

## **Magic Era 521**

### **Chapter 521: Foolish**

“You...”

When he heard the conditions raised by Lin Yun, Karl Watson suddenly felt incredibly irritated. In the end, he had no choice but to restrain his anger. If the deadlock continued and the Black Tower got to take over the Horn of Fertility, his Watson Family wouldn't get any benefits.

He took a deep breath and gradually calmed down. “Merlin, if you have no other requirements, let's start planning the collaboration. First of all, this attack on the Horn of Fertility is extremely important, our two Families must...”

But just as Karl started talking, Lin Yun gently tapped the table and interrupted Karl. “I have one...”

“What do you have?” A puzzled expression appeared on Karl's face.

“I have another requirement...”

“...” Karl took another deep breath. If it weren't for the fact that he needed this for the good of the Watson Family, he would have already started cursing. ‘That guy doesn't know his limits! I only said that for appearance, but he actually took it seriously...’

He truly wanted to ask the young mage if he knew how great of a bargain he was already getting.

Had it been in any other situation, then let alone a Planar Commander like Mafa Merlin, even if the Patriarch of the Merlin Family, Ofran, dared to raise conditions so excessively, Karl likely would have just refused, terminating the negotiations.

But he obviously couldn't do that now.

“Go ahead...” After being silent for a while, Karl once again opened his mouth and let out those words in a dispirited manner. He looked as if he had aged ten years. He was truly going crazy because of that Mafa Merlin.

“Our Merlin Family's half has to be the part bordering the Wailing River...” It would actually end up inconveniencing him if that part fell into the hands of the Watson Family.

“Okay, I agree to your requirement...” Karl frowned as he accepted Lin Yun's request. The Watson Family would lose out, but not that much. The area bordering the Wailing River was a bit more fertile.

“Mafa Merlin, can we discuss the details of the cooperation now? It would be best for your Merlin Family to transfer your Planar Legion tonight and join our Watson Family in the morning...”

Karl seemed a bit worried as he continued, “You might not know, but the Black Tower somehow got hold of that information and recently started transferring their Mage Legion. We will end up with nothing if we delay too long and they make their move.”

“Haha, Sir Karl, I think you are worrying too much! If the Black Tower is also participating, it would be better for our three forces to unite. That way, capturing the Horn of Fertility will be a lot easier...” Lin Yun faintly smiled, seemingly to not care about the Black Tower’s actions.

Karl looked at Lin Yun strangely when he heard this. ‘What’s going on? Is that Mafa Merlin crazy? Doesn’t he know how powerful the Black Tower is?’

The Black Tower was a behemoth that towered over the kingdom. It was hardly an exaggeration to say that apart from the Cloud Tower, the Black Tower could crush any other force, and the Watson Family was no exception.

At this time, Karl Watson truly felt that this commander was lost in his own fantasy. How could the tyrannical Black Tower agree to work together with them? After all, although the Watson Family and the Merlin Family were genuine first-rate forces, the power of these two Families was inferior to even just a third of the Black Tower.

Why would they make an agreement with them and share the spoils?

Did they even have anything worth offering the Black Tower?

Karl knew that it was impossible. He took a deep look at Lin Yun and inwardly shook his head. Although this young mage was definitely capable in some ways, he was still too young and inexperienced, or else he wouldn’t have said something so preposterous.

“Although your words make some sense, it is simply impossible. The tyrannical Black Tower simply wouldn’t be willing to work with our two Families. Moreover, you should understand that even if the Black Tower agrees to cooperate, it would make them the ones in charge, marginalizing the benefits that our two Families would obtain. I think you should put that idea out of your mind...” After saying this, Karl felt thirsty, so he grabbed the cup of water in front of him and quickly took a few sips.

But at this time, Karl froze as he drank the water and choked. He saw a familiar silhouette enter the reception room and he subconsciously stood up. “Sir Weiss, how... How come you are here?”

He truly hadn’t expected that a Representative of the Council of Seven would come to the Flame Demon Fort.

‘What’s going on?’

But when Weiss entered the reception room, he didn’t say anything to Karl. He only gave him an indifferent glance before turning to Lin Yun. “High Mage Merlin, I wonder if you have thought about the cooperation offer I brought up last time?”

‘This...’

Weiss going straight to the point like this made Karl feel foolish. He simply didn’t believe what he was hearing... The tyrannical Black Tower was actually offering to work together with the Merlin Family.

Was this real?

Karl truly couldn’t come up with any reason that they would do this. It made no sense to him.

With the power of the Black Tower, would they still need anyone's help to take over the Horn of Fertility in this situation?

And not only did they want to cooperate with the Merlin Family, but Weiss, a Representative of the Council of Seven, personally made the trip to the Flame Demon Fort to ask if they had thought about it.

'Insane, this is simply insane...'

After Weiss made his offer, his eyes flickered over Karl Watson once again and he started frowning, clearly recalling the disgust he had felt towards Mark Watson half a month ago. That previous interaction had soured his feelings about the Watson Family. "If the Watson Family joins in too, then both the Merlin and Watson Family can have 30% of the territory. The remaining will belong to our Black Tower. As for the troops, our Black Tower already dispatched two Mage Legions...

"Naturally, this is only the preliminary cooperative action of the three forces. Once we seize the Horn of Fertility, our Black Tower will start attacking the surrounding forts. We can decide whether or not to continue working together at that time. Our Black Tower won't interfere with your decision..."

"Eh..." Karl was thoroughly dumbfounded. He stared foolishly at Weiss as he let out a strange sound without being aware of it.

The more he listened, the more he felt that something was wrong.

He had initially been shocked that Weiss was intending to work with the Merlin Family, but it was further compounded when he also extended the offer to the Watson Family. Since Weiss said it, it was an official invitation from the Black Tower. This meant that the Watson Family had some worth in the eyes of the Black Tower. Why else would they invite them?

But when he heard how the territory would be divided up...

'This isn't a dream, right?'

He clearly heard the allocation of the loot proposed by Weiss. The Watson Family and the Merlin Family got such a great bargain! This was simply inconceivable. According to the loot distribution, these three forces would divide the land nearly evenly. Since when had the tyrannical Black Tower ever acted like this?

He suddenly felt that the Black Tower was somewhat unfamiliar...

Yeah, it was that kind of feeling...

After all, he had been the Watson Family's Patriarch for a few decades now, and it wasn't rare for him to meet with the Black Tower in Okland. He had more or less come into contact with the Black Tower's Council of Seven, including Harren, and he knew the horror of that force.

In the upper circle of Okland, most people knew that the Black Tower usually put profit before everything else. As long as there was something to be gained, they would recklessly fight over it. It was to the point that a vast majority of the other forces of Okland had suffered a loss at the hands of the Black Tower, and the Watson Family was no exception.

And even if they felt slighted, they wouldn't complain, for the simple reason that it was the Black Tower!

In the entire Andlusa Kingdom, only the Cloud Tower didn't need to be especially respectful to the Black Tower.

Karl always felt that if any force tried to work with the Black Tower, not to mention getting any benefits, just avoiding losses would be quite good already. But just now, Weiss had proposed such generous terms. If the Watson Family only cooperated with the Merlin Family, then even though they could surely gain control of the Horn of Fertility, they likely would have suffered many casualties. But it would be different with the Black Tower joining. With the three major forces jointly attacking the Horn of Fertility, they would easily eliminate the Fireblade Tribe's army.

Karl was immersed in bliss. But then, a dull voice echoed in the reception room.

"Sir Weiss, isn't your Black Tower taking too much? This won't do, you have to give some up..."

When he heard this, Karl turned and looked at Lin Yun as if he had seen a ghost. 'That Mafa Merlin looks so shrewd, how could he be so foolish at such a crucial time?

'Getting such benefits from the Black Tower is already a gift from heaven, yet you are stupidly haggling over it!'

#### **Chapter 522: Doom Staff**

'You think you can speak to the Black Tower as if they were the Watson Family? This is meaningless...'

Karl secretly glanced at Weiss.

And sure enough...

Weiss was frowning, standing still and not saying anything.

Karl started rejoicing in the young mage's misfortune as he looked at Lin Yun with ridicule. He had gotten quite annoyed by the young commander's antics.

That Mafa Merlin truly didn't know his place...

He was originally offered very good conditions, but he still went and haggled over the price. Did he really think that the Merlin Family had the qualifications to press the Black Tower for better terms?

Let alone the Merlin Family, even both Families together weren't qualified to do that...

'You won't fare well if you are too greedy.'

Karl suddenly felt that he should take advantage of this opportunity. If he could push the Merlin Family out of the deal altogether, the Watson Family might be able to obtain a larger share.

An imperceptible sneer appeared on his face. But just as he was about to speak, the frowning Weiss suddenly started talking. "You are right, High Mage Merlin. Our Black Tower indeed would be taking too much..."

'What?'

Karl's face froze. 'How could this happen? Is this the Black Tower I know? Is this the Weiss I know?'

Even when negotiating with the Could Tower, Weiss wouldn't compromise so easily...

Although he didn't dare to believe it, the sounds of Weiss and Mafa haggling forced him to accept that this was really happening.

The haggling almost made him collapse, and he spent the entire time feeling muddleheaded. He only remembered Weiss eventually asking him, "Do you have any objections?" to which he vehemently shook his head. He didn't say a single word during the negotiations, which ended up lasting half an hour.

After the three major forces reached an agreement, it was time to prepare, including dispatching their troops as well as preparing some preliminary battle formations. After sending Weiss and Karl off, Lin Yun had Ida and Yuri manage the preparations. In the entire Raging Flame Plane, besides the three Merlin Cousins, the most reliable people he had were the two Archmages from the Ancestral Land.

This wouldn't be as awkward as when they attacked the Ghost Valley because Thorne had given him all the authority as commander. This meant that all the troops of the Merlin Family in the Raging Flame Plane were under his command.

But he clearly wasn't a qualified commander, so after handing everything over to Ida and Yuri, he once again entered the laboratory and proceeded with the processing of the five Chromatic Dragon Crystals. He had thought of a bold plan the previous day. He would fuse the five Dragon Crystal together to form just one, before embedding it in the Doom Staff.

It could be said that his processing plan was unique.

