

## Magic Era 371

### Chapter 371: Mercenary Groups

The Three Great Mercenary Groups had gathered in the Tulan Mountain Range. Lin Yun definitely couldn't believe that they had no ulterior motives. It would take several hundred thousand golds for such a large force to mobilize like this. Why would they be in the Tulan Mountain Range if it wasn't for something major?

Moreover, why the Tulan Mountain Range?

Lin Yun had been puzzled about this. 'Is it related to the Gaugass King?'

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that this was the case...

The Tulan Mountain Range wasn't a scenic place, and the three mercenary groups weren't idle travelers. They inevitably would only move out en masse to complete some objective.

After all, the mercenaries that came this time could be considered elites. It could be seen from the Temple Knights he had encountered earlier. The one leading them was a Sword Saint using a True Spirit Magic Tool!

The team had consisted of High Mages, Expert Swordsmen, and Divine Archers...

The teams of the other two mercenary groups shouldn't be inferior to the Temple Knights' team, either. They likely had at last a vice leader commanding them. Lin Yun estimated that there were at least three Archmages or Sword Saints in the Tulan Mountain Range, and maybe more.

But he also felt there was a problem with that idea. How could the three mercenary groups know of the Gaugass King's secret?

'Could it be...' Lin Yun's heartbeat sped up as he thought of a possibility. 'What if they knew that the Gaugass King wasn't dead? But how could this be?'

Lin Yun knew about everything because he had come from the future...

But even he had only come to this conclusion by guessing...

Lin Yun didn't have any evidence proving that the Gaugass King hadn't died...

He wouldn't have been able to confirm this without talking to Leon.

So how could the Three Great Mercenary Groups know?

This was a bit troublesome...

Only the Gaugass King's six-formula Meditation Law Set was important to Lin Yun...

What Lin Yun lacked right now was a Meditation Law Set. He didn't dare to attack a higher realm without establishing his core Meditation Law Set.

In fact, with Lin Yun's unreasonably large and stable mana pool, he could easily become a 5th Rank High Mage.

The only reason he was still a 2nd Rank High Mage high mage was the fact that he was suppressing his own rank until that issue was fixed.

As long as Lin Yun got that six-formula Meditation Law Set, he could advance to the 5th Rank anytime he wished, and if he wanted, he could even become an Archmage within half a year.

From this, it could be seen how important that six-formula Meditation Law Set was to Lin Yun.

Not to mention, this wasn't the most important part...

The most important part was that these three Meditation Law Sets would be fused with the Mage Array to establish Lin Yun's true magic foundation and let him tread a path of magic that no one had ever walked before...

Thus, Lin Yun would do anything to get the Gaugass King's Meditation Law Set. Even if a God stood in his way, Lin Yun would find a way to slay that God!

Not long after Yilu left, Lin Yun wiped away his tired expression, becoming lively. He could feel all the mana fluctuations in the camp and couldn't help inwardly exclaiming to himself. They were truly worth being the Three Great Mercenary Groups of Okland, as they were far stronger than he'd imagined. Just the number of High Mages was frightening.

'An Archmage!'

At this time, an intense mana fluctuation startled Lin Yun. He raised his hand and three Mage Eyes instantly left the camp and floated around in the valley, overlooking the entire scene.

A dozen people were situated in the center of the camp in a circle, the weakest of which was actually a 5th Rank High Mage. They were divided into three groups. If Lin Yun wasn't wrong, these ought to be the core members of the three mercenary groups. An old man in the group seemed quite inconspicuous, looking thin and bony, but Lin Yun knew that those powerful mana fluctuations came from him. He was an Archmage.

The red-haired Expert Swordswoman, Yilu, stood behind the Archmage with a heavy expression.

"Dean, your request couldn't be considered too excessive, but you also know that this valley is too narrow. If our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group gives up a portion of our living quarters, we wouldn't have enough left to use..." The Archmage squinted at the Sword Saint not far ahead of him.

"Vice Leader Delson..." The middle-aged Sword Saint thought that there wouldn't be any problem if he politely asked for more living quarters, but he hadn't expected that the Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, Delson, would tactfully decline.

The middle-aged Sword Saint had led the Temple Knights to withstand thousands of Frost Wolves three days ago and had even killed a Wolf King. The casualties during that fight had been disastrous, to the point that crossing the Traces of Misfortune had been extremely strenuous. The number of people they lost far exceeded the casualties of the other two mercenary groups.

The Temple Knights had too many wounded people, who naturally couldn't just squeeze in together, so Dean requested a portion of the living quarters of the other two mercenary groups.

"It's already crowded as it is, we really can't do anything about that..."

The Vice Leader of the Red Dragon Mercenary Group also declined. He was a Sword Saint in his fifties and was wearing a golden armor. A strict aura was spreading from his body.

Behind the Sword Saint was an attractive, blonde-haired swordswoman in her twenties. She was Anna Achilles, the Vice Leader who had recently been entrusted by the Watson Family to escort Stan Watson, but had encountered a terrifying, young mage midway that easily killed their charge.

After experiencing that, Anna's rank dropped from Vice Leader to Lieutenant.

She looked thinner and paler, as if she hadn't been able to get rid of the shadow of that slowly walking young mage.

In a short few months, her strength had greatly advanced. She was now a 7th Rank Expert Swordswoman, yet she knew that she wouldn't last more than three seconds in front of that young mage, and most likely even less.

"Good, good, good... The Heaven Enlightening and the Red Dragon Mercenary Groups are quite good to us!" Dean was furious. He wasn't as angry when he met that young mage three days ago. At this time, the True Spirit Magic Tool on his shoulder let out some lightning and everyone could sense the surrounding mana fluctuations going crazy.

No one dared to speak at such a time.

The two Vice Leaders from the other two mercenary groups looked at each other in dismay.

"I understand why you are doing this... It's all because of the ruins!" Dean let out a sneer as he swept a glance at the two Vice Leaders.

"Would your Temple Knights run over if there were no ruins?" Archmage Delson frowned. "Don't tell me that your Temple Knights rushed over to the Tulan Mountain Range for a scenic tour..."

"I could believe it if Sir Dean said that he came for a visit," the Red Dragon Vice Leader quipped sarcastically. "Dean, our three mercenary groups originally got along well, do you want to destroy this bridge? Why bother..."

"How come Okland's 1st and 3rd Mercenary Groups seem to get along so well and rush over to the Tulan Mountain Range so quickly and deliberately refuse to make some space for us? It's not because it's too crowded, but because you are thinking of suppressing the Temple Knights, isn't it?"

"Vice Leader Dean, spilled words cannot be taken back. Don't say anything you could regret! Our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group isn't as uncouth as you make it out to be!"

"Such words are useless. If your Temple Knights arrived earlier, wouldn't they have gotten more space? Wouldn't it have been harder for our two mercenary groups to get space then?"

“Damn... I’ll remember what your mercenary groups did today!” After cursing, Dean turned away and took the core members of the Temple Knights back to his camp.

‘Fuckers! You think the Temple Knights are easy to bully? I’ll show you!’

Dean returned to camp while cursing non-stop the whole way.

The three Great Mercenary Groups of Okland didn’t gather in the Tulan Mountain Range without reason. It involved some ruins. And coincidentally, not long ago, the three mercenary groups gained some information pertaining to these ruins and hurriedly rushed to the Tulan Mountain Range.

The Three Great Mercenary Groups appeared polite and amiable on the surface, but Dean clearly knew what the true situation was. As the top three mercenary groups, they were constantly setting themselves against each other. If these ruins fell into the hands of one of the groups, it would definitely greatly raise that force’s strength, pushing them above the others.

It could be seen from the trivial situation just now. It might not be long before the three mercenary groups shed all pretense of cordiality and suppress each other.

After experiencing that fierce battle in the Aurij Mountain Range, as well as the dangerous Traces of Misfortune, the Temple Knights had suffered a disastrous loss, leaving their strength a lot weaker than the other two mercenary groups.

‘Delson, Sussman, you would never have guessed that although the Temple Knights lost many members, our strength isn’t as bad as you think...’

A sneer appeared at the corner of Dean’s mouth as he looked at the four-man tent at the corner of the camp. Living there were a Beastman and three mages.

The Beastman in particular... If he hadn’t helped during their trip through Traces of Misfortune, the Temple Knights’ losses might have been a lot more severe. He observed the Beastman through every battle and was certain that no Expert Swordsman could take him on.

He was that frightening.

After all, he was only a 6th Rank Expert Swordsman...

## **Chapter 372: Wyverns**

‘He’ll definitely become a Sword Saint within five years, and he might even go beyond that in the future...’ This was Dean’s assessment of the Beastman. If that invincible Beastman could stay with the Temple Knights, giving him the position of Vice Leader was a must. Unfortunately, the Beastman treated him extremely coldly. Everytime he approached, the Beastman would run away and hide.

Fortunately, the Beastman didn’t seem to intend on leaving. As long he remained, the Temple Knights would still have a chance. Not to mention, this “Brother” Beastman was very generous. He actually led three young mages with relatively good strength. Although those three only hid during the battles, they were still three promising High Mages.

“You there! We are now in someone else’s territory, can you not sleep like that? You won’t even know who killed you during your sleep if you continue...”

When William burst into the tent and saw Xiuban lying on his back, deep asleep, he angrily roared at him.

“What does me sleeping have to do with you...”

Xiuban was roused awake when William barged in and indignantly massaged his eyes as he looked up at the condescending William.

‘Shit, I might be afraid of Sir Merlin, but you are just William. You aren’t powerful enough to beat the Great Xiuban. If you weren’t Sir Merlin’s cousin, I would have already smashed you with Carnage... I finally managed to break away from Sir Merlin to get a few days of peace, yet you are now coming over to bother me...’

That “You there” was especially hurtful, making Xiuban’s heart feel as if it had been stabbed. ‘You Merlins, the Great Xiuban will sooner or later get back at you! The Great Xiuban isn’t someone you can bully!’

‘Hmpf, look at the attitude of Sword Saint Dean, he acts as if I’m his elder... The Great Xiuban is no longer a Draconic Beastman you can bully!’

“It naturally has a lot to do with me.” William didn’t feel like looking at Xiuban and just continued, “If you go to sleep, who will be on night watch? Don’t forget that there are many troublesome people in this camp. Okland’s Three Great Mercenary Groups came.”

“Why?!” Xiuban almost used up all his strength in his roar of indignation. In front of Lin Yun, he might only dare to mutter, in fear that he would hear his complaints, but Lin Yun wasn’t there, so Xiuban wouldn’t be afraid of any consequences. “Is the Great Xiuban someone you are qualified to order around?”

