

Sixth 131

Chapter 131: Choice

"Manager? Hello, Mr. Salin." Herag looked puzzled for a moment and then greeted.

Salin sat down on the sofa opposite Herag and said, "Some time ago, you were attacked by Malcolm. There are some things I've wanted to ask you. However, I didn't come before because you were seriously injured. Do you mind if I ask you some questions now?"

"You can." Herag nodded.

Salin then said, "Why did Malcolm specifically come to hunt you down? Batty claims it has something to do with his brother's death, is that true?"

"To be precise, I witnessed his brother's death, but I had nothing to do with it. At that time I was just a First-Class Wizard Apprentice, and Lune was a Third-Class Wizard Apprentice. I didn't have the ability to kill him then."

Lying in front of a powerful Official Wizard was obviously not a good choice, so Herag didn't lie, he just left some things unsaid.

Salin did not dwell deeply on this issue as this was not the purpose of his visit.

He continued, "From my observations, you seem to not plan on staying in the Moonlight Forest in the future?"

Herag thought for a moment and nodded, "I like freedom more."

Salin continued, "But now there's a problem. Once you leave the Moonlight Forest, it's hard to escape Malcolm's pursuit. If that's the case, would you still choose to leave the Moonlight Forest?"

This was actually something Herag had been considering recently. He didn't think that by becoming an Official Wizard he could immediately defeat Malcolm; that was unrealistic.

At that time, without signing a contract with the Moonlight Forest, he couldn't stay there, and once he left, he would have to face Malcolm, who might come after him at any time.

But the cost of staying was signing a hundred-year contract with the Moonlight Forest.

It wasn't about the time, Herag was more concerned that the contract's constraints were too strong, with life and death in the hands of others.

Seeing Herag hesitated, Salin said, "You can think about it slowly, but you should know, once you are promoted to an Official Wizard, we can't keep you in the Moonlight Forest. At that time your contract will automatically end, and you will not belong to our Moonlight Forest. We cannot let an Official Wizard who does not belong to us stay in the organization."

His meaning was clear: even a newly promoted Official Wizard was still an Official Wizard.

If there wasn't enough trust, it would be impossible to let him roam in the Moonlight Forest.

And the only way to gain trust was to sign a contract.

Herag was not in a hurry to make a decision and said solemnly, "Mr. Salin, I still need to think about this issue."

Salin nodded, "Hmm, you still have enough time to consider. But I hope you can think about it for your own benefit, and what is the best choice."

"Thank you, Mr. Salin."

...

Salin didn't stay long before leaving. It seemed he just wanted to see what Herag thought this time.

Herag suddenly realized that if it were an ordinary Third-Class Wizard Apprentice, the manager of the Moonlight Forest wouldn't have come to ask these questions.

Perhaps because he endured for so long in Malcolm's hands, it led him to truly enter the sights of the Moonlight Forest's management.

At this time, Herag was also considering whether to stay in the Moonlight Forest. He planned to wait for Larry to come and ask for his opinion.

If it weren't for the issue with Malcolm, he definitely wouldn't stay.

But who would have thought, Malcolm actually retrieved Lune's soul.

Herag guessed that Lune most likely died in the Abyss Plane, and his soul wasn't in this world at all, which was why Malcolm took so much time to summon Lune's soul back.

"Abyss Plane..."

Thinking of this, Herag also remembered the wooden plate in the Space Ring.

He had been pondering why he encountered Shivara at that time, why he entered that strange space, and has no answer yet.

Shortly after Salin left, Larry also arrived.

After Herag talked with Larry for a while, Larry glanced at Bessie, and Bessie tactfully went downstairs: "You two chat first."

Larry smiled apologetically, and after she left, said to Herag: "Actually, your problem is that staying in the Moonlight Forest means facing a century-long contract, leaving the Moonlight Forest means facing Malcolm's threat. In fact, there is a way that can perfectly solve these two problems."

"What problem?" Herag asked.

Larry smiled, "That is, work with me."

"What do you mean, teacher..." Herag thought, even if he worked with Mr. Larry, he couldn't stay within the Moonlight Forest.

Even Larry couldn't let an Official Wizard who didn't belong to the Moonlight Forest stay within the organization.

"I come from a Pure-blood Wizard Family, our family has a large Magic Potion Garden in Kent Valley. After you become an Official Wizard, if you don't know where to go, you can spend some time there. Help me manage the Magic Potion Garden, and sometimes there will be some magic potion orders for you, and we will split the money proportionally."

"We won't sign any contract. When you want to leave, just let me know. You can cultivate there with peace of mind, because that's the territory of our Cheqi Family, Malcolm won't dare to go there and cause you trouble."

Larry said this very confidently, and he had the confidence to back it up.

Only a family that has had Official Wizards for at least three consecutive generations can be called a Pure-blood Wizard Family, each with deep roots.

They don't belong to any Wizard Organization because they are essentially a Wizard Organization themselves, with a complete system.

Larry's contract with Moonlight Forest is also just an employment contract, which can be terminated at any time, he was invited to join the Moonlight Forest.

Herag felt this option was quite good, not being constrained and having a relatively safe environment to cultivate.

He believed that as long as he had enough time, with his efforts and excellent mind, and with a little help from Shenlan, surpassing Malcolm was only a matter of time.

Although Herag had made up his mind, he still asked, "Teacher, are you sure it's safe there?"

Larry laughed at his question, "Rest assured, a Pure-blood Wizard Family has more cohesion than a general Wizard Organization, that's common knowledge. No one would easily provoke a Pure-blood Wizard Family."

Pure-blood Wizard Families are known for their protectiveness. After Herag joins, even though he's not blood-related, he's considered one of their own.

If Malcolm really dared to go to the Cheqi Family's territory to deal with Herag, then he would surely face the wrath of the entire Cheqi Family, as this would be the most serious provocation to a Pure-blood Wizard Family.

"Then I'll follow you, teacher." Herag smiled.

Larry patted his shoulder, "Cultivate well, and be promoted to an Official Wizard as soon as possible. Once you become strong yourself, you won't need to rely on external forces."

Chapter 132: Necromancy

Larry's words echoed Herag's own thoughts.

Only by being strong oneself can one face everything without relying on external forces.

Two days later.

"Herag Merlin: Power 8.6, Agility 7.7, Constitution 9.3, Spirit 19.7, Magic Power 100%."

Herag completed the meditation for the twelfth star, but his injuries were still not fully healed, and he needed Bessie to help him walk.

He counted the Magic Stones in his Space Ring, and there were over two thousand three hundred pieces.

"Since I've decided to leave after becoming an Official Wizard, I should make use of this time before leaving," thought Herag.

To him, the most useful things in the Moonlight Forest are the various resources and knowledge.

Herag planned to use the Magic Stones he had to exchange for resources and knowledge before leaving.

Many pieces of knowledge are relatively easy to acquire within the Wizard Organization, but once outside, it's not so easy.

The first thing Herag planned to learn was knowledge of Necromancy, about which he knew very little.

To inherit knowledge of Necromancy, he needed to find an Official Wizard in the Moonlight Forest to study with, which would likely be costly, but Herag could afford it.

Ten days later, in town.

"How do you feel?" Larry asked.

Herag stretched his muscles: "Basically recovered."

"Yes, your constitution is strong, which is an important reason for your quick recovery," Larry nodded.

Herag smiled and said, "It's also thanks to the Magic Potions the teacher prepared, otherwise I would still be bedridden."