He hadn't heard of anyone doing this...

How could it be easy to fuse five Chromatic Dragon Crystals together?

Despite that, Lin Yun didn't plan on giving up...

Thus, Lin Yun remained in the laboratory as day after day passed, never coming out. On the 5th day, Thorne returned to the Raging Flame Plane, and when he heard about the collaboration between the Merlin Family, the Watson Family, and the Black Tower, his first thought was to look for the young mage to consult with him. But he was stopped by Reina in front of the alchemy laboratory door. He waited for a whole day before finally heading back in disappointment.

The cooperation between the three major forces proceeded in an orderly fashion, and this all seemed to have nothing to do with Lin Yun.

Ultimately, on the 10th day, that tightly shut door creaked loudly before being slowly opened by someone. It was Lin Yun, but he looked completely exhausted. His eyes were bloodshot and his hair unkempt. It was to the point that Reina, who had been guarding the door, looked at him weirdly when he came out.

"What is it?" Lin Yun threw a strange look back at her.

“Nothing...” Reina’s icy gaze quickly swept past Lin Yun before she coldly answered. In fact, she had been very curious. The young mage had stayed in the laboratory for ten days... What had he been doing all this time?

She couldn’t help glancing inside the laboratory out of curiosity. She could see a Dragon Crystal emitting a multitude of colors on the messy alchemy table. When she spotted it, Reina was shocked speechless.

Because she could clearly feel five different Draconic Auras being emitted from that crystal...

‘How could a single Dragon Crystal contain five Draconic Auras? ...Could it be?’

As she thought of something, Reina couldn’t help looking at Lin Yun in bewilderment.

“Reina, I’ll continue to work. Don’t let anyone disturb me...”

After breathing some fresh air, the weary Lin Yun gave Reina some instructions and reentered the alchemy laboratory. In the past ten days, he had managed to completely fuse the five Dragon Crystals into one. The only thing left to do was to embed it into the Doom Staff.

Theoretically speaking, this was much easier than fusing the Dragon Crystals...

The only thing he had to pay close attention to was making sure that he didn’t damage the Doom Staff’s original structure, or it would be very troublesome.

He cautiously picked up the Dragon Crystal from the alchemy table, feeling the boundless power contained within it. He couldn’t help feeling awed. In fact, the Element Chapter didn’t play a small role in the successful fusion of the five Chromatic Dragon Crystals. In the Tulan Mountain Range, he had once killed an unusual magic beast and obtained very strange mana crystals that contained the energies of the four elements. He then realized that Gaugass King, Luo Ning, had developed this method through the study of the Element Chapter.

Five days ago, he had been at wits’ end trying to come up with a method to proceed, and he even became hot-tempered. In order to calm himself, he had to temporarily put the matter of the Chromatic Dragon Crystal to the back of his head and sit calmly for a while. He then sank into his memories of the twenty years he spent in the era 30,000 years from now, up until Noscent’s end and his inexplicable arrival in this era.

He kept recalling his memories...

Every experience up till the Tulan Mountain Range went by, just like a movie appearing in his mind. And from that movie, he suddenly recalled that he might be able to fuse the five Dragon Crystals by analyzing the principle behind the coexistence of the four elements.

And it turned out to be the correct method...

After failing again and again, on the 10th day, he finally fused the five Chromatic Dragon Crystals.

Lin Yun couldn’t help forcing a smile as he thought back on this. He then put the Doom Staff on the refining table before once again plunging into his work. He skillfully used all the alchemy tools there and began processing the Doom Staff. Three hours later, those diverse processing techniques were completed.

“Time to start...”

He took a deep breath and picked up the Dragon Crystal before slowly attaching it to the Doom Staff. Suddenly, the Chromatic Dragon Crystal flickered with a fierce radiance, illuminating the entire laboratory. Even Lin Yun had no choice but to squint under the intense light.

The change happened in a split second. Those multi-colored lights shrank like a tide when a young and immature Dragon Roar echoed. Lin Yun was stunned to discover that the Doom Staff had undergone a qualitative change. He couldn't even recognize it. There was a Dragon's head at the tip of the staff, with two neat fangs flickering with a cold light. The Dragon Crystal was flickering with a multitude of colors inside that Dragon's mouth. Even the body of the staff had become covered in numerous dense scales.

“Rumble...”

Thunder suddenly shook the surroundings as the Doom Staff completed its transformation. Lin Yun truly hadn't expected that the Doom Staff's advancement would create such an intense scene. He thought that rumbling thunder could only be heard when a Magic Tool reached the peak of the True Spirit realm.

But the Doom Staff couldn't have reached that point yet.

He picked it up and tightly held it. Suddenly, formidable mana fluctuations surged from the Doom Staff, making Lin Yun smile broadly.

‘I truly didn't expect it to become a High-Rank True Spirit Magic Tool...’

He originally intended to use the five Dragon Crystals to upgrade the Doom Staff to become a Mid-Rank True Spirit Magic Tool. But surprisingly, it skipped a rank. To be more precise, the Doom Staff had just barely entered the High-Rank level. The power of that Magic Staff was equivalent to that of a 7th Rank Archmage...

‘Hold on, that's...’

As Lin Yun was immersed in happiness, he looked at the Doom Staff with a stunned expression. In the process of connecting with the Doom Staff, he was able to feel a special fluctuation perfectly fused with the Doom Staff constantly absorbing his mana.

‘Could it be a Magic Tool Incarnation...?’ Lin Yun's expression was complicated. He was happy, but he was also apprehensive. Perhaps only he knew what the Incarnation of the Doom Staff being born meant. It wasn't as simple as an increase in the might of the Doom Staff... It also meant that he had advanced to become an Artisan in the field of alchemy.

### **Chapter 523: Magic Tool Incarnation**

He had crafted two True Spirit Magic Tools before, the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel and the Doom Staff. He already had reached an agreement with Enderfa when he crafted the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel and he became its Incarnation. But the Doom Staff was different, the birth of a Magic Tool Incarnation during its advancement meant that Lin Yun personally created a life, and this was the sign of stepping into the Artisan Realm.

Even if reaching the Artisan realm had only been a matter of time to Lin Yun, he couldn't help feeling excited when he truly reached it.

He suddenly recalled that young and immature Dragon Roar during the advancement of the Doom Staff, and thinking of this, his expression became strange, 'The Doom Staff's Incarnation, it wouldn't be a Dragon, right?'

The total number of Dragon-shaped Magic Tool Incarnations that appeared in Noscent's history could be counted on two hands...

"What's going on..." He connected with the Doom Staff and tried to communicate with the Magic Tool Incarnation, but there was no reaction. Instead, the absorption speed of his mana quickly accelerated, making Lin Yun gloomy and he immediately cut off the supply of mana.

"Roar..."

As he cut off the supply of mana, that youthful roar echoed once again, sounding very dissatisfied. A purple mist rushed out of the Doom Staff and condensed into a fierce silhouette. As the mist took form, Lin Yun could see the Magic Tool Incarnation of the Doom Staff. It was a young purple Dragon, very small compared to Chromatic Dragons and other sub-races of Dragons.

An alarmed shout echoed in Lin Yun's mind, coming from Enderfa, but he didn't say anything afterward. Lin Yun immediately frowned. He couldn't take care of Enderfa for the time being, so he instead focused on the young Dragon.

'It's just a baby Dragon...'

The appearance of that purple Dragon did surprise Lin Yun, whether it was among Chromatic Dragons, or other sub-races, he had never heard of a purple-colored Dragon, and the aura of that purple Dragon was somewhat strange, but this couldn't stop Lin Yun from feeling disappointed.

To be honest, he was indeed let down. This purple Dragon, as the Doom Staff's Incarnation, would need a very long time to grow, but the Doom Staff might have already reached the peak of the True Spirit realm by the time he did.

"Roar..."

The young Dragon suddenly issued another Dragon Roar, but it wasn't a simple Dragon Roar this time as it was followed by a Dragon Breath. Right after, an extremely terrifying mana fluctuations quickly spread through the entire alchemy laboratory as multi-colored lights flickered in the air, flooding everything like a formidable wave.

"Rumble..."

The Alchemy Laboratory's defensive array fiercely flickered under the impact of the Dragon Breath. This alchemy laboratory had cost several millions and the defensive array was clearly not an ordinary one. Even if a Master Alchemist carried out some experiments, the array would completely isolate any unfortunate explosion.



But when faced with the young Dragon's multi-colored Breath, that fiercely flashing alchemy array was only able to hold on for less than a second before the countless mana circuits suffered serious damage, causing the entire array to be paralyzed.

After a loud rumble, countless expensive alchemy tools were destroyed by the multi-colored Dragon Breath...

"This..."

Lin Yun only managed to react once that Dragon Breath disappeared. He looked at the ruins of the alchemy laboratory in disbelief before once again staring at the young purple Dragon in shock. He truly didn't know what to say...

This was unimaginable...

Although the laboratory's defensive array hadn't been set up by Lin Yun, he had stayed for a short month in this laboratory and naturally knew how powerful the defensive array was. Some Archmages might not be able to destroy it.

Even Lahn who was standing at the peak of the 4th Rank would need a long time to be able to destroy this defensive array.

But...

The purple dragon's Dragon Breath cleanly took care of the defensive array. How could this not make Lin Yun suspect that this young and seemingly harmless Dragon already was at least as powerful as a level 35 powerhouse.

"The damage is too severe..." Lin Yun looked at the laboratory and couldn't help bitterly smiling. At this time, the delicate mouth of the purple Dragon in front of him moved once again as multi-colored energy flickered.

"F\*ck..." Lin Yun ruthlessly cursed, 'Has this guy become addicted to Dragon Breaths? If he keeps using Dragon Breaths, wouldn't the Flame Demon Fort be razed to the ground?'

Just as he cursed, Lin Yun quickly used his hand to block the young Dragon's mouth. After sensing the energy disappearing, he sighed in relief. At this time, the young Dragon's bright eyes were curiously looking at Lin Yun.

"I'll let you go if you don't spray..." Those innocent purple eyes couldn't help but make Lin Yun frown. After more than ten seconds, Lin Yun slowly released his palm.