“Weren’t you the one in charge of the night watch when Cousin Mafa was here?” William sneered. “Of the four of us, you are the one with the most night watch experience. If you don’t, who will?”

“You... You aren’t Sir Merlin!” Xiuban angrily growled as he ground his teeth.

‘That damn contract...’

“That Beastman doesn’t want to be on guard duty? How could this be? How can we sleep safely if he doesn’t guard us...” Ross’ lazy voice came from inside the camp.

“He doesn’t have much choice. I heard that the Beastman has been close to the Temple Knights’ Vice Leader recently... Cousin Mafa definitely cannot find out about this, or “Brother” Beastman will have a tragic fate.” Leon’s voice came from outside, purposefully loud enough to hear clearly.

At the same time, a flame jumped out of Leon’s hand. That strand of flame carried a very hot aura that spread through the tent...

“I’m going...” Xiuban carried the heavy Carnage as he rushed out of the tent with heavy steps.

'That was Sir Syudos! I don't want to have a chat with him...' Those terrible memories appeared in Xiuban's mind immediately. 'Too scary...

'That scoundrel Leon is clearly threatening me, if he really tells Sir Merlin that I got too close to that Sword Saint, he won't forgive me easily... And that damn Vice Leader is too courageous, he dared to try to poach me in front of Sir Merlin, this is no different from courting death... And it's fine if you court death, but don't involve me in it...

'I have to hide far so that I won't have to say anything to him. This way, Sir Merlin won't question my loyalty...'

Xiuban sat beside the bonfire, continuously cursing, from William to Leon, and not forgetting Ross... and he finally moved on to Lin Yun. He bared his fangs as he softly cursed, "There is not one good apple in the Merlin Family..."

"Rumble..."

'Shit!'

Xiuban was startled by the loud rumble. He threw a quick glance at his surroundings, and after making sure that it wasn't Sir Merlin, he relaxed and turned to look at the source of the noise.

"Wyverns! About eight... Eh, no, looks like a few dozen... Maybe even hundred? Shit, can't count! More keep coming!"

The Divine Archer on night watch screeched in vain.

Wyverns...

Everyone in the camp was woken up by the screams of the Divine Archer. In a flash, many people rushed out of their tents and raised their heads to look at the sky, which was covered in countless dark green specks.

This was definitely a disaster.

Hundreds of Wyverns... Even if their levels weren't high, mostly around Level 18, the quantity more than made up for it. They were covering the sky as they spat venom towards the camp. No matter where they hid, the mercenaries couldn't escape the corrosion of the venom.

The venom fell down from the sky like rain, followed by screams. Wyverns were only Level 18, but an ordinary mercenary would have issues dealing with the poison. A Great Mage's Mana Shields and a Great Swordsman's Aura simply couldn't resist the toxins. It wouldn't take long before they became putrefied.

Only High Mages and Expert Swordsmen could resist the venom of the Wyverns, because they had enough power to protect their bodies. But as the venom kept falling, the mana and Aura would sooner or later be spent.

Although the sudden appearance of the Wyverns caused chaos within the valley, it didn't take long before that chaos disappeared and was replaced by an organized counterattack. One after the other,

High Mages and Expert Swordsmen rose up, and rich mana fluctuations covered the area while Auras were criss-crossing. When people were injured, they would immediately be replaced.

The Great Swordsmen and Great Mages couldn't fly, but they also had their own roles. They teamed up to attack. Whenever a Wyvern was flying too low, they immediately cast Frost Spikes, Frost Lances, and other such spells, or flooded the region with Aura.

They truly were worthy of being part of Okland's peak mercenary groups!

The Archers were clearly superior when it came to handling the Wyverns. In the center of the camp, two to three hundred people were gathered in a formation. They were all Spirit Archers. A few hundred arrows streaked through the horizon and were followed by the sharp screams of a few dozen Wyverns.

Leading this group of Spirit Archers were twenty powerful Divine Archers. Under their lead, the arrows harvested many lives, as every volley would hit at least a dozen Wyverns.

A joint team of mages were casting spells in the center of the archer formation. Their mission was to guarantee the Archers' safety by raising some shields or by buffing the archers.

For a moment, the sky above their heads was emptied of Wyverns.

But soon, a large cloud of Wyverns rushed over and covered the sky once again. The poison rain resumed, and was answered with another volley of arrows. The cycle continued, seeming unending.

"Rumble!"

In the Northwest corner of the camp, a formidable Sword Aura was emitted. It swept at a Wyvern, and in a flash, the Wyvern's wings were severed as its body was cut down. A sharp howl echoed as it was cut into pieces.

This was the aftermath of his Sword Aura...

Not far off, an intense battle was ongoing. A Wyvern King, ten times as big as ordinary Wyverns, was battling a Sword Saint.

There was a strange green radiance on the body of the Wyvern King, and anyone with some basic understanding of magic beasts would know that this radiance was extremely toxic. This was why the Sword Saint didn't dare to approach. He was only releasing his Sword Aura from some distance.

The Sword Saint was the Vice Leader of the Temple Knights, Dean. He was holding his one-handed sword and wasn't lacking in power, yet he was at a disadvantage after ten minutes of battle against that Wyvern King.

"Shit, what's the level of that damned Wyvern King..."

Dean's morale was down, because that Wyvern King was frighteningly strong. He had displayed all the power of a 3rd Rank Sword Saint, but ended up being suppressed, and this wasn't all... While fighting this Wyvern King, he kept being attacked by Wyverns. It reached the point where his body had already received a dozen wounds.

And that was with him being protected by Aura.

With the power struggle among the three mercenary groups, Dean would have never taken the initiative to battle the Wyvern King... But he was forced to act... The northwest corner belonged to the Temple Knights, so if he didn't restrain the Wyvern King, the Temple Knights might end up facing destruction.

'Damn, if I had known, I wouldn't have been so rude earlier... Had I not destroyed that bridge and remained polite back then, I might have been able to ask for back-up...

'Unfortunately, it is too late. I've been suppressed in all aspects, and the situation is getting more and more dangerous... Eh?'

Dean suddenly noticed a Haste landing on his body. His speed suddenly surpassed limits and he managed to barely dodge a venomous attack from the Wyvern King.

### **Chapter 373: Three Seconds**

It was followed by the sound of chanting.

At the same time, an intense, golden Sword Aura pierced the horizon.

Dean wouldn't deserve being a Vice Leader if he couldn't guess who it was.

"Dean, you are already wounded, let Sir Delson and I take care of it..." The gold-armored Sword Saint of the Red Dragon Mercenary Group shook his sword, and Sword Aura covered half of the sky. The dazzling Sword Aura even smothered the Wyvern King.

Delson stood not far from them holding a magic staff, a serious expression shrouding his aged face as he cast spells. From the mana fluctuations he emitted, he should be a 3rd Rank Archmage.

He was even a bit stronger than Dean.

Moreover, the golden-armored Red Dragon Sword Saint wasn't weak either.

The combination of a Sword Saint and an Archmage could be considered quite formidable!

"..."

Dean's heart moved. He'd thought that these two guys would turn a blind eye to his situation, but surprisingly, they came to help him. He would have hugged them if it weren't for the fact that the situation was unsuitable for that.

But Dean then thought of something. 'No, that's wrong... The Wyvern King is such a formidable enemy... With their power, these two should have already discovered when it appeared, yet they let me stall for such a long time before appearing... Hmpf, I understand, those two scoundrels saw that the Wyvern King was too formidable and they knew that if it didn't die soon enough, the Temple Knights wouldn't be the only ones to suffer. Their forces would also suffer disastrous losses.

'Fuckers! They are no good!'

Dean did suffer many injuries and his fighting strength had greatly lowered, but he was still a Sword Saint. After retreating, he started massacring the Wyverns.



An amazing flood of spells seemed to drown the Wyvern King. The frightening mana fluctuations spread through every corner of the camp, and the Wyverns on the Wyvern King's sides either scattered away or exploded. On the surface, the two powerhouses were teaming up to fight the Wyvern King and seemed to have the upper hand. But in reality, Delson and the gold-armored Sword Saint had yet to injure the Wyvern King, even when working together.

That magic beast was too fierce.

It was worthy of being a magic beast with a draconic bloodline. After no less than half an hour, the two of them still hadn't managed to properly wound it, yet one was tired, and the other was on the verge of suffering from mana exhaustion.

As the two were in the middle of an intense battle, no one discovered the unremarkable Mage Eye being destroyed due to the fierce mana fluctuations.

"Sir Delson, we can't keep going..." The gold-armored Sword Saint was rousing his protective Aura as far as he could, trying to resist the Wyvern King's offensive while shouting to Delson, "It's at least level 35! If we fall, not many mercenaries will be able to survive."

After saying this, the gold-armored Sword Saint didn't wait for Delson's answer before shaking his greatsword, making flames appear on his sword. It looked as if he was holding a fire dragon.

He burst out with his remaining Aura and charged at the Wyvern King...

"..."

Delson chanted some incomprehensible words as he used what little mana he had left. He didn't cower, because he knew that the only reason the gold-armored Sword Saint did what he did was to create an opportunity for him.

Three powerful 7th Tier Spells flew away, aiming at the Wyvern King. In a flash, the surroundings elements rose up to a frightening level, a deep cry echoing above the camp.

"Bang!"

A deep sound echoed...

The gold-armored Sword Saint flew away like a kite, his injuries extremely heavy. He wasn't even able to use Aura to keep aloft, so he crashed onto the floor.

It was followed by the Wyvern King's deafening angry roar.

'Failed...'

Delson paled, feeling very bitter. The Three Great Mercenary Groups rushed to the Tulan Mountain Range in order to gain indescribable fame and prestige, but no one had foreseen such a conclusion.

They encountered such a devastating blow before they could even enter the center of the Tulan Mountain Range.

The Wyvern King was in a very bad situation too. The highly toxic green radiance had disappeared long ago, and one of its wings had just snapped, greatly impairing its speed. There were a few dozen terrifying wounds on its body, and scalding blood was erupting out.

Delson knew that the Wyvern King only had less than 70% of its original strength, but even so, he couldn't do anything about it. Dean was in the best shape, but even if he showed up again to help, he wouldn't be the Wyvern King's opponent. The Expert Swordsmen and High Mages fighting the Wyverns in the sky had no time to look over either.

The situation was terrible!

A sharp sound echoed. The Wyvern King had wisdom comparable to a human, and its anger had reached an extreme as the two mossy green eyes were glaring at Delson. At the same time, an intense mana fluctuation rose up.

Veil of Darkness!

