

Sixth 151

Chapter 151: The Auction

In the Barren Land, messengers generally exist among the higher-ups of major Wizard Families and Wizard Organizations, for only these people have the means to contact a messenger.

Ordinary wizards rarely have the channels to sign contracts with messengers.

For them, the only method is to obtain a complete Messenger Ceremony.

The so-called Messenger Ceremony takes many forms, such as a quill or a cup of Butter Beer.

A wizard can unseal the Messenger Ceremony to randomly sign a Messenger Contract with a certain being.

This being may not necessarily be from the current plane, but possibly from another one, depending on who responds to you.

Messenger Ceremonies are generally very expensive, and Herag currently isn't prepared to spend so much money on such things, as they don't directly enhance his power.

The demon flesh and blood that Blake helped to contact turned up news two days later.

"Bloodthirsty Snake Meat, one hundred Magic Stones per pound, minimum purchase of five pounds."

Herag originally only needed a little bit of flesh and blood, but they only sell it starting from five pounds.

He had no choice but to first buy five pounds.

Bloodthirsty Snake Meat is considered a relatively common type of demon, with good quality meat, usually bought for eating.

However, it's highly priced, affordable only for those wealthier Wizard Families or Wizard Organizations.

Upon receiving the Bloodthirsty Snake Meat, Herag found it packed in a copper box.

When he opened it, he found several pieces of bright red flesh still pulsing slightly within.

Herag cut a small piece out, which was enough for his experiment.

After entering the laboratory and performing some operations, he soon extracted a sample of blood into a test tube.

"Great Dark Heaven."

The bloodline power in the Bloodthirsty Snake blood was slowly absorbed by Herag; as he absorbed it, Herag frowned slightly.

"The bloodline power is too thin."

Though there was bloodline power within the Bloodthirsty Snake's blood, it was still too thin, offering almost no enhancement for him.

This made Herag's expression somewhat grave.

Because it signified an issue: ordinary demons didn't provide any help to him, implying he needed much stronger demons.

But whether he could even deal with strong demons himself was uncertain, let alone acquiring their bloodline power.

"What should I do?"

Herag pondered the situation, realizing his power growth was currently limited.

Originally, with Great Dark Heaven, he thought he could infinitely absorb bloodline power to increase his strength.

However, he hadn't expected even the bloodline power in demon bodies to be so weak and thin, obstructing his plan to gain strength through bloodline absorption with Great Dark Heaven.

"Is going to the Abyss Plane the only option?" Herag considered; indeed, many high-bloodline demons resided in the Abyss Plane, but it was also extremely dangerous, requiring careful consideration.

Herag then proceeded to roast the remaining few pounds of Bloodthirsty Snake Meat; after all, this could be consumed, using the traditional method of bloodline absorption with Great Dark Heaven.

Currently, his appetite was astonishing; a strong constitution naturally required more food.

He devoured all five pounds of Bloodthirsty Snake Meat yet still didn't feel full.

"Enhancements from the Bloodthirsty Snake: Power +0.2, Agility +0.3, Constitution +0.1."

Looking at these enhancement figures, Herag was speechless; the input-to-output ratio was too low.

Spending a total of five hundred Magic Stones only to gain such a tiny bit of improvement felt like a huge loss to Herag.

While he could continue buying Bloodthirsty Snake Meat to eat and continue enhancing himself with the same bloodline,

the cost-effectiveness was too low, and he didn't have that much money to spend.

Herag sought out Blake again and asked, "Mr. Blake, is there any news on high-level demons?"

"High-level demons? That's a bit challenging, even if there are, they're not easily purchasable, usually only available at auctions. If you're interested, I'll notify you next time there's an auction," Blake replied.

Herag thought for a while, then asked, "Are auctions safe?"

In his impression, auctions often had a lot of disputes, and he didn't want to invite unnecessary trouble.

Blake chuckled, "You're quite cautious. Don't worry, auctions are definitely safe; they're jointly hosted by various Wizard Organizations and Wizard Families, so no one dares cause trouble."

He stroked his beard and said, "It's also a good opportunity to take you out to see and meet more people. Wizards need social connections too, especially at our level, where resource exchange becomes even more important; you need to build a network."

"I'll take you to the next auction; it's settled."

Herag hesitated but seeing how much Blake wanted to take him, he did not refuse.

He realized that at the Official Wizard level, many things were hard to buy through normal channels.

