

Sixth Ring Wizard

#Chapter 21: Nosentan Academy - Read Sixth Ring Wizard Chapter 21: Nosentan Academy

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Currently, I don't know where to find Meteor Grass, so Herag can only wait to inquire after arriving at Nosentan Academy.

Herag looked at the rising sunrise, feeling energized and refreshed, as if the fatigue from the journey had disappeared.

He hadn't slept all night but instead used meditation as a substitute.

Herag saw Emil sneaking out of Melissa's carriage with a mischievous smile. "Emil, good morning."

Emil shuddered in surprise, then smiled at Herag. "Morning, did you sleep on this haystack all night?"

"More or less." Herag couldn't be bothered to explain he was meditating.

Lately, Emil and Melissa had become increasingly close. Initially, there were various concerns, but now they could be together without any worries.

Watching Emil leave, Herag thought to himself, "Previously, Baron Buck said Emil and Melissa weren't suitable for each other, probably because he knew Emil was his son but didn't know Melissa wasn't his daughter. The world is truly absurd."

Half a month later.

Herag lay on top of the carriage, looking at the star in the night sky. By this time, the star's position had shifted slightly, and the star in his mind was almost solidified.

"It's almost done!"

Herag had practiced the Starry Sky Meditation Technique methodically and with patience over the past half month.

Not long after, the star in his mind fully formed, and a shining star appeared in his mind.

Herag felt an unprecedented sensation as that star burst with magical power, which then spread through his veins and flesh.

He had a unique sense of his surroundings, able to 'see' the magic power flowing within him, no longer needing Shenlan to mark it with colors.

He could clearly sense ants crawling in the grass, pupae breaking free, and mosquitoes flying by.

This sensation was like plugging into the world's data line.

"Starry Sky Meditation Technique first star meditated, constitution increased by 0.6, spirit increased by 1.0," Shenlan provided a prompt.

"Shenlan, show current body data."

"Herag Merlin: Strength 2.0, Agility 1.6, Constitution 2.8, Spirit 3.5, Magic Power 100%."

Herag was a bit surprised, "Constitution can actually increase!"

Previously, Shenlan indicated that his body data had reached the genetic limit and theoretically could not improve.

At the time, the only way to surpass the limit was to awaken the Life Seed and become a Knight.

Now, it seems, a wizard can also surpass this limit.

He somewhat understood why Baron Buck had no power to fight back against Malcolm.

Most likely, even without magic, Malcolm could rival Baron Buck with just his physical power, as it was a different level of life.

"Magical power has also returned to 100%, and from the amount of magical power, it's even more than before. This is the effect of spiritual power," Herag mused, feeling particularly satisfied with the abundant magic power within him.

"Shenlan, record three things to do: First, find Meteor Grass; second, figure out where the Sixth Ring Tower is and how to get there; third, clarify which place and era the Radiant Calendar refers to."

"Recorded."

Herag had a hunch that Nicholas Carlos Camby might not be from the same era as him.

The issue it raised was that the Sixth Ring Tower wizard organization might not exist anymore.

"Take it one step at a time." Herag shook his head; these things could only be noted for now, as overthinking was useless.

Two months later, Herag and his group arrived in Swan City.

Swan City is the largest city in Pearl Province, and Nosentan Academy is located here.

"Registration is complete, let's enter the city."

Because they carried weapons and had official knights, their entry into Swan City required detailed registration and identity verification.

Melissa now increasingly had the demeanor of a lady of the house; the girl she once was seemed a thing of the past.

She owned a house in the city, which Baron Buck had specifically bought for her; it was where she stayed while studying.

This house was located near King's Avenue; due to the high price, Baron Buck could only afford a small house.

The group temporarily settled in this house.

When Melissa lived there alone, it seemed spacious, but now it felt a bit crowded.

Emil and Melissa shared a room, Herag had his own room, and the others had to squeeze into the remaining three rooms.