But just as he released his palm, the young purple Dragon pounced on his bosom before rubbing against him and continuously letting out whining cries.

"It looks like I should give you a name..." Lin Yun looked at the purple Dragon that had settled down and scratched his own cheek. He couldn't decide on a name, and after staring at it for half a minute, he recalled that multi-colored Dragon Breath and his eyes suddenly shone, "Your name shall be Rainbow!"

Rainbow neither understood nor cared about a name. To be more accurate, its attention was locked onto Lin Yun's pocket, his eyes were flickering with an excited expression as he stared at it.

“Wait...” Lin Yun touched his pocket and immediately realized why Rainbow was so interested in his pocket, it was because he had a lot of high level mana crystals stored there...

Rainbow was consuming mana to keep up his form as a Magic Tool Incarnation, just like Shawn who had waited several millennia in that prince’s tomb and didn’t have enough mana to keep his Incarnation. Had it not been for Lin Yun’s appearance, he might have thoroughly dissipated a few centuries later.

From this, it could be seen how important mana was to Magic Tool Incarnations...

Earlier, Lin Yun had tried to communicate with Rainbow quite a few times but didn’t get any answer, thus he straightforwardly severed the supply of mana, forcing Rainbow to come out.

In the end, Lin Yun had to take out eight high level mana crystals, and Rainbow didn’t wait and simply dealt with those mana crystals before turning into a purple light and returning into the Doom Staff. Then, regardless of how many times Lin Yun called him, Rainbow didn’t answer.

‘He shouldn’t have fallen asleep already, right?’ Lin Yun resisted the urge to sever the mana connection with a gloomy expression.

He put the Doom Staff away and looked at the ruins of the alchemy laboratory before releasing a long sigh. He then recalled something and summoned Enderfa.

“What is it?” A black mist floated out of the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel and condensed into three different faces in front of Lin Yun while looking at him in a weird way.

His voice sounded somewhat impatient...

“Haha, say everything you know...” Lin Yun indifferently looked at Enderfa. He clearly remembered that alarmed sound Enderfa had made when Rainbow came out of the Doom Staff, as well as his pointed silence ever since. From that sound, Lin Yun had realized that Enderfa had been frightened.

This meant that Enderfa definitely knew something.

After carefully thinking about it, Enderfa had only ever lost self-control when he met with something related to the Ancient Gods.

But Rainbow, the Magic Tool Incarnation of the Doom Staff, didn’t have any relation to the Ancient Gods.

Lin Yun was really curious to learn what Enderfa knew.

“I can’t understand what you are talking about, Merlin, you are baffling me. If there is nothing else, I’ll go back to my Spell Wheel...” Enderfa flatly answered. Just as he finished, his faces became fuzzy and turned into a black mist. He was about to go back to the Spell Wheel when he was suddenly stopped by Lin Yun. Being unable to do anything, Enderfa roared in exasperation “What do you think you are doing!”

“Don’t be noisy!” Lin Yun shouted at the jabbering Enderfa and said with a frown, “Alright, stop pretending, tell me everything you know. Do you really think I didn’t hear you earlier?”

“Hea... Heard what?” Enderfa looked like a cat whose tail got stepped on, he screeched in vain before sinking into silence. After four to five minutes, he hesitantly looked at Lin Yun.

“Are you gonna talk?”

“Alright... I’ll talk...” Enderfa unhappily answered, “You humans always thought that the ancestor of the Chromatic Dragons was the first Dragon born alongside Noscent, the Haiba Dragon God, right?”

“It’s not?”

“Naturally not...” Enderfa disdainfully sneered as he looked at Lin Yun, “In fact, it was a purple Dragon that birthed the Chromatic Dragon Race, it had once lived with the Ancient Gods in that vast world, and in a way, it was an existence comparable to Ancient Gods, but its origin had always been a mystery...”

“How did you learn this...” Lin Yun threw a strange look at Enderfa, full of doubts as he thought about the Doom Staff in his hands, ‘Could I have summoned the ancestor of the Chromatic Dragons?’

After obtaining a satisfactory answer, Lin Yun stopped blocking Enderfa, and the latter turned back into a mist after cursing a few times, before once again entering the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel.

## **Chapter 524: Attack**

The Flame Demon Fort’s numerous powerhouses had quickly noticed the activity at the alchemy laboratory. Thorne Merlin and a few other people rushed over and looked at the alchemy laboratory, damaged beyond recognition, before looking at Lin Yun with odd expressions.

“High Mage Merlin, this...” Thorne looked at Lin Yun with a puzzled expression. He had returned to the Raging Flame Plane five days ago and tried to look for the young mage, but Lin Yun had remained behind closed doors inside the alchemy laboratory, up until now...

“It’s nothing, it was only an accident...” Lin Yun awkwardly said. He then waved his arm and no longer said anything.

“Oh...” Thorne nodded, not asking any more questions.

Soon after, Lin Yun, Thorne, and the others, went to the Flame Demon Fort’s meeting room. On the way, Thorne explained the matter of the cooperation between the three major forces to Lin Yun. The three major forces, including the Merlin Family, had already dispatched their troops near the Horn of Fertility and they had already set up some formations, intending to officially attack the Horn of Fertility the next day.

After a meeting that lasted over half an hour, it was ultimately decided to leave Thorne, Ida, and Yuri behind at the Flame Demon Fort while Lin Yun would lead the remaining Archmages and the Merlin Planar Legion to participate in the fight over the Horn of Fertility.

After two hours, Lin Yun appeared in the Planar Legion’s camp, naturally, people of the Watson Family and the Black Tower were also in this camp. After reaching the base, Lin Yun didn’t stay idle as he was invited by Weiss and Karl to participate in the long pre-war meeting, which ended up lasting until nightfall.

This time, Lin Yun only took with him Xiuban and Reina. As for the three Merlin Cousins, they were left in the Ghost Valley. He naturally noticed that the three youths of the Merlin Family had already reached the peak of the High Mage realm, but even if they came to participate in that war over the Horn of Fertility, they wouldn't be of much help, it would be better for them to keep meditating inside the Ghost Valley, and who knows, they might soon advance to the Archmage realm.

The next day, the three allied armies formally launched their attack on the Horn of Fertility.

When they first set foot on the Horn of Fertility, the three major forces were excited to some extent. This source of natural resource was famous for its fertility, this was something all major forces had known for close to a millennium, it could be said that all the forces in the Raging Flame Plane had a hard time resisting the attraction towards the Horn of Fertility.

The land under their feet was completely red and numerous volcanoes could be seen towering over the vast earth, and a burning smell could be felt in the surroundings.

The allied forces had just arrived to the Horn of Fertility and they already found traces of ore veins, but they didn't stop and kept going deeper and deeper. More and more ore veins appeared which would make anyone go crazy, and there were some areas so rich in mana that numerous medicinal herbs were growing in patches.

In fact, there was a deeper reason why the name Horn of Fertility had spread among Okland's major forces. As everyone knew, the Fireblade Tribe, the strongest of the Thirteen Tribes, had existed for millennia at the end of the Wailing River. Even if Okland's major forces had sent more and more Planar Legions to participate in the contest over the Raging Flame Plane and occupied nearly two thirds of the Raging Flame Plane, the Fireblade Tribe didn't have too many losses. The previous Thawing Fire Tribe couldn't even compare to a half of the Fireblade Tribe in terms of power.

It was simply because of the Horn of Fertility.

The human forces could see the fertile side of the Horn of Fertility, but those ore veins, medicinal herbs, and other resources didn't have any value to the Fireblade Tribe. They would at most extract some ores to create some crude weapons, their forging civilization was simply too far behind.

What the Fireblade Tribe truly cared about was the topography of the Horn of Fertility. This was an easily guarded and hard to attack location and was the only road leading to the Fireblade territory. Half of the tribe's army was stationed there all year round, and even if the Black Tower and the Cloud Tower, these two behemoths, joined hands, they might not necessarily be able to break through the Horn of Fertility.

Clearly, in this cooperation, the Black Tower had great ambitions. After seizing the Horn of Fertility, they would inevitably make moves on the surrounding forts and slowly nibble away at the Fire Blade Tribe.

The majestic allied force was made up of several thousand people and they were pushing forward with formidable momentum. They met a few weak Beastman cavalry units on the way which only had a dozen people. They should have been scouts, but unfortunately, they didn't even have time to scream when faced with the allied forces before being obliterated by a flood of spells.

After roughly half an hour, Lin Yun suggested to halt the allied forces for the time being, and after negotiating with the high ranked members of the three major forces, the suggestion was accepted. After all, there weren't many of the Beastman army left, but it was always good to be careful. The majestic army stopped and reorganized, before each of the parties sent a scout team.

"It's truly a waste of time..." Suval was sneering at Lin Yun. During the negotiations, he had insisted on opposing Lin Yun's suggestion. In his eyes, that was a waste of time.

Moreover, from a personal point of view, he could only unhesitantly go against Lin Yun's suggestion. He furiously clenched his teeth when he recalled what happened half a month ago in the Ghost Valley. Had it not been for that damned Mafa Merlin, he wouldn't have been put in such a difficult situation.

If it could be said that he had previously had enmity towards the young mage entirely because of Santon Merlin, then now, after what happened, the loathing he had towards the young mage was only a bit below his hate of Santon Merlin.

Suval smirked and said with ridicule, "I really don't understand what's so scary, could it be that you think our allied forces can't even handle the remaining Beastmen? If that's the case, then your Merlin Family should withdraw from this cooperation..."

"..." Weiss who was standing to the side was scared witless and helplessly looked at Suval. Originally, Suval should have been transferred back to Noscent after the battle with the Thawing Fire Tribe.

But just as Suval was about to leave, the matter of the Horn of Fertility came to light and a powerhouse like Suval would play a critical role in this battle. After careful deliberations, Harren decided to let Suval remain in the Raging Flame Plane for the time being.

"Haha..."

Lin Yun suddenly squinted. He was about to say something when his face suddenly changed, "Hold on, what's that sound..."

"What do you mean?" Weiss, who was next to Lin Yun, blankly looked at Lin Yun before turning. His face then froze, "Damn it, that's a Beastman Army..."

