixth Ring Senior Cultivation and he's climbed nearly as high as me. Moreover, he hasn't even used any Wizard Tool... Just as body refinement goes, I'm inferior to Gandaph. After I return, I need to focus on seclusion and training."

To this, he felt no envy.

In his early years as a nomadic wizard, he fought his way up and only then joined the Ocean Abyss Alliance, feeling a certain favor towards Gandaph, the "Light of the Nomadic Wizards."

At the six-sevenths mark.

On the field, only ten Sixth-Circle Wizards remained, all with Perfection, each of whom had promoted a long time ago and whose spiritual force was almost at Maximum.

Lord Victor begins to struggle too, which is sensed by Levi, who's ranked ninth.

Suddenly, a sixth-circle wizard with Perfect Cultivation brings out a compass-shaped Treasure.

"Hahaha, the first place is mine!"

This compass-shaped Wizard Tool emitted strands of Elemental Magnetism, which counteracted that of Roger Mountain.

Seizing this opportunity, he accelerated violently, rapidly overtaking his rivals.

In the eyes of the astounded spectators below, he surpassed Lord Victor.

"That's Rabid Wizard, said to wield a rare Sixth-level Elemental Magnetic Treasure, truly a master of concealment."

"Damn, I just bet on Lord Victor to win, now it looks doubtful."

Elated, Anya's expression changes slightly as well; he thought Lord Victor had it in the bag, yet a dark horse emerged.

Triss, on the other hand, thinks to herself: Levi must be anxious now.

Indeed.

Seeing the 300 million prize possibly slipping away.

Levi stops holding back, his body emanating an immense golden glow of Golden Gravity, with the Primordial Magnetic Field activated!

Boom!

Under the stunned gaze of all.

An unimaginable golden light soars up like a rocket!

One by one, overtaking each one!

Rabid Wizard is less than a kilometer away from the finish line, ecstatic one moment, then the next his smile freezes.

A swiftly approaching golden light overtakes him, leaving behind a silhouette of a figure shouldering a shark-tooth-shaped sword.

"Is it him? How is it possible that he caught up? That's... the Primordial Magnetic Field, he actually mastered such an obscure technique? My 300 million!"

At the summit.

Levi looks at Rabid Wizard who came in second, his expression calm.

Rabid Wizard, drenched in sweat, says with a wry smile:

"Impressive, I believe you are the Golden Dominator, right?"

Levi smiles faintly.

"A mere insignificant title, you did exceedingly well too."

In the meantime, Lord Victor reaches the finish line in third place.

Levi feels delight, as he and Lord Victor split 400 million Aether Stone.

Below.

Anya breathes a sigh of relief.

"That's good, I was saying, how could Levi be so slow."

A smile plays on Triss's lips.

She discovers that she still knows Levi quite well.

Fors arrives at the summit, and as agreed, distributes the rewards.

"Sir Levi, you've certainly kept your strength hidden."

He too thought Lord Victor was a sure win but didn't expect a dark horse to emerge.

He thought the dark horse had won, but Levi turned out to be the biggest surprise.

Levi thanks him with a smile.

"Many thanks for your generosity, senior."

Fors says:

"A total of seven reached the summit, go and observe the statue now, good luck to you all."

Only on the first observation is there a chance to gain Roger's treasure.

At the summit.

Levi approaches the statue.

Roger's image is that of a middle-aged wizard with a beard, an air of casualness about him. He stands leaning on a longsword, his gaze turned toward the sky.

He murmurs in his heart.

"Junior Levi greets the senior!"

Suddenly.

His consciousness becomes hazy.

When he opens his eyes, he finds himself in the vast expanse of Deep space.

## Chapter 1950: Chat with Roger! Goal, Rainbow Sea!

The resplendent colors formed ripples, spreading out like the vast ocean, with stars within it, as if a solitary boat.

On the deck of a small ship, a wizard wrapped in a golden cloak, clad in silver armor, gazed at Levi.

His eyes were as deep as the starry sea, his features resolute, carrying a natural air of dominance that compelled one to prostrate in worship.

"Congratulations on perfecting the Infinite Primordial Soul Method... successor."

Without a doubt, this was Roger.

Levi was inwardly shocked.

Could it be that he was the fated one, with hopes of obtaining some treasure?

Indeed, the Infinite Primordial Soul Method was created by Roger himself, and Levi had condensed the Infinite Primordial Soul.

This likely was a power projection set in advance by Roger, which could only be triggered by satisfying certain conditions.