"Herag, I'll take you to meet Master Claude tomorrow," Melissa said as she came to Herag's room.

"Thank you, Miss Melissa!" Herag expressed his gratitude.

Melissa displayed a captivating smile. "No need to thank me. If you become a wizard, we'll be counting on you to take care of us in the future."

Herag smiled politely without saying much; he felt Melissa had changed a lot.

"Well, I'm off. You have a good rest!" Melissa turned, her graceful figure swaying, and carefully closed the door behind her as she left.

"Melissa is becoming a bit... too opportunistic?"

Though Herag's body was only fourteen, having lived two lives, he understood a lot.

Melissa had matured overnight, often trying to build a rapport with him intentionally or unintentionally.

And here, how a woman might build a rapport with a man...

He chuckled helplessly, "I don't want to lose Emil as a friend, so I should keep my distance from her."

In this world, Emil was Herag's only friend; he couldn't bring himself to do anything beastly.

After glimpsing the path of wizardry, he no longer had the mind to waste time on such matters.

In the silence of the night, Emil and Melissa's room was next to Herag's.

The house's soundproofing was poor, not to mention Herag's excellent hearing.

Herag had no choice but to meditate and clear his mind, entering a meditative state where external disturbances couldn't bother him.

The next morning, Emil, Jimmy, and several knights went out to find some work.

A group of people couldn't live off nothing; they needed to find some income source.

Melissa took Herag to Nosentan Academy.

Nosentan Academy is the largest aristocratic academy in the Norton Kingdom. It is a comprehensive academy with subjects like astronomy, geography, humanities, politics, economics, and military, along with courses like dance and etiquette specially designed for nobles.

Melissa was pursuing linguistics, and Master Claude was an expert in this field, reportedly proficient in over seventy languages.

Nosentan Academy was open to everyone, as long as they didn't carry weapons.

Melissa led Herag through the academy, winding their way to a place resembling a garden.

Deep in the garden was a pavilion, surrounded by a serene environment.

The two of them went to the second floor of the pavilion, and Melissa knocked on the door.

"Professor Claude, I've come to visit you!"

"Oh, Melissa, come in." Claude's voice was aged but full of energy.

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: Claude

The room was spacious, and at a glance, many books could be seen, with rows of books lined up on the shelves against the walls.

On the table deep inside the room, books were piled high like a small mountain, and behind the book mountain sat a bald old man with a white beard.

Claude slowly raised his head and comforted Melissa when he saw her, "I've already heard about the situation in Dur Valley, my condolences. With wizards involved, there's nothing anyone could do. From now on, stay at the academy and focus on your studies; you are safe here."

"Thank you, teacher." Melissa wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes.

"Who is this?" Claude looked at Herag.

Herag introduced himself, "My name is Herag Merlin. I was originally a guard for Baron Buck, but now I'm on the path of pursuing the wizard's footsteps. I came this time to ask Master Claude some questions."

Claude was surprised, stood up, and asked earnestly, "Do you have the wizard's aptitude?"

"I am currently a wizard apprentice," Herag replied.

"Do you have a teacher?" Claude asked.

"No."

Claude nodded, "I understand, you must want to join the wizard organization."

"Yes, but I know nothing about it, so I came to seek advice from the knowledgeable master." Herag noticed from Claude's expression that he indeed knew something.

Claude laughed, "Knowledgeable? Compared to wizards, I'm just an uncivilized savage from a cave. You've come too late, the ship for wizard apprentices already left three months ago, and I don't know when the next one will come, it could be three months or even three years."

"Three years?" Herag recalled Malcolm mentioning before that the ships passing by the Coleson Continent were rare.

Claude saw Herag's disappointment, "The sea is full of unexpected situations, so the ship's schedule is never certain. There's no need to rush, use this time to prepare well. You probably haven't studied the Sivr Language yet?"

"Sivr Language?" Herag had never heard of this language.