A spell comparable to 7th Tier Spells was released by the Wyvern King, spreading poison all over, and just like a veil, it covered half of the sky.

Screams echoed.

They were issued by a few Expert Swordsmen and High Mages that were a few hundred meters away. Although they were powerful, they weren't worth mentioning in front of the Wyvern King.

Delson was in despair within his Runic Shield. His mana had already been thoroughly exhausted, and he didn't have a single wisp of mana remaining after casting that Runic Shield.

It only took a few seconds for that Runic Shield to dim since it wasn't fuelled by mana, and then... He was saved by a Mana Shield and an Ice Wall...

This was too unfathomable...

Delson's eyes were wide open as he was dumbstruck.

After all, this wide area was under the cover of the Veil of Darkness. One needed to be an Archmage or a Sword Saint to safely go through it. But in the entire camp, he was the only Archmage. Even 9th Rank High Mages would only last three seconds with their Runic Shields.

Then, a young mage's silhouette passed by him and slowly lifted a magic staff, an Ice Fire Shield appearing at the same time. That young mage was holding an ancient book emitting an aura of death. He chanted some strange words while a disk flickering with blue and red radiance floated above his head like a moon, suddenly bursting with endless spells.

It had world-shaking momentum.

The young mage thoroughly broke common sense, ignoring spell consumption as if he couldn't help wasting his mana. The ancient book in his hand also burst with a black light.

His casting seemed to have reached perfection.

The Wyvern King was battered severely, and its huge body fell to the ground like a meteor.

Delson suddenly felt his surroundings falling silent. He stood there in a daze, motionless. That scene had been too shocking for him.

He hadn't even seen the appearance of that young mage properly, but he had managed to see that he was very young!

'Is he still human?'

With shock and fear, he looked at the falling corpse of the Wyvern King. It didn't take more than three seconds since the young mage appeared!

Three seconds!

'What can I do in three seconds? Cast one high tier spell? No, there isn't enough time... Even a more powerful lower tier spell needs at least five seconds...

'Sword Saint Dean fought the Wyvern King for ten minutes, and then Sword Saint Sussman and I did all we could to kill that Wyvern King...'

But even when teaming up, they still weren't powerful enough and could only injure the Wyvern King, and it wasn't even seriously hurt. And after the Veil of Darkness, Delson was forced to cast Runic Shield while suffering from mana exhaustion. He had already despaired, knowing that he had already reached the end of his life.

But a mysterious young mage had appeared and changed this terrible situation, killing that formidable Wyvern King in just three seconds.

As the first Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, he clearly knew how formidable their leader was, but he couldn't believe that such a young mage had such terrifying power.

"You killed the Wyvern King..." Delson landed near the young man and saw that he was crouching next to the Wyvern King's corpse.

"It was conveniently here." The young mage nodded, apparently not in the mood to talk with the Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group. He was far more interested in the Wyvern King's corpse than this Vice Leader.

"Thank... Thank you for your help. If not for your timely arrival, I would have already become a corpse." Delson looked at the young mage with a complicated expression before bowing deeply.

"Don't mention it..."

Delson swallowed back the many thankful words in his throat, because he could see the young mage preoccupied as he skillfully took the Wyvern King's claws, peeled off the poison gland, and fished out a few bottles before extracting the Wyvern King's blood.

After some time, the young mage raised his head and looked at Delson.

The young mage didn't say anything...

But such a subtle movement made Delson feel a chill. Then, Delson suddenly realized that standing there was too dangerous.

A mage that could kill the Wyvern King in three seconds was busy dissecting the corpse, yet he was standing there, spectating from the side like he wanted something...

Wasn't he courting death?

Thinking of this, cold sweat trickled down Delson's forehead. He couldn't care about anything else at the moment and hurriedly said a few thankful words before leaving with a fearful expression.

Only when Delson left far enough did Lin Yun take out the Wyvern King's mana crystal. He tightly held it with an unconcealable expression of happiness. This was a level 35 mana crystal!

He then put away the spirit mana crystal and the sharp claws, these were truly rare magic materials and were worth his time personally coming to collect them.

After filling a few bottles with blood, he prepared to leave...

"What? It's actually you, that greedy guy? Do you have no feelings? Our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group took pity on you and kindly offered you shelter, yet you were so ungrateful and didn't even help kill the Wyverns... Eh, that's right, you were ungrateful to begin with, but how could you be this greedy to steal our loot!? Mafa Merlin, you are a wretch!" The voice of the young High Mage, Orson, suddenly echoed.

#### **Chapter 374: Must be a Misunderstanding**

'We caught you in the act this time... Let's see how you defend yourself!'

Orson was standing nearby sneering at Lin Yun, who was crouched near the body of the Wyvern King. After saying those words, he didn't forget to raise his hands to cast a spell to capture the scene of Lin Yun's "loot stealing"...

'This branch member of the Merlin Family has guts! He even dares to make a move on the loot of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group! Is he not afraid of death? The people that would dare to take something from us in Okland can barely be counted on two hands. He is definitely a branch member that hasn't seen the world...

'If he knew the stakes, he would never do something so stupid. Moreover, that damn guy is too arrogant, he does such a horrible thing in such an open way! Doesn't he know how many experts are in the camp? Let alone High Mages and Archmages, even those Great Mages and Expert Swordsmen would have something to say to him...

'Now that I caught him, I have to teach him a lesson!'

"I already knew that you were a despicable and shameless person that would appear for benefits... But I hadn't expected you to be this shameless!" Orson pointed at Lin Yun, roaring angrily. "If not for me exploding that Black Forest Python at the edge of the Traces of Misfortune, would you still be alive now? There is no need to mention the matter of the Black Python's magic materials, you and I are well aware of the situation.

“Yilu deliberately distorted the facts in order to cover for you and helped you justify yourself, but you shouldn’t naively think that Yilu was deceived by your lies... Truly ridiculous, even an idiot wouldn’t believe such lousy lies.

“I’ll give you a way out, pick one option... Lay down the loot you stole, fuck off, and never show your face in front of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group again. Or you can become the enemy of our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group. But I believe you wouldn’t be foolish enough to pick the second option, because you’d never be able to leave this place alive...”

Orson coldly ridiculed Lin Yun.

‘Even if that damn Mafa Merlin is willing to acknowledge his mistakes and hand over the loot, I won’t easily forgive him. I have proof, and countless ways to punish him...’

“Haha...”

Lin Yun acted as if he hadn’t understood Orson’s words. He quickly collected the blood of the Wyvern King and unhurriedly got up, only chuckling, not saying anything else. He had no plan to argue needlessly with that idiot. Not to mention, that idiot was fond of interrupting other people’s words. If he said anything, he would just be interrupted again, so what was the point? Moreover, even the Archmage Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group didn’t say anything when he was looting, so why was that fool waving his arms around for?

“Mafa Merlin, what are you trying to do...”

Orson almost puked blood. He stared in disbelief as that wretched guy made light of him.

‘How could he do this... I have the proof of his misdeeds, shouldn’t he be begging for forgiveness? And not only is he not begging, he is unscrupulously continuing with stealing the loot. This makes no sense!’

“Mafa Merlin, do you think I can’t kill you just because of your identity as a branch member of the Merlin Family? You ridiculous 2nd Rank High Mage, you are pathetic... Let me enlighten you! Killing you is something very easy! The Merlin Family would never look into it! Who told you to be a branch member without status?”

“I believe that you’ll soon run out of luck.” Lin Yun frowned.

“You’ll die before I run out of luck...”

Orson let out a cold sneer, and powerful mana fluctuations were rising from his body as the staff in his hand was raised. He no longer looked at Lin Yun as he kept casting...

“Orson!”

But suddenly, a familiar voice came from behind. Orson frowned before interrupting his casting. He impatiently turned before his eyes suddenly gleamed. “Leon, how come you are here...”

Leon’s status was outstanding. He was one of the three outstanding geniuses of the Merlin Family, someone that became a High Mage at a young age and who was very famous in Okland. Moreover, Leon came from the Cloud Tower, which meant that behind Leon were two first-rate forces.

The Merlin Family and the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group had a decently genial relationship, and although Orson was extremely arrogant and haughty, Leon wasn't any less so. When the two met, they established a pretty good friendship. But Orson was a bit puzzled. 'How come Leon came to the Tulan Mountain Range?'

"Leon, you came right on time..."

Orson threw a glance at Lin Yun before smiling to welcome Leon. "Leon, I have something very important to tell you, it concerns your Merlin Family's reputation."

"Ah?" Leon clearly froze, not expecting that the friend he'd just met would directly mention his family's reputation just after greeting him.

"You still don't know that you have scum in the Merlin Family!?" Orson sneered, not forgetting to throw a provocative glance at Lin Yun before continuing. "I met that guy at the edge of the Traces of Misfortune. He was almost killed by a Level 25 Black Python when I saved him just in time. But he was too greedy and actually wanted the magic materials of the Black Python. For the sake of your Merlin Family, I didn't argue with him and kindly brought him back to camp..."

"Hold on, you are saying... Cousin Mafa... Orson, you..." Leon's expression turned deathly pale. He was pale with fright already. 'You dare to provoke this monster? Shit, Orson, you are truly begging to get killed. You could provoke anyone, but you chose Cousin Mafa, and you even called him scum!

'A level 25 Black Python almost killed Cousin Mafa?' Leon felt that this was a joke, and one that wasn't very funny. 'Cousin Mafa's Gilded Rose monopolized the market on the eastern part of the kingdom, it reached the point where even the Elders were envious of that money-making machine! Cousin Mafa himself spent 37 million golds in an auction! How could he be interested by a trifling Level 25 Black Python's magic materials? How ridiculous is that...'

Since this matter had reached this point, Leon roughly knew what must have happened. There must have been some sort of disagreement between Orson and Cousin Mafa.

Orson was his friend, after all, so he couldn't just let him run into a fireball like that...

But just as Leon wanted to say something to Orson, he was ruthlessly interrupted.

"Leon, listen to me first, things are even more complicated..." Orson looked seriously at Leon, but he hadn't noticed that Leon was a bit pale and that some beads of sweat had covered his forehead.

He felt that Leon's high status in the Merlin Family wasn't just because he was one of the three geniuses. In the future, he might very well become the patriarch, and he was currently an Elder.

Looking for an Elder like him when a branch member made an offense was the most suitable course of action.

Moreover, he could use this opportunity to humiliate that Mafa Merlin who couldn't take a hint. He might have already been scared to death when he saw that Leon was his friend.

'It's good if he is scared to death, who asked him to be so arrogant?'