During this time, Larry had specially concocted some Magic Potions according to Herag's injuries, which were very effective for his recovery.

"You should also thank Bessie; she has been taking care of you all this time," Larry said while sipping coffee.

Herag sighed, "I'm destined to leave; even at your place, teacher, I probably won't stay long."

He was confident in his advancement speed; the further he progressed, the more resources he would need.

At the Level 1 Wizard stage, he could still obtain the resources he needed here, but if he became a Level 2 or even Level 3 Wizard, he would have to go elsewhere.

Bessie was just a Third Class Wizard Apprentice and couldn't possibly follow him around forever.

Moreover, Bessie herself had already given up her own practice; her goal was to create a Pure-blood Wizard Family, which was not something that could be accomplished in a short time.

Herag did not want to become a breeding horse; his focus remained on enhancing his own strength.

He thought about the Necromancy knowledge and asked, "Teacher, do you know which wizard in the forest teaches Necromancy knowledge?"

"Necromancy? Lady Moran is very proficient in it. I can ask her if she has any free time recently. However, why do you want to learn Necromancy? Learning too much knowledge can make you unfocused," Larry reminded him.

Herag understood his point. It was difficult for ordinary Wizard Apprentices to balance multiple fields of knowledge.

A single discipline like Magic Potion could consume most of their time and energy. Necromancy knowledge is no simpler than Magic Potion, and might be even more profound and complex.

"I am preparing for the future; for now, I am just going to accumulate the knowledge I need and digest it gradually," Herag explained.

Larry thought it made sense; once outside, such knowledge would not be as easy to acquire.

He took out a Talisman Stone and sent a few messages. After a while, he said, "Lady Moran agreed. The basic Necromancy knowledge inheritance requires one hundred Magic Stones. If you're willing, you can visit her at No. 6 in D District this afternoon, she happens to be free."

D District was not far, and Herag arrived after walking for more than ten minutes.

He followed the signs for a bit before seeing Lady Moran's No. 6 house.

This house was quite different from Larry's, with only three floors and a small yard outside where several carnivorous plants with bloodthirsty mouths grew.

The plants sensed Herag's approach and all raised their heads to look at him, mouths open with saliva dripping from their edges.

Herag stood at the gate, unsure whether to enter.

He wasn't afraid of the plants, but worried they might damage themselves biting his Shield.

"Come in, these little darlings are just curious about you. They won't bite," came a very pleasant voice from inside the house.

Herag, watching the predatory plants, cautiously entered, keeping an eye on their movements.

If they attacked, he could dodge in the first instance given his speed.

The surrounding plants fixed their eyes on Herag, watching him walk to the door.

Herag knocked on the door, "Lady Moran, I'm Herag, Larry's student."

"Come in."

The door opened automatically, and a cold breeze blew from inside, giving Herag a slight chill.

He entered the room, finding it dimly lit, with just a few oil lamps illuminating the corners.

The room had a strong smell of preservatives mixed with kerosene, which was quite pungent.

Herag didn't understand why there were kerosene lamps, as Fluorescent Stones were typically used for lighting due to their brightness; kerosene lamps were too dim.

In front of him was a square table with a book and a bottle of green unknown liquid atop it, bubbling greenly.

Behind the table was a small figure in black robes, whose appearance was indistinguishable.

Herag didn't dare to easily probe, needing to be cautious in the presence of an Official Wizard.

"You want to learn the basic knowledge of Necromancy?" came the melodious voice from under the black robe.

Herag nodded, "Yes, here's the tuition."

He took out a small pouch containing one hundred Magic Stones.

Feeling a force pulling, Herag released the pouch, which floated to the table.

Moran's hand hidden beneath the black robe waved, and a glass bottle floated to Herag.

Herag caught the bottle and found the liquid inside was similar to beer.

"This contains the basic knowledge of Necromancy, drink it here," Moran emphasized the last words.

Herag nodded to show he understood; it was to prevent him from selling it the moment he left.

He uncorked the bottle and sniffed, finding it smelled like beer, though the fermentation odor was slightly stronger.

Herag tipped back his head and drained it in one go.

The liquid melted in his mouth, disappearing without entering his stomach.

Soon, Herag felt a swelling in his head, as various information poured into his mind.

"This is a knowledge transfer."

Herag quickly realized and controlled his Spiritual Power, accepting the influx of information.

After half an hour, Herag found his mind filled with many necromantic concepts.

Subjects on malevolent thoughts, Evil Spirits, and some foundational knowledge and theories about souls.

"You have now mastered the basic knowledge of Necromancy and can learn some basic Necromancy spells. Hehe," Moran's voice was as melodious as a nightingale, with an endearing laugh that uplifted the spirit.

Chapter 133: Footsteps That Never Departed

Hearing Moran say this, Herag sensed that her implication was whether he should purchase more Necromancy.

He asked, "Does Lady Moran have any recommended Necromancy?"

Moran did not rush to answer the question but instead said, "Have you encountered an Evil Spirit before?"

Herag was taken aback for a moment, then said, "Yes, but it was quite some time ago. Can Lady Moran actually still sense it?"

It had been more than a year since the incident in Valley Town.

"The aura of an Evil Spirit doesn't wash off with a bath. To me, the smell is as fresh as if you just stepped in dog poop," Moran chuckled.

Herag scratched the back of his head, "Lady Moran, will this aura harm me? Is there any way to remove it?"

He was completely unaware that he had the aura of an Evil Spirit on him; he never sensed it at all.

"For ordinary people, it's a terrifying aura that could torture them to death, but for you, it doesn't have much impact, just makes you more easily attract Evil Spirits. Solving it is simple, just buy some Magic from me, and I'll help you remove it."

Moran then added, "For you, I suggest learning Undead Perception, Crown of Evil Thoughts, and Undead Sword, these three Level 0 Spells."

"Undead Perception allows you to sense or even see the presence of a Spirit Body."

"Crown of Evil Thoughts is a Necromancy defense technique that gives you some protection against evil thoughts."

"Undead Sword is an offensive Necromancy that can condense an Undead Magic Sword, dealing direct damage to Spirit Bodies. Since you're specialized in the Dark Energy Element, you can infuse Dark Energy Particles into the magic sword to enhance its power."

Herag was quite satisfied with these three spells and asked, "How much for these three spells in Magic Stones?"

"Five Magic Stones each, for a total of fifteen," Moran replied.

Herag immediately took out fifteen Magic Stones to complete the transaction and obtained the Spell Model Books for the three spells.

These three spells provided him with some basic means to deal with Evil Spirits, so he wouldn't be completely helpless.

"Now, I'll help you remove the Evil Spirit aura from you," Moran said softly.

Herag respectfully said, "Thank you, Lady Moran."

Moran extended her left hand from under the black robe, a very fair, delicate hand that looked like a child's hand.

She spread her palm upward, revealing a tiny crack in it, which quickly expanded into a mouth that even spat out a tongue.

This mouth slowly opened, expelling a black beetle with two large pincers.

"Go on, devour it, little darling," Moran said very gently.

The black beetle spread its wings and flew up, circling Herag a few times before stopping above his head.

Thud! Thud!

A series of footsteps sounded, and Herag instantly found the sound familiar, suddenly recalling, "Isn't this that strange footsteps from Valley Town..."

Back then, this step had been following him until he entered the cave of the Ancient Stone Slab, where the sound stopped.

When he left the cave after dawn, the footsteps did not continue.