Networking was indeed important; for something like high-level demons, others would definitely consume them internally or put them up for auction.

Herag could also commission the Cheqi Family to auction for him, but with so many items at the auction, only he would know which were valuable for him.

Half a month later.

At the entrance of Black Rock Valley, Herag and Blake sat in a carriage again, with Pete driving.

"Is it confirmed that there will be Dragon Blood at this auction?" Herag asked in the carriage.

Blake nodded, "Confirmed, this Dragon Blood comes from a Giant Dragon with Level 2 Wizard power; it was obtained by trading some price with the dragon, genuine Dragon Blood!"

"But I might not afford it, it's definitely expensive," Herag glanced at his Space Ring, which held only three thousand six hundred Magic Stones.

Blake said, "Don't worry, they're smart; one portion of Dragon Blood is subdivided into many parts for auction. Most wizards don't need such a large amount of Dragon Blood, you should have no problem buying a small portion."

"Then I'm relieved," Herag nodded.

Since it's auctioned off in multiple portions, the price shouldn't be too high, and competition would be lesser.

The auction venue was in a place called White Fang Castle, a gathering place for wizards.

Besides the auction, it had bars, inns, and markets like other places, only those who came here were wizards or Wizard Apprentices.

The carriage arrived at a cliff and continued moving forward.

The horses gradually stopped upon seeing the cliff, and Pete lifted the carriage curtain, "My Lords, we've arrived."

Herag followed Blake out of the carriage, noticing only a barren cliff in front of them, with nothing around.

The cliff was several hundred meters high, with a forest below and some White Mist drifting in the mountains.

"Let's go; we've arrived," Blake said.

"Arrived?" Herag felt puzzled.

Blake smiled slightly, producing a wooden plaque adorned with the words "White Fang Castle" and some engravings.

He said, "Hold this and look again."

Taking the wooden plaque, Herag felt the surrounding Space ripple, and upon looking up, the cliff was no longer there.

Chapter 152: White Fang Castle

All around Herag was a forest, with a fountain behind him, bubbling with water.

The place that was originally a sheer cliff has now turned into a long white stone bridge.

The white stone bridge spanned a large river, with rushing waters roaring below.

"Where is this?" Herag asked in confusion.

Blake was also holding a wooden token, explaining, "This is the token of White Fang Castle. Only wizards with this token can see the path leading to the white stone bridge."

Herag glanced at the wooden token in his hand, not noticing anything unusual.

"Let's go; this is the effect of the witch array here." Blake smiled as he noticed Herag studying the token and walked ahead.

"Another witch array..." Herag knew nothing about witch arrays and had no knowledge in this area.

As he walked onto the white stone bridge, he saw lights brightening the other side, revealing a sizable town.

The town was bustling with people coming and going.

After crossing the white stone bridge, an old lady pushing a small cart approached Herag. The cart was filled with various candies, each containing different kinds of insects.

The old lady looked at Herag and asked, "Would you like to buy some bug candies? I made them all myself, they're delicious."

Herag waved his hand, indicating he wasn't interested.

The old lady didn't persist and instead smiled politely, pushing her cart elsewhere.

Herag noticed that even this old lady was a First-Class Wizard Apprentice.

Looking around, he saw no ordinary people on the bustling street; they were all either wizards or wizard apprentices.

Walking down the street, Herag even noticed some wizard apprentices hanging clothes from the upper floors.

He curiously asked, "Mr. Blake, do many people live here permanently?"

Blake replied, "That's right, a lot of wizards or wizard apprentices settle here."

Herag observed that there were many shops, each with a family crest-like mark, clearly belonging to some wizard organization or wizard family.

"We're almost there; our Cheqi Family's property in White Fang Castle is just ahead." Blake smiled as he led Herag around a corner.

Herag's view suddenly expanded, revealing a very broad street flanked by tall buildings.

The buildings soared to more than ten meters high, each floor brightly lit, giving Herag a sense of déjà vu from his past life.

The street was even busier, with the crowd resembling that of people leisurely shopping.

There were couples walking hand in hand and families with parents carrying or holding small children.

Others were pushing wheelchairs with gray-haired elders slowly strolling down the street.

Turning back, Herag realized that the area behind him resembled a residential district, hence it was less lively.

The street before him was clearly a commercial street, teeming with various shops, stores, and restaurants.