“Leon, you should know that our three mercenary groups had been attacked by countless Wyverns tonight. There are countless casualties and everyone has to fend off the Wyverns, but what was Mafa Merlin doing? Not only did he not fight the Wyverns, he actually stole the loot of our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group! Indeed, you heard me right, he is that bold!”

“Orson, Cousin Mafa is an upright person, you definitely misunderstood him...” Although he had been interrupted by that idiot Orson, he was still his friend. He couldn’t let him walk the path to his own doom, so Leon gave him a meaningful look while patiently persuading him, “It must be a misunderstanding, definitely...”

Leon was in a bad mood. ‘Damn, idiot Orson, I am trying to save you! What happened tonight must be a misunderstanding, and even if it wasn’t, it has to be, or else you’ll be in big trouble...’

‘A misunderstanding?’ A sneer appeared on Orson’s face. It looked as if he heard a very dumb joke. His words carried a hint of anger as he said, “Leon, I understand what you are thinking about. As a person of the Merlin Family, you naturally have to take into consideration your family’s reputation, I would do the same... Rest assured, I’ll help the Merlin Family keep this matter secret and won’t leak it out.”

He paused before continuing, “But Mafa Merlin’s actions can’t be easily forgiven. Leon, as my friend, you owe me this much. How about we settle this privately?”

In Orson’s eyes, he had already showed enough respect for Leon. This was surely the best way to settle this for the Merlin Family.

“Privately? Cousin Mafa definitely didn’t do anything wrong, High Mage Orson, please don’t talk nonsense...”

Leon’s expression was completely cold by this point.

‘Is Cousin Mafa someone you can provoke? You don’t know what terrifying thing happened in the conference hall, it’s giving me chills just thinking about it. Orson, you can’t even compare to Aube, who ended up crippled even with his status as an Elder and his Sword Saint father...’

### **Chapter 375: Slaps**

‘As for Elder Logan... He was a tyrant in the Elder Council, yet he still ended up turning into a pile of ashes alongside his two subordinates when faced with the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel...’

‘Those are the consequences of provoking Cousin Mafa!’

“Leon, what do you mean by this? Is an insignificant branch member worth you protecting like this? I shall let you know that I have proof in my hands! If Mafa Merlin’s punishment doesn’t satisfy me, I’ll hMMMMFF-”

Orson finally got the taste of being interrupted, and it wasn’t just with words. Leon had sealed his mouth with his hand, so he could only let out some muffled sounds.

After struggling a bit, Orson finally got away and got an opportunity to speak. He glared at Leon while almost jabbing his finger into his nose. "Leon, you are too much! Shit, there really is nothing good in the Merlin Family!"

"Slap!"

'Not only do I want to shut you up, but I also want to beat you!'

Leon expressionlessly withdrew his right hand before slowly turning around, disinclined to look at Orson. With that kind of reckless friend, he wouldn't even know how he drew someone's ire.

'Branch member?'

Leon couldn't help sneering inwardly. 'Could a branch member cause havoc in the Elder Council, kill a few Elders, and come out unscathed!? And not only that, but also gain control of half of the Raging Flame Plane's puppet legion from an ancestor?'

'This is someone you can't afford to offend...'

"You, you... You dare hit me! Leon, you bastard, do you know where we are?! We are in the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Gr-"

"Slap!"

Orson didn't even get to finish his sentence before he was slapped once again.

"Who are you!?" Orson's eyes were glaring so hard that they seemed on fire. Apparently, one slap wasn't enough... He got hit again! Leon's slap just now woke him up and made him realize that he had just insulted the entire Merlin Family... If he was the reason that the relationship between the Merlin Family and the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group was severed... the consequences would be unthinkable. He couldn't afford to take the blame, so a slap was fine, he could endure, as long as Leon was willing to forget that sentence.

But, what was with that second slap?

'Shit, why are you hitting me!'

"My name is Ross Merlin..." Ross had slapped Orson with his left hand, and was now scratching his chin as he smiled at him.

"..."

Orson was incredibly confused. 'How could it be another Merlin! Moreover, someone as famous as Ross!' Orson had heard of Ross, one of the three outstanding geniuses of the Merlin Family, the one who waged war in the Raging Flame Planes and single-handedly took over the Crimson Fort. In the entire younger generation, only Stan Watson had been his match in a direct fight...

Although Orson was extremely prideful, he still had some awareness, so he clearly knew that Ross Merlin wasn't someone he could offend...

'Okay... I shall continue to endure... It's my fault for being a loudmouth.'



“Mafa Merlin, I won’t forgive you. The humiliation I suffered today is because of you...” Orson took a deep look at Lin Yun as he snarled under his breath. He could no longer do anything to that greedy mage here. ‘How come the Merlin Family came here in numbers?’

He silently turned to go back to camp, a gloomy expression on his face.

“Hold on...”

A voice stopped Orson right on his tracks. He calmly turned and saw the stranger who had stopped him just now. Orson coldly asked, “What do you want?”

“Slap! Slap”

Both sides of Orson’s face were completely swollen now. William chuckled as he revealed his intentions. “Sorry, I wanted to hit your face... I am William Merlin...”

“So this is how you Merlins are going to act!?” Orson was extremely angry, he roared as he was cursing in his mind, ‘The Merlins are all crazy! Why did you come over to the Tulan Mountain Range... Hold on, that Beastman wouldn’t be a Merlin, would he?’

Fortunately for Orson, the Beastman apparently had no intention to rush over. He only smiled menacingly while baring his teeth.

Orson suddenly recalled that William, that scoundrel, had even hit him twice!

‘Fuck, Leon and Ross are famous, so they can slap me and I wouldn’t be able to say anything, but who are you? You are a nobody! And you slapped me twice!’

“One slap was on behalf of Cousin Mafa,” William said with a joyful smile, and before Orson could even react, he walked over to Lin Yun’s group.

As the three figures left, Orson’s clenched his teeth so hard that he bled.

His eyes were full of anger and hatred.

To Orson, who had become a High Mage at such a young age while never encountering any big problems, today’s matter was an unprecedented disgrace.

And Orson’s only choice was to bear with this disgrace...

There was nothing he could do because the difference in power was too high.

Leon was a High Mage with the backing of the Cloud Tower. At such a young age, he had already become a 7th Rank High Mage... He was an existence that Orson usually had to look up to. Ross was also someone not to be trifled with, as he was the strongest in terms of fighting power in the younger generation of the Merlin Family, and that wasn’t just for show. Any of these two could do something and Orson wouldn’t be able to handle the consequences, let alone when they stood together.

Orson couldn’t bear with it.

All he could do was remember his anger and hatred and fixate it on that Mafa Merlin.

‘You Merlins are bullies... Just wait... I, Orson, will make you pay this debt sooner or later...’

After that flock of Wyverns appeared, the three Merlins and the Beastman had helped with the battle against the Wyverns. Because the battle was so fierce, most of the mercenaries hadn't even noticed the existence of the Wyvern King at first, but the sharp Merlins noticed it.

When the aura of death spread through the camp and those flickering blue and red lights appeared in some sort of spinning circle, the three Merlins understood that their cousin was there, even if those effects only last a handful of seconds.

They had called out to the Draconic Beastman and rushed toward that place, where they found the Wyvern King's corpse.

When Lin Yun's group returned to camp, they noticed that the last pockets of fighting were about to wrap up. The three mercenary groups originally each had a Vice Leader at the Sword Saint or Archmage realm overseeing them, but the appearance of another Archmage-level powerhouse and the Wyvern King's death immediately reversed the situation.

On the way back to camp, Lin Yun still dispatched the Draconic Beastman to get some more experience.

"Awoo, awooo, awooooooo..."

Lin Yun put his hand in his pocket and grabbed the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf. He had been sent to the Traces of Misfortune after he captured the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf in the Aurij Mountain Range. Over the course of spending three days fighting his way through before reaching the camp of the Three Great Mercenary Groups, he had forgotten about the Secret Wolf.

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf let out some whining howls, its claws scratching Lin Yun's palm in dissatisfaction. Unfortunately, its fighting power was even weaker than that of a level 5 magic beast, so it simply couldn't leave any marks on Lin Yun's palm.

After Lin Yun grabbed it, the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf curled up and laid down on his palm. It let out two howls before closing its eyes and remaining motionless.

"..." Lin Yun scratched his chin. Since he lost a dozen mana crystals that were over level 20, he put the mana crystals for replenishing mana in another pocket and hadn't taken the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf out for three days. Looking at its belly, Lin Yun was sure that it was hungry.

Fortunately, it was only three days. If it had been longer, that Three-Eyed Secret Wolf's growth might have been inhibited, and the gains would definitely not have made up for the loss.

"Eat less, these are all valuable..." Lin Yun fished out a dozen mana crystals from his other pocket. These were all Level 20 or higher and were usually used to replenish his mana. He originally thought that spending 37 million golds in an auction was luxurious enough, but that simply couldn't compare to this Three-Eyed Secret Wolf, which was eating a few million golds each meal.

Even with his wealth, Lin Yun couldn't bear it.

But the worth of the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf couldn't be weighed in golds.

"Awooo, awooo, awooo!"

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf became lively once again when the mana crystals appeared. It no longer remained prone, and it pounced on the mana crystals...

Lin Yun simply meditated on the side while the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf was eating the mana crystals. But he couldn't focus as he was thinking of the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf. 'How should I feed it later...'

Eating mana crystals that were worth millions... Although Lin Yun could afford it, anyone else would have already gone bankrupt.

No matter how reluctant he was, that little monster had to be fed.

Especially after that character representing Lightning and Thunder appeared.

"Awooo..."

After finishing the mana crystals, the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf laid down on its back, its two front paws holding its plump belly as it let out a perfectly contented howl.

Lin Yun carefully looked at the Divine Character on its forehead thoughtfully...

He looked at it for a few minutes, not understanding why that Divine Character had appeared on the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf, not to mention that it was the earth-shattering Lightning and world-deafening Thunder. He curiously poked the belly of the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf, but discovered it had already fallen asleep. He could only scold inwardly, 'Shit, you only know how to eat and sleep...'

Feeling too lazy to take care of it, he picked it up and put it aside...

Lin Yun thought about the letter he had William send to Faleau a few days ago. 'Faleau should be leading the Gilded Rose's mercenary group to Okland soon.'

As this thought came to his mind, Lin Yun itched to take a look at the situation in the Demiplane. The Book of Death appeared in his hand as he started opening the Planar Path...

A strand of Divine Aura suddenly rushed out.

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf reacted; it suddenly woke up and instantly fled towards the Demiplane.

### **Chapter 376: Life Source**

'Shit...'

Lin Yun was startled.