"It's an ancient common language, and if you want to walk the wizard's path, you must learn Sivr Language." Claude said as he walked to the bookshelf and took down a heavy book.

The language on the book cover was unrecognizable to Herag, but it looked somewhat like the English alphabet.

"This book is called 'Sivr General Language,' and you can learn with me in the future," Claude said, handing the book to Herag.

Herag took it and thanked him, "Thank you, Master!"

Claude looked at Herag with envy and earnestly said, "Being young is wonderful. I once yearned for wizards too, but unfortunately, I lacked the aptitude. If I could have a student become a wizard in my lifetime, it would be a dream come true."

"Herag, call him teacher!" Melissa was very excited, frantically hinting with her eyes.

Herag also realized, smiled, and said, "Herag greets the teacher!"

"Hahaha! Good child." Claude laughed heartily, stroking his beard.

Melissa laughed and said, "From now on, you'll have to call me senior sister."

"Then let's start the first lesson today, the introduction to Sivr Language." Claude dragged out a blackboard from a side room and directly began teaching.

Herag listened carefully. Sivr Language was very similar to English, with thirty-four basic letters that combine to form different words, and the grammar wasn't complicated.

He had the aid of Shenlan, so he learned very quickly.

"Sivr Language database established."

Shenlan recorded the relevant information of Sivr Language, so now even if Herag doesn't continue learning, Shenlan could help him translate it.

"Such great talent!" After two hours, Claude became more and more satisfied with this student.

He had never seen a student learn a language this fast; he could only describe it as genius.

Claude praised, "Melissa is already a very smart child, but Herag is the most gifted student I've ever seen."

Herag humbly said, "Teacher's teaching is excellent. Teacher, I'd like to go to the library to look up some information."

"You can use my library card first; just return it when yours is ready." Claude took out his library card from the drawer of the table.

He had long stopped needing this thing; you didn't need a library card to enter the library, facial recognition was enough.

The library card was made of wood, crafted very elegantly.

Herag suspected that only Claude's library card was like this; ordinary students couldn't possibly use such good wood, as just the material itself would cost some money.

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At night, Herag and a group of people were having dinner together.

Emil spoke up, "We checked it out today; there's a Mercenary Guild here, and we're planning to take on some tasks. Some tasks offer pretty high rewards."

Melissa worriedly said, "High rewards indicate high risks too. You don't need to rush into earning money; safety is the most important."

Emil patted his chest, "Don't worry, I'm an official knight, and with Jimmy and the others, who have worked together for many years, we can handle most tasks easily."

"If you need my help, feel free to ask," Herag proactively said.

"Herag, you should focus on preparing for the wizard's practice; your future path is farther than ours, and you can't waste time on these mercenary tasks," Emil declined Herag's good intention, not wanting to delay Herag over money matters.

"Sometimes I need to stretch my bones too. The ship's arrival is uncertain, and there will be fewer and fewer opportunities to fight alongside you in the future." Herag poured a glass of wine, drank it to show respect first.

The group drank until late, and only then did they disperse. Herag didn't rest but continued to meditate while gazing at the starry sky outside the window.

He was engaging in the meditation of the second star.

Meditation on the second star was a bit slower than before, as without the assistance of Meteor Grass, the progress was too slow.

As the night passed, while Emil and the others were still asleep, Herag had already arrived at the Nosentan Academy's library.

The library was a circular six-story high building, considered a magnificent architecture in this world.

"You're not a student of our academy, are you? Do you have a library card?" The guard stopped Herag; Herag's demeanor was completely different from an ordinary student, easily distinguishable at a glance.

The guard watched Herag vigilantly, feeling that the person before him was very dangerous.

"I'm a student of Master Claude, here is the library card." Herag presented Claude's library card.

"This..." The guard checked the library card; it was indeed genuine, but he had never heard of Claude accepting such a student.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to wait a moment. I need to verify this," the guard said politely.