He thought the footsteps, like other Evil Spirits, vanished with daylight, only to hear it once more now.

This indicates that the footsteps had clung to him the entire time, never leaving.

Realizing this, Herag broke out in cold sweat because if he hadn't come to Lady Moran today, he might have never noticed its existence.

Although he hadn't faced trouble so far, it was like a ticking time bomb, ready to go off any day.

"You really encountered something daunting, yet I didn't expect you'd be standing here alive in front of me," Moran said casually.

The black beetle emitted a faint screech, its footsteps soon hastening, as if in a rush.

A massive phantom arose from the beetle, and Herag glanced at it, realizing it was an enormous beetle phantom.

The beetle's pincers gripped towards Herag's back, pulling out a mass of gray mist, then gobbled it down.

Herag clearly heard that the footsteps came from within that mist.

After the gray mist was devoured by the beetle, there were still echoes inside the beetle, but they soon faded.

Herag asked, "What is this thing? An Evil Spirit?"

Moran's voice turned more serious as she furrowed her brows and said, "This is a mix of an Evil Spirit and some kind of curse, adept at hiding. I only sensed the Evil Spirit aura on you but didn't expect it to conceal such a thing that even the defensive Witch Array of Moonlight Forest couldn't detect."

"What would happen if this thing stayed inside me?" Herag was also increasingly apprehensive, realizing more about the dangers of strange places like Valley Town.

He vowed never to venture into such places lightly again!

Moran said, "It seemed to have considered you a nutrient, parasitizing deep within your body. Luckily, you're currently quite weak, preventing its growth. Otherwise, I can't predict what kind of existence it might have become."

"There have been similar incidents before - a kingdom was destroyed because of it."

Herag didn't imagine this thing would be so troublesome, even making a Necromancy specialist and Official Wizard like Moran find it tricky.

He asked, "Am I fine now?"

Still slightly worried, he feared there might be remnants inside him, posing a significant potential threat.

"This is a piece of Demonized Items called a Soul-devouring Crystal," Moran said, holding a necklace with a rhombus-shaped crystal at its base.

She continued, "It has an Enchantment of my own Witch Array design, capable of sensing Evil Spirit presence, defending against them, and highly repelling them. As long as you wear it, any leftovers will eventually get cleared. Remember, when the crystal turns red, it means an Evil Spirit is near. The stronger the Evil Spirit, the redder the crystal."

"If your crystal feels hot and burns, then you might want to consider finding a decent grave for yourself."

Moran said the last part with humor, seemingly trying to spook Herag.

Herag bluntly asked, "How much?"

"Five hundred Magic Stones."

Herag hesitated for a moment but eventually forked out five hundred Magic Stones.

This is the only place in Moonlight Forest and pretty much anywhere you can get such an item.

Magic Stones are only useful when converted into resources, and this crystal was invaluable to him, making the painful expense necessary.

He had heard of Witch Arrays, a subject only Official Wizards can research, with a vastly extensive and complex knowledge base.

After handing over the Soul-devouring Crystal to Herag, Moran gazed at the pile of Magic Stones and laughed, "Alchemists really are wealthy. I just tossed out a random number."

"What? Just a random number?" Herag exclaimed in surprise.

Moran laughed into her hand, "Just teasing you. This thing really costs five hundred Magic Stones. Ask Larry, if you don't believe me."

Chapter 134: The Plan

Herag listened to her pleasant voice and suddenly felt that Necromancers might not be so terrifying after all.

In previous rumors, Necromancers were described as dealing with corpses all day, and the depiction was quite frightening.

Lady Moran seemed pretty normal right now, and her voice was pleasant.

"Shenlan, scan the Soul-devouring Crystal." Herag asked Shenlan to check, just to avoid being tricked.

Even though he wouldn't dare to say anything if he were tricked, the deal was done, but he needed to understand.

"Scanning in progress..."

"Scan complete, extremely intricate Magic Power operation structure discovered inside, currently lacking relevant knowledge."

After Shenlan provided a response, Herag felt relieved.

Inside the crystal is a Witch Array, and Shenlan currently lacks relevant knowledge records.

"Have you ever had nightmares while sleeping? That thing should appear in your sleep and affect you somewhat." Moran asked.

"Sleep? I don't sleep; it's all replaced by Meditation." Herag said, rubbing the back of his head.

"..."

"Alright, time is running out, you better leave now." Moran said lightly.

"Time is running out?" Herag felt something weird about it as he diligently prepared to leave.

He bowed to Moran and said, "Thank you, Lady Moran. I won't disturb you further."

"Mm~" Moran's voice was much quieter, still trembling.

Herag's scalp tingled, and he quickened his steps to leave, his intuition telling him not to linger.

...

Back home, Herag lit the fireplace, warming up the room considerably, then brewed a cup of coffee and began digesting the basic knowledge of Necromancy he acquired.

This set of knowledge was directly transmitted into his mind, requiring him to digest, understand, and absorb it.

Herag had Shenlan record all this knowledge, and then he began to review it himself.

Soon it was the middle of the night; Herag rubbed his forehead, feeling slightly tired after a day of learning.

Having just recovered from a major illness, his physical condition was still inferior to before, making fatigue come easily.

"Too bad I can't learn Level 1 Spells..."

Herag lay on the bed contemplating his future plans.

Inside the Moonlight Forest, Wizard Apprentices can only buy or exchange Level 0 Spells, and all Level 1 Spells aren't allowed to be traded or taught to Wizard Apprentices.

Only Third Class Wizard Apprentices, who are about to advance to Official Wizards, can buy a Level 1 Spell after approval and registration by Moonlight Forest as their Talent Spell.

However, according to the usual procedure, at this time, most Third Class Wizard Apprentices have decided to stay in Moonlight Forest and can obtain a Level 1 Spell for free.

It's rare for someone like Herag who has the hope to advance to Official Wizard yet doesn't stay in Moonlight Forest.

Even though Herag plans to follow the path of Great Dark Heaven in the future, he hasn't considered abandoning spells. Body and spell dual cultivation is the right path, trying his best to enhance his strength comprehensively.

Level 1 Spells can only be purchased through Larry's family channel later, there's currently no way to buy them in Moonlight Forest.

While pondering, Herag entered the meditation state, with Shenlan analyzing the three spells obtained today, preparing to construct the Spell Models for these three spells.

...

On the following day, Bessie brought some fruit to visit Herag.

After taking and placing the items down, Herag said to Bessie, "Tell me the details of your injury process again."

He thought about it, realizing Bessie had been devotedly taking care of him over this period, feeling he should return the favor somehow.

Though they couldn't start a family and form a Pure-blood Wizard Family with her, perhaps he could help solve the issue of her Spiritual Power not being able to continue growing.

He had Shenlan, maybe a solution could be found.

Of course, even if Shenlan found a solution, Herag wouldn't immediately solve Bessie's problem.

After all, this was an issue even Mr. Larry was helpless against, solving it in such a short time would be too unreasonable.

Herag's plan was, if Shenlan could solve Bessie's problem, to wait until he advanced to Official Wizard and stayed in the Magic Potion Garden of the Cheqi Family for a while.

Then solve Bessie's problem at that time, making it look more reasonable and less conspicuous.

Even Larry would simply think Herag paid special attention to Bessie's issue, spending a lot of time researching until a solution was found.

Bessie shook her head, "Don't bother, Mr. Larry had no solution, and I've resigned myself."

"You never know unless you try." Herag smiled.