"It turns out the wizarding world is more exciting than I imagined," Herag murmured to himself.

He had thought wizards spent all their time secluded at home, diligently studying, not expecting to find so many wizards enjoying life.

Blake heard his muttering and laughed, "You think everyone is as diligent as you? Many wizards know to relax sometimes. That's why I wanted to bring you out for a walk. You've been cooped up in Black Rock Valley for a whole year without stepping outside; I don't know how you managed."

Blake was genuinely impressed with Herag for staying inside the desolate castle without venturing out without reason.

Herag chuckled awkwardly, not revealing his fear of encountering unexpected events.

He always remembered the Sword of Damocles hanging over his head, always the possibility of running into Malcolm if he went out.

Without a guarantee of victory, Herag would not act rashly.

Had it not been for Blake's companionship, he wouldn't have come out this time either.

Observing the street crowd, Herag suddenly understood.

Not everyone could continuously advance like him; most people reached a bottleneck they could not surpass.

Whether due to innate talent or resource limitations, various reasons hindered smooth advancement.

Many, once realizing they had no hope of advancing, began to enjoy life or, like Bessie, started considering the cultivation of future generations.

Having always strived for improvement, Herag never let himself relax, substituting even sleep with meditation.

The two squeezed through the crowd for ten minutes, arriving at a storefront.

The shop was brightly lit, with large words on the door: "Cheqi Magic Pharmacy."

This was a property of the Cheqi Family, responsible for selling various magic potions and materials, and accepting various magic potion refining orders.

"Lord Blake!" The store clerks were surprised at his arrival and immediately came over.

Blake merely acknowledged with a "hmm," introducing, "This is Herag Merlin, and he's completed quite a few orders recently."

A group of clerks looked over, bowing in greeting, while memorizing Herag's appearance.

The store manager, a lanky middle-aged man, jogged over upon hearing the news.

The manager was usually responsible for daily affairs, while clerks attended to customers in the store.

The store's decor was grand, with various magic potions neatly categorized and displayed.

Herag glanced at the prices, significantly higher than market rates, with many resembling those he had refined himself.

Despite the high prices, business was booming.

The Cheqi Family's magic potions had a well-known reputation for quality, attracting a continuous stream of buyers.

Blake and Herag walked at the front, followed by a group of people.

Herag's status was naturally higher compared to them, as they were merely wizard apprentices.

In the Cheqi Family, alchemists held a very high status.

"We'll stay here for the next few days; there are plenty of rooms, and the conditions are nice," Blake said.

Herag nodded, "Whatever Mr. Blake arranges is fine with me."

The lower floors of the shop sold goods, while the top two were reserved for the Cheqi Family or their guests.

The room inside was spacious, with bathroom facilities, completely equipped and luxuriously decorated.

Upon entering, Herag immediately smelled a pleasant aroma, recognizing it as "the scent of withered herbs, which relieves anxiety and aids sleep."

This was a rather luxurious fragrance, with a price comparable to high-level magic potion materials.

The auction would start the day after tomorrow; Herag soaked in a hot bath before collapsing onto the plush bed.

The comfort made Herag want to nap, but he composed himself, entering a meditative state instead.

He could sleep, but only after completing his meditation practice for the day; he couldn't afford any laziness.

Chapter 153: Space Travel

The next day, Blake took Herag around White Fang Castle, mainly to meet people from various Wizard Families and let Herag make an appearance in front of them.

Herag discovered that the relationships among these Wizard Families seemed pretty good, and each engaged in different businesses.

Individually, a Wizard Family certainly wouldn't be stronger than a Wizard Organization, but if so many Wizard Families united, it would be a formidable force.

The auction officially started the evening of the second day, held in a place resembling a palace.

"Please show your invitations." Two provocatively dressed women at the entrance were checking everyone's invitations.

The auction wasn't open to everyone; only those invited had the right to participate.

The Cheqi Family, being one of the shareholders behind the auction, naturally had no trouble qualifying.

Upon entering, a red carpet was laid on the ground, leading along a long corridor into the depths of the palace.

A guard led the two to the door of the palace, gently knocked on the door, and it automatically opened.

In front was a huge hall filled with people in formal attire, holding goblets of red wine, gathered in small groups chatting with each other.

Many tables were arranged in the hall, each with a wooden sign indicating whose spot it was.

Herag glanced around but didn't see the spot for the Cheqi Family.