As Weiss said those words, dozens of red colored signal arrows flew high in the sky from several hundred meters away. Everyone recognized those arrows as they were the signal from a scout force.

"Prepare for battle! Prepare for battle!"

Following that urgent command, the resting allied troops quickly stood up and prepared for the next battle.

In less than a minute, the allied forces' fighter squads were already holding their swords and shields and stood at the front of the allied army, forming numerous layers of defenses to block the first charge of the Beastman Cavalry Units.

"Rumble..."

Smoke rose as countless Wolf-Riders appeared within the allied forces's field of view, charging towards the allied forces with extremely fierce speed. The thousands of Wolf-Riders charged with tremendous momentum, leaving deep marks on the red soil, making the earth shake.

After the Beastman cavalry units followed the Beastmen carrying spears and standing atop Wyverns. Before the Wolf-Riders even reached the allied forces, they had already thrown out a wave of spears which fell onto the allied armies like raindrops.

Over five hundred meters away stood a large group of Beastman Mages. They all had serious expressions as they were chanting profound and mysterious words. Suddenly, burning auras spread all over the place as they summoned one tyrannical Flame Elemental after the other, Volcano Spirits, Ash Spirits, Lava Giants, and other Flame Elementals rushed towards the allied forces in a fierce offensive.

Soon, the battlefield sank into chaos, blazing auras and dazzling spells collided and created explosions on the battlefield as the Beastman Army battled the allied forces.

A tyrannical aura rose up from the center of the battlefield, the Archmages within the allied forces also joined in the battle as dazzling spells emitting terrifying auras exploded onto the Beastman cavalry units, turning them into ashes instantly.

At the same time, the allied forces kept having a large amount of casualties within this chaotic battlefield.

At this time, a dark red silhouette was waving a two-handed hammer as he travelled back and forth through the battlefield. Every time he waved his weapon, four or five Beastmen would lose their lives. It didn't take long for the hammer to be covered in blood as corpses of Raging Flame Beastmen were left in his wake.

"Hateful, truly hateful..." Xiuban was holding Carnage with both hands, swinging repeatedly like a machine. Wherever he went, Beastmen would fall to the ground and Wolf-Riders would be sent flying, and even those Ashen Wolves couldn't escape. But at the same time, Xiuban just couldn't stop cursing.

## **Chapter 525: Accident**

Lin Yun had dispatched the Draconic Beastman at the start of the battle. With Carnage in his hands, the 9th Rank Expert Swordsman Xiuban could be said to be invincible. That crazy reaping feeling was truly great. Being immersed in that pleasurable feeling made the Draconic Beastman act like a headless chicken, charging around the battlefield until he ended up surrounded by Beastmen.

The same kind of silhouettes could be seen everywhere around him, over a thousand Wolf-Riders were charging towards him one wave after another.

Xiuban got truly scared, even if he had a simple mind, he knew that his situation was very dangerous. He was surrounded by close to a thousand Wolf-Riders, isolated and without any back-up. Although he could rely on his domineering strength and stop the Beastmen from approaching him, how long would it take to kill a thousand Beastmen? He might end up killed once he ran out of stamina...

'What should I do...'

'Fight my way out?'

The problem was that although he was shockingly powerful and no weaker than some Sword Saints, each step would be extremely difficult under the Beastmen siege.

Only if his power got a sudden boost could he sweep through the Wolf Riders...

But now, without Lin Yun at his side, he could only reminisce the times when buffs were cast onto him.

'Hold on...'

As he waved Carnaged, Xiuban recalled something. After sending a group of Wolf-Riders flying, he put his hand in his pocket and took out a potion. He then struggled to open the lid and drank it.

Xiuban then felt a clear change, his body instantly became light and the heavy Carnage also became a lot lighter. More importantly, runes rushed forth all over his body and flickered with a dazzling radiance, emitting a tyrannical power.

In fact, he wasn't unfamiliar with that change...

"Roar..."

After a roar, the Draconic Beastman once again brandished his Carnage, and like a windmill, sent flying all the Wolf-Riders on his path. After a short ten seconds, Xiuban managed to rush ten meters into the encirclement.

He knew that the potion could only last three minutes and that he would be weakened afterwards. It was precisely because of this that the cowardly Draconic Beastman recklessly broke out of the siege.

But it didn't take long for the Draconic Beastman to meet an opponent. This was a Raging Flame Beastman over two meters tall, whose whole body was flickering with countless runes. He was holding an axe covered in blood and the Ashen Wolf he was riding was a few times bigger than the average...

At this moment, Xiuban was stuck in a deadlock, he hadn't been able to defeat that Raging Flame Beastman for the last half a minute.

"Hell, you are so damn annoying... Hey, wretched guy, go find someone else and stop blocking Lord Xiuban's path..."

Xiuban couldn't help being worried. Although he hadn't kept track of time, he knew that there wasn't much time left, he had at most a minute until he would be weakened, and even he knew what that meant.

But he was helpless, the Raging Flame Beastman he was fighting was too strong...

After all, the current Xiuban was only a 9th Rank Expert Swordsman, but he had fused with a drop of Three-Headed Dragon's Blood, giving him a terrifying power, and possessed casting ability within his Bloodline as well as a Peak Spiritual Magic Hammer, the power he could display was enough to contend against a 2nd or 3rd Rank Sword Saint...

After drinking that potion with extraordinary buffing effect, his strength had temporarily increased a few times.

Even so, he still couldn't defeat this Raging Flame Beastman in a short time.

From this it can be seen that this Raging Flame Beastman's strength was comparable to a 4th Rank Sword Saint, or possible a High Rank Sword Saint.

'What can I do, what can I do...'

As time passed, the Draconic Beastman's mind was overflowing with anxiety, although he could suppress the Raging Flame Beastman with his power, he simply couldn't escape. Nothing could be done about it, the other side's Ashen Wolf was too fast and would catch up to him in a few steps...

However, being anxious wouldn't solve the problem.

The only way was to thoroughly defeat the Raging Flame Beastman.

But, how could he defeat him?

'It would be a lot better if Sir Merlin was here...'

'Wait...'

Xiuban suddenly thought of something, he then put a lot of effort into searching through his memories. In the past, Lin Yun often mentioned things like battle positioning, preparing an attack, targeting weak points, and others battle techniques. As a Draconic Beastman, he simply didn't care about those things, he was entirely relying on his raw strength when battling, and couldn't bother using techniques.

Recalling these would be a great help to his current plight.

Thus, in the next clash, the Draconic Beastman paid more attention to these techniques and made more and more effort. Ultimately, he swung Carnage with a powerful roar and struck that Raging Flame Beastman in the chest with terrifying power, causing his opponent to spit out blood as he was sent flying a few dozen meters away before heavily falling on the ground, motionless.

"Truly overestimating yourself! Is there anyone in the world that can stop Lord Xiuban?" Sensing the fear in the surroundings Raging Flame Beastmen's eyes, Xiuban held Carnage and swung in front of him, sending countless Beastmen flying. Eventually, when the potion's effects were about to run out, Xiuban managed to completely break out of the siege.

Just as the effects ran out, Xiuban started panting, completely weakened.

As Xiuban killed the leader of that cavalry unit, several thousand Wolf-Riders became headless chickens and ended up collapsing under the attack of the allied forces. The hundred of Divine Archers kept shooting at the Wyverns from the center of the Allied Forces, launching a fierce offensive. Wailing sounds echoed as several hundreds of Spear-Thrower Raging Flame Beastmen soon followed the cavalry unit and were defeated.

The allied forces pushed forward with irresistible force and surrounded that group of Beastmen. The only problematic part was those endless Flame Elementals.

After roughly two hours, the allied forces disposed of all the Elementals. As for those Beastman Mages, they were all killed. As the battle ended, the allied forces proceeded to clear up the battlefield.



A temporary meeting room was built in the center of the camp.

The atmosphere within the meeting room was somewhat heavy, there were four people in there, Weiss and Suval from the Black Tower, Karl from the Watson Family, and naturally, Lin Yun.

“Don’t you feel that this Fireblade Tribe’s army was a bit too weak...?” Weiss frowned, crossing his arms on the table while softly tapping it. He looked at everyone before saying, “High Mage Merlin, what do you think?”

“I also feel that way...” Lin Yun nodded with a thoughtful expression. He only approved and didn’t say anything else.

The only thing he was sure of was that what they had just encountered was the main force of the Fireblade Tribe stationed in the Horn of Fertility. But the power of that army was beyond his expectations, it was mostly made of ordinary Raging Flame Beastmen. They couldn’t be considered as elites of the Fireblade Tribe.

And most importantly...

During the chaos, he had used his Magic Array to investigate and discovered that there were too few powerhouses in that army, there were less than ten Archmages and the strongest one was a Beastman Mage comparable to a 6th Rank Archmage.

This was too odd...

After all, the Fireblade Tribe had never been successfully infringed on by human forces in the past millennium, they always maintained a formidable force there, and the powerhouses of the tribe far outshined the Thawing Fire Tribe’s power. Yet, the troops guarding the Horn of Fertility were that weak.

What was going on?

The information they had originally received reported that the troops at the Horn of Fertility amounted to a third of what it had always been. That was shocking enough already. At that time, Lin Yun guessed that an accident had happened within the Fireblade Tribe, otherwise they would have never had so many Beastmen return from the Horn of Fertility, since losing it meant that the Fireblade Tribe would face a great menace.

In the past millennium, the Fireblade Tribe had always defended the Horn of Fertility, with half of their elites stationed there all year long. The Black Tower and the Cloud Tower’s attacks had always ended up in defeat.

But not only did it look like there was indeed only a third of the troops remaining, Lin Yun was also certain that they weren’t the tribe’s elites, it seemed more like a motley crew turned into an army.

This couldn’t help but make Lin Yun speculate, the Fireblade Tribe might not just have suffered an accident, they might have ran into a crisis.

Naturally, this was good for their three forces...

“Alright, the stationed troops had been annihilated, what meaning is there in talking about this...” Suval took out a detailed map from his pocket with a gloomy expression and spread it on the table, “Forget those useless matters, the topic of this meeting is the allocation of the spoils...”

This meeting regarding the loot distribution was very important. When the three major forces had negotiated, they had already defined the loot allocation, such as the areas each force would occupy, and so on...