He didn't dare make any promises, fearing to give Bessie hope only to turn it into despair.

Seeing his persistence, Bessie said, "I was hit by Soul Scream at close range, and I was already severely injured at the time, utterly defenseless. This spell caused irreversible damage to my Spiritual Power."

Herag pondered, "Shenlan, scan Bessie, analyze if her Spiritual Power issue can be resolved."

"Task logged, execution underway."

One minute later.

"Scan complete; after calculations and analysis, the task simulation plan is expected to take 7 hours."

Herag glanced at Shenlan's result, which required seven hours to simulate.

The result of the simulation was currently uncertain, not necessarily a solution.

Herag then said, "It is indeed troublesome, I'll think of a way."

Bessie chuckled wryly, "Don't bother anymore; focus on preparing to advance to Official Wizard, no need to waste time on me."

"It's okay, I'll think about it while idle." Herag waved his hand.

After they shared a simple meal, Bessie left.

Now that Herag had completely recovered, she didn't want to disturb him much, nor did she mention forming a Pure-blood Wizard Family together, genuinely interacting as friends.

At night.

"Task completed, Bessie's Spiritual Power issue can be resolved with the following formula: 10 grams of Mermaid Scale, 12 grams of Lightning Flower..."

Herag didn't expect Shenlan to actually provide a solution; from the formula, these Magic Potion Materials weren't rare, with no uncommon ingredients.

Of course, the actual effect needs to be seen through Herag's experimentation.

However, since Shenlan could provide a specific formula, it indicated that Bessie's problem wasn't unsolvable.

Even if the formula had issues, adjustments could be made through experiments to finally get the correct Magic Potion formula.

The fact that Larry didn't come up with a solution doesn't mean his expertise was lacking.

Shenlan stores a vast amount of data, with capabilities of processing and analyzing data far exceeding human minds.

Even though Wizards have Spiritual Power far surpassing ordinary people, they still have limitations.

Shenlan can select necessary data from massive datasets, then integrate and process it for solving specific problems.

Given enough time to Larry, he would eventually experiment to find an effective formula, but the Duration remains unknown.

Larry wouldn't spend so much time on this matter.

Though the formula was acquired, Herag set it aside for now, currently unable to resolve Bessie's issue.

In the following two months, Herag focused on learning and cultivation, leading a peaceful life.

The thirteenth star Meditation was completed, but simultaneously trouble came.

Moonlight Forest arranged new tasks again.

Chapter 135: Garrison Duty

"Task: Guard the Moonlight Forest station for one month."

The task seemed simple; it was just about guarding the station.

Although the Moonlight Forest station bordered the Green Cottage, it was still within the Moonlight Forest.

Performing a task at this place wouldn't be risky unless there was an enemy attack.

The Moonlight Forest station was relatively close to the Northern Forest Region, which was convenient.

...

"Herag, are you okay?"

As Herag got off the carriage, he looked up to see the chubby Wizard Fred.

The two of them were assigned the same task again. It seemed the Moonlight Forest was really short of people now.

"I've fully recovered," Herag nodded and said.

Fred leaned in and smiled, "That's good. This task is much better; there's no danger. Including you and me, there are four Third Class Wizard Apprentices and one Official Wizard stationed."

He continued, "Actually, with the barrier, we don't even need to guard it. Breaking the barrier would require a power we can't defend against."

Herag looked into the distance and saw the barrier covering half of the Moonlight Forest.

The Moonlight Forest station was much smaller than the Western Mountains and lacked tall walls. It was just an ordinary three-story building.

The Official Wizard stationed here wasn't present, leaving an eye on the rooftop. He would come only if there was a problem, as the town was nearby. Such was the privilege of an Official Wizard.

Herag and the others' task was to stay at the station. If they wished to leave, they had to inform the Official Wizard and could temporarily leave only with permission.

The second and third floors of the three-story building were for accommodation, and they could distribute the rooms freely among themselves.

Herag found a room on the second floor and moved in. Fred was next door.

After a brief tidy-up, Herag went to the entrance of the Moonlight Forest and felt quite sentimental looking at the familiar surroundings.

Following the entrance, he walked in and through Shenlan saw the sleeping mushrooms buried underground. He no longer needed to dig them up.

Herag wandered inside the Moonlight Forest and even saw some traces left by his previous battles.

He didn't go deep, only looked around the entrance area.

A bit further was the place where Lune and the other two had been killed by Shivara.

Recently, Herag had been researching this matter. Normally, demons from the Abyss Plane, like Shivara, shouldn't appear here.

The only explanation was that Lune and the others summoned Shivara themselves, which is why they were chased down.

"But there's another question, why were we in that strange space at that time..."

Herag still couldn't figure out how he and Lune ended up in that strange space.

...

Late at night, Herag lay in bed meditating.

The sound of Fred snoring next door was particularly loud, but fortunately, Herag didn't need sleep; otherwise, he wouldn't be able to sleep at all.

"Hmm?"

Herag suddenly felt a disturbance in his space ring and saw that the wooden disk was emitting a faint yellow glow, floating up.

He remembered that the last time he encountered Shivara, it was this wooden disk that glowed, shattering the space and leaving that place.

"Why is it glowing again?" Herag's expression became serious. If he faced Shivara again, it would be troublesome, as even an Official Wizard had difficulty handling it.

If it weren't for the mysterious toad last time, he would have died there.

Herag suddenly felt something was wrong, then realized, "The snoring stopped."

Fred snored all night when he slept, but suddenly it was gone now.

He glanced at the room and noticed something was off.

The entire room, including the bed, was covered in a thick layer of dust, as if it hadn't been lived in for years.

"Evil spirit perception."

After releasing his evil spirit perception, Herag detected no traces of evil spirits.

He then took out the soul-devouring crystal. Everything seemed normal, indicating that at least for now, no evil spirits were present.

Herag got out of bed, moving lightly, but still stirred up a large amount of dust.

He quickly equipped a shield to block the dust.

The furnishings in the room were the same as before; nothing had been moved.

He approached the desk and discovered that the quill had completely decayed.

Herag touched it, and it crumbled. It was unclear how many years it had been here to rot like this.

Looking out the window, he noticed it was actually daytime outside, though the sky was somewhat dim.

"It was clearly midnight just a moment ago."

Herag thought for a moment and used the Starry Sky Meditation Technique to find the position of the stars.

As expected, the stars above were different.

"Shenlan, compare it with the starry sky we saw when we encountered Shivara," Herag instructed.

Shenlan quickly provided an answer, "Compared to that time, the stars' positions have shifted slightly but are generally consistent."

"It seems we're in that space again," Herag sighed, uncertain how to leave this time.

He walked across the floor to leave the room. The floor let out a piercing creak, as if it couldn't bear the weight and might collapse at any moment.

Once outside, Herag looked up to see a massive blood moon hanging in the sky.

The surroundings were desolate, the ground a gray-white.

The wooden disk in Herag's hand grew increasingly bright, transforming into a ball of light before disappearing.

"Hmm? Where did it go?"

Herag glanced around but couldn't find a trace of the wooden disk; it had simply vanished.

"Unknown imprint detected entering the body!" Shenlan suddenly warned.

Following Shenlan's instruction, Herag raised his left hand and found a faint imprint in his palm. The pattern was identical to the Sixth Ring Tower carved on the wooden disk.

He touched it and felt nothing, then asked, "Shenlan, check what this is, its function, and if it's harmful."