"Okay, I understand, thank you." Herag wasn't in a hurry to force his way inside, so he waited at the entrance for a bit.

The guard, seeing his good attitude, breathed a sigh of relief, smiled apologetically, and went inside to find the library director.

Ten minutes later, the guard returned, respectfully handing the library card back with both hands, "Mr. Herag, you may enter now."

"Thank you!" Herag said with a smile.

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Meteor Grass

On the first floor of the library, there was a massive wall, and written on it were the different genres of books available on each floor in great detail.

Herag's goals were clear; he wanted to start with world geography, which was located on the second floor.

As he ascended the stairs, he noticed a space resembling a study room on the first floor, with rows of tables and chairs. Many students were already there reading and studying, which gave Herag a feeling of déjà vu, as if he was back in a library from a past life.

Herag arrived at the section for geography books, finding mostly those related to the Coleson Continent, with few on world geography.

"Shenlan, start recording the contents of every book I read to expand the database."

"Task has been archived, commencing execution."

Altogether, Herag found three books that discussed world geography, yet each book's content was far from detailed. The authors themselves had visited very few places, and much of the information was hearsay, with its accuracy in question.

"Shenlan, organize the information from these three books, summarizing the available world geography-related information."

Herag skimmed through the three books without needing to read them thoroughly, as long as Shenlan could record everything completely.

"Organization complete."

Browsing through the results compiled by Shenlan, Herag was presented with a map of the world as it was currently known.

The land he stood upon was called the Coleson Continent, estimated to be fifteen million square kilometers. The continent closest to Coleson was the Karg Continent to the northwest.

Between the Coleson and Karg continents was a sea, the specific distance unknown, lacking supporting data. Based on some travel notes and biographies, it's guessed to be around six thousand kilometers.

The map of the Karg Continent was also incomplete, currently knowing only an extended corner, with no further detailed data available.

Beyond these two continents were infinite seas and numerous small islands.

"The information is truly lacking," Herag mused, gazing at the pieced-together map, reflecting on how people of the Coleson Continent were almost in the dark ages concerning knowledge of the world outside their continent.

The productivity level of the Coleson Continent was too backward, making long voyages challenging.

What Herag could determine was that the ship carrying wizard apprentices was heading to the Karg Continent.

According to Claude, the ship came from the east, passing by the Coleson Continent, then heading northwesterly towards the Karg Continent.

However, there was no record of the eastern continent, not even basic details on size or location on the map.

"Seems like they need a Columbus," Herag quipped to himself.

Having found no other information related to world geography, he turned and proceeded to the fourth floor.

The plant books were on the fourth floor, as Herag wanted to check for information related to Meteor Grass.

"Found it." Herag found Meteor Grass in a book titled the "Encyclopedia of Rare Plants."

"Meteor Grass, with fiery red petals, grows only near meteorites, holding some ornamental value while its medicinal value remains unknown."

Herag then looked up information related to meteorites, discovering that there was a famous meteorite crater ten kilometers near Swan City.

Slam!

Herag closed the book, returned home to grab his Fine Steel Bow and Longsword, and rode out of the city on horseback.

The meteorite crater outside Swan City was enormous, with a diameter of five hundred meters, forming a circular depression on the ground.

Riding hard, Herag reached the meteorite crater in half an hour.

The soil here was vastly different from other places, with fiery red soil and sparse vegetation.

Herag slowly walked down a slope into the depression, all the while observing the surroundings for traces of Meteor Grass.

Inside the crater were many puddles and some scattered vegetation.

He roamed inside for quite some time before finding a fiery red flower at the base of the innermost mountain wall.

Taking out the small spade he had prepared, Herag began digging from the root of the Meteor Grass, trying to keep the root intact.

"Warning, a high-energy Magical Source is rapidly approaching!"

