

H P D WIZARD 118

Chapter 118 - Arcane Empire (IV)

After Harry sent his son Albus to school, he used the Warp Portal to return home. Hogwarts will start in a few days, so James and Lisa were still on vacation. .

"Do you have Quidditch practice today?" asked Harry.

"Yes. The club just invited a new talented player," responded Ginny. "Hopefully, we can finally win the Euro-Championship this year, and even the Arcane Cup."

Harry nodded his head, "Is this new player a wizard?"

"No, but does that matter?"

"No, I was just curious."

"Instead of being curious, how about you quit your job as an Auror and join our team. I still remember how you lead Hogwarts to win the Global Magic School Quidditch Competition and even the International Youth Quidditch Cup."

"Those were the good old days," muttered Harry. "However, you know that I never truly wanted to play Quidditch professionally."

Ginny nodded her head but no longer insisted. After a brief chat with his wife, Harry left for work. He went to his backyard, entered his private jet--which looked eerily similar to the one the S.H.I.E.L.D. Quinjet except for the glowing runes that shone on it.

After entering the jet, Harry activated the Automated Driving System and entered his destination. A few minutes later, after traveling at a few Mach Speed, he arrived at a tall building in Germany.

The building had the words: Auror Department: Europe Division.

Since there was a specific parking spot for private jets, Harry parked it on his private spot. Then, he walked to work. He used his watch to scan for his identity and level of Security, then he headed to his office.

However, as soon as he entered the building, countless voices assaulted his senses. People were chatting over one another, with their voices overlapping; everyone looked excited.

With a frown on his face, Harry approached one of the Aurors and tapped her on the shoulder: "What's going on? Why is everyone so excited today?"

"Vice-Director, you're here."

"You can forfeit the formal greetings. Tell me what's going on?"

"Well, Johnson has just finished his second genetic enhancement, so he is currently challenging Captain Barrick!"

"Johnson should be smarter than this. Captain Barrick is a wizard that has broken the First Limiter, and survived the first Dragon Magic Vein Operation, his chances are slim," replied Harry.

"According to him, he has been secretly training with his brother, who is a Space Marine."

Harry nodded his head, "Although many people often complained that the Space Marines have nothing to do, their training is truly intense and only the elite can finish it."

After that, he headed to the dueling area. He saw two people standing opposite of another. One of them was wearing a wizard robe with a hood, holding a long staff. Meanwhile, the other participant had an all-black combat uniform, a sword in his hand, and a gun in his waist.

As soon as Harry arrived, many people stood up to salute him, but he just motioned them to continue doing their own thing. After taking a seat in the private booth, he started watching the fight.

As soon as the battle commenced, Johnson rushed towards his opponent with his sword. His speed was so fast that he would make Usain Bolt look like a child racing against an Olympian champion.

In less than a second, he traveled more than 20 meters distance, reaching in front of Barrick, who remained calm throughout the entire process. However, when he was about to be slashed by the sword, his staff light up green, and plant roots appeared from the ground trying to entangle Johnson.

The latter tried to cut off these roots, unfortunately, they grew quicker than he could cut them. After a few seconds of nonstop hacking, Johnson realize that his opponent was slowly exhausting his stamina, so he changed strategy.

He concentrate on the sword in his hand, then, the blue crystal at the hill suddenly lit up, and a red flame appeared on it. With a swing of his sword, a small flame tornado rushed to the roots, burning them.

However, before Johnson could celebrate his victory, a light flew from Barrick's wand rushing towards him. His instinct kicked in, and he rolled on the ground to evade.

'Expellarimus Charm? Is he trying to disarm me of my magetech sword?'

Johnson still did not have the time to react as the ground started to shake, and before long, spikes grew from the ground trying to impale him.

'Earth Magic? No, it should be Transfiguration.'

He jumped more than meters in the air, do a backflip, and landed a few meters away. Nevertheless, the spike still grew from the ground. Suddenly, Johnson's boots light up, and runes appeared on them. Then, his speed drastically increased.

Leaving shadows behind, he easily managed to evade the Earth Spikes. He then took out the gun from his waist and fired at Barrick, who instantly used a shield to block the attack. Then, the wizard used the spell Projectile Misdirection.

After seeing his bullets missed, Johnson pressed a button on the gun, then it suddenly morphed into a slightly bigger gun with writing or runes appearing on it.