"Lack of relevant data, specific information unknown."

Not having any clues from his palm, Herag decided to leave it for the moment.

What mattered most now was finding a way out of this place.

Knowing nothing about this place, he couldn't predict what might happen.

Herag took a few steps forward, intending to search for any valuable clues, as he couldn't just stay idle.

"Damn it! You stepped on me!" came a cursing voice from beneath his feet.

Looking down, Herag saw a stone with a mouth and eyes glaring at him angrily, continuing to curse.

"Sorry, I didn't notice. Can you tell me where this is?" Herag asked, finding it rare to encounter a talking creature—even if it was a stone—it might provide some information.

"Damn it! You stepped on me!"

"Damn it! You stepped on me!"

"Damn it! You stepped on me!"

...

To his dismay, the stone only kept repeating that phrase, making Herag feel uneasy.

Chapter 136: Farewell, Toad

Herag promptly cast an Absolute Defense on himself, then kicked the stone away with one swift motion.

The stone was much heavier than it appeared, but with Herag's power, he could still kick it away.

After the stone flew far, the cursing sound could no longer be heard, and Herag felt inexplicably relieved.

Only then did he realize that he was drenched in sweat, completely unaware of these changes just moments before.

Herag glanced in the direction where the stone had fallen and turned back to the dilapidated inn beside him.

He pondered, "This place is too dangerous; even a random stone poses a threat."

Herag was contemplating whether to stay here or continue exploring other places. Without understanding this place, there was no significant difference between the two choices—just a matter of luck.

While he was pondering by the inn, he suddenly heard a slight sound on his right.

Herag looked up to see a palm-sized black humanoid creature.

This thing had limbs and a tail, was entirely black, and emitted a metallic sheen.

Herag sensed a tremendous threat from this small creature and immediately cast various Beneficial Spells on himself.

The black little man also noticed Herag and fixed its gaze directly on him.

A spark of electricity flashed across the black little man, then it disappeared.

The next moment, the black little man appeared in front of the Absolute Defense shield, punching it with a tiny fist.

The immense force sent Herag flying, the Absolute Defense shield still intact, not broken directly, but it seemed it wouldn't hold for much longer.

Herag had just gotten to his feet when the black little man charged again.

Herag took a deep breath, threw a punch, and collided with it.

Both retreated slightly, but Herag had to retreat a bit further.

In terms of power and speed, the black little man was somewhat stronger.

"I can't fight him head-on; if I continue, I'll surely die."

Herag observed that the punch just now had no effect on the black little man, whose defensive capabilities seemed very strong.

He took a deep breath, took a stance, then turned and ran.

The black little man was momentarily stunned, thinking Herag would go all out, but unexpectedly, he ran away.

Immediately, it followed, with electric sparks faintly flickering on its body.

The two pursued each other across the desolate, grayish-white land, with the black little man being much faster, but Herag had Flash, always able to pull away at critical moments.

"Why is it so relentless in pursuit?"

Herag couldn't understand why this black little man was so insane, persistently chasing him when he hadn't provoked it.

He turned back, conjured a Corrosive Arrow, and shot it at the black little man; the black little man didn't even dodge, charging straight through the Corrosive Arrow.

The Corrosive Arrow left not a mark on it, nor did it slow its speed.

"Strange, why is Magic Power not flowing smoothly here?"

Herag had felt something was off earlier but hadn't had time to notice due to the urgency of the situation.

It was only after casting a Corrosive Arrow that he realized his Magic Power flow was somewhat obstructed, and the spell's effectiveness was far weaker than before.

"Shenlan, what was the intensity of that Corrosive Arrow just now?"

"According to the calculation, 0.14 degrees."

The original Corrosive Arrow had an attack intensity of 0.2 degrees, now reduced to 0.14 degrees, a 30% decrease.

"Is it because of this Space?" Herag himself was in good condition without injury; it was unlikely the spell's attack intensity would arbitrarily decrease.

After thinking for a while, Herag felt that the Magic was probably suppressed here, leading to a reduction in intensity for both offensive and Defensive Magic.

Bang!

The black little man behind him suddenly accelerated with a flash of electricity, significantly increasing in Power, simultaneously shattering the Absolute Defense and knocking Herag flying.

Herag's entire body was sent sprawling, heavily colliding into a large stone.

"Cough... cough..."

Herag painfully got up, feeling as though his back was about to break.

The black little man relentlessly sped over at high speed, appearing before Herag in an instant.

Just as it was about to punch Herag in the face again, suddenly, a "Ribbit!" was heard.

The black little man hesitated, turning its head toward the sound.

There was a basketball-sized toad, looking at them.

The black little man was instantly engulfed in electric sparks all over its body and turned to run, not even glancing at Herag.

The toad stood still, opened its mouth, and rapidly stuck out its tongue.

By then, the black little man was already several hundred meters away, just a black dot, yet it was still caught by the toad's tongue and pulled back.

The toad captured the black little man and swallowed it whole, letting out a burp.

Herag witnessed everything, froze, and dared not move.

After eating the black little man, the toad slowly crawled towards Herag.

Herag didn't even think of escaping; this toad had eaten Shivara and the black little man, its Power was something he couldn't contend with now.

The black little man, capable as it was, couldn't escape, and neither could he.

The toad croaked a few times at Herag, seemingly speaking.

Herag smiled wryly, "Big brother, I don't understand."

The toad seemed to comprehend him, showing a thoughtful expression.

It then croaked once more at Herag, and Herag suddenly felt an influx of information into his mind.

This feeling was very similar to when he was learning Necromancy basics, almost identical.

"Can you understand now?" the toad croaked.

Though it was still croaking, Herag could now understand its meaning.

"Yes, can you tell me where this is?" Herag asked.

The toad spoke, "This is the Abyss Plane."

"It's really the Abyss Plane. Why did I end up here?" Herag had suspected it but thought it unrealistic.

Traveling between Planes is extremely difficult; just randomly ending up in the Abyss Plane seems impossible.

Upon hearing it was the Abyss Plane, Herag felt even more despair.

The Wizard World knew of the existence of other Planes, with many records in the Moonlight Forest.

In many of the powerful Wizard Organizations, people are often organized to explore and conquer newly discovered Planes.

These Planes generally have exceedingly rich resources; conquering them provides an infinite wealth of resources and riches.

Therefore, every newly discovered Plane represents enormous interests, attracting countless wizards to explore.

Given the inherent Power of wizards, there are few Planes that can compete with them.

Herag had read records that described wizards conquering countless Planes.

The Moonlight Forest used to be such a powerful Wizard Organization until it eventually declined.

Chapter 137: Abyss Plane

Moonlight Forest, Green Cottage, and other wizard organizations were once very powerful, and their bases were not in the present locations.

There's little information in this regard. According to what Herag has heard, these wizard organizations were driven here by even stronger wizard organizations.

Those stronger wizard organizations occupied places richer in resources and more conducive to cultivation.

However, although the Wizard World is powerful and has conquered many planes, there are still planes that even the Wizard World shies away from, the Abyss Plane is one of them.

In many people's minds, the Abyss Plane is synonymous with strength and horror.

In the Wizard World, many people pray to evil deities to quickly gain power, offering their souls, flesh, and other sacrifices to exchange for strong power.

These evil deities are basically powerful beings from the Abyss Plane, and any one of them has the power to destroy a single plane.

Herag understands why his magic power operates so awkwardly; it belongs to the power of the Wizard World.