"A high-energy Magical Source?" Before Herag could react, a powerful impact struck him, sending him flying, yet he held onto the Meteor Grass tightly.

"Severe burn detected on the back, immediate use of Holy Healing Technique is recommended."

Herag grimaced in pain, turning to see a red-haired boy smiling at him, appearing to be around sixteen or seventeen years old.

"You didn't die?" The red-haired boy seemed surprised.

"Shenlan, scan the opponent's body data."

"Power: 1.5, Agility: 1.6, Constitution: 2.1, Spirit: 3.9."

Taking a deep breath, Herag thought, "Spirit 3.9, 0.4 higher than mine. It seems he's also a First-Class Wizard Apprentice."

He had once estimated that at least five points in Spiritual Power were necessary to break through to become a Second-Class Wizard Apprentice.

Herag's back was badly burned, some superficial flesh charred.

"That flower is mine..." The red-haired boy was about to say something more, but Herag had already drawn his Longsword and charged forward.

The boy raised his right hand, a greenish ring on his middle finger glowed green, and quickly formed a basketball-sized fireball which shot at Herag with great speed.

Herag and the red-haired boy were at least three hundred meters apart, which was why Shenlan hadn't detected him.

Because of the distance, Herag couldn't attack first and was forced to dodge, initiating a retreat to avoid the fireball.

Adjusting his posture in time, Herag shifted his force direction, jumping behind a nearby mound of earth.

The fireball exploded where he had stood.

"It doesn't seem to have homing abilities," Herag concluded.

He drew his Fine Steel Bow, nocked an arrow, and fired swiftly after peeking out.

The red-haired boy reacted quickly, chanting, "Partial Petrification!"

His left hand's skin color changed, becoming a grayish, stony texture.

As the arrow flew in, the red-haired boy blocked it directly with his left hand.

Sparks flew from the impact between the arrow and his palm.

The red-haired boy seemed a bit angry, "It really hurts!"

Seeing this from behind the mound, Herag felt the situation was a bit tricky.

Though possessing Magic Power, he lacked any offensive magic, putting him at a disadvantage.

"Shenlan, disable my pain receptors."

"Disabled."

Herag channeled Magic Power into his pocket watch, casting Holy Healing Technique on himself, and much of the injury on his back healed.

"Remaining Magic Power: 70%."

The red-haired boy sensed the magic fluctuation, eyes lighting up, "You actually have a Demonized Item! What an unexpected gain!"

He gloated, "So, you're also a wizard apprentice, yet you know no spells at all. Is it because your aptitude is too poor, or is your teacher's level too low? Although Coleson Continent lacks wizard training resources, you should at least know some basic spells. And it seems your Demonized Item is healing-auxiliary type; you're dead for sure."

Chapter 24: Chapter 24: Life-and-Death Struggle

"Shenlan, how long does it take him to cast Partial Petrification and Fireball Technique?"

"Partial Petrification: 1.9 seconds."

"Fireball Technique: 2.5 seconds."

Herag was calculating something in his mind, and just as he observed, spells cast through demonized items were slower, while his own spells were a bit faster.

A map appeared in his vision, an overhead view of the crater provided by Shenlan.

The red-haired boy didn't act rashly, nor did he dare to approach Herag easily.

Herag didn't dare show himself easily either; after all, the power of the Fireball Technique was too great, so he had to be cautious.

Herag hunched down and circled to the side of the dirt mound, using the overhead view to ensure he stayed in the opponent's blind spot.

The red-haired boy's senses were keen, noticing Herag's change in position, the ring on his hand faintly glowing green, always ready to attack.

Herag's lurking spot came closer and closer to the red-haired boy. When he estimated the position to be about right, he nocked three arrows on his Fine Steel Bow, then flashed out for a quick shot.

As the three arrows flew out, he tossed aside the Fine Steel Bow and drew his Longsword to press forward.

The red-haired boy's pupils shrank slightly, and while dodging to one side, he cast Partial Petrification on his chest area.