Blake greeted others along the way and turned back to say, "Stop looking, we're not sitting there, we're going to the second floor."

He pointed towards the second floor with a smile.

Herag followed the direction of his finger and saw numerous private boxes on the second floor, each with large floor-to-ceiling windows that obscured the view from below.

Blake led Herag up the stairs to the second floor and, reaching room number six, Blake pushed the door open and entered.

Upon entering, Herag found the private box spacious, with a row of sofas in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, providing a clear view of the situation below.

"Sit anywhere you like. Later, they'll bring some food and drinks; just tell them if you want anything specific." Blake first sat down on a sofa, lying back comfortably.

Herag followed suit, finding a sofa to lie down on.

The sofa was very soft, as if one might sink into it entirely.

Shortly afterwards, there was a knock at the door from behind.

"Enter," Blake said with half-closed eyes.

Two attendants entered, carrying two bottles of red wine and two trays of food, as well as a tray of ice cubes.

The attendants took out two wine glasses, added a few ice cubes to each, then forcefully pulled out the cork of a wine bottle, pouring the crimson liquid into the ice-filled goblets.

They placed the goblets on the small table next to Herag and Blake, then brought over and set down the two trays of food.

"Do you have any other requests?" the attendant asked softly.

"Not for the moment, you may leave." Blake said.

The two attendants bowed slightly, then slowly retreated, carefully closing the door.

The food consisted of roasted beef, a roast chicken, and some fruit and salad.

Herag cut some meat with a knife, wrapped it with lettuce, and started eating.

The taste was very good, the skin of the meat was crispy and fragrant, and the flesh was juicy and tender.

After a short while of eating, people in the hall gradually took their seats, and a middle-aged man in a black suit walked onto the podium in the hall.

A black stone floated in front of him, capable of amplifying his voice to every corner of the hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the White Fang Castle auction..."

After a brief opening speech from the host, with a snap of his fingers, a provocatively dressed woman came up holding a dagger in both hands, each hand adorned with black lace gloves.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first auction item tonight, an appetizer."

He let the woman step forward and showcase the dagger in her hands to everyone.

The dagger was about thirty centimeters long, its blade glowed blue, and the handle was carved rather archaically.

"This dagger is named Blue Wing, an authentic Level 1 Witchcraft Artifact!" the host introduced.

Witchcraft Artifacts are a higher tier of existence than Demonized Items, requiring an enchantment and fixation of at least a Level 1 Spell to be considered a Witchcraft Artifact.

Those with Level 0 Spell enchantments can only be called Demonized Items.

Level 1 Spells are much more complex than Level 0 Spells, and the difficulty of enchanting and fixing them onto items increases exponentially, making them very rare.

At least in the Barren Land, those who can create Witchcraft Artifacts are very few, and most of the existing Witchcraft Artifacts have been passed down from the Land of Dawn.

A Level 1 Witchcraft Artifact means it has a Level 1 Spell enchanted and fixed on it, requiring at least a Third Class Wizard Apprentice to use.

Unlike Demonized Items, which only require a bit of magic power to operate and impose no Wizard Level requirements on the user.

However, Witchcraft Artifacts are different, as even to activate them requires magic power of high quality.

At least the magic power of a Third Class Wizard Apprentice is needed to meet the standard to activate a Witchcraft Artifact.

There wasn't much reaction from those in the hall, just focused attention on the dagger, waiting for the host to continue with the introduction.

The prices of different Level 1 Witchcraft Artifacts vary greatly, mainly depending on what spell has been enchanted and fixed.

Seeing everyone's attention was on it, the host continued, "The spell enchanted and fixed on this Level 1 Witchcraft Artifact is Space Travel!"

Wow!

A wave of exclamations swept through the crowd, making the hall suddenly lively.

Herag raised an eyebrow, he hadn't expected it to be Space Travel.

Space Travel can be considered a higher-level spell than Flash; the difference being, Space Travel can record two coordinate points.

After casting Space Travel, the caster can choose one of the two coordinates to teleport to.

This spell is very advanced and rare, even among Level 1 Spells, and nearly non-existent in the Barren Land.

Herag had never heard any news regarding this spell; it only existed in written records in books.

Unexpectedly, a Witchcraft Artifact enchanted with Space Travel appeared before him, and Herag sighed, continuing to sip his wine.

The price of such an item would undoubtedly be very high, and it had nothing to do with him.