He was already a High Mage and his power was comparable to that of an Archmage. Even among Okland's powerhouses, very few could threaten him. But even so, he was deeply afraid of the Ancient God's soul fragments in the Demiplane. He had carefully opened the Demiplane and had been scared witless when that strand of Divine Aura leaked out...

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf's actions had been very strange.

It hadn't looked that lively when he took out the mana crystals.

The Ancient God's divine aura was like a finger poking the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf awake, but Lin Yun puzzled about why it rushed in after waking up. Lin Yun wished he could communicate with the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf to ask it the reason behind those actions.

But he didn't have time to think about this. He didn't know the situation of the Secret Wolf, and if something happened in that formerly desolate Demiplane...

He impatiently set foot into the Demiplane.

This was the second time the Demiplane had transformed.

But he was actually more apprehensive now than the first time...

In a short few days, some minute changes had happened in the Demiplane. The river wasn't as vast before, and Lin Yun could see trees spreading far in the distance. Grass was growing everywhere, full of the aura of life.

Lin Yun swallowed nervously when he felt some mana fluctuations. They came from where he'd left the Ancient God's soul fragments, and it was also the place with the richest aura of life in the entire plane.

The various changes of the Demiplane had all been caused by the Ancient God's soul fragments.

And this was only a part of the power leaking out, creating forests, grass, and rivers, even though the four elements were unstable, bypassing the Laws.

Just a part of the Ancient God's power created such a situation... What if it fully awakened?

Lin Yun didn't dare to think about it.

He would hate to part with this naturally born Demiplane. Moreover, Enderfa had also said that the existence of the Ancient God's soul fragment could help him. The Demiplane could completely mature in less than a decade, which was a very attractive prospect for him. Among the lucky ones who obtained a naturally born Demiplane, who didn't have to spend several hundred years before their Demiplane matured?

The value of that naturally born Demiplane was inestimable. It could become a true world of its own if it completely matured.

After entering the Demiplane, Lin Yun could feel how frighteningly efficient it would be to meditate here. He roughly estimated that it would be twenty times as effective as meditating in Noscent. Even Lin Yun, who had a vast trove of knowledge, couldn't think of a place comparable to here.

There was none...

The Heaven Enlightening Plane was filled with rich mana, but the mana there couldn't be absorbed. Let alone Lin Yun, who was comparable to an Archmage, even Jouyi, who was standing at the peak of the Archmage realm and had touched upon Extraordinary power, wouldn't be able to handle absorbing even a wisp of that mana.

Lin Yun stood there calmly, sensing the situation in the Demiplane. He smiled as he felt the abundant and incredible mana.

‘Worth it... It was worth going through that danger...’

Back then, Lin Yun chose to dig up the second soul fragment of an Ancient God in that secluded valley and put it in the Demiplane, making the two soul fragments fuse. In order to accomplish this, it could be said that he had gone through a lot of risks. If it had not been for that Fortune Box, Lin Yun might have been blasted to ashes along with that valley.

But seeing the scene in front of him, Lin Yun knew that the danger he’d gone through was actually worth it.

Yes, it could be seen from this place.

The mana here could only be described as frightening. Even an idiot could quickly become a Mage in this place.

Although Lin Yun didn’t need this place, it didn’t mean that others wouldn’t need it.

Such as Lin Yun’s subordinates, those fifty Great Mages.

To be honest, a team of fifty Great Mages was enough to have a decent footing in Thousand Sails City and the eastern part of the kingdom.

But Lin Yun clearly knew that this was far from enough!

The Gilded Rose he created was his, so he knew the shortcomings of the Gilded Rose better than anyone else.

It lacked power...

He was the core the Gilded Rose, but he couldn’t remain in the Gilded Rose all his life. A formidable commerce operation needed an awe-inspiring mercenary group to back it up.

It could be seen from the Elder Council coveting his Gilded Rose. If those Elders had discreetly gone to Thousand Sails City without saying anything at the meeting, he would have suffered huge losses.

He had been thinking of using planes, but there hadn’t been anything concrete.

...Until he discovered the qualitative change in the Demiplane, only then did he ask William to send a message to Faleau.

That was an increase in meditation efficiency of twenty times!

He also prepared a few decent Meditation Law Sets. With the environment and the Meditation Law Sets, these Great Mages would definitely reach the High Mage realm. It would only be a matter of time.

When the time came, the Gilded Rose’s mercenary group would have a shocking fifty High Mages...

With fifty High Mages, the Gilded Rose would definitely become the strongest force of the eastern part of the kingdom, cleanly replacing the Sage Tower and the Ash Tower in terms of status.

It would be best if he could visit Crystal Island and find the plan that Vaughn left behind in order to break away from the fear of the Ancient God’s awakening. But Lin Yun had a feeling that the naturally

born Demiplane possessing the power of the Ancient God's soul fragment might differ from the other naturally born Demiplanes that appeared in Noscent's history.

As for the differences, he would have to slowly figure them out.

"Awooo, awooo, awooo..."

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf's howls echoed. It was now lying on the grass, contently rolling around. Lin Yun looked at it, worried it would throw up the mana crystals from rolling so much.

But since the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf looked fine, he felt at ease. Lin Yun felt that always carrying it in his pocket wasn't quite suitable, and it also consumed so many high level mana crystals as food. It was too extravagant... It would be a lot better to just keep it in the Demiplane.

Thinking of this, Lin Yun removed the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf's mana shackles. In any case, the mana in the Demiplane was so rich, so he might as well let it absorb it.

"Awooo!"

The instant the mana shackles were removed, a sharp howl echoed out. The palm-sized Three-Eyed Secret Wolf disappeared and was replaced by a Wolf King as tall as a man.

It looked exactly the same as the Wolf King he met in the Aurij Mountain Range.

"You are being naughty again..."

The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf had transformed in a split second. Lin Yun thought for a short moment before summoning Enderfa.

"What?" Enderfa's black mist appeared once again, forming three faces carrying three different expressions. But they all looked at Lin Yun with some sort of strange feeling. After noticing his surroundings, Enderfa knew that he was in the Demiplane again. "Damn! Don't ask me anything regarding the Ancient Gods, I did tell you that the matters concerning the Ancient Gods are taboo in Noscent, they bring endless curses... Eh?"

Enderfa had yet to finish talking when his gaze was attracted by something. "Three-Eyed Secret Wolf..."

"You know?" Lin Yun looked at Enderfa, dumbfounded. That Magic Incarnation gave the feeling of knowing many secrets, but he was guarding them meticulously. Not many people could recognize a Three-Eyed Secret Wolf in this era, yet Enderfa had known what it was after just one glance.

"I want to discuss this with you." Lin Yun said, "Look at its head."

"Lightning... Thunder!" Enderfa roared, flustered. Those three faces were all terrified.

"You want me to throw it away...?" Since Enderfa didn't say anything, Lin Yun scratched his chin before breaking the silence. He had already expected such an outcome after calling Enderfa.

"Yes!" Enderfa angrily said. "You already know that everything about Ancient Gods is taboo and might bring endless disasters... But you still took a Three-Eyed Secret Wolf into the Demiplane! I really think that you are a lunatic, just as crazy as Vaughn! You'll end up like him sooner or later!"

Lin Yun smiled, but didn't say anything. He and Vaughn were far too different. Vaughn was trying to seize the Ancient God's soul, while he was doing something much smaller.

"Enderfa, you know how Vaughn ended... How did he die?" Lin Yun used the gap in Enderfa's words to pose this question. 'Sure enough, that mysterious Magic Tool Incarnation knows a lot.'

"I, I... How could I know!" Enderfa was clearly distracted.

"Really?"

"..."

Enderfa turned a deaf ear to Lin Yun, regardless of what he asked. Lin Yun put away the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel while shaking his head. 'Enderfa clearly knows more than he lets on, but regardless of the reason, he doesn't want to say anything... or maybe doesn't dare to say anything.'

This wasn't too urgent. He would have plenty of ways to make him talk later.

'That guy has too many secrets, he is shrouded in mystery.' Lin Yun was a bit surprised. Not only did Enderfa recognize the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf at first glance, but he was also able to understand Divine Characters...

Lin Yun used the Planar Path's incantation and instantly disappeared.

"Awoo..." The Three-Eyed Secret Wolf that had lost its mana shackles turned into a shadow and rushed away.

Although it was weaker than a level 5 magic beast when it came to actually fighting, its speed was unfathomable. Back then, Lin Yun had spent a lot of effort to capture it...

The Ancient God's soul fragment was calmly laying down on the lawn, emitting a rich aura of vitality. It was also the reason that the Demiplane had changed so drastically.

It was the Life Source...

### **Chapter 377: Not Welcomed**

A shadow flashed past. It was the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf. Its gaze landed on the soul fragment of the Ancient God and it let out two whines as it kept circling around the soul fragment, howling in excitement as if it had found a new toy. It tried to grab the soul fragment with its small claws, but it just kept failing.

There were originally two soul fragments, but since they were from the same God, they had completely fused. Moreover, many changes had taken place.

Had Lin Yun not left, he would have shockingly found that the Ancient God's soul fragment actually had a strange character on it... This strange character couldn't be described with words, and its appearance would be forgotten after looking away.

This character was undoubtedly harder to decipher than those in the Book of Death.

The character on the forehead of the Three-Eyed Secret Wolf also seemed to be changing, becoming a bit similar to the character on the Ancient God's soul fragment.

A few days later, Lin Yun was in the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group's camp. The three mercenary groups kept pushing deeper into the Tulan Mountain Range and Lin Yun could feel that the magic beasts they met on the way were getting more and more powerful.

Especially that pack of over twenty Amethyst Magic Apes. Each of them was over level 25, and if not for the Archmage stepping forward to take care of them, the losses of the three mercenary groups would have been disastrous.

The relationship between the three mercenary groups had subtly changed after the Wyvern attack. They originally quarreled over the distribution of resting areas and had set up their camps in a triangle, separating from each other as far as they could... They had clearly been guarding against each other.

Now, the three Vice Leaders were frequently gathering to discuss some matters, but they weren't as hostile towards each other as before. Although they would occasionally quarrel, their relationship was a lot better overall.

Lin Yun had seen all these changes, and he naturally knew that the three mercenary groups had realized how dangerous the Tulan Mountain Range was after the Wyvern attack. If the three mercenary groups didn't unite, their journey would be a lot more dangerous.

In a tent...

"Captain Commander Henri!"

Sitting in front of Orson was a thin, middle-aged man. Even if he was arrogant, Orson didn't dare to show off in front of that man, remaining humble instead.

This was because Orson knew that this middle-aged man wasn't someone to be trifled with. He was a 9th Rank Expert Swordsman in his forties, the leader of five elite teams in the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, Captain Commander Henri.