One arrow landed where he had originally stood, one landed to the side, and the other hit the spot on his chest.

Seizing this opportunity, Herag quickly approached, the cold gleam of the Longsword already reflected on the red-haired boy's face.

The ring on the red-haired boy's right hand flared with green light, and a fireball floated before him; at this point, he was only a few meters from Herag.

As the fireball shot out, Herag neither dodged nor retreated; instead, he accelerated forward, using the Longsword as a shield.

Bang!

The fireball struck Herag's Longsword, resulting in a massive explosion and spraying a shower of sparks.

"Looking to die!" the red-haired boy sneered upon seeing Herag's actions.

A figure rushed out of the sparks at great speed, his hair ablaze, clothes mostly destroyed, and burns on his shoulders and arms.

Yet Herag seemed entirely unaware, charging forward with his sword towards the red-haired boy.

The red-haired boy had a look of astonishment, a hint of fear rising in his heart.

As he was about to cast Partial Petrification Technique, he found the world before him rapidly spinning, finally seeing his own headless body, and his consciousness fell into slumber.

Herag continued to strike vital points of the corpse several times before finally sitting down heavily and taking out the pocket watch.

The white light flashed once more, and Herag's burns quickly healed, leaving only some noticeable scars.

"Remaining Magic Power: 40%."

He had decided from the start to adopt a desperate fighting strategy; if he held back, there was a good chance the red-haired boy would toy him to death.

The red-haired boy was clearly not prepared for a desperate fight. When Herag charged out enduring the Fireball Technique, it was too late for him to react.

A wizard apprentice is human too; being decapitated would mean death.

Herag pulled the ring off the corpse, and like the pocket watch, as soon as he took the ring, a stream of information flowed into his mind.

"Sorlo's Fireball Ring: Enchanted with Level 0 Spell Small Fireball Technique."

Besides the ring, Herag found a few dozen Gold Coins and a book in the red-haired boy's backpack.

"Level 0 Spell: Partial Petrification Technique Detailed Explanation"

Herag found nothing else of value. He held the ring in his hand and injected some Magic Power into it.

A Fireball Technique quickly formed, then directly hit the corpse on the ground.

"Remaining Magic Power: 5%."

After using the Small Fireball Technique, Magic Power was down to only 5%, and his brain felt extremely fatigued, as if he hadn't slept for a day and night.

Herag gathered some dry wood nearby, adding it to the burning corpse, then left.

From the red-haired boy's words, Herag understood the boy had a master. Herag didn't want to deal with the master after defeating the apprentice, so after destroying the corpse, he quickly departed.

On the way back on horseback, he encountered a caravan. Herag, in ragged clothes, spent ten Copper Coins to buy a set of clothes.

His robust physique caught the attention of many women in the caravan. Some ladies even directly lifted the curtain of their carriage, inviting him in.

Herag chuckled and politely declined, then changed clothes and nudged the horse into a gallop back to Swan City.

Upon returning home, the house was empty; Melissa was likely at the academy at this time.

He took out the Meteor Grass and cleaned it, following the record in the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, which required boiling water for consumption.

A stalk of Meteor Grass could be boiled three times in water for effectiveness, after which the effect would become very weak.

The crater, which covered such a large area, only yielded this one stalk, which Herag had obtained at great personal risk.

Boil the water, and consume.

The water boiled with Meteor Grass turned a verdant green and had a pungent odor, making one doubt its drinkability.

Herag took up the kettle and poured himself a cup. After it cooled a bit, he took a sip.

The taste was indescribably nasty.

Herag grimaced as he swallowed it, then began to meditate.

The Starry Sky Meditation Technique did not require night time to practice; observing stars once was sufficient, unless finding new stars to observe required nighttime.

The effect of the Meteor Grass was evident as the stars in his mind solidified much faster.

Herag estimated based on this progress that meditation speed was increased five to six times with the consumption of Meteor Grass.

