

Wizard 897

Chapter 897: Perfection! (6)

Now, at the highest point of the wizard tower, there was a bonfire that was like the sun. It was sometimes expanding and sometimes contracting, as if it was in an unstable state.

"The only primordial soul wizard in the city... It seems like the rumors are true. He's in seclusion because of his serious injuries."

He came to the surface of the sea. It was the same as the surface of the sea in the real world, except that the surface here was filled with ashes.

"If that's the case, this place is very far from the Windmill Village where Owens is. After all, Windmill Village is beside the Yellow Earth Continent's Lion King City."

Levi returned to Nether Capital. When he returned home, he realized that there was a twisted, long humanoid monster half the height of the wizard tower lying at the entrance. It was looking inside with its bloodshot eyes.

Death Fall!

Moreover, from the degree of danger, it might be comparable to a Fourth-Circle Wizard.

Levi's Death Ember Seed roared and black Death Ember Power surged out. At this moment, he seemed to be the master of this world.

The huge sword condensed from the Death Ember Power slashed out, and the Death Fall was split into two.

It didn't die. Instead, it came back together and attacked Levi.

The level 4 Death Fall made Levi's invincible Death Ember power unable to instantly kill him.

"Flame Dragon's true form!"

In this gray world, scarlet flames burned, illuminating the dim street.

Levi fought the level 4 Death Fall for dozens of rounds before killing it. A black crystal appeared in his hand.

Levi had tried to refine and absorb the power in it like Owens, but he hadn't succeeded.

His Nightmare Dragon Seed and Dead Ember Seed seemed to be rejecting or despising this power.

On the other hand, Leon could absorb the energy to evolve.

"There's also Death Fall here in Nether Capital. This Ashen World seems to be finished... There might not be many normal people like Owens left. Where did those powerful Ashen Kings go?"

Levi left the Ashen World and returned to the wizard tower full of questions.

"Forget it. I originally wanted to explore the Ashen World to see if there were any treasures. From the looks of it, other than ashes, there's only Death Fall in this world. There's no value in exploring..."

Levi muttered softly to himself. With a flick of his finger, a copper coin flew into the air.

"Unyielding Silver Seat Owens!"

Following Levi's summons, the halfling Owens appeared excitedly.

"Tell me, who am I fighting? It's a good opportunity to try out my newly comprehended sword skill, Crow Flowing Wind Slash!"

"You're not fighting anyone. What's your strength now?" Levi asked.

"Thanks to you, I've successfully advanced to the fourth stage of the Gray Swordsman. There hasn't been an expert like me among the ancestors of Windmill Village. If my great-grandfather was still alive and saw my current achievements, he would be happy for me."

"That's right. Are you still in Windmill Village?" Levi asked.

"That's right."

"Next, I might need your help. Try to increase your strength as much as possible and prepare for a big battle."

"No problem."

After Owens left, Levi threw the black crystal to Leon.

Leon ate happily.

After devouring many crystals and souls, this strange insect's current strength was no weaker than ordinary Fourth-Circle Wizards.

Levi did not dare to let it get too strong, lest it escape his control.

"With Owens and the Mind Flayer, I have a lot of fourth-circle combat power left... There shouldn't be any problems during the trip to the Ice Realm soon."

Time passed, and he could not bear to part with day and night.

Holy Brilliance Calendar Year 1125, Month of Wheatfield.

The 94th year of the Great Expedition.

Levi was 135 years old.

In the Nether Capital, Levi spent four years aloof from worldly affairs.

His self-created Aether Meditation Art had been cultivated to the Maximum of level 9.

Levi—

Aether Meditation Art: Level 9 (Maximum, breakthrough available), Special Effect: Aether Dominance.

"If I want to break through the limit, I need to take the most crucial step, which is... spiritual force liquefaction!"

Levi placed his hand on the Klein Crystal.

Spiritual force: 200

Spell power: 8,000

Levi's spiritual power had reached 200 points, which was the Perfection stage of a Third-Circle Wizard.

His spell power had also reached the maximum!

In his mind, the Gas magic ring formed by spiritual force particles had already reached perfection. It was difficult to increase it at all.

If he wanted to advance further, he would have to condense the dew of spiritual force in the center of the Gas magic ring and purify the quality of his spiritual force.

Gasification from liquid form, only then could it accommodate more!

Once a drop was condensed, one would step into the fourth-circle.

"Everything is ready. There are only two things left. One is the construction of the third innate spell, and the other is the refinement of the Succubus Potion.

"In the year 1070 of the Holy Brilliance Calendar, I stepped into the third-circle at the age of 80. Now, I am 135 years old and have reached the Perfection stage of the third-circle. After 50 years... This speed is not bad.

"Next, I have to prepare the third innate spell. At the same time, I have to wait for news from the Mind Flayer.

"If I still cannot obtain the succubus breastmilk after the third innate spell is prepared, then I'll advance with the Deepwater Potion!"