## **Chapter 526: Requirements**

But, the source of natural resources known as the Horn of Fertility was very vast, and the resources weren't uniformly spread, there were naturally barren areas, which was why they had this meeting.

“I have a suggestion for the allocation...” Lin Yun, who said those words, got up and approached the map, taking a crystal pen from his pocket before casually drawing a few lines, dividing the entire Horn of Fertility into three areas.

“High Mage Merlin, I'd like to know the details of your suggestion...” Weiss bitterly smiled at Lin Yun. To tell the truth, he was a bit apprehensive. He had experienced the appetite of the young mage first-hand during the war with the Thawing Fire Tribe, where he had taken no less than 70% of the Ghost Valley...

And now, he took the initiative to suggest a distribution plan. Weiss understood what that meant more than anyone else...

The young mage clearly wanted to reap more benefits.

But even if he knew this, what could he do?

Let alone the Heaven Mage behind the young mage, just the power of the young mage was enough for the Black Tower to value him. In the magic tower, he had once defeated a level 37 Lich, in the Aurij Mountain Range, he had scared away a Greater Devil, and in the Thawing Fire Tribe's Sacred Land, he killed the Tribal Chief who had the strength of an 8th Rank Archmage....

And even more incredibly, the young mage recently gained a Frost Dragon with terrifying strength, not to mention the countless powerful Magic Tools he possessed, this was a lot...

In Weiss' eyes, the Black Tower would suffer a loss this time...

“The land close to the Wailing River has rich ore veins and a lot of medicinal herbs commonly used in alchemy, this should be the richest and most fertile part of the Horn of Fertility...” Lin Yun pointed at one of the areas on the map as he said with a smile.

‘Sure enough...’ Hearing this, Weiss' face paled, beads of sweat started appearing on his forehead. He could obviously understand, the young mage must have taken a fancy to that place.

‘Well, worse comes to worst, we are just eating a loss.’

In any case, the Horn of Fertility was only a launching point for the Black Tower, it would be used to nibble away at the Fireblade Tribe. Once their Caster Legion had rested and re-organized, they would take advantage of this opportunity to attack the few neighbouring forts.

At that time, they might need the young mage's assistance...

Thinking of this, Weiss felt relieved and squeezed a smile when he suddenly heard the young mage's voice echo once more, "I suggest that this area should go to the Black Tower."

"Haha, High Mage Merlin, let's follow your suggestion, this area should go to the Black Tower... Hold on, to the Black Tower?" Before he could finish his words, Weiss was stunned. He thought about it for a bit before making sure that he hadn't misheard what the young mage had said and that he indeed suggested to give that area to the Black Tower.

'This...'

Weiss looked at Lin Yun in disbelief, he really couldn't understand, how could the young mage suggest to give the most fertile land to the Black Tower?

This was illogical...

'According to his character, shouldn't he have taken advantage of us? Just like when he negotiated with Sir Harren and brazenly asked for 70% of the Ghost Valley.'

From what Weiss understood, the young mage was the type of person that sought personal profit before everything else and who would never give up any benefits.

Yet, now...

"Suval, you heard it? You heard it?" Weiss was unable to handle it, that fertile land was obviously a great boon to the Black Tower.

But, after saying that, Weiss suddenly discovered that Suval's expression was very bad, there was not a hint of joy on it.

'What's going on?'

'Could he have not heard Mafa Merlin's words?'

"High Mage Merlin just said that the richest area of the Horn of Fertility would go to our Black Tower..." Weiss lowered his voice and whispered to Suval's ear.

'He should have clearly heard it this time, right?'

But Suval didn't react...

"Since Sir Weiss agrees, I shall continue..." With a calm and imperturbable expression, Lin Yun pointed at the center area, "Although this area isn't comparable to the Black Tower's, it isn't too bad. How about we give it to the Watson Family? As for that leftover area, the most barren part of the Horn of Fertility, our Merlin Family will take control over it, I trust everyone is satisfied with this arrangement?"

“High Mage Merlin, I agree to your suggestion...” The always silent Karl looked at Lin Yun, somewhat astonished. Lin Yun allocating the most fertile area to the Black Tower didn’t surprise Karl. After all, that was one of the most powerful forces in the entire Raging Flame Plane, giving the biggest share to the Black Tower was something they ought to do.

He was originally expecting the Merlin Family to snatch the middle area, but he was proven wrong after hearing Lin Yun out. The young mage didn’t seem to care about that piece of land and directly gave it to their Watson Family. This couldn’t help but make Karl’s loathing towards the young mage decrease.

“But I have a small request...” Lin Yun scratched his cheek and looked at everyone before saying, “Our Merlin Family volunteered to take the worst area, because we would like everyone to accompany us on a trip at the end of the Wailing River after some time...”

As Lin Yun said that, Weiss and Karl sighed in relief.

This wasn’t an excessive request, it was only taking a trip at the end of the Wailing River.

But a disharmonious voice suddenly echoed, “I don’t agree!”

The other three instantly looked at Suval, only to see an extremely sinister sneer, “I don’t agree, Mafa Merlin, and not only with that request, but rather, with the land allocation.”

Weiss and Karl’s gazes suddenly turned strange, they really couldn’t understand what Suval could be dissatisfied about?

“Oh?” Lin Yun expressionlessly looked at Suval, only letting out a surprised sound.

“Our Black Tower doesn’t want that land...” Suval reached out to the map and pointed at the area bordering the Wailing River, the most fertile area and the area allocated to the Black Tower, “Our Black Tower definitely doesn’t want this area...”

“Then what area do you want?”

“The area allocated to the Merlin Family...”

Weiss, who was sitting next to Suval, thought he had misheard. He looked at Suval while shaking his head and instantly paled when he saw the area Suval was pointing to. That was the worst area of the Horn of Fertility.

Weiss was speechless.

“Our Black Tower must have this land, as for that so-called most fertile area, we will leave it for your Merlin Family...” Suval coldly smiled at Lin Yun as he heavily pounded on the table, “If you don’t agree, I’ll definitely not agree with your previous request.”

Lin Yun’s expression was very strange. He curiously looked at Suval for a moment before saying, “Sir Suval, I agree to your request...”

The meeting lasted for over half an hour and ended in a very strange atmosphere. Everyone, excluding Weiss, left the meeting room with a smile on their faces.

As for Weiss...

He was quickly becoming mad...

On the way back to camp, Weiss couldn't help but erupt with in a heavy voice, "Suval, you have to give me an explanation..."

If he didn't have some apprehension because of Suval's status, he would have already cursed him.

Nothing could be done about it, he was truly angry.

Mafa Merlin was obviously willing to give that fertile land to the Black Tower...

'Damn it, it's not easy to get benefits from Mafa Merlin's hands, and now, that idiot Suval gave up on those, and even had the Black Tower get the least benefits from the Horn of Fertility.'

'This is making me crazy...'

The Black Tower made the most effort and got the least amount of benefits.

"Explain what?" Suval expressionlessly looked at Weiss.

"Of course, what happened in the meeting room..." Weiss restrained his anger as he answered. He truly wanted to bash Suval's head against the ground to see if it was hollow or not.

'How could you be so stupid?'

"Hmpf, Weiss, you still haven't noticed that it was a plot..." Suval disdainfully sneered, "You think that damn Mafa Merlin has such good intentions?"

When the young mage suggested that plan in the meeting room, Suval realized that it was definitely a plot. How could that damn scoundrel give such great benefits to the Black Tower for nothing?

In fact, he had been wary of the young mage ever since he got burned in the Ghost Valley, no matter what the other side said, he wouldn't believe it.

Nothing could be done about that, he had truly suffered last time.

It was to the point that he still had nightmares about that powerful Lesser Lava Overlord.

"If you had experienced what I went through, you might have understood..." Seeing the doubt on Weiss' face, Suval secretly shook his head before saying, "After we put an end to the Thawing Fire Tribe, the Merlin Family took over 70% of the Ghost Valley. I once went to look for Mafa Merlin to wrestle a part of the land from him."

"Oh... He didn't give it to you?" Seeing the other side's serious expression, Weiss couldn't help frowning, it might not have been as simple as he imagined and there might have been an ulterior motive...

"He actually did..." Suval took a deep breath, his expression becoming even more unsightly, "I took people to that area, and everything was normal at first. But on the next night..."

## **Chapter 527: Lesson**

Suval couldn't help clenching his fists when he mentioned that matter.

“What happened on the next night?”

“Haha, I realized at the time that Mafa Merlin never even thought of giving up that area and wanted to kill me instead!” Suval looked livid as he angrily roared, “There was a damn Demon, a true Demon! Even I, as a 7th Rank Archmage, wasn’t that Demon’s match! I almost died in the Ghost Valley and barely escaped, yet that Mafa Merlin just stood on the side and watched...”

“So you think that the distribution plan suggested by Mafa Merlin is a plot?”

“It’s not?”

“...”

Weiss didn’t know what to say. He took a deep look and then shook his head before turning and walking away...

‘That Suval is truly too sensitive... Especially this time, he was so affected that he made the Black Tower suffer a loss. It looks like I have to suggest to Sir Harren that Suval should be removed from the Raging Flame Plane after this. If this continues, he will sooner or later cause an accident.’

As for what happened to Suval...

Weiss felt that the young mage had only been trying to teach Suval a lesson. It probably wasn’t really aimed at the Black Tower.

After meeting with him so many times, he naturally knew that the young mage was a very clever person. Although it looked like he didn’t care about anything and was always doing unexpected things, the young mage always had everything under control. How could he kill a member of the Black Tower if that didn’t bring him any benefits?

Three days soon passed. The three major forces had dispatched their Planar Legions to their respective areas to rest and reorganize, and during that time, they sent resource collection teams to gather some natural resources.

Suval’s unusual action three days ago made the Merlin Family earn the most fertile part of the Horn of Fertility, and during that time, Lin Yun had a new harvest.

To be more accurate, the resource collection team of the Merlin Family had findings that weren’t insignificant at all. On the evening of the first day, they brought back some ores from nearby ore veins.

Lin Yun recognized one crimson piece of ore from that pile. He realized that Crimson Flame Gold Essence could be extracted from it, making him unexpectedly happy.