"The difference in meditation speed with resources is huge." After meditation, Herag opened his eyes and picked up the book "Level 0 Spell: Partial Petrification Technique Detailed Explanation."

This was the only spellbook on the red-haired boy, and Herag guessed this was the only spell he knew.

He opened the book and read carefully; the Partial Petrification Technique was derived from a type of Snake Monster.

If one made eye contact with this Snake Monster, petrification would occur; a wizard dissected the Snake Monster and researched the principles of petrification.

Based on the research findings, the Partial Petrification Technique was developed.

The Partial Petrification Technique could temporarily petrify parts of the body, enhancing defensive and offensive capabilities, without causing negative effects on oneself.

Learning a spell required constructing a Spell Model first. The learner needed to solidify the Spell Model in their mind to use the spell freely.

The Partial Petrification Technique was a Level 0 Spell, learnable by a First-Class Wizard Apprentice.

The Spell Model for this spell wasn't very complex, but for Herag, who was encountering Spell Models for the first time, it was somewhat complicated.

The Spell Model included the routes and methods of Magic Power operation, with numerous parameters and spell-related formulas.

The higher-level the spell, the more parameters in its Spell Model, and more formulas, resulting in a greater amount of computation.

Herag was unfazed by these challenges: "The path of a wizard, I must see through to the end. I've tackled far more complex topics in my past life; can a mere Level 0 Spell stump me?"

"Shenlan, analyze the Level 0 Spell Partial Petrification Technique and construct its Spell Model!"

"Task archived. Estimated remaining time: 25 minutes. Estimated Magic Power consumption: 34.7%."

Chapter 25: Chapter 25: The Wizard's Law of Attraction

Herag has Shenlan's assistance, which saves a lot of time in constructing the Spell Model; he can let Shenlan do the work and wait for the result to use directly.

"It's the first task I've encountered here that requires Shenlan to spend time."

Shenlan completed all Herag's previous tasks in an instant.

In his mind, a Spell Model constructed with Spiritual Power is being formed.

Originally, this process required Herag to complete it himself, which demanded high control over the brain's Spiritual Power and constant thinking, parameter calculation, and formula computation during the process, requiring great intelligence.

According to the "Level 0 Spell: Partial Petrification Technique" documentation, it takes an ordinary person one to three months to construct a Spell Model. The human brain can make mistakes; if there's an error in any step, the entire constructing process must restart.

Shenlan only needs twenty-five minutes and won't make any errors, achieving 100% accuracy.

Twenty-five minutes later.

"Level 0 Spell Partial Petrification Technique Model has been constructed."

In Herag's mind, the Spell Model for the Partial Petrification Technique is complete; he just needs to input Magic Power into the model and read the spell to activate it.

Some spells require Casting Materials, like the Bloodline Curse used by Malcolm previously.

The Partial Petrification Technique directly affects the caster without needing additional Casting Materials.

"Partial Petrification Technique!"

Herag inputs Magic Power into the model while chanting the activation Spell for the Partial Petrification Technique.

His right hand immediately undergoes a change, the skin turning a stony gray-white.

Herag touched it—it was very hard.

He flexed his fingers and found they're not stiff, still able to move freely, and there remains a sense of touch.

"It seems the defense has significantly improved while not affecting the original function," Herag concluded after the experiment.

The petrification of the Partial Petrification Technique doesn't turn the body part into stone; it only greatly enhances the surface's defense.

Maintaining the Partial Petrification Technique requires continually inputting Magic Power into the Spell Model. Once Herag stops, the technique automatically ends.

"Shenlan, how much Magic Power did the Partial Petrification Technique consume?"

"Based on the current amount of Magic Power, the Partial Petrification Technique consumes 1% of Magic Power per second."

This consumption was somewhat beyond Herag's expectation; the magic power throughout his body couldn't last two minutes, no wonder Red Hair canceled it immediately after use.