Apart from the Leader and the Vice Leaders, the Captain Commander's position was the highest.

Orson truly couldn't be arrogant in front of Henri!

"Captain Commander Henri, there is something I need to tell you." Orson paid attention to Henri's expression as he excitedly reported, "I saved someone called Mafa Merlin in the Traces of Misfortune not long ago, but that guy is a complete scoundrel, a greedy coward, a despicable bastard!"

"On the night of the Wyvern Attack, not only did that Mafa Merlin stay out of the fighting, not even attacking a Wyvern, but he even stealthily stole our loot! Captain Commander Henri, how could we keep providing shelter for such a person? I feel we should drive him away!"

"Hmpf, keeping such a person in our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group's camp can bring nothing good. He might even lie to defend himself, he is that greedy, that kind of thing..." Orson was too excited, and due to that, he seemed to have forgotten about maintaining proper decorum in front of Captain Commander Henri, continuously spluttering at him. Fortunately, Henri had very good self-control, so he only frowned and wiped his face.



After saying so much, Orson reached to get some water to soothe his dry throat, before looking at Captain Commander Henri once again and issuing his final conclusion. "In short, such scum would definitely cause trouble if he remains in our camp!"

"Hmm?" Henri stared at Orson with a strange look.

After a minute, Henri nodded. "Alright."

"Come with me, Captain Commander Henri, I know where that guy lives..." An ecstatic expression appeared on Orson's face as he led Captain Commander Henri to Lin Yun's residence.

Orson had thought of this plan on the night of the Wyvern Attack. He thought that since that guy was only a 2nd Rank High Mage, he wouldn't be able to survive the magic beasts after being kicked out of the mercenaries' camp.

Not even a corpse would be left...

But Orson didn't do so right away. He waited patiently, remaining low-key for the past few days and hardly appearing in public. He only made his move three days later, when they reached the depths of the Tulan Mountain Range, which had magic beasts over Level 20 hiding in every corner. Only then did he look for Captain Commander Henri and describe Lin Yun in the worst possible light.

'Damn Mafa Merlin, you are quite arrogant aren't you? If you chuckle at me again, I'll let you know how the word "dead" is spelled. I'll watch as the magic beasts devour your corpse after you're expelled, hahaha...'

But, Orson didn't know that he was just digging a hole, deeper and deeper...

At this time, Lin Yun was in his living quarters with a pile of fangs from the Wyvern King. These fangs were very sharp and if they were successfully turned into weapons and thrown with mana, even 9th Rank Expert Swordsmen wouldn't be able to block them with their Aura.

The fangs still contained an extremely toxic venom. If infected and not quickly cured, High Mages would see their blood freeze. Ordinary alchemists couldn't handle these fangs, only Master Alchemists could.

But he wasn't planning on turning those fangs into weapons themselves. He was actually thinking of using them to increase the power of Xiuban's Carnage. If completed, Carnage's power would raise by an entire level and two kinds of attributes would remain on the weapon, Armor Break and Corrosion. These were very important attributes for Carnage.

"Xiuban, bring Carnage here." Although the two were staying in the camps of two different mercenary groups, quite far away from one another, they were connected by the soul contract. Lin Yun's summon definitely reached the Draconic Beastman's ear.

But, at this time...

A loud sound echoed came from outside as two people entered.

The joy in Orson's eyes couldn't be hidden, but after entering the tent, he showed an exaggerated expression of regret. "Ah, Mafa Merlin, I'm sorry, our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group can only carry you up to here..."

He didn't dare to show off too much with Captain Commander Henri here.

.

"Eh?" Lin Yun frowned as he looked at the two uninvited guests, but he didn't say anything.

"Mafa Merlin, you have seen what happened on the way. Magic beasts are getting stronger and stronger, and our plate is full just taking care of ourselves, we naturally cannot take care of an outsider like you. You should understand what I mean, right?" Orson sneered as he looked at Lin Yun.

Henri frowned as he looked at Lin Yun, yet he didn't say anything. His stance was very clear: he wanted that 2nd Rank High Mage kicked out too.

The magic beasts had grown too strong, to the point that the three mercenary groups had no choice but to unite and tightly cooperate to guarantee their safety.

What would happen to a low-level High Mage that wasn't coordinating with the rest?

After losing the protection of the three mercenary groups, it would be impossible for that low-level High Mage to leave the Tulan Mountain Range. Even if he was at the 9th Rank, he would need pretty terrifying luck to be able to return to Okland alive.

In Henri's eyes, that 2nd Rank High Mage would inevitably be killed by a magic beast.

Even though he knew the consequences of expelling a member of the Merlin family, he didn't plan on saving him. After all, Orson was one of them, and he might become a future Vice Leader. He had to be shown a bit of respect, and Mafa Merlin was only an insignificant outsider...

"Haha..." Lin Yun looked at Orson like he'd heard an amusing joke. "You are saying that the Tulan Mountain Range is even more dangerous, yet you want to leave me now? Who will take care of it if something happens?"

"Hmpf! Mafa Merlin, what does your life and death have to do with our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group?"

'Hehe, Mafa Merlin, you should know fear now... With one word, I can leave you here to die without even a corpse left, this is the difference between us!

'Beg for forgiveness? Fuck that! It's too late for that, I need you dead...'

Captain Commander Henri looked at Lin Yun with a complicated expression before saying in a coarse tone, "Mafa Merlin, leave this camp..."

How could he not see that there had been a conflict between the two?

But if he didn't know how to make a choice, he wouldn't have ended up as a Captain Commander.

It wasn't that he didn't want to help Mafa Merlin, but rather that he couldn't!

"The Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group sure is worth being called the number one group in Noscent... It is quite virtuous and trustworthy. I paid to hire you to ensure my safety, yet you brought

me to the dangerous depths of the Tulan Mountain Range before throwing me out there. Are you mercenaries, or robbers?"

Henri's face turned red when he heard Lin Yun's words.

"So what? You heard Captain Commander Henri, you should leave the camp immediately! Our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group doesn't welcome you!" Orson disdainfully shouted. He indeed saw Lin Yun paying a part of the commission when he reached camp, but it was most likely a dozen inferior mana crystals. "As for your pathetic payment, just wait a bit, I'll have everyone throw it outside the camp..."

### **Chapter 378: Phantom Archer**

However, someone else came in at this time.

A Beastman with dark, red skin walked over with a terrifying aura, like a huge beast. He was followed by three young mages who seemed to be in their mid-twenties, yet had already reached High Mage realm.

"Yema!"

"Jasend!"

"Hanks!"

Orson and Henri were stunned. They were the three most outstanding High Mages of the Temple Knights?

'Why are they here?'

"High Mage Merlin, it would better to come to the Temple Knights' camp since the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group doesn't welcome you. The number 1 mercenary group of Okland doesn't have the most basic trustworthiness, they are shaming the mercenary industry!" After coming in, Yema didn't even look at Orson as he threw an invitation to Lin Yun.

"Haha..." Lin Yun chuckled, sweeping a glance at Orson and Henri, but not saying anything.

"Yes, High Mage Merlin, you are a friend of Sir Xiuban, how could we leave you in such a place?" Hanks and Jasend nodded in support of Yema's proposition.

They were so respectful towards Lin Yun because of the Draconic Beastman. In their eyes, a friend of Sir Xiuban was a friend of the Temple Knights.

And disrespecting Sir Xiuban's friend was the same as disrespecting Sir Xiuban himself...

The Temple Knights had all witnessed the power of the Draconic Beastman as he swept through everything over the past days. The strength Xiuban had displayed had thoroughly convinced these mercenaries, and now, the entire team of Temple Knights was worshipping Xiuban.

Even Vice Leader Dean was paying a lot of attention to Xiuban. He would always try to rope him in any chance he got.

'Fuck!'

Xiuban almost cursed out loud as he glared at Hanks and the others.

'Sir Xiuban? That Sir Xiuban will die because of you! There will be a lot of trouble if Sir Merlin mistakenly thinks that your Sir Xiuban is not loyal and has been bought by the Temple Knights!'

"Sir Merlin..." Xiuban tightly gripped the hammer in his hand, sweating profusely as he looked at Lin Yun, full of fear. He then explained in a low voice, "I, I, I... I don't know them that well, they shamelessly followed me!"

"It doesn't matter..." Lin Yun shook his head with a smile.

Seeing that Sir Merlin didn't look displeased, Xiuban suddenly thought of something and turned to Orson and Henri with a smile, taking joy in their misfortune.

'They are truly idiots! It's easy to send Sir Merlin away, but do you have any idea how difficult it will be to get him back? Do you not know who saved the three mercenary groups from being wiped out during the Wyvern attack?

'It was Sir Merlin! If Sir Merlin hadn't saved you, your Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group would have lost many people, it might even have been completely annihilated! Hmpf, you managed to keep your lives because Sir Merlin decided he wanted some magic materials...

'If not because of this, why would this Great Xiuban fear Sir Merlin?'

While Orson stared in shock, Lin Yun left towards the Temple Knight camp with Xiuban nervously followed along.

After entering, all the mercenaries that they passed respectfully shouted, "Sir Xiuban!"

Xiuban felt quite pleased...

But only when he was on his own, not with Sir Merlin next to him!

Xiuban felt pleased, but if Sir Merlin was unhappy...

"Is it feeling too hot for you?"

Lin Yun scratched his cheek as he saw the strange look that the Draconic Beastman was giving him. Lin Yun could guess what Xiuban was thinking. 'What the hell, do I look like such a bad person in your eyes?'

The Temple Knights were very enthusiastic, and they quickly helped Lin Yun set up his lodgings. Lin Yun took out his Book of Death and started studying the strange characters.

In the afternoon, a large group of magic beasts appeared not far from the camp. This time, there were roughly over a thousand magic beasts, the lowest of which were at level 15. Lin Yun noticed them from his living quarters and saw several dozen magic beasts that were over level 20.

Although there were many of them, there wasn't a magic beast there comparable to an Archmage leading them like the Wyvern King or the Frost Wolf King. The magic beasts were in chaos, because they couldn't compare to the strength of the trained mercenaries.

But it would take them a while to deal with so many magic beasts.

For the past few days, the three mercenary groups had been closely cooperating, showing no traces of the previous hostility. This change also allowed many members of the three mercenary groups to coordinate their actions to increase overall effectiveness.

Although it had been a few days, their cooperation was still a bit disharmonious.

Lin Yun lifted the tent flap of his living quarters and took a glance at the battlefield. The numerous mercenaries already had the advantage, so they would be able to end this chaotic battle within a few hours.

