

Wizard 757

Chapter 757: God Descends! (2)

Far from the battlefield, two alchemical spheres, one large and one small, rolled forward in the midst of swirling sandstorms. The surfaces of the spheres were scarred, and their alchemical components varied in age and condition.

"I wonder when the war will end. I really want to go back to the Endless Sea and see that vast, endless blue ocean. Even my mood would improve," Stella murmured softly.

She looked at Herman, whose brow was furrowed. "Herman, are you still worried about the Gray Tower?"

"Yeah, when we left the Gray Tower without the presence of a Third-Circle

Wizard, Morpheus would definitely take advantage of them..." Herman replied.

"Don't think too much. Endure a little longer, and when the war is over, perhaps we can go back. Besides, didn't you say Levi is extraordinary? Maybe he has grown up and can handle things on his own now," Stella said.

"That kid is indeed extraordinary. I even suspect he might be a Primordial Soul wizard who reincarnated and rebuilt. Haha," reminiscing about the companions from the Endless Sea, the Tower Master's voice became lighthearted.

"Unconsciously, it has been sixty years..."

"Yes."

The two spheres sighed and disappeared into the sandy horizon under the setting sun.

In the mortal realm, Peacock Kingdom, a prosperous and affluent region in the south.

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Although some doctors advised these lords to cremate the bodies to prevent contagion, due to ignorance and foolishness, only a minority followed through with this recommendation.

"Such a perfect place for a god's descent." Earl Wilson held a green ghoulish claw in his hand, savoring the captivating stench of decay.

"A delightful aftertaste." For ghouls, dirtiness and the stench of corpses were the most appetite-stimulating.

Because only in this way could they express their faith in the Father of Plagues.

Every follower of the Father of Plagues, whether ghoul or any other filthy and decaying creature, took pride in becoming an “Unclean Great One” by the side of their father god.

"Get out, and no stealing. These are offerings for the father god. If these offerings are not enough, go to the nearby cities and secretly capture more. Try not to provoke those human rangers. Although they are not very powerful, now is a critical time for summoning the father god, and we cannot afford any complications." Earl Wilson commanded.

Underneath the displayed decaying bodies, countless wriggling entities resembling rotten flesh appeared. Tens of thousands of white maggots surged through this rot, making the decaying flesh look like a beehive.

Then, these decaying masses gradually coalesced, transforming into the figures of nobles.

The ghoul race, ranging from the lowest-tier feeders, barons, earls, dukes, grand dukes, to princes, had strength equivalent to a First-Circle Wizard for the majority of these figures.

Earl Wilson could sense that perhaps if we rewound time by a hundred years, the strength of his subordinates would be enough to sweep through the mortal realm.

However, with the resurgence of the Dark Wave, this manpower was completely inadequate.

Even without considering the Church, a force seemed to have emerged recently in the mortal realm that opposed the dark creatures and repeatedly disrupted the plans of the Ghoul clan. Miracle Doctor Watson was highly likely to be associated with this covert force.

The Ghouls needed the guidance of their God to confront this opposition effectively. The day they had been waiting for was approaching.

Three days later, in the valley, the Ghouls gathered, accompanied by freshly prepared corpses.

These bodies were arranged in a specific array, forming an octagram made of corpses within the valley.

Earl Wilson efficiently directed his subordinates.

Finally, the sacrificial array for the descent of their God was ready. Earl Wilson was excited; he had waited for this moment for a long time. With the leadership of their God, they no longer needed to hide.

Ghouls stood beside Earl Wilson, waiting for nightfall to shroud the Earth in darkness. Earl Wilson placed the arms of the Ghouls at the center of the sacrificial array.

The Ghouls looked solemn, indistinguishable from the prayers of the Church's worshipers.

Perhaps these monsters had a purer faith in their God than humans did.

After all, except for their God, they were despised as decayed creatures in most planes.

Only their God treated every believer equally, without distinction. In comparison, the God of the Church of Holy Light was a false father.

"You were the source of all plagues." "You were the incarnation of all diseases."

"You were the father of the Unclean Great Ones!"

"Great ancestor of Ghouls, Father of Plagues, God of despair and corruption!"

"Descend ! "

With the prayers of all Ghouls, the pitch-black night became even deeper, and even the stars lost their luster.

After a long time, there was no response to their prayers.

This left Earl Wilson hesitant.

The other Ghouls felt doubtful, but the Earl didn't instruct them to stop, and they dared not speak up..