And condensing the Infinite Primordial Soul might just be one of those conditions.

"Greetings, senior."

He conversed with this mighty figure across the span of countless aeons.

Roger spoke:

"Before you and excluding myself, only two have mastered this cultivation method."

Levi asked:

"Who are the other two?"

Roger replied with a smile:

"One of them is the Deep Blue Sage... there's no need to mention the other."

Levi's expression showed regret.

"It's a pity that the Deep Blue Sage has perished."

Roger shook his head.

"Child, legends do not perish so easily. They might simply be reborn in some way; there is no need for sorrow."

Levi inquired:

"And what of you now, senior?"

Roger answered:

"Me? I have indeed died. Before I became Roger, I was once known as [Magnetic Storm Emperor·Sars], Roger is just my second life. At best, I am now merely an artifact spirit within Roger Mountain, hahaha."

Levi's heart jumped with surprise.

The Magnetic Storm Emperor was a legendary wizard from an even earlier era than Roger!

He questioned:

"Senior, are you suggesting legendary wizards have grasped the method of transmigration and rebirth?"

If the Undying Bird can remain immortal, constantly undergoing reincarnation, it's not impossible for legendary wizards either.

Roger said:

"Sorren's True Understanding of Wizarding, this legendary forbidden spell, has given legendary wizards a second chance to re-prove the truth. However, without other opportunities, they can only reincarnate twice, which is to say, for twenty thousand years... Of course, the timing of this second transmigration is a choice that the legendary wizards can make themselves; it could be in ten thousand years, or a hundred thousand, or even three hundred thousand years later."

Levi was profoundly shaken.

It had to be Sorren! Astounding!

Roger continued:

"Sorren once said that, starting from the foundation of the Wizard Council, the third millennium will mark the most significant upheaval in the Wizard World in a myriad of years, unseen for millions of years.

Child, the era you are living in will be a crucial moment for the Wizard World, a time where survival and destruction are at stake!

Throughout the history of the Wizard World, many awe-inspiring legends have emerged. Some of them, following Sorren's guidance, may reincarnate in this grand era.

Next, you will witness an incredibly powerful Wizard World. You are not just a participant of this era; you might very well be one of its leaders... Do not doubt, for you are one of Sorren's fated individuals.

In his words, you and he are the only two... foreigners across the Multidimensional Plane.

Do you understand?"

Levi's heart surged with emotion.

He had already preliminarily concluded that Sorren was a transmigrator.

Now, it seems his speculation was correct.

Neither he nor Sorren were born in any world of the Multidimensional Plane.

They came from the same universe and homeland... Earth.

After calming his emotions, Levi asked:

"Senior, why did you not save your second transmigration for this golden era? Perhaps, you could have had the chance to reach Level 11 in this age."

Roger sat down.

He spoke with undisguised envy:

"I wish I could have... But the era I lived in faced the greatest crisis in wizard civilization. The threat of the Blood Battle and many Federation wars of independence, the rise of the Amethyst Saint, if I didn't seize the chance to reincarnate and become a legend, the great ship of wizard civilization might have sunk."

Endless respect rose within Levi's heart. Roger's boldness and spirit were not something ordinary people could achieve.

He said:

"In the current era, wizard civilization already boasts over a dozen legends, and the Great Council President Amon is one of the foremost powers in the Pan-Plane. We are now stronger than we ever were, so, senior, you can rest at ease."

Roger replied cheerfully:

"I am quite at ease. I have seen the Deep Blue Sage, and I can feel the great ambitions in his heart and his care for wizard civilization.

A civilization is inherently imperfect, and you might see plenty of darkness and imperfection as well as witness much decay.

However, in this Multidimensional Plane, every insignificant individual cannot do without civilization.

I once believed that if I were strong enough, I could dominate the universe and single-handedly determine the fate of ages.

During the era of Roger, in my prime, I came closer to Level 11 than any predecessors, save Sorren.

Until I saw higher vistas, I didn't realize my thinking was wrong.

The Multidimensional Plane is like an ocean; civilization is the ship within it. Without a captain, there can be no sailors, and without sailors, one cannot set sail.

Nora is our ship, and every life within it is a sailor."

Levi nodded in agreement.

"I understand now. Seeing you today has resolved many of the doubts in my heart."

Roger laughed:

"Hahaha, you're welcome. Who would have thought that the salvation of Nora would be in the hands of two foreigners?"

Levi inquired further:

"Senior, what is Sorren's... current status?"