Having this dagger meant having an extra lifesaving measure, enabling a swift escape to a pre-set safe location in critical moments.

For a wizard, this significantly enhanced safety.

The host cleared his throat, "Ladies and gentlemen, please settle down. I believe everyone knows the value of Space Travel. This Blue Wing is a unique existence in our Barren Land..."

He continued explaining the value of Blue Wing, aiming to increase the final bidding price of the dagger.

"Now, the auction begins, with an opening bid of three thousand Magic Stones, and each increment must not be less than five hundred Magic Stones."

"Three thousand five hundred Magic Stones!" someone immediately shouted a price.

"You think you can get it with just an increment of five hundred?" a friend beside him immediately rolled his eyes.

The person grinned, "Just trying to participate, if I don't bid now, I won't be able to later."

Chapter 154: Level 2 Witch Array

"Four thousand Magic Stones!"

"Five thousand Magic Stones!"

...

The prices were called quickly, almost as soon as one price was shouted, a new price would immediately suppress it.

Currently, those calling prices were Wizards sitting in the auditorium, not a single person in the major boxes on the second floor had spoken.

Herag glanced at the four thousand-something Magic Stones in his pocket and showed a helpless smile.

His savings were still too little; these Wizards in the auditorium, who knew how many years they had been around, surely had rich family resources.

And Herag now felt like a student who had just graduated and worked for a year, his savings were too little.

Blake noticed his expression and laughed, "If you want, our Cheqi Family can help you buy it, and you can pay the remaining balance slowly, without interest."

Herag waved his hand, "Forget it, this thing will certainly be very expensive."

This item was indeed very useful, but Herag didn't want to incur a large debt because of it.

Bidding in the auditorium continued, with the price reaching twelve thousand Magic Stones.

"Twenty thousand Magic Stones," a man's voice came from Box Number Three, and the auditorium suddenly quieted down a lot.

"Those are people from the Moss Family," Blake explained to Herag after glancing around.

The Moss Family was also a powerful pure-blood Wizard Family, not weaker than the Cheqi Family.

Once the people from the Moss Family spoke, the auditorium quieted down a lot, and no one continued to bid.

"Dani, I quite like this item too, let's each rely on our abilities, thirty-five thousand Magic Stones."

After a brief silence, a voice came from Box Number Seven, right next to Herag and his companions.

"Horace Kirk, a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard from the Kirk Family," Blake said slowly, holding a wine glass.

Herag slowly nodded, silently remembering these names.

At this level, the prices had reached a point where Wizards like him could no longer participate.

Box Number Three immediately called out, "Thirty-eight thousand Magic Stones."

Box Number Seven paused for a while, "Forty thousand Magic Stones."

Box Number Three went silent and didn't continue bidding.

Seeing this, the host said, "So, the current price for the Blue Wing Dagger has reached forty thousand Magic Stones! Is there a higher bid?"

He looked around, and it was all quiet.

Seeing that the price probably couldn't go any higher, the host said, "Then, forty thousand Magic Stones, going once!"

"Forty thousand Magic Stones, going twice..."

"Forty thousand Magic Stones, going three times!"

"Sold! Congratulations to the gentleman in Box Number Seven for winning the Blue Wing Dagger!"

The first auction item of the event was now considered sold, and the auditorium became lively again, with some discussing in low voices and others chatting about various recent events.

The pacing of auctions had always been slow, with a break between each completed auction item.

Soon, the second auction item was carried up by two Level 1 Wizards, it was a very thick book.

The surface of the book looked like some kind of animal fur, and the hair was still moving on its own.

The host opened with, "Ladies and gentlemen! Next, I will introduce a heavyweight auction item to you!"

The auditorium's attention was instantly drawn, all looking at the book on the high platform.

"This is a complete Level 2 Defensive Witch Array!"

Wow!

The crowd erupted again, and this time even more passionately than before.

A Level 2 Defensive Witch Array meant it could defend against the full attack of Level 2 Wizards.

This was almost an invincible Witch Array in the Barren Land, invaluable for family defense or personal protection.

"Level 2 Defensive Witch Array! Starting bid at thirty thousand Magic Stones! Each increment must not be less than one thousand Magic Stones!" the host shouted passionately.

However, the response in the auditorium was tepid, with no one bidding.

For most independent Wizards, this thing was too extravagant and not very useful.