There was no need to do anything, so studying the Book of Death was a better use of his time. Lin Yun shook his head as he started to head back inside, only to suddenly notice a shadow.

‘A Variant Black Lizard...’

Lin Yun was startled at first, before immediately taking out the Book of Death and facing the Variant Black Lizard. Studying the Book of Death could wait a bit.

He hadn’t expected to meet a Variant Black Lizard here, as they were quite rare.

Their blood could be used to temper Magic Tools, benefiting them in various ways.

Black Lizards were only Level 15 magic beasts with pitch-black bodies, and they weren’t very strong. If a Black Lizard mutated, its body would change to a brownish red, and its speed would raise ten times.

That flashing shadow just now was a Variant Black Lizard, Lin Yun recognized it with one glance.

After casting Haste on himself, he rushed over to pursue the lizard. The battlefield was too chaotic and magic beasts were everywhere, not organized at all. It reached the point where Lin Yun met over a dozen low-level magic beasts after leaving his tent. He casually cast a few Flame Bursts, sending magic beasts flying one after the other with the explosions.

‘Shit!’

Lin Yun suddenly sensed a powerful killing intent. He looked around and discovered a silhouette emitting a particular fluctuation. It had both mana and Aura...

Martial Path and Magic Path...

No mistake, this was a Phantom Archer!

He was completely focused on his unsuspecting prey and hadn’t noticed that someone had discovered him. He held a longbow that was a Magic Tool. It kept shaking as it was filled with Aura. The arrow nocked on it was filled with a terrifying magic aura. Lin Yun believed that let alone a Variant Black Lizard, even a 9th Rank High Mage protected by a Runic Shield wouldn’t be able to escape this arrow.

The blood of the Variant Black Lizard was too important to this Phantom Archer. He wouldn’t allow anything unexpected to happen. His bow was already a True Spirit Magic Tool and he also had seven arrows that were peak Spiritual Magic Tools. As long as he obtained the Variant Black Lizard’s blood and dipped his seven arrows into it, they would soon reach True Spirit Rank.

Then, the bow and arrows would become a True Spirit Magic Tool set and his strength would rise by an entire level.

As the leader of the Red Dragon Mercenaries, his thirst for power was a lot greater than most others would have. In the short twenty years since he established the Red Dragon Mercenary Group, he had gone from being a 2nd Rank Divine Archer to being a Phantom Archer. He had always been the core of the Red Dragon Mercenary Group. Even when he was a 9th Rank Divine Archer, his mercenary group was still small and humble.

But after he became a Phantom Archer, the Red Dragon Mercenary Group underwent a transformation. It only took a few years before it became one of Okland's top three mercenary groups.

This time, the three mercenary groups obtained some clues concerning some ruins, and Rolf directly sent Sword Saint Sussman as well as an elite group over. But not long ago, Rolf received some news in Okland: Sussman had been seriously hurt in a battle with a Wyvern King.

Without any better options, Rolf decided to head over personally. The ruins would play a critical role in the development of the mercenary groups, so he couldn't be careless.

What Rolf found pleasantly surprising was that he actually found a Variant Black Lizard during this chaotic battle. He had been searching for one for a long time without luck, but he just happened to spot one here.

He definitely couldn't miss out on this opportunity.

He had a lot of confidence in his arrows. When he was still a 9th Rank Divine Archer, he could guarantee 100% accuracy. Now that he had already become a Phantom Archer, with the amplification of mana and aura, he would have no trouble when shooting... Not to mention his peak Spiritual Magic Tool arrows that had enhanced sharpness, speed, and accuracy.

After preparing to this extent, he felt that nothing could go wrong...

The arrow was shot, and it was far faster than the Variant Black Lizard!

Fifty meters...

Twenty meters...

Rolf could clearly see the arrow's trajectory, and his heart seemed to rush towards the Variant Black Lizard alongside the arrow. However... When the arrow was only five meters away from the Variant Black Lizard, an Ice Wall appeared, blocking the path of the arrow.

'Fuck, which bastard is trying to snatch my Variant Black Lizard!'

Rolf suddenly got furious. He sneered as he thought, 'Whoever did that is an idiot. How could an Ice Wall block my arrow?'

From the mana fluctuations emitted by the Ice Wall, Rolf assessed that the one who had put it up was a 2nd Rank High Mage. 'Truly ridiculous, even an Archmage's Ice Wall would collapse in front of my arrow...' Rolf wasn't being conceited... He just had confidence in himself as a Phantom Archer.

## Chapter 379: It's Him

That arrow had been imbued with the power of a 3rd Rank Phantom Archer, so it took only an instant for the arrow to scatter the Ice Wall.

But Rolf wasn't pleased with this. He noticed that a big palm condensed out of mana used that instant to grab the Variant Black Lizard before the arrow could kill it!

Before Rolf could react, the Variant Black Lizard was brought back in front of a young mage. He saw the young mage inserting a sort of test tube in the heart of the Variant Black Lizard, and when he took the test tube out, a drop of purple blood could be seen at the bottom.

"What the hell!?" Rolf immediately roared. That drop of purple blood was the most precious part of the Variant Black Lizard. It was the only thing he could use to make the seven arrows reach True Spirit rank.

But someone else got to it first.

Rolf's eyes were red as he saw this. He was about to go scold that young mage and tell him to return the Variant Black Lizard's blood, but... the young mage was far away, and coldly smiled at him. As if he knew Rolf's intentions, he threw a few light Flame Bursts into a dense group of magic beasts.

Rumbles could be heard as the angered magic beasts recklessly rushed at the closest person, Rolf. You're reading on B oxnovel.c om .Tks!

There were a few hundred of them, and the group didn't lack high-level magic beasts. Rolf's expression soured. How could he still have time to deal with that young mage? He was already surrounded by magic beasts.

'Fucker, wait until I get to you!' Rolf was furious.

He urged the magic aura in his body to the extreme and condensed it into arrows as he turned magic beast after magic beast into corpses.

He already remembered the appearance of the young mage, especially his sinister smile. He was only a 2nd Rank High Mage, how could he dare steal a tiger's food? This was provocation towards the prestige of a Phantom Archer. And the incredible part was that this young mage actually succeeded.

The fierce explosions drew the attention of a few people as Rolf's fierce Aura exploded a magic beast.

Dean was wandering amidst the most crowded groups of magic beasts, sweeping through them with his strength as a Sword Saint. But when he caught sight of the young mage's silhouette, he inwardly cursed.

'Fuck! It's actually that cold-hearted bastard from the Aurij Mountain Range, that mage that was duping the Beastman and ended up telling me to fuck off with my bird!'

Dean's anger soared as he remembered the rude words.

It felt as if that youth's voice was echoing in his ears after seeing him again. If not for the sake of that Beastman, Dean would definitely stab him a hundred and eighty times with his sword.

Dean watched as the young 2nd Rank High Mage's strength recklessly rushed into a pack of magic beasts. He smiled and thought, 'That scoundrel's power is nothing without the Beastman. He cold-heartedly ignored us in the Aurij Mountain, so I shall do the same!'

Delson was leading a group of mages, chants echoing in the battlefield as they just kept killing magic beasts in a wide area.

One magic beast was sent flying.

Suddenly, a young mage's silhouette appeared in Delson's sight. His pupils constricted as he recalled the frightening scene from that night. The mercenary groups owed this young mage a huge favor and he should have seriously thanked him... But, he couldn't find the courage to contact him.

Orson also recognized Lin Yun.

A sinister smile appeared on his face when he saw him.

He had schemed and endured for a few days before acting to get that Mafa Merlin expelled from the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group's camp, and everything had gone as planned, up until some Temple Knights showed up and took him away. He thought for a long time, but couldn't come up with anything to do after that.

How could he look for trouble with that guy when he was in the Temple Knights' camp? Although Orson had some status in the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, the Temple Knights wouldn't show him any respect.

But what about his teacher?

"Teacher, it's that guy!" Orson looked bitterly at Lin Yun.

"Who?"

A thin and aged old man was beside Orson. He looked quite ordinary, but he had a dignified aura. Powerful spells were thrown out, and they killed a few magic beasts. He glanced at Orson, but didn't stop casting spells and blasting magic beasts.

"Mafa Merlin!" Orson ground his teeth. "That guy bit the hand that fed him! He is totally shameless, despicable, and extremely malicious! I saved his life at the edge of the Traces of Misfortune and offered shelter in our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group's camp. But on the night when the Wyverns attacked, he stole our loot. I originally wanted to expel him to let him die on his own in the Tulan Mountain Range, but the Temple Knights offered to shelter him..."

"You say he stole our loot during the Wyvern Attack?" Olaro frowned.

"Yes, that's right, that guy is extremely greedy. He didn't even attack the Wyverns, instead..." Orson didn't have time to finish before Olaro interrupted him.

"Get to the point, what did he steal?"



“Right, Teacher! Take a look at this...” Orson suddenly recalled that he had a recording of Mafa Merlin stealing that loot. He waved his magic staff and a screen made of water suddenly appeared. It showed young mage crouching beside the body of a huge Wyvern, filling bottles with red liquid.

“So it was him...” Olaro’s pupils constricted as he tightly watched that young mage filling his bottles, a ghastly sneer appearing on his face.

Most of the members of the three mercenary groups only knew that they had been attacked by Wyverns that night. Only a few chosen ones knew of the appearance of the Wyvern King, and its death...

Olaro was one of the few people in the know.

As the number one mercenary group, the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group had actually sent two Vice Leaders this time, as well as a large group of elites, and Olaro was that second Vice Leader.

But he had been out on an expedition during the Wyvern Attack, so the Wyvern King had long since been killed by the time he arrived, with only a group of Wyverns remaining.

He heard about the death of the Wyvern King from 1st Vice Leader Delson, but Delson had been ambiguous about the details. He’d only said that the Wyvern King was dead. But when clearing the battlefield, Olaro discovered that the magic materials that could be harvested from the Wyvern King had already vanished!

Olaro was the 2nd Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, and although he wasn’t the most powerful Vice Leader, he was the most special one. His status was similar to that of the 1st Vice Leader Delson for a simple reason: he was a Master Alchemist with deep alchemy knowledge.

Most of the magic materials obtained by the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group would go to Olaro, since he was the only Master Alchemist among them. The disappearance of the Wyvern King’s magic materials had left him fuming for a very long time. He even wondered if Delson had been embezzling those.

The blood of the Wyvern King was very important to him because it was a precious material that could be used for several dozen potions of the Master Alchemist rank. Coincidentally, he only lacked Wyvern King Blood for one such potion.

“Teacher, you know him?” Orson was confused by Olaro’s words.