After all, even in the current Noscent, Crimson Flame Gold Essence wasn’t particularly common.

Usually, a thumb-sized piece would sell at a very high price in an auction...

And the Horn of Fertility had an entire vein of it...

What Lin Yun cared about wasn’t the wealth brought by that ore vein, but rather the fact that he was actually in need of some Crimson Flame Gold Essence.

If he had found Crimson Flame Gold Essence before coming to the Raging Flame Plane, he might not have had any use for it.

But it was different now.

After the Doom Staff's advancement and the birth of its Magic Tool Incarnation, Lin Yun had already reached the Artisan Realm, so he could now use Crimson Flame Gold Essence to forge the components that the Heaven Rank Puppet needed.

The matter of restoring the Heaven Puppet had always been on his mind. Last time he brought back many precious components from the Tulan Mountain Range and spent several days fixing the Heaven Puppet, but he was still short of some necessary parts. Because of this, the Heaven Puppet's strength was only comparable to that of a 5th Rank Archmage, which was far from his goal.

Based on his plan, once the set of parts was uniform, the puppet's strength would immediately leap to the peak of the Archmage realm.

But that was beyond Lin Yun's current capabilities. After all, he already knew that he would have to take a trip to the Puppet Plane to completely restore the puppet.

And he wasn't in a rush to go to the Puppet Plane. It was a plane comparable to the Undead Plane, and from a certain perspective, it might be even more dangerous than the Undead Plane. During the peak of the Magic Era, a few of the major forces of Noscent joined hands and spent a few decades before thoroughly conquering this plane, but no less than ten Heaven Rank powerhouses died in the process.

Although Lin Yun could easily crush High Ranked Archmages with his current strength, it would still be very dangerous if he rashly set foot on the Puppet Plane. If he was unlucky, he might even die there.

And thus, he was still waiting...

Only when he advanced to the Archmage realm could he use the true power of the Book of Death. Even if he met a few dangers in the Puppet Plane then, he should be able to escape unscathed...

Soon, Lin Yun realized that making the components for the Heaven Puppet was far more troublesome than he had expected. First, there was the issue with smelting the ore. The current Horn of Fertility was still a primitive land and there was nothing he could use to smelt metal.

To fix that problem, he had to gather enough ore and transport it to the closer Flame Frost Fort, but that trip itself would take an entire day.

But since Lin Yun had no other options, he could only do that...

Thus, the next day, Lin Yun personally went to Crimson Flame Gold Essence vein and gathered a large amount of manpower to harvest the ore and transport it. He then assigned Lahn to take care of the smelting process. After dealing with that, Lin Yun returned to camp, because he still had one important matter to take care of.

Planning the blueprint of the puppet was even more troublesome than smelting the ore.

It was to the point that it gave him a headache.

He planned on using the Crimson Flame Gold Essence to craft three core components. After thinking for a long time, he got a rough outline, but Lin Yun realized that in practice, the blueprint wasn't as easy as he had imagined...

After all, those were a Heaven Rank Puppet's components, something only a Saint Alchemist could craft. It wasn't in the domain of an Artisan. In all of Noscent, Lin Yun might be the only Artisan who would dare to try and craft a Heaven Puppet's component...

His alchemy knowledge transcended the entire era and he had come into contact with many puppet components at the end of the Magic Era. After thorough research and studies, he had gotten a deep understanding of how those components operated, as well as the theory behind it. With that, he believed he could craft components for a Heaven Puppet despite only being at the Artisan realm.

But, the process would be somewhat challenging.

In five days, he had drafted a total of twelve blueprints, but after carefully reviewing them, he discovered that each of those blueprints had some sort of problem.

They would barely be compatible with the Heaven Puppet, but their functions wouldn't be powerful enough, or they were powerful enough, but couldn't properly match with the Heaven Puppet...

Lin Yun felt a bit frustrated.

He spent three days reviewing his twelfth blueprint and made some specific changes before ultimately achieving the result he had been looking for.

He had also accumulated some experience from this first step and started trying to design blueprints for two other core components.

At this time, the three major forces were still reorganizing in the Horn of Fertility and had dispatched a few resource collection teams to explore every corner of the area. Lin Yun, who was immersed in his blueprints, was unaware, but something happened to the resource collection teams of the Merlin Family. They had gathered a large amount of magic materials and intended to carry them back to the Flame Demon Fort. But they had to go through the territory of the Watson Family, and as a result, conflicts arose.

And the Merlin Family definitely suffered some losses in that conflict. The group of fifty was definitely a decent force of mages, and the leader was a 7th Rank Archmage.

However, the Watson Family had four to five High Rank Archmages, and a young Archmage...

This Archmage was naturally the youthful Mark who had previously been sent to the Flame Demon Fort to bring up the idea of collaborating in the first place.

As a result of the conflict, two mages of the Merlin Family's resource collection team had died, and the captain was seriously injured.

This news infuriated all the officers of the Planar Legion when the Merlin Family's camp got wind of it. Some ill-tempered ones even shouted that they should make the Watson Family pay, but they were suppressed by Lahn Merlin, who rushed to the Watson Family to ask for an explanation. Their reply was



that the Merlin's resource collection team had been secretly collecting resources that belonged to the Watson Family. They had only been taught a small lesson.

At that time, Lahn's face turned red as he shook from anger. He had just seen what being shameless truly meant. But no matter how angry he got, it was no use. The young commander had been cooped up in his living quarters recently and no one could disturb him, and he couldn't overpower all of them himself.

Helpless, Lahn could only endure...

But Lahn clearly understood that once the young mage was done with his business and learnt of this matter, the Watson Family would inevitably run out of luck. All he had to do was endure for the time being.

The party involved, namely Mark Watson, didn't realize that. On the 3rd day after the dispute, he came swaggering into the Merlin Family's camp on his own.

While going through the camp, Mark Watson sensed many hostile stares, but he didn't pay them any attention. As the only genius of the Watson Family who had become an Archmage before turning 35, the only people worth his attention were High Rank Archmages.

"Hmpf..." He coldly snorted, inwardly shaking his head as he quickened his pace, up until an aged silhouette blocked his path.

Mark greeted that person with a smile. "Sir Lahn, what a coincidence..."

### **Chapter 528: Out of Luck**

"It is quite a coincidence..." Lahn had blocked Mark Watson's path. In fact, not long after Mark came to the camp, Lahn got a report telling him that Mark was looking for Mafa. Because of this, he positioned himself in front of the young mage's living quarters, planning to send Mark Watson away.

Lahn looked very disgruntled with the situation. He could hardly cover up his hostility as he looked at Mark. "Mark Watson, you killed Merlins and then dare to come to our camp? I do not care what you came here for, leave immediately!"

Lahn could naturally guess that what had happened three days earlier had been orchestrated by Mark Watson.

"Haha, Sir Lahn, that is wrong! Your Merlin Family made the first move. They stole what belonged to our Watson Family. Back then, I only planned on looking into it and having them hand over what they stole, but I hadn't expected that they would be unwilling to admit they were wrong, even in death. Nothing can be done about this... I loathe those kinds of people, so I taught them a lesson..." There was no shame on Mark's face. He was actually looking at Lahn with ridicule.

In fact, only Mark knew the truth behind this matter...

He truly didn't have a good opinion of the Merlin Family, only a deep disgust.

“Alright, Sir Lahn, I don’t want to keep wasting time on this matter. Please step aside, I’m looking for Mafa Merlin...”

Lahn glanced at the living quarters behind him and frowned. “No way, High Mage Mafa is in the middle of...”

But before Lahn finished his sentence the thin young mage slowly came out of the barrack. And behind him was a sneaky Beastman carrying a Gold Essence Hammer with one hand as he massaged his eyes with the other, still looking sleepy. At that time, Lahn apologized, “High Mage Mafa, sorry for disturbing you...”

“What’s going on?” The young mage frowned. He looked rather irritated as he glanced at Mark Watson, before finally looking at Lahn.

Lahn was instantly scared when he saw that expression... He couldn’t help feeling nervous. He had provoked him three times just in the Winter Plane, yet the young mage hadn’t looked so pissed any of those times. Lahn glanced at Mark and explained, “Mark Watson...”

“Very good!”

But Lahn was interrupted by Mark. The young Archmage disdainfully waved his arm and looked at Lin Yun with a cold expression. “Mafa Merlin, I came to give an explanation to you in person. I made a special trip to your Merlin Family’s camp to discuss a certain matter with you...”

“What matter?”

“You should know that three days ago, your Merlin Family resource collection team showed their poor upbringing and stole a large amount of materials from our Watson Family’s territory. However, they have already received proper punishment...”

“Oh? Something like that happened?”

The exchange between Mark Watson and Lin Yun made Lahn react furiously. He flew into a rage and shouted with a flushed face, “Nonsense! Mark Watson, you are full of sh\*t!”

Lahn Merlin looked at Lin Yun and indignantly said, “High Mage Mafa, this isn’t what happened. Our Merlin Family possesses the most fertile area of the Horn of Fertility! How could we care about the Watson Family’s pathetic resources? The resource collection team was transporting the haul back to the Flame Demon Fort, but when they passed through the territory of the Watson Family, their path was blocked. Not only were the resources stolen, but most of the people were injured, and two members of the team even died...”

Lahn had personally looked for the 7th Rank Archmage Captain and realized what had happened.

Hearing the other side distorting the truth once again, he truly went berserk.

‘That damn Mark Watson is just shameless beyond comparison...’

“Haha, Sir Lahn, you can’t make such irresponsible remarks, you have to back up your words with evidence. If you don’t have any proof, please hold your tongue.” Mark dismissed Lahn’s claims before turning to look at Lin Yun. “Mafa Merlin, although your Family’s resource collection team has already

been punished accordingly, this is still far from enough. Your Merlin Family has to compensate our Watson Family for your mistake.”

“Compensate?”

“Yes... Take out a third of the land that your Merlin Family claimed here and give it to our Watson Family and we shall not look into this any longer.”

“Haha...” Lin Yun chuckled, his expression becoming grave as he looked at the chatterbox in front of him. “Sir Mark, I have to say... Do you really think you are so great?”