It's like that between different planes, powers not belonging to this plane will be suppressed.

Herag's forehead was sweating: "No wonder even a random stone seems eerie, and any black imp can chase me down."

The toad looked at him and said: "I don't know why you ended up here either, but you carry an aura I'm familiar with, so I come looking for you every time you appear. Last time, the surrounding space was very unstable; it didn't last long and I didn't have a chance to speak with you."

"Familiar aura?" Herag felt a little confused.

"I also just woke up not long ago, and have forgotten many things. But the aura on you is very familiar, and it gives me a sense of being home." The toad said.

Herag noticed the words 'just woke up,' and asked: "Have you been asleep for a long time?"

In his cognition, many beings similar to evil gods, which are incredibly powerful, fall into slumber, possibly sleeping for tens of thousands of years.

The toad appeared to be reminiscing, shook its head: "I don't remember either, but it should have been very long, very long ago."

"What's the level of your strength? Evil god?" Herag asked.

The toad answered: "Evil god? You're referring to those lords, I should be a bit stronger than them. But now my power has decreased a lot; according to your Wizard World's system, I'm about at Fourth Ring to Fifth Ring level."

"Fourth Ring to Fifth Ring..." Herag was speechless, power equivalent to level 4-5 official wizard is described with 'just' and 'only'?

He thought for a moment, revealed the faint mark on his palm, and asked: "Do you know what this is?"

Herag thought, he was just a Third Class Wizard Apprentice, and in front of him was a level 4-5 bigshot; rather than running when he couldn't, it's better to seize the chance and ask.

The toad looked at the mark and realized: "So that's it, this is a planar coordinate."

"Planar coordinate?" It was the first time Herag heard about such a thing.

The toad explained: "Your planar coordinate is likely made using fragments of the Wizard World's plane, which automatically accumulates planar energy. Once full, it can lead to the Abyss Plane."

Herag, upon hearing this, quickly said: "Then, won't I automatically come here whenever it's full?"

The toad shook its head: "No, now this coordinate belongs to you. When the energy is full, whether to activate it depends on you. If you want to come here, just use your mind to communicate with the coordinate."

Herag finally felt relieved; having control in his own hands was fine.

Otherwise, every time this mark accumulates enough energy, it automatically triggers; constantly running to the Abyss Plane would be too dangerous.

"If I want to go back, do I also communicate with the coordinate using my mind?" Herag asked.

The toad said: "Yes, the time you can stay here each time is related to your strength. The stronger your power, the longer you can stay."

"So that's it, so the last time I left so quickly was because I was just a First-Class Wizard Apprentice..." Herag understood.

He immediately asked: "What was that black imp just now, so powerful?"

"It's just a regular demon, with a trace of the Thunder God Ancestor's bloodline, so it has a bit of strength." The toad explained.

"Thunder God Ancestor?"

The toad continued: "Ancestors are the origin of everything; it's not something you can access now, don't know too much."

Herag thought and asked: "Is the black imp I just ate still around, without being completely digested? I'd like to study its bloodline."

The toad listened and spat out a piece of black leg: "It should still be usable."

Herag picked up the leg, still covered in slime, and carefully preserved it.

This leg is very useful to him; after advancing to official wizard, he can see if the Great Dark Heaven could absorb the black imp's bloodline.

At this moment, the surrounding space suddenly started rippling, creating many ripples.

The toad said: "It's almost over, you're about to go back."

"Thank you for helping save me. By the way, what's your name?" Herag asked.

The toad showed a troubled expression, touching its head with some pain: "Name... I forgot. Luckily, the places you appeared were relatively close, so I've been able to make it. Next time, I may not be able to come so quickly, be careful out there."

Herag nodded, and just as he was about to speak, the surrounding scene changed instantly, and he was back in his own bedroom.

Looking down at his palm, the planar coordinate's mark was still faint.

The leg in the space ring was still there. Herag took out some simple equipment and prepared a simple magic potion to soak the leg, preserving it so it wouldn't spoil in a few days.

After these events, Herag suddenly had more ideas.

Since he has the ability to reach the Abyss Plane, he needs to fully utilize this ability's potential.

Currently, the strong bloodlines in the Abyss Plane are the greatest assistance for Herag.

He could rely on the Great Dark Heaven to indefinitely absorb these powerful bloodlines to enhance himself.

Although Herag cannot tackle those evil deities or ancestors, he could confront low-level demons with their bloodlines.

But this is just the plan ahead; even if Herag advances to official wizard, he won't enter the Abyss Plane in the short term.

The place holds opportunities but also enormous dangers.

Even if he advances, he would only be a Level 1 Wizard, estimating he can only defeat that black imp, not even facing Shivara.

The toad also mentioned that it might not always be able to come quickly; he couldn't always rely on it to save him. He must elevate his power to a certain level to venture into the Abyss Plane.

Chapter 138: Advancement

The snoring next door sounded again, Fred was sleeping soundly.

Herag heard his snoring and thought of another issue.

Back then, Lune and the others also entered the Abyss Plane. In a sense, it was indeed he who caused Lune's death.

However, now Fred is next door, and there are other third-class wizard apprentices upstairs, but they weren't dragged into the Abyss Plane.

"Compared to last time, aside from my increased power, other conditions shouldn't have changed much. Could it be a matter of space stability?"

Herag pondered for a while and guessed that his power was too weak back then, leading to instability in the surrounding space when connecting to the Abyss Plane, which dragged Lune and the others along.

Herag remembered that back then the surrounding space had boundaries, the area was small, even the Moonlight Forest couldn't be left.

But this time, he was chased by a little black figure for a long distance without encountering a boundary, indicating that this time the space was more stable, so others weren't dragged along.

But these are all Herag's guesses. The specific reasons should be asked from Toad next time.

The commotion from Herag went unnoticed by others, everything seemed normal.

After that night, a peaceful guarding life began.

Moonlight Forest has a protective barrier, it is very safe, and Herag and the others are quite bored daily.

Herag spends most of his time on the spell model of Great Dark Heaven, constantly understanding its principles and studying the various structures of the spell model.

Half a year later.

"Herag Merlin: Power 9.7, Agility 9.3, Constitution 12.1, Spirit 24.3, Magic Power 100%."

"Reached the gene limit, unable to continue enhancing."

In Herag's mind, fifteen stars twinkled, and the second array map had lit up five points, with ten remaining points.

After completing the meditation of the last star, Herag's spiritual power reached 24.3, far exceeding the minimum requirement for wizard ascension.

All body data has reached the limit and cannot be improved further.

Since the task of guarding Moonlight Forest ended, Herag hasn't been assigned any other tasks.

The conflict between Moonlight Forest and Green Cottage has completely subsided, with no more large-scale battles occurring between them.

At least, conflicts at the level of official wizards have stopped, though disputes among wizard apprentices are still common.

Herag spent a few days getting himself into the best condition, then took Ancient Magic Potion and Amanda's Potion to Larry's house.

He planned to complete the ascension there, with Larry overseeing things to prevent unexpected incidents during the ascension.

The small house in the Northern Forest Region seemed not safe enough to him.

"You came?" Larry personally opened the door and took Herag to the eighth floor.

The eighth floor was very spacious and neat, with no sense of chaos.

Larry took out a string of golden keys and opened a heavy door that required some effort to push.

He told Herag, "This is my meditation room, the walls and door are made of special materials. You can complete the ascension in peace here."

"Thank you, teacher!" Herag took a deep breath, feeling a bit nervous now that the moment had arrived.