“I don’t...” Olaro shook his head before glancing sharply at Orson and furiously interrogating, “Orson, why did you only tell me this now? Don’t you know how important the blood of a Wyvern King is to me?!”

“Wait... Wyvern King?! Teacher, you are saying that Mafa Merlin stole the magic materials of the Wyvern King?” Orson’s face changed color. The sky was dusky at the time, and he hadn’t been paying that much attention to the loot itself... He had only been thinking about how he could punish Mafa Merlin...

Now that it was brought to his attention, the Wyvern did seem a bit large...

“That’s right!” Olaro nodded. “I have to obtain the Wyvern King’s blood. Right, you said Mafa Merlin was being sheltered by the Temple Knights? Then there is no hurry. When this battle is over, I’ll personally

take a trip to their camp. If he doesn't hand over the blood of the Wyvern King, no one will be able to save him..."

After getting hold of the Variant Black Lizard Blood, Lin Yun didn't dare to remain in the battlefield for too long. After all, he had just offended a 3rd Rank Phantom Archer... Although a few hundred magic beasts were occupying the Phantom Archer, preventing him from pursuing at the moment, it wouldn't take long for him to deal with them.

He had spent some effort to snatch the Variant Black Lizard from under the nose of the Phantom Archer. He had first used Haste and then set up an Ice Wall to reduce some of the arrow's momentum before grabbing the Variant Black Lizard in a dangerous way.

But as he returned to camp, Lin Yun didn't notice the charming silhouette looking at his back in a daze.

'It's him...'

The figure was wearing tight silver armor, her face in shock. She was a beautiful woman who would make men turn as she passed just to get a second glance at her.

Anna Achilles was stunned.

She couldn't remain calm... That back belonged to someone that had occupied her mind for so long... It belonged to the young mage she was scared of... The young mage who casually killed the renowned Stan Watson.

In a flash, memories flooded her mind.

She couldn't believe that this young mage was in the Tulan Mountain Range at this moment.

The youth gradually got further and further away. Anna wanted to call out to him, but no sound could come out of her throat, perhaps due to fear...

When he finally disappeared, Anna's cheeks regained their rosiness, but she was still dazed...

### **Chapter 380: Hand It Over**

The battle lasted over four hours before the curtain slowly fell. Although the three mercenary groups were in bad shape and lost some members, there was a lot of loot. The magic materials and mana crystals were divided between the three groups.

Then, they went back to camp to rest and reorganize.

"That damned Mafa Merlin, to actually dare steal the blood of the Wyvern King, this cannot be forgiven!"

An aged figure left the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group's camp, cursing as he walked to the Temple Knights' camp.

The blood of a Wyvern King was something that he had been yearning for. He had been extremely excited when he heard Delson saying that a Wyvern King had appeared, but cold water was poured onto him...

The magic materials of the Wyvern King had unexpectedly disappeared!

Olaro was extremely angry, and he almost quarreled with Delson.

Although it had already been a few days, Olaro was still brooding over this matter. It even reached the point where some conflicts arose between him and Delson, the blood of the Wyvern King being the trigger.

But during the battle earlier, he accidentally found out that a 2nd Rank High Mage had stolen the Wyvern King Blood. This news made him both angry and excited. He was excited because he had finally found the whereabouts of the Wyvern King Blood, and angry because a damned low-level High Mage was bold enough to take away his things!

Due to this, he had been fighting absent-mindedly for the rest of the battle, his mind filled with thoughts of his Wyvern King Blood, causing him to receive an injury.

After the three mercenary groups finished clearing the battlefield and returned to camp, he hurriedly rushed to the Temple Knights to look for Mafa Merlin and get his Wyvern King Blood back. 'If Mafa Merlin is tactful enough and takes the initiative to hand it over, I might spare his life.'

"Olaro, why have you come?" A familiar voice called out to him just as he reached the Temple Knights' camp.

Olaro looked over and saw Vice Leader Dean.

"I'm looking for someone..."

"Looking for someone? You came to our Temple Knights' camp to look for someone? Who are you looking for?" Dean suddenly became vigilant, his smile turning into a sneer as he naturally noticed Olaro's bad mood and his faintly discernible cold aura.

Although the three mercenary groups chose to cooperate to move forward through the Tulan Mountain Range, this was only cooperation based on their interests. Dean wouldn't let Olaro cause trouble for a Temple Knight.

"Your Temple Knights are so great! You actually offered shelter to a greedy thief..." Olaro almost flew into a rage as he mentioned this. "Dean, I advise you not to meddle in others' affairs. Mafa Merlin isn't a Temple Knight, and I want to get something back from him!"

"Hold on, hold on... Sir Olaro, you said Mafa Merlin?" Dean's expression changed around so quickly that he almost laughed out loud. He'd heard Yema say that the Beastman's mage friend had been brought into the camp. Dean had still been thinking of a way to drive out that damned Mafa Merlin...

But he hadn't been able to come up with a good way. Mafa Merlin was the Dark Flame Beastman's friend. If he drove him out, wouldn't the Beastman be unhappy?

And would the Dark Flame Beastman remain with the Temple Knights then?

He had been pondering about this matter up until he saw Olaro. When Olaro said that mage's name, Dean understood that Mafa Merlin had run out of luck...

He knew of Olaro's bad temper, which was a lot more tempestuous than Dean's.

"What? You know Mafa Merlin?" Olaro looked at Dean before flying into a rage. "I absolutely can't spare Mafa Merlin... Do you know what that scoundrel did? He, he... He stole the blood of the Wyvern King! Tell me, how could I bear with this? Such a precious magic material would be wasted in his hands!"

"Well, Sir Olaro..."

"Dean, are you trying to plead for Mafa Merlin?" Olaro's tone was calm, but his voice was cold and emotionless. These words were enough to make even a Sword Saint like Dean feel a chill.

"Sir Olaro, you misunderstood... Mafa Merlin is young after all, he only made a mistake, it isn't unforgivable. You see, Mafa Merlin is our guest. Sir Olaro, after getting your Wyvern King Blood Back, just teach him a lesson, but please don't go overboard, for my sake..."

Dean had a delighted expression on his face and didn't actually look like he was pleading for Lin Yun. He looked like he was telling Olaro to quickly kill that bastard. "Wouldn't it be better to just... Break his legs?"

"..."

Olaro looked at Dean rather strangely, but he didn't say anything. Soon after, the two men stopped in front of a tent. Dean remained outside while Olaro entered on his own.

"Mafa Merlin..."

'An Archmage!'

The arrival of an unexpected guest suddenly made Lin Yun frown. This was a scrawny old man, seemingly in his seventies, emitting a bone-chilling aura. From his mana fluctuations, he was probably a 2nd Rank Archmage...

"You are Mafa Merlin?" After entering the tent, Olaro discovered four young mages and one Beastman, but after having seen that recording, Olaro instantly recognized Lin Yun.

"Indeed, may I ask who you are?"

"I am Orson's teacher, as well as a Vice Leader of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group, Olaro."

"And Sir Olaro, why are you looking for me?"

"Mafa Merlin, don't pretend!" In a flash, Olaro pointed at Lin Yun, his voice soaring in his anger. "Orson told me everything! You are very bold, Mafa Merlin, you actually dared to steal the loot of our Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group! I'll give you one chance, hand over the Wyvern King Blood..."

'This Mafa Merlin isn't tactful... I already said so much yet he is still pretending. Looks like breaking his legs is far from enough...'

The atmosphere in the tent suddenly became strange. The Draconic Beastman and the three Merlins looked at each other, all seeming a bit bemused. Especially the Draconic Beastman, he was even more shocked by Olaro.

'That old man seems to think that he's lived too long... Is Sir Merlin someone you can take advantage of?

'Damn, the Great Xiuban had been with Sir Merlin for such a long time, but I've yet to see anyone get the better of Sir Merlin. Are you really tired of living? Is that why you came to look for Sir Merlin?

'Your disciple is fond of causing trouble, but you, as his teacher, are apparently also fond of this... Fuck, a master-disciple pair fond of causing trouble, do the Heaven Enlightening Mercenaries know?'

"Sir Olaro, that..." Lin Yun slightly hesitated as he glanced at Olaro, and after thinking over the words, he said, "I can't take out the Wyvern King Blood, but there is still some Wyvern King Leather. How about I sell it to you?"

"Sir! You said would you make me a set of leather armor..." The Draconic Beastman looked at Lin Yun bitterly as he reminded him in a low voice.

"Eh... I almost forgot." Lin Yun scratched his cheek, giving Olaro an awkward glance, "There should still be some left after I craft the leather armor. How about it, Sir Olaro, the remaining leather can be used to craft some leather boots or something, are you interested?"

'Leather boots?' Olaro almost spat blood. 'Does he not understand my words? I don't care about shitty leather boots! I asked for the Wyvern King Blood! Can't take it out? How could you not take it out? Scoundrel, you can't have drunk it, right? And even if you did, I'll make you spit it out...'

"Mafa Merlin, stop with your pitiful tricks. Do you think that I can't do anything to you in the Temple Knights' camp?" Olaro looked at Lin Yun with disdain.

'That youth is too ignorant. If he knew that the Temple Knight's Vice Leader Dean had already reached a compromise with me and was standing outside right now, planning on ignoring everything, would he be scared into weeping?

'Facing the fury of an Archmage, even if a 2nd Rank High Mage didn't weep, he would still be terrified...'

"This is your last chance. If you don't treasure it and refuse to take out the Wyvern King Blood, you'll become frozen solid within ten seconds."

"That... Sir Olaro, may I say something?"

Leon struggled for a very long time, thinking that if he didn't say anything, the misunderstanding would only become even bigger...

Leon didn't care about Orson and Olaro's lives, but he knew his younger cousin's methods. He was someone ruthless enough to even kill the Elders of the Merlin Family.

Why did he kill the Elders?

Wasn't it because these Elders wanted to snatch his Gilded Rose?

'The Wyvern King was killed by Cousin Mafa, when did it become stealing the loot of the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group? Truly ridiculous... Olaro will end up like Elder Logan if he plans on taking the blood away.'

This was what Leon was worried about. Wouldn't the Heaven Enlightening Mercenary Group break off relations with the Merlin Family if a Vice Leader was killed? Wouldn't it be bad if that happened? After all, the number one mercenary group of Okland shouldn't be looked down upon.

Thinking about this, Leon was scared into a cold sweat.

"Shut up!"

Olaro shot a glance at the one who spoke and coldly shot back, "Leon, do you think you have the right to interrupt me when I speak? Even your Patriarch Ofran wouldn't interrupt me when I'm speaking!"