

Wizard 933

Chapter 933: Branding! Bloodline and the Path to Limit! (1)

Snow Capital.

In the secret room of the cold pond.

Levi was already prepared for a tough battle.

When he broke through from the second-circle to the third-circle, it took him several years to successfully vaporize all his spiritual force.

Now that he had broken through to the fourth-circle, even if it would take ten years, Levi would not be surprised.

However, the current situation was more optimistic than he had thought.

"I have successfully liquefied my spiritual force within three months. Moreover, I have used thirty-six drops at once. From the information and cases that I have found so far, there has never been a situation like mine..."

Levi muttered to himself.

Generally speaking, it was the most difficult for a third-circle cultivator to condense the first drop of spiritual force.

Some extremely talented people, such as Children of the Elements, might be able to complete it in a few months.

As for some ordinary geniuses, they might need several years.

As for those ordinary wizards, it was possible for them to spend ten years to liquefy the first drop of spiritual force, not to mention the subsequent [transition period].

In the secret room, Levi reviewed the preparations he had made before reaching the fourth-circle.

He felt that the reason why he was able to liquefy so easily.

It was related to the ample preparations he had made.

First of all, his talent had a Special Effect, which was unusual.

Then, Levi obtained the rare Turth Oddity, the Water Dragon's Song, which allowed Levi's spiritual force to directly break through the upper limit of a third-circle wizard.

He had even cultivated the Extreme Cold Liquefaction Technique created by a Legendary Wizard. He had traveled thousands of miles to the Land of Extreme Cold to find an extremely cold place to break through.

He had also spent a lot of effort to refine the top-notch breakthrough potion.

Moreover, the Divine Ring Tower should not have appeared in the realm of the third-circle.

With all kinds of favorable factors stacking up, he had already done everything he could think of and done to the extreme for this advancement!

"I even suspect that my success rate of breaking through from the third-circle to the fourth-circle is a little saturated... It might not be just 100%."

Levi smiled bitterly. He regretted using the Truth Oddity so early.

If he used it when he was at the fifth-circle, he might even be able to increase the probability of breaking through the fifth-circle.

"However, if I'm lucky, I'll be able to obtain even better Truth Oddities in the Dark Ancient Tower. If I don't get rid of the old, the new won't come. Next, I'll condense the remaining 174 drops in one go. After that, I can come out of seclusion."

At the same time.

In the wizard tower at the mouth of the spring.

A wizard with white hair and beard was meditating.

Ice Wizard, Gerd Mellon.

Snow Capital's City Lord.

After he finished meditating, he took the list of tenants from his subordinate.

"Not bad. I've rented out another high-class secret room. I can earn a small sum of money again. This new third-circle wizard probably wants to rely on the power of extreme frost there to advance to the fourth-circle."

The Arctic Wizard had left the Winter Tower due to the war and had been in the Snow Capital for a hundred years.

In the past hundred years, there had been many third-circle wizards who wanted to break through here. One of the main reasons was because of the Extreme Cold Liquefaction Technique created by the Frost Witch.

Wizards from other guilds and large organizations also came here to liquefy their spiritual force. However, not many of them succeeded in the end.

"The high-class secret rooms have all been rented out, and they are all third-circle wizards who are here to seek a breakthrough. I wonder how many more people will be able to successfully advance and continue their journey as wizards after many years."

A year passed in the blink of an eye.

The effects of the training of the Artic Wizard was not ideal.

"After the fifth-ring, it's difficult to move forward. I'm already more than 700 years old. If I can't advance to the primordial soul realm in 300 years, my Path of Truth will come to an end."

While the Artic Wizard was fretting, the first secret room suddenly lit up.

"Someone has fallen..."

Due to the special environment of this cold pond, there were some wizards who overestimated their abilities and did not grasp the limits of their cultivation. Occasionally, accidents would happen where they froze to death.

"Someone has fallen in Room Number One. Someone, go and deal with it. If the storage pouch belongs to a large organization or a family wizard, then return it to their organization. If it belongs to a nomadic wizard or a small organization, give it to me. If it belongs to someone with a living relative in the mortal world or a gathering place of mortals, and they happen to have the talent to become a wizard, bring them to the Snow Capital. If they do not have the talent, then just leave some money behind." The Artic Wizard said, clearly familiar with the place.

Not long after, a fourth-circle wizard opened the door to the high-class secret room.

On the floor, an old wizard had been frozen into an ice sculpture.

This wizard was emaciated and full of age spots. His eyes were yellow, and he was completely lifeless.

"He died of old age... That's not too bad, at least he died of old age."

In the wizard tower.

"Borl, based on his bone age, this wizard was 482 years old before he died. According to the investigation, he has no relatives or organization."

The Artic Wizard put away Wizard Borl's storage bag and broke the magic circle on it.

"A pitiful 30,000 Aether Stones and an empty bottle of the Snow Spirit Potion. It seems like he was a pitiful person who was willing to give everything he had. The success rate of the Snow Spirit Potion is less than 10%..."

He opened the yellowed envelope. It looked like it was an old item from hundreds of years ago.

"Brother Borl, my mother is sick. If you have time after your training, please ask for leave from the wizard and go home to see her. Your beloved sister, Bonnie!"

The Arctic Wizard sighed and burned the letter.

This reminded him of his time in the human world, the Giant family that had turned into the dust of history.

"If it wasn't for the legacy of my family and the [Frost Giant's Blood] in my body, which allowed me to receive the favor of Master Gullwig, my fate would have been no different from Borl..."