Larry patted Herag's shoulder, "It's fine, you're only seventeen, and your spiritual power is very good. Just trust what I say, keep your mindset stable, believe in yourself."

Herag nodded, took out Ancient Magic Potion and Amanda's Potion, and entered the meditation room.

Once inside, the door slowly closed, sealing off all external noises.

The meditation room was completely empty, without even a table or chair, just a bare room.

Herag took out Ancient Magic Potion and said to Shenlan, "Shenlan, start monitoring my body status continuously."

"Task archived, execution in progress."

A 3D human model appeared in Herag's vision, surrounded by various parameters, making his body status clear.

Official wizard ascension first requires drinking Ancient Magic Potion, then breaking one's own limits. After successfully breaking through, quickly complete the construction of a level 1 spell model, solidifying it as a personal talent spell, then stabilizing spiritual power completes the ascension.

If unable to break through limits, Amanda's Potion must be used to burn lifespan in exchange for stimulating body potential and aiding in breakthroughs.

This is why ascension should occur before age 18, as aging reduces available lifespan for burning, possibly leading to death without achieving breakthrough.

At only seventeen, Herag could only drink three doses of Amanda's Potion at most.

Drinking more would lead to death by burning through lifespan.

Herag opened the stopper of Ancient Magic Potion and inhaled the fragrance, then drank it all in one go.

The taste of Ancient Magic Potion was much better than Herag expected, sweet without stimulus, the best taste among potions he tasted.

Lack of stimulus indicates good potion stability, it requires stable properties for such effects.

Ancient Magic Potion results from generations of wizard development and improvement, achieving today's stable state.

Once ingested, Ancient Magic Potion quickly spread through the bloodstream to all parts of the body.

As the potion spread throughout, its properties penetrated every cell.

"Warning! 20% of cells in the body are entering a decline state."

"Warning! 30% of cells in the body are entering a decline state."

"Warning! 40% of cells in the body are entering a decline state."

...

As Ancient Magic Potion exerted its effects, Shenlan continuously issued warning messages.

Herag monitored his status, noticing half of the cells were declining without signs of breakthrough.

Without hesitation, he drank a dose of Amanda's Potion.

After ingesting Amanda's Potion, Shenlan reported: "Cells throughout the body are accelerating division, division times are reducing."

Herag knew this indicated a limit to cell division, accelerated division meant reduced lifespan.

"Warning! 20% of body cells are entering an unknown state, use magic power to forcibly stop?" Shenlan issued another warning.

Herag knew ascension had started, replied immediately: "Don't stop."

"Warning! 40% of body cells entering unknown state."

"Warning, 40% of body's cells gene structure is changing, result unknown."

...

"Not enough, still not enough."

Herag shook his head, as the ascension process stalled at 40%, risking failure.

If ascension failed, he would find it difficult to become an official wizard again.

He took another dose of Amanda's Potion and drank it immediately.

Chapter 139: Breakthrough

"Warning! 60% of the body's cells are entering an unknown state, genetic structure is changing, the result is unknown."

...

After Herag drank another portion of Amanda's Potion, the advancement continued.

He simultaneously noticed that his spiritual power was also changing.

"Spiritual Power 25.2."

"Spiritual Power 27.3."

...

"Spiritual Power 34.7."

His spiritual power was rapidly fluctuating, changing every second, surging at an intense pace.

"Warning! 90% of the body's cells are entering an unknown state, genetic structure is changing, the result is unknown."

"Spiritual Power 41.2."

When his spiritual power reached this number, it gradually stabilized, with only small decimal changes still occurring.

Herag looked at his physical data and felt it was the optimal time, thus he issued a command.

"Shenlan, start constructing the Great Dark Heaven spell model."

Larry originally intended to help Herag prepare a Level 1 Spell, but Herag claimed he acquired a Level 1 Spell while venturing outside.

Herag didn't provide specific details, and Larry naturally didn't ask.

Meanwhile, the Moonlight Forest believed Larry had provided Herag with the Level 1 Spell.

"Task has been recorded, in progress, estimated completion in 3 hours and 2 portions, estimated magic power consumption 70%."

After his spiritual power exceeded forty points, Shenlan's computation speed increased exponentially, with the spell model construction speed reaching an astounding level.

The Great Dark Heaven is a Level 1 Spell, its model's complexity is on a different scale from a Level 0 Spell, yet now it only requires three hours, accelerated by an unknown factor.

This time, Herag did not entirely let Shenlan handle the spell model construction but participated himself.

He and Shenlan began constructing the spell model simultaneously, each responsible for different modules to hasten the model-building process.

The spell model's construction is the most crucial and fundamental part of the entire advancement process, determining success or failure.

During this process, any mistake in constructing the spell model could lead to advancement failure, then an erupting spiritual power might shatter the mind.

The Great Dark Heaven, chosen by Herag, has a spell model exponentially more complex than regular Level 1 Defensive Magic, significantly increasing its difficulty.

Usually, during advancement, people select conventional, stable, simple Level 1 Spells as their talent spells, ensuring the spell model construction process remains relatively straightforward.

Herag, in pursuit of greater personal limits, boldly chose the Great Dark Heaven, an ancient magic.

Of course, with Shenlan's support, he had confidence in completing the Great Dark Heaven spell model.

Originally, Shenlan estimated the Great Dark Heaven spell model would need 3 hours and 2 minutes to construct, but with Herag's involvement, the time was reduced to two hours.

Herag had spent considerable time researching the Great Dark Heaven spell model, mastering the structures, parameters, and formulas by heart.

The meditation room was silent, while outside, Larry held a cup of coffee, staring at it, lost in thought.

Two hours.

In Herag's mind, a vast and intricate spell model fully formed.

At this moment, Herag saw a floating vision of a stone slab in his mind.

After discerning it carefully, he realized it was the ancient stone slab recording the Great Dark Heaven.

A mysterious force flowed from the slab, permeating into every part of Herag's flesh, bone, and every cell.

Energy particles around him frantically surged into his body, rapidly enhancing Herag's data.

At the same time, from the slab's vision, much information was transmitted into Herag's mind.

Herag suddenly understood how the Great Dark Heaven was inherited in ancient times.

Back then, people naturally didn't understand spell models; their inheritance method was simple, reliant on bloodline.

Once a tribe member came of age, they would drip blood onto the slab to receive the Great Dark Heaven's inheritance, thus gaining the ability to devour other bloodlines to strengthen themselves.

Herag also grasped how to utilize this devouring power; it felt like his body had gained an instinct, as innate as breathing.

"100% of the body's cells' gene structure changes have ended, checking the results."

"Cell structure as follows, predicted number of cell divisions can reach 300+."

Herag inspected the cell structure, noting no significant changes from the original base, but there were red energy attachments at the cell nucleus.

This energy was neither magic power nor any known energy system to Herag.

"Could it be the power of the bloodline?" Herag speculated.

"Herag Merlin: Power 13.3, Agility 12.5, Constitution 15.7, Spirit 42.2, Magic Power 20%."

When his body stabilized, Herag reviewed his physical data.

Attributes like power and agility had significantly increased, and spiritual power reached 42.2 points, a substantial surge.

"No wonder the gap between Official Wizards and Wizard Apprentices is so vast. I've just advanced, and my spiritual power is already on a different level."

Herag took a deep breath, adjusting his own state.

When facing Malcolm initially, he had only been able to flee the entire time, without any chance to launch a valid offense.