Bang!

The bullet traveled very fast and pierced Barrick's shield instantly. However, before hitting him, the ring in his finger lit up, and another shield appeared to block it.

"Johnson, you're playing dirty by using enchanted bullets," said Barrick for the first time since the battle begin.

"This is part of my equipment, just like your alchemy items," replied Johnson nonchalantly.

"True. I have to say, you have improved tremendously to be able to last so long against me. However, if this is all you've got, you're bound to lose."

"Don't worry, I still got some things up my sleeve."

After that, Johnson held the sword with two hands as he concentrate on it, his memories flashback to his training with his brother.

"What do you know about magetech equipment?" asked Terry, who was a muscular man with a military haircut.

"Magetech equipment are essentially magic artifacts but imbued with mana crystals on them to serve as activation energy. As such, ordinary people can use them."

"Anything else?"

"Th-That should be it."

"Well, you would be wrong. What you describe are only civilian magetech items. When it comes to military grades one, there is more to them."

"What do you mean?"

"All military grade magetech artifacts have a specific enchantment on them called Will Wielding Enchantment. What it does is that it allows ordinary users to control the amount of mana that is released through the mana crystals, based on the user's will."

"So, the stronger the will of the user, the more mana he can release from the mana crystal, thus the more power he can bring out from the equipment."

Johnson frowned after hearing this, "I don't quite understand what you mean."

"In that case, let me show you."

Terry took out a sword and a flame appeared on it after he activated it; the flame was red and only enveloped the blade of the sword. However, a few seconds later, to the horror of Johnson, the flame slowly turned blue and rose to more than 2 meters into the sky.

"Whether it is the Earth Defense Force, the Royal Guard, or the Space Marine, we are trained to hone our wills so that we can better control magetech artifacts."

"Why doesn't our Auror Department know of this?"

"The people that should know already do," replied Terry calmly. After hearing this, Johnson nodded his head with a sigh.

Back to the present,

After concentrating on the sword for a few seconds, the flame on it turned blue, and it rose a few inches into the air. Johnson swung it, and a massive blue tornado rushed towards Barrick--who was greatly surprised.

However, his instinct overcame his body and used an Ice Shield Spell, encasing his body in ice to block the attack.

A massive explosion occurred as the dueling ground shook like an earthquake. Luckily, the entire ground was magically enchanted, so there was not that much damage.

After the smoke of the explosion cleared, Barrick was intact, but Johnson was breathing heavily. He looked drained.

"I lost," he muttered.

"You should be proud to force a wizard to such a degree," replied Barrick.

However, Johnson just lowered his head and left the dueling grounds. He knew that this match was not as close as Barrick made it out to be. For example, never once was his opponent using Apparition, and he only used one magic artifact.

Nowadays, most wizards carry a bunch of magical artifacts around them to make up for their deficiency and planned for unexpected outcomes. No to mention the fact that magitech requires people to constantly re-charge the mana crystal embedded in them.

And after using it for a certain amount of time, the crystal will be destroyed and a new one has to be bought.

After the duel ended, many people were talking about it out loud.

"It's really difficult for ordinary people to beat wizards--even after being genetically enhanced."

"Well, that's normal. After all, they can also genetically enhance themselves. They can even enhance their bloodlines, something that we cannot do."

"Oh, I wish I was a wizard. Using magic through magetech and wielding on your own is not the same thing at all."

"Don't say such a stupid thing. How do you know what it feels like to wield real magic?"

"I'll have you know, my father has a high-level security clearance, and he allowed me to Soul Link to Skynet. There I play the Game: Hogwarts: School of Magic and Adventure. With 100% realness, I know how it's like to be a real wizard and wield magic. Unfortunately, my soul strength only allows me to play for 24 minutes a day."

"Why didn't you buy Soul Soothing Potions?"

"Those things are too expensive."

"Forget about that. How was the experience of being a wizard?"

"Hey, you over there. Instead of answering this guy's question, you should be more worried about yourself. Doesn't your father know that it's a grave crime to allow someone else to use your security clearance?"

"Of course, I know that. So, we went through the proper method."

"In that case, that's fine."

While everyone was still talking about the recent fight, Harry headed to his boss's office as he just received a summon. So, he reached an office with a door plaque labeled:

"Kingsley Schacklebolt, Auror Director-General."