

Wizard 993

Chapter 993: New Era, Level Fifteen! (1)

In the year 1143 of the Holy Brilliance Calendar, during the Month of the Northern Wind, within the Peacock Kingdom.

In the Northern Territory, lies the Icewind City.

Once bustling with life, now only remnants of its former glory remain.

Occasionally, wandering Blue Frost Undead would pass through, with their hollow, blue-flamed eyes scanning all living beings.

On the hillside outside the city, frost and snow covered the nearby tombstones.

A young knight clad in mithril armor knelt before one of the graves, gently wiping away the accumulated snow with his hands.

"Grandfather, Father... I'm here to see you again. Not only did I surpass legend, but I also reached realms beyond. Our commander said the path of a knight stretches far... Oh, Grandfather, the commander said you were his old friend, a fine lord."

The knight's determined expression spoke of resilience.

Kelvin, the Silver Dragon Knight, after enduring years of trials, finally entered the Bloodthirst Realm.

Behind him, the sound of hooves approached.

He glanced at the tombstone, his right hand lightly resting on the Icewind Sword by his side.

Forged mainly from mithril and Luminant gold, the sword exuded an air of significance.

A Blue Frost Undead knight, riding a skeletal warhorse, approached. His stature resembled that of a giant. He wielded a massive axe, leading the blue frost undead from Icewind City, pressing forward!

"Roar!"

Comparable to a legendary knight, the undead raised his axe, commanding the Blue Frost Undead to swarm forward!

The young knight drew his sword, roaring defiantly as silver blood qi surged within him, converging onto his blade.

"Sword Skill, Mountain Wind!"

A piercing sound followed, accompanied by a burst of silver light.

Under the entwined blood qi, the undead cried out in agony.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Icewind City fell silent.

The silhouette of the Silver Dragon Knight disappeared into the snowstorm.

Under the influence of the blue frost, winter in the Northern Territory seemed endless...

The following day, inside the Shining Tavern in Peacock Capital, the Silver Dragon Knight sat alone, sipping his drink.

Two knights nearby were engaged in conversation.

"Have you heard? Many knights have gone missing in the south recently.

Rumor has it that even grand knights have disappeared in considerable numbers...

The Church of Holy Light had intervened in the investigation, but there's still no result.

"I reckon these folks have no intention of investigating at all."

"They just take the knights' money and do nothing. It's outrageous!"

"Lower your voice, will you? I want to live a little longer!"

Could such a topic be discussed in the capital?

But then again, once upon a time, being a knight meant something in this world.

People would address you as "Sir"!

But now, with all sorts of creatures emerging, what's the worth of a knight?

The Silver Dragon Knight frowned.

"Targeting knights specifically... Could it be the enemies of the Dusk Holy Temple?"

"But I hadn't heard of any knights disappearing before I arrived."

"Seems like they're only targeting knights outside the temple, but we still need to be cautious."

"I'll bring it up with the commander during the meeting, make sure everyone stays alert."

For a long time, the Dusk Holy Temple had remained aloof from worldly affairs, prospering peacefully. It seldom got involved in conflicts.

But as the world grew darker and more chaotic, trouble was inevitable for anyone here.

With that in mind, the Silver Dragon Knight left the tavern.

On the cold winter night streets, due to the presence of various dark creatures, the Seven Kingdoms had independently initiated curfews.

In major cities, activities had to be reduced after dusk.

And from midnight to dawn, movement was strictly prohibited.

But with the strength of the Silver Dragon Knight, he wasn't afraid of being spotted by those patrolling knights.

As he was leaving the city... a sword fell to the ground in a dark alley.

He felt a stir in his heart and quietly made his way there.

On a street in the outer city, he concealed himself in the shadows and watched silently.

In the distance, the body of a knight lay prone.

A ghostly figure stood silently before the knight, back turned to the Silver Dragon Knight.

In the next moment, the shadow disappeared.

The knight, already frozen, suddenly rose to his feet, picked up his sword, and walked into the darkness with a vacant expression.

The Silver Dragon Knight's expression shifted slightly.

"An evil spirit?"

If it were an ordinary evil spirit, he could dispatch it with a single stroke.

But he had a gut feeling that this was related to the recent disappearances of knights.

So, he refrained from acting rashly.

The deceased knight eventually vanished from his sight.

The Silver Dragon Knight thought for a moment, then decided not to pursue, but instead left the capital and headed overseas.

With his current strength and a lack of understanding of the enemy, hastily getting involved in this matter could jeopardize himself, even his organization!

It would be better to report to the senior members and the commander!

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The Ancient Saint Plane.

The Emperor's Palace.

Levi was in a secret room, reviewing the information Madam Ghost had provided about the Spirit Catcher Steeple.

Madam Ghost, high up of the Spirit Catcher Steeple.

Fifth-Circle Wizard, suspected to possess a fifth-circle innate spell, and wield a fifth-circle Wizard Tool.

She had quirky personality and deep thoughts.

An accomplished apprentice of the Primordial Soul Wizard, Painful Banshee Amira, along with Mistress Cruel and the Wildbone Wizard...

Levi scrutinized the details carefully.

He was about to face a true Fifth-Circle Wizard, not some outdated Cave Wizard unable to keep up with the times.

So, for all information about Madam Ghost, the spells, relationships, Wizard Tools, the more detailed, the better!

It must have taken Rosa Witch considerable effort to gather this information.