Lin Yun was in an awful mood at this moment.

Before Mark had arrived, he had been in his living quarters researching blueprints, repeatedly having to toss them away one after another when he realized that there were problems with each one. This made him somewhat impatient. Still, he managed, with great difficulty, to find some clues. But he hadn’t expected some loud, quarrelling voices to break out outside his living quarters.

At first, he didn’t care why they were fighting. The only thing he cared about was that his train of thought had been interrupted...

Although he had accumulated enough experience after finishing the blueprint of the first component, he still spent a lot of time on the second one.

It took about four days, and when he was finally about to succeed, he was suddenly disturbed. One could well imagine how angry he was...

In fact, he already had already been feeling murderous when he came out of the tent and saw Mark Watson.

But thinking of the cooperation between the Merlin Family and the Watson Family regarding the Ancestor’s ruins, he resisted the urge to attack Mark.

“Mafa Merlin, do you know who you are talking to?”

Unfortunately, the young genius from the Watson Family’s Ancestral Land didn’t know that he was already treading further and further down the path to death. When he heard Lin Yun questioning his prestige, Mark’s face distorted in rage. He tightened his grip onto his magic staff and coldly glared at Lin Yun. “It doesn’t matter that you are a 6th Rank High Mage. Even if you had advanced to the Archmage realm, I could still crush you in an instant...”

‘That damn Mafa Merlin is really courting death! Does he not know how terrifying the fury of an Archmage is? He actually dares to recklessly provoke me...’

With his special status as commander of the Merlin Family, if Mafa had provoked him before, he wouldn’t have dared to attack, as it could influence the capture of the Horn of Fertility.

But now...

The horn of Fertility had already been captured, and he no longer had anything to be worried about.

Furthermore, the power of the Merlin Family in the Horn of Fertility was simply pathetically weak. They only had five or six Archmages here, and besides Peak 4th Rank Archmage Lahn, they no longer had any presentable powerhouses.

The difference between the two Families was clearly visible.

Including Mark himself, the Watson Family had over ten powerful Archmages here, and there was even one that had become a High Rank Archmage many years ago, his own teacher.

His teacher alone might be enough to crush the power of the Merlin Family in the Horn of Fertility.

Thus, Mark Watson was completely unrestrained.

Ridicule could be seen on Mark Watson's face. "Even if you know that I was framing the Merlin Family and deliberately looked for an excuse to kill some of your members, so what? You have no proof, there is no point in talking about it. Alright, I can't be bothered to argue with you. If you are tactful, you'll do as I said and transfer that piece of land to our Watson Family. Otherwise, your Merlin Family will definitely run out of luck..."

"I think that before our Merlin Family runs out of luck, you'll be the first to do so..."

"I'll be the first? With what? Just you? Mafa..." Mark sneered as he looked at Lin Yun as if he had heard the strangest joke in the world, unable to suppress a chuckle. "I want to see how you are going to do that..."

'An insignificant High Mage dares to threaten me... This is just ridiculous!'

"Oh, you really want to see, Sir Mark?" Lin Yun asked.

"See what?"

"Sir Mark, your memory is really bad, I shall naturally let you see how I'm going to make you run out of luck," Lin Yun said in a low voice while smirking.

'Not only did that scoundrel interrupt my train of thought at a crucial time, he made such a disgusting move against the Merlin Family.'

"Xiuban, the task to make Sir Mark here run out of luck shall be handed over to you..." Lin Yun glanced at the Draconic Beastman next to him and frowned when he saw his sleepy appearance.

"Why is it always me?" Xiuban whined as he massaged his eyes.

"Because you are sleeping too much..."

"Alright... Sir Merlin..." Facing this blunt answer, the Draconic Beastman lacked the strength to retort, but he really wanted to say that he wasn't sleeping too much, he just liked sleeping...

Xiuban massaged his eyes and slowly moved towards Mark Watson while carrying Carnage.

"Remember, if you can't make him run out of luck, then the one running out of luck will be you..."

When he heard that sentence coming from behind him, Xiuban instantly started sweating while feeling oddly motivated. He couldn't help tightening his grip on Carnage before turning his head and saying, "Sir Merlin, you can rest assured..."

### **Chapter 529: Really Careless**

Xiuban then turned towards Mark Watson with his signature gloating expression.

'For Lord Xiuban to not run out of luck, I can only deal with you. Don't blame Sir Xiuban... Who told you to provoke Sir Merlin, such a ruthless person, for no reason? Do you really hate your life?'

"With just you?"

Mark Watson, however, only felt weirded out by the strange gaze of his counterpart.

But he quickly ignored that feeling, because a Peak Expert Swordsman wasn't worthy of his attention.

Let alone a Peak Expert Swordsman, even a normal Sword Saint wouldn't be worth his attention.

He could crush those at will...

He suddenly thought, 'This Mafa Merlin is very interesting, he actually sent such a weak Beastman to deal with me.'

Although a Peak Expert Swordsman was considered decently powerful, he didn't amount to much in Mark Watson's eyes.

"What is it?" Xiuban seemed a bit bemused by Marks reaction.

"You seem to be a Raging Flame Beastman captured by Mafa Merlin who then chose to follow him, right?" Mark sneered. "I advise you to immediately leave him. He isn't worth your time. He's clearly sending you to your death. It would be better to follow me, since I can help you become a Sword Saint..."

Mark felt that this Raging Flame Beastman was too unfortunate, having no choice but to follow Mafa Merlin.

He could see how poorly Mafa treated that Beastman... It seemed like he was always tormenting him. Had Mark not paid attention to details, he wouldn't have noticed that he was a Raging Flame Beastman.

If that Beastman chose to follow him, it wouldn't be long until he became a Sword Saint. Moreover, he might be able to become a High Rank Sword Saint in the future.

It was a waste to leave someone with good aptitudes like this in the hands of the Merlin Family.

"No, no, no, Sir Merlin is treating me well, how could he want to kill me?" The Draconic Beastman was suddenly scared, and he went pale as he denied Mark's words vehemently.

Even if Lin Yun wanted to kill Xiuban, Xiuban wouldn't dare to resist, because that would definitely make his death much worse.

'F\*ck, who would choose to follow you! Aren't you trying to kill me with your words? If Lord Xiuban had even a thought of accepting, Sir Merlin would inevitably sense it with the soul contract and I would definitely meet a terrible end...

'Fortunately, Lord Xiuban's willpower is very resolute.'

Unconsciously, Xiuban started developing feelings of resentment towards Mark.

Mark feeling extremely regretful at this moment, thinking that it was quite a shame that he had to eliminate this potential resource. He couldn't help sighing, "Forget it..."

"..."

Xiuban didn't have time to leisurely chat with Mark Watson, as he still had Lin Yun's warning clearly in mind. If he didn't make that white-robed mage run out of luck, then he would be the one running out of luck. This thought sent a shiver down Xiuban's spine. He resolved that he would extinguish Syudos sooner or later.

After a roar, Xiuban's red skin darkened. He even looked as if he was wrapped in flames and was emitting a burning aura as he tightly held Carnage in his hands and suddenly swung it at Mark Watson.

Mark actually shook his head. He had truly overestimated this Raging Flame Beastman who was resorting to just brute force to prevail over his opponent. He didn't seem to know a thing about martial arts or technique, a complete simpleton. Even if he became a Sword Saint, he wouldn't be very useful.

Mark tightened his grip on the magic staff and suddenly emitted powerful mana fluctuations from his body. With a gentle wave of his staff, a spark appeared and quickly expanded before turning into Flame Shackles rushing towards the Draconic Beastman with powerful momentum.

In Mark's eyes, a Flame Shackles spell was more than enough to deal with an Expert Swordsman.

It wasn't surprising for him to think that way, as the mana of an Archmage was hundreds of times denser than that of a High Mage, and the might of a mage's spells was based on his mana density.

But then...

Just when that 2nd Tier Spell reached Xiuban, a loud roar echoed and countless runes appeared on his body, instantly absorbing the flames. Xiuban suddenly leapt forwards and was already less than ten meters away from Mark Watson.

'What?'

Mark was stunned. The Flame Shackles that he, an Archmage, had cast, hadn't had any effect on the Raging Flame Beastman.

'Wait... Isn't he a Raging Flame Beastman?'

At this time, Mark suddenly realized that he had made a huge mistake.

He had been in the Raging Flame Plane for a long time and knew that Raging Flame Beastmen were born with extreme fire resistance as well as terrifying control over fire. They could even summon powerful Flame Elementals.

He had truly been careless to make such a mistake.

“Haha, you won’t be so lucky next time...” Mark shook his head. He had to give up on the fire spells, which he was most proficient in, so he started chanting a spell. A cold aura began to spread all over the place. He waved his hand and countless ice fragments formed around him before condensing into Frost Spikes.

The sharp Frost Spikes flickered with blue light as they streaked through the air.

But...

Once again, against Mark’s expectations, Xiuban didn’t bother dodging, yet those Frost Spikes didn’t leave any traces on his body.

At this point, Lahn had a look of disbelief on his face. The Beastman was obviously only a Peak Expert Swordsman, and although he was only half a step away from the Sword Saint realm, this was still far from being comparable to a genuine Archmage.

Moreover, Mark clearly wasn’t an ordinary Archmage. Instant casting a dozen Frost Spikes like that would be enough to make many newly advanced Archmages flustered.

This Beastman didn’t even dodge... This wasn’t logical.

But there was something even more illogical...

After receiving a dozen Frost Spikes, not a single wound could be seen on his body. Lahn couldn’t help but wonder how frightening his magic resistance was.

Lin Yun was the only one still relatively calm and was not surprised by the Draconic Beastman’s performance.

He had personally seen Xiuban’s magic resistance when the latter fused with the Three-Headed Golden Dragon’s drop of blood. Back then, Xiuban had just become an Expert Swordsman, yet he only suffered a nosebleed when taking on a power comparable to that of a Peak High Mage.

And now, the Draconic Beastman was standing at the peak of the Expert Swordsman realm. Mark’s Frost Spikes simply couldn’t injure him.

Unless Mark used a 7th Tier Spell, he would barely be able to inflict superficial injuries.

But he clearly didn’t have enough time now...