Thinking of Red Hair, Herag picked up the ring again, feeling it necessary to find Claude.

He hadn't mentioned having Demonized Items before because he couldn't fully trust at the beginning.

Though it was a teacher-student relationship, they both knew it was merely a profit exchange, just an investment by Claude.

He didn't want to incite anyone's greed because of a Demonized Item, leading to unnecessary trouble.

But he still needed to ask, as the library had no information related to Wizards, and he had to inquire from Claude.

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Nosentan Academy.

"This ring looks like a token," Claude said while carefully examining through a magnifying glass.

"A token?" Herag thought of his pocket watch, which was also a token, allowing him to join the Sixth Ring Tower.

Claude put down the magnifying glass and said, "Tokens are commonly used recruitment tools for Wizard Organizations; they issue tokens to people who have contributed to the organization. The descendants of these people can join the organization using the token, provided they have aptitude, without needing tests."

"Must they be descendants?" Herag asked.

"No, that's just the original intention. But as time went on, the tokens have been passed around the world for thousands of years. In that case, who knows if you are a descendant of an acquaintance? Later on, anyone with aptitude could join a Wizard Organization with a token," Claude explained slowly.

"Can someone join a Wizard Organization without a token?" Herag continued to ask.

Claude laughed, "Of course, the normal process involves transporting qualified individuals by ship to undergo tests, and then they are selected by various Wizard Organizations. If you have a token, you skip this step as the ship will take you directly to the corresponding Wizard Organization."

"There are pros and cons. The advantage is not worrying about not being selected; at least you can join a Wizard Organization. The downside is that the organization you join may not be strong, so there are gains and losses."

Herag hesitated but decided to ask, "Teacher, have you heard of the Sixth Ring Tower Wizard Organization?"

Claude stroked his beard, lost in thought, then said, "Among the Wizard Organizations I know, there's no Sixth Ring Tower; it might be a Wizard Organization deeper inside the Karg Continent. You'll have to check it yourself once you get there."

"I understand, teacher, have you heard of the Radiant Calendar era?" Herag continued.

Claude was very surprised, "You actually know about the Radiant Calendar? It's a obliterated period of history with only unverifiable records in some books; currently, no one can prove its existence or non-existence."

Herag felt a chill inside; it's as he had suspected.

The era Nicholas lived in has long passed, and the Sixth Ring Tower Organization is likely not known now.

For now, he could only rely on this ring to securely join a Wizard Organization, which would benefit him by skipping a testing phase.

He suddenly remembered the teacher mentioned by Red Hair, so he asked, "Are ships frequently transporting Wizard Apprentices? Are there that many Wizard Apprentices on the Coleson Continent?"

Claude shook his head, "The Coleson Continent rarely does; it might be years before an instance, or it could be ten consecutive years without one."

"Many Wizard Apprentices who once left by ship could never become Official Wizards in their lifetime, and when life nears its end, many of them return to the Coleson Continent."

"These old Wizard Apprentices might take on children with Wizard Potential as disciples, train them for a few years, and then send them on the ship."

"Some, like you, accidentally acquire Demonized Items and have the aptitude, so they often board that ship."

"There is an invisible attraction among Wizards; people with potential holding Demonized Items easily find the Wizard path. Like you with this ring, meeting me, and I guide you onto the ship route. It's all fate's arrangement."

"Even if you didn't meet me, you'd eventually find contact with Wizard Organizations through other means."

"This is the essence of a token; it always brings fresh blood back to Wizard Organizations."

"This is what I understand about the Law of Attraction among Wizards."

Herag heard this concept for the first time—a mutual attraction exists among Wizards.

He thought of Red Hair; there should only be a few Wizard Apprentices on the Coleson Continent, yet he managed to meet one.

According to this Law of Attraction, places with more Wizards will see an increase in Wizards, while places with fewer Wizards will continue to decline.