

Wizard 195

Chapter 195: All Settled! (1)

In Silver Mountain Castle.

Levi looked at the Earl of Silver Mountain, who had a worried expression, and asked, "I wonder, Lord Earl, what are your plans now? Will you continue to defend the northern territory or head south? You have earned quite a lot of military achievements during the civil war, so acquiring territory in the south shouldn't be too difficult.'

The Earl of Silver Mountain shook his head. "For the time being, I have no intention of going south. Montenegro Mountain City is still quite distant, and I cannot abandon the Icewind Territory."

"Sigh, thank you for your reminder, Lord Earl. Take care. I might consider going south in the future," Levi said.

"Master, take care," the Earl of Silver Mountain watched his departing master and sighed continuously.

Unlike Master Levi, he had his family to consider, as well as the many subjects who needed his protection. He couldn't simply leave Icewind City so easily.

Levi wandered through the Icewind City, utilizing his Advanced Vibrosensory to sense everything around him.

Many wealthy individuals had already begun packing their belongings and were leaving the city with their families. The roads outside were crowded with migrating people.

The already harsh conditions in the north were further exacerbated by the impending Snow Demon calamity, causing many to lose faith in the region.

Levi suddenly understood why the Duke of Montenegro had so quickly given up on Montenegro Mountain City and led his army south to settle in Storm City. The Duke of Montenegro must have sensed something unusual and foreseen the impending disaster, prompting him to evacuate in advance.

"When the southern conflict settles, I may also consider relocating the military and civilians of Black Water Valley to the south. Likely, we won't be able to stay in Black Water Valley anymore. If one day, the blue frost suddenly erupts in Black Water Valley, I might also become a Snow Demon."

In the face of the blue frost, everyone was equal. Whether one turned into a Snow Demon depended on probability, regardless of nobility or commoner, might or common folk. However, in general, the closer one was to the epicenter of the blue frost eruption, the higher the probability of becoming a Snow Demon. For instance, the source of the Bluefeather Castle was almost entirely inhabited by Snow Demons.

Levi then went to the Shining Tavern and looked around. At present, the only remaining missions were Pyroxene and Turbellarian Egg. All the other issues had been resolved by Levi.

Among the four seals, the Seal of Flame had reached the third level, the Seal of

Dragon Might was at the second level, the Seal of Protection was also at the second level, and the Seal of Hell was at its Maximum.

However, Levi was not yet able to secure a steady supply of the Casting materials required for the maximum level of Seal of Hell, unlike the Seal of Flame, which he could obtain in relatively small quantities.

After the Duke of Montenegro had presented him with two evil spirits, his proficiency with the Seal of Dragon Might had once again increased, now halfway to reaching level 2.

However, the Proficiency of the Seal of Protection had almost come to a standstill, and replenishing the Pyroxene was now his top priority.

He wasn't sure if it was due to his cultivation of Meditation Art, but Levi felt that his perception had improved slightly compared to before.

Eventually, after finding nothing in the Shining Tavern, Levi decided to leave the north and head southeast, making his way southward. During the journey, he continued to cultivate while on the move.

A week later, they arrived at Flower City.

From a distance, Levi could see troops of southern nobles escorting the captives of the Bloody family.

"It seems that the Bloody family has been rooted out." Levi pondered.

"This territory is rightfully mine. I want to see how the kingdom handles it next." Levi's heart skipped a beat.

To be honest, with his current strength, he could boldly reclaim the Tulip Hill territory.

However, he was accustomed to keeping a low profile, and the idea of suddenly becoming the lord of a large territory and living under the scrutiny of other nobles and the royal family made him feel uneasy.

Thus, Levi refrained from taking immediate action.

Moreover, the current situation was not entirely clear, and he didn't want to get involved hastily.

In any case, from a legal standpoint, he was still the lord of these two territories.

It was just that he had never held any real authority over them.

Now, the people of Black Water Valley and Levi himself were facing the issue of migrating from the north to the south.

Levi felt that relocating to Flower City would be a good option.

After all, it was his property.

"After I finish dealing with the current matters, it's time to consider reclaiming the territory. I can't always be so low-key. Being too low-key is equivalent to being cowardly. I need to assert my legitimate rights with my strength."

On the night of Flower City, amidst the fragrance of earth and flowers, the members of the Bloody family fell silently.

The next day, as the sun rose, the kingdom's army discovered that all the captives of the Bloody family had died the previous night. Their bodies were cold.

Despite conducting a lengthy investigation, the kingdom couldn't find the mastermind behind the killings.

When this news reached the capital, the king was also shocked.

Levi had already left Tulip Hill with the meager wealth he had looted from the Bloody family.

In reality, there wasn't much wealth, just a few gold coins.

Most of the Bloody family's wealth had been used for war expenses. The wealth accumulated from managing Tulip Hill over the past few years wasn't substantial.

After leaving Flower City, Levi continued heading east.

Unlike the people in the North who were filled with anxiety, the Southern nobles were basking in the anticipation of an impending victory. Around Storm City, the army had successfully surrounded the rebel forces.

Under the cover of darkness, Levi sneaked into the city.

Inside the castle, Earl Morton, the son of Duke Montenegro, couldn't sleep.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his hair had turned prematurely white, making him look much older than he was.

The situation seemed dire, and he couldn't accept it.

"Father, when will you return?" Earl Morton felt a sense of grief. Without his father, the Northern Coalition Army was falling apart. Many prominent northern nobles had already surrendered..