Even the shortest 7th Rank Spell would take at least eight seconds to cast, while there was less than a second before Carnage would smash into him, and it could easily crush his body.

“Hell!” Mark cursed, somewhat in a hurry. Although he was already an Archmage and had no fewer than ten defensive spells enchanted around his body, he had no confidence that they would be able to withstand the blow.

Running out of options, he waved his arm and a dazzling light emitted from his magic staff as the mana crystal at the top emitted a fascinating light halo. In an instant, three Ice Walls rose up from the ground in front of Mark.

But...

“Rumble...”

The three Ice Walls immediately shattered as the Draconic Beastman used his incomparably tyrannical power to crush them. They weren't able to reduce Carnage's momentum as it smashed into Mark's chest.

Mark hadn't been able to react as he'd just finished casting his Ice Walls. He had an extremely complicated expression on his face as he was sent flying by Carnage... It was a mixture of shock, fear, and disbelief. Then, three loud sounds echoed as Mark's body broke through three rooms before falling on the ground, a few dozen meters away.

“Cough, cough...”

Mark Watson's face was devoid of blood. He covered his mouth with a hand, but he couldn't stop more blood from flowing as he coughed. It trickled down his fingers and tainted his white robe. As Mark looked down at his robe, and he couldn't help feeling lucky. It was quite fortunate that his enchantments had been focused around his chest, or he might have already lost his life...

That power was too frightening...

To Mark, it didn't feel like he was facing a Raging Flame Beastman, but rather an adult Dragon. His heart was still beating loudly even now.

How could there be such a Beastman in the world?

'Hold on... That wouldn't be a Dragon capable of transforming, right?'

### **Chapter 530: Suffer In Silence**

“Sir Merlin, you... You saw...” Xiuban didn't even worry about that guy's life and hurriedly rushed back to Lin Yun's side, Carnage in hand.

“Good, Xiuban, it seems you aren't running out of luck...” Lin Yun smiled and pointed at Mark Watson. “Before going to sleep, throw that guy out of the camp...”

After saying so, Lin Yun turned and looked at Lahn Merlin. “Sir Lahn, how is the smelting going?”

“Eh... Oh, there is no problem, it is going very smoothly...” Hearing Lin Yun's question, Lahn was suddenly roused from his shock. He hadn't expected that this Beastman usually following the young mage was so incredibly powerful. With just one hammer swing, he was able to incapacitate an Archmage.

“Good, then have the Crimson Flame Gold Essence sent to the camp in three days.” Lin Yun nodded before turning to walk into his living quarters.

The Draconic Beastman had gone back to Mark Watson and was about to drag him out, when a hysterical roar suddenly echoed. “Mafa Merlin, you f\*cker! You are just a b\*stard! I... I swear I won't let you off!”



Xiuban turned his head and saw Lin Yun, who was about to enter his living quarters, suddenly stop and look over. No matter how much of a simpleton Xiuban was, he knew what had to be done.

“Idiot, you dare to insult Sir Merlin, that’s asking for death... You are truly asking to die!” The voice of the Draconic Beastman was followed by thuds and smacks, which were accompanied by loud screams. It only stopped when Xiuban noticed that Lin Yun had disappeared into his living quarters. Only then did Xiuban wipe the cold sweat off his forehead before shaking his head at the young, bloody man in front of him.

‘Although Lord Xiuban agrees with what you just said, Lord Xiuban is also helpless. But seriously saying such words in front of Sir Merlin, you truly don’t want to live...’

In the end, the Draconic Beastman held Carnage with one hand and grabbed Mark Watson’s robe with his other hand. He dragged him out of the camp like a dead animal and ruthlessly threw him out.

As he was lying there on the ground, Mark Watson truly felt like crying...

But he knew he had to endure. He could only let it out once he met his teacher...

Indeed, he was planning on reporting this matter to his teacher, who had become a High Rank Archmage many years ago. He would ask him to take care of Mafa Merlin!

“Mafa Merlin, wait for me...”

Mark Watson turned towards the Merlin Family’s camp and after a long glance, an icy smile appeared on his face. After resting for a while, he slowly dragged his body back to the Watson Family’s camp while cursing the whole way.

By the time he was back, quite a while had passed. He quickly found the incomparably huge living area within the camp. “Teacher Rhett...”

“Mark? What is it?” An aged voice came from the living quarters. “Come in first...”

“Yes, Teacher...”

Mark entered with apprehension, deeply lowering his head. He was still wearing his white robe, which was now covered in blood and soil.

There was only one old man within these huge living quarters. He was a thin, old man with a grizzled beard and wearing a gray robe. He didn’t look particularly special, but the young genius’ attitude towards him, as well as the pressure that he emitted, indicated that this definitely wasn’t an ordinary old man.

“What is it?”

Rhett looked at Mark Watson’s current appearance and couldn’t help frowning, his eyes becoming somewhat icy.

“Tea... Teacher... The commander of the Merlin Family, Mafa Merlin, called me to their camp this afternoon to talk about something. But by the time I reached their camp, those damn Merlins insulted

the Watson Family in front of me. I naturally couldn't let it go, so I started arguing with them, but those guys were completely unreasonable and didn't even put Teacher in their eyes."

Mark acted very humble and deeply lowered his head. He had already prepared a good excuse and described himself as being a victim of bullying.

He naturally wouldn't say that he had been beaten by a Peak 9th Rank Expert Swordsman... And a Beastman at that...

That was too shameful...

After hearing Mark's story, the old man's expression didn't change at all as he calmly studied Mark. After half a minute, he broke the silence. "Mark, tell me the truth, did you take the initiative to go to the Merlin Family?"

Mark felt a surge of apprehension when he heard this, and he even started stammering. "Eh... This... Teacher... You..."

He hadn't expected that the lie he had been crafting on his way back would be exposed by his teacher, Rhett.

"Haha..."

Seeing how Mark reacted, Rhett got the answer he wanted and helplessly shook his head. He naturally understood the character of his disciple. He couldn't have been invited by the Merlin Family. Most likely, he had gone to their camp to cause trouble.

"Teacher, I... I was wrong..."

"Alright Mark, I understand what happened. No one can bully my disciples without paying the price, and the Merlin Family is no exception..." Rhett gently waved his hand with a disdainful expression. "The Merlin Family's commander is that youth called Mafa? I heard he was only a 6th Rank High Mage."

Although Rhett had many disciples with no lack of outstanding Archmages among them, the one he cared the most about was definitely Mark Watson.

At 35, he had already become an Archmage. There were very few such geniuses in the entire Andlusa Kingdom.

This cherished disciple would definitely become a High Rank Archmage... It was only a matter of time.

Mark might be able to surpass him in less than a hundred years.

The pampered disciple that would inherit his legacy in the future was now looking like this. How could he not get angry?

Although he didn't show it, he was extremely angry.

"Yes, Mafa Merlin is only a 6th Rank High Mage..." Mark was stunned at first before starting to feel happy. He suppressed the excitement within his heart and answered his teacher's question with a gentle tone.

From his teacher's words, he knew that Mafa Merlin would run out of luck...

Mark understood the best how terrifying his teacher his was.

Rhett had already been a High Rank Archmage for a few decades, and ten years ago, in a Planar War, Rhett had overwhelmingly defeated two hostile High Rank Archmages and reversed the course of the war. Ever since then, Rhett became a Representative of the Watson Family's Ancestral Land Council.

But Mark, who was feeling overjoyed, suddenly recalled something. His expression suddenly became more muted as he said, "Teacher, this Mafa Merlin seems to have a pretty good relationship with the Black Tower..."

To be more accurate, he recalled his meeting with Weiss in the Flame Demon Fort a month ago.

Back then, Weiss was very friendly with Mafa Merlin.

This couldn't help but make Mark question what sort of relationship there was between Mafa Merlin and the Black Tower.

If there was no special relationship, then as a 6th Rank High Mage, Mafa would be nothing more than an insignificant obstacle, and there would be no problem if he was killed by Rhett.

But if by any chance...

"Haha, you don't need to be worried about this..." Rhett glanced at his disciple and grinned. "There is no use even if Mafa Merlin truly is on good terms with the Black Tower. They only care about benefits. As long as they feel like it's more beneficial to do so, the Black Tower will definitely abandon Mafa Merlin. Alright, Mark, let me handle this matter. You have been injured so heavily, you should go rest..." Rhett was already coming up with a plan as he said this.

In fact, he had come here after the three major forces captured the Horn of Fertility and naturally knew that the Merlin Family was occupying the most fertile area.

He had some designs on that fertile area.

If the Watson Family could obtain that land, it would mean an increase in the steady flow of resources, ores, and other alchemy materials. The power of the Watson Family would quickly increase and they would be able to pull ahead of the other forces.

But he had some apprehensions...

The agreement between both Families' Ancestral Lands to go to the Volcanic Mountain Range and explore the ruins left behind by the Ancestor had yet to be carried out. Only the power of the Merlin Family's Ancestral Land could make him so afraid, especially that Oren Merlin who had been alive for close to a millennium. A certain Heaven Rank of the Watson Family had once fought a fierce battle against Oren, and he had not been able to defeat him.

It was bound to have a great impact if he rashly made a move against the Merlin Family's Planar Legion in the Horn of Fertility. Those powerhouses of the Ancestral Land would most likely be dispatched.

The gains definitely wouldn't make up for the losses.

Thus, he had to think of a way to plunder their resources while weakening the Merlin Family and also forcing them to suffer in silence.

But would there be such an easy method where he could get the best of both worlds?

However...

Earlier Mark had said: "Mafa Merlin seems to have a pretty good relationship with the Black Tower..."

This gave Rhett an idea. 'Right, how could I forget the Black Tower?'

The Watson Family could unite with the Black Tower to handle the Merlin Family in the Horn of Fertility and divide their fertile land.

He didn't particularly mind the division of the benefits. The key point here was to cripple the Merlin Family's influence.

Thinking about it...

If the Black Tower was the one making a move on the Merlin Family, no matter how unreasonable the people of the Ancestral Land were, would they dare to retaliate against the Black Tower?

They would only be able to suffer in silence.

As for Mafa Merlin, whether he had a good relationship with the Black Tower or not, Rhett truly didn't care.