With his current physical data, although there's still a considerable gap with Malcolm, it shouldn't be so embarrassing anymore.

"What is this?"

While inspecting the bodily changes, Herag suddenly noticed a lot of white mist-like gas in his mind.

"Is this spiritual power vaporization?"

Herag knew, a Level 1 Wizard has three phases: Gaseous, Liquid, and Crystalization.

During the Wizard Apprentice phase, apprentices cannot see their own spiritual power.

The stars and array maps in Herag's mind weren't spiritual power but visualizations of the Meditation Method.

Different Meditation Methods have their own visual manifestations, each varying greatly.

Upon advancing to Official Wizard, spiritual power will float in mind like white mist.

The first phase for an Official Wizard is to meditate hard until the entire mind is filled with white mist.

Different wizards have varying aptitudes, and due to different Meditation Methods, the mind's capacity also varies.

Herag wasn't sure if his mind was large or not, but it seemed larger than ordinary Official Wizards'.

Once the mind is filled with white mist, an Official Wizard begins the second phase, refining all the white mist into a drop of water.

Completing this process marks entry into the Liquid Stage.

After Liquefaction, wizards would then fill the whole mind with liquid spiritual power.

"Wouldn't that make the brain full of water?" Herag wondered to himself.

Once the liquid spiritual power fills the mind, further condensing it into a spiritual crystal marks the Crystalization Wizard stage.

Dino and Malcolm were Crystalization Wizards Herag had encountered, while Larry, being younger, was still in the Liquid Stage.

However, according to him, he's almost reaching Crystalization.

Chapter 140: At the Moment of Parting

"The detection range of Shenlan has reached fifteen hundred meters."

As Herag's strength improved, Shenlan not only enhanced its data analysis and storage capabilities, but its detection range also expanded significantly.

The strength enhancement from the Great Dark Heaven was not as obvious, unlike other defensive magics that take effect immediately, providing basic means of defense upon promotion.

Herag still needed to devour the power of other bloodlines to gradually strengthen himself.

Compared to other newly promoted Official Wizards, his current defensive ability is somewhat weak.

Even though Herag really wanted to immediately devour the black little man's Bloodline Power, being in Larry's Meditation Room now, he couldn't rush.

The door to the Meditation Room made a noise, then slowly opened, and Larry looked up at the sound, seeing Herag walking out slowly.

He immediately observed Herag's state, then smiled and said: "I told you that you would be fine."

It seemed that Larry only then exhaled a breath, visibly somewhat relieved.

The promotion to Official Wizard is filled with the unknown and danger, and even highly talented individuals might fail to promote, something Larry had seen many times over the years.

Herag took a deep breath, wiped the sweat off his forehead, and smiled: "Thrills without peril."

"How many of Amanda's Potions did you use?" Larry asked.

"Two portions."

Larry nodded and said: "Then it's fine, if it were three portions the situation would be quite urgent, with the danger greatly increased. The people of Moonlight Forest should be returning soon; the contract will become invalid at the moment of your promotion, and they will sense it immediately."

Just as he finished speaking, his expression changed, then he smiled bitterly: "Salin is already downstairs."

Herag and Larry went downstairs together, Salin glanced at Herag and praised: "Very impressive spiritual power, are you really not considering staying?"

Herag thought for a moment and said: "I still decide to go out and take a look."

Salin knew he had made up his mind and didn't persuade further, but said: "If that's the case, you can only leave Moonlight Forest, with a time limit of seven days. During these seven days, all your actions will be under strict surveillance, I hope you don't mind, this is also for the safety of the forest. If after seven days you haven't left, we will forcibly expel you."

"Of course, if one day you'd like to return, we will always welcome you. For an outstanding young wizard like you, the gates of Moonlight Forest will always be open."

Herag sighed and said: "I will also remember Moonlight Forest forever, thank you for everything here."

Reaching this point was also due to the resources and safe cultivation grounds provided by Moonlight Forest.

Since there was no enmity between the two, parting on good terms was the best outcome.

"You have to return your talisman stone." Salin said.

Herag took out the talisman stone, looked at it for a moment with his head lowered, and then handed it over to Salin.

Salin continued: "From now on, you don't belong to Moonlight Forest. You cannot visit any stores in town or trade at the Flea Market. The ownership of the cottage in the Northern Forest Region will be reclaimed after seven days, in the meantime, you can still temporarily stay there until you leave."

"Understood." Herag nodded.

After explaining these matters, Salin left without saying much more.

After seeing Salin off, Larry said to Herag: "Clean up over the next two days, I've already called for family members to come and escort you. You don't have to worry about your safety on the road, it's my uncle Blake who is coming to fetch you, a powerful Crystalization Wizard responsible for guarding the family's Magic Potion Garden; you will often deal with him in the future."

"I will follow the teacher's arrangements," Herag said.

Having a Crystalization Wizard personally come to escort him showed the Cheqi Family's high regard for Herag.

They were already involved in a lot of magic potion business and naturally understood the value of a talented Alchemist, especially one who had been promoted to Official Wizard at just seventeen.

Herag walked through the town, looking at the familiar streets and houses around him, unable to resist taking a few more looks, as he wouldn't have the chance to come back in the future.

He saw the Lion Cafe and the Flea Market, though he still didn't see Leo but noticed many figures similar to Leo.

Setting up stalls to sell sundries to exchange for resources while working hard to learn was the normal state of most lower-level Wizard Apprentices.

On his way back, Herag encountered some Wizard Apprentices, who, upon feeling the strong magic power wave from Herag, lowered their heads and stepped aside.

They didn't know who Herag was, only that an Official Wizard must be a big shot, at least to them.

When Herag reached his cottage in the Northern Forest Region, he found Bessie already waiting there.

He didn't have a talisman stone to communicate with Bessie; it must have been Larry who informed her of the news.

"Really decided to leave?" Bessie asked.

"Yes, I don't like being bound," Herag nodded and said.

Bessie smiled: "That's good, with your talent, you can achieve success anywhere. Mr. Larry's family is also very powerful, more than capable of protecting you. I bought some food, I'll cook for you this evening, otherwise, there won't be a chance later."

Herag smiled and said: "There will always be opportunities, I just can't come back, but you can come out. I should be with the teacher over the next period, you can come to me if you need anything."

He immediately added: "I'll keep researching your matter, don't give up on yourself too early, anything is possible."

Bessie took it as him comforting her and didn't take it to heart: "No worries, you don't need to comfort me, I've already come to terms with it. Anyway, the future is long, as long as we live this life wonderfully."

...

The two had dinner together at Herag's place.

It seemed Bessie had learned a lot of recipes recently, making a table full of dishes, all tasting quite good.

After dinner and a two-hour chat, Bessie left.

After she left, Herag began to pack up his things in the room.

He didn't have much stuff, mostly experimental equipment in the lab, with other personal belongings mostly stored in the Space Ring.

Herag glanced at the black leg in the Space Ring, resisting the urge to extract its Bloodline Power.

Salin did say he would be under strict surveillance for the next few days until he left.

Herag couldn't possibly devour bloodline under others' watchful eyes and would have to wait until he left.

Through Shenlan, he observed and didn't find anyone monitoring him.

But there was always a feeling of being watched in the dark, a sense stemming from the wizard's intuition.

Herag had never used Shenlan to detect data from any Official Wizard, afraid they might find out he was "watching" them.

Now it seemed that Official Wizards indeed had such intuition.