It was only of considerable value to those Wizard Families or Wizard Organizations.

Independent Wizards mostly consisted of one or two partners and children, and could just run in case of trouble, making a Witch Array a bit unaffordable.

The second floor was also relatively calm, because most Wizard Families already had Witch Arrays protecting key locations.

For example, the Cheqi Family's Black Rock Valley also had a Level 2 Witch Array, which could even temporarily resist an attack from a Level 3 Wizard.

After a brief silence, a voice came from Box Number Three, "Thirty-one thousand Magic Stones."

"Thirty-five thousand Magic Stones."

Herag turned around, surprised to hear that it was Blake who spoke.

"Blake! Isn't the Witch Array at your Black Rock Valley strong enough? Why compete with me for this!" the person in Box Number Three said somewhat discontentedly.

Blake explained, "Our Cheqi Family has many Magic Potion Garden bases, currently only Black Rock Valley is protected by a Witch Array, this Level 2 Witch Array is very useful to us."

After his explanation, the person in Box Number Three had nothing more to say but raised the bid again, "Forty thousand Magic Stones!"

The Cheqi Family had many Magic Potion Gardens, with many Alchemists, Herag was just one of them.

"Forty-five thousand Magic Stones," Blake said calmly.

Box Number Three continued to follow with, "Forty-eight thousand Magic Stones!"

Blake didn't hesitate, determined to win this set of Witch Array, "Fifty thousand Magic Stones!"

"Fifty-three thousand Magic Stones!" The Moss Family seemed very interested in this set of Witch Array, persistently following the price.

"Sixty thousand Magic Stones," Blake directly raised the price to sixty thousand, with an expression of ease, as if money wasn't money at all.

The Moss Family fell silent for a while, and Box Number Three made no more sounds.

The host, seeing this, was about to speak when a voice came from Box Number Three again, "Seventy thousand Magic Stones!"

"Eighty thousand Magic Stones," Blake unhesitatingly suppressed the price.

The Cheqi Family was renowned for their wealth and generosity, and Blake demonstrated this perfectly.

Some on the scene gasped, not that they hadn't seen bids of eighty thousand Magic Stones, but Blake's lack of hesitation was rare.

That silenced Box Number Three completely, eighty thousand Magic Stones seemed to be their limit for this auction item.

"So, this Level 2 Defensive Witch Array has reached eighty thousand Magic Stones! Is there anyone with a higher bid?"

The host looked around, and there was no response.

"Level 2 Defensive Witch Array, eighty thousand Magic Stones, going once!"

"Eighty thousand Magic Stones, going twice!"

"Eighty thousand Magic Stones, going three times!"

"Sold! Congratulations to the gentleman in Box Number Six for acquiring the Level 2 Defensive Witch Array!"

A round of applause broke out on the scene, all congratulating the people in Box Number Six on their successful bid.

Soon, this Level 2 Defensive Witch Array was delivered, and Blake directly accepted it.

He naturally didn't need to pay on the spot, he could directly use the Cheqi Family's account, and since the family was behind him, it was impossible for him to run away; the Cheqi Family was one of the stakeholders in the auction.

Chapter 155: Dragon Blood and Elves

After the auction of the Level 2 Witch Array ended, a few more items were brought to the auction.

Herag's biggest feeling was, poverty.

From the beginning till now, there was nothing he was eligible to participate in, over four thousand Magic Stones were simply not enough to even take a look.

Bored, he lay down and took a sip of wine, suddenly thinking of something, he asked, "Mr. Blake, can I take a look at that Level 2 Witch Array? I'm a bit curious."

Blake was stunned for a moment, then smiled and said, "You can, but this thing requires a lot of prerequisite knowledge, knowledge that is almost non-existent in the Barren Land, and even if you look at it, you won't understand it, here you go."

He took out that thick book from the Space Ring and handed it over.

"Thank you!"

Herag thanked him and took the book.

Holding this thick book, touching the cover felt like touching some kind of animal.

When he opened it, he found inside it were formulas and parameters he could not understand.

"Shenlan, scan and record all the information of this Level 2 Witch Array."

It didn't matter to Herag that he couldn't understand it, let Shenlan record everything first.

After quickly browsing through it, he returned it to Blake, smiling wryly, "I really can't understand it."

Blake chuckled, "That's normal."

"Level 2 Defensive Witch Array has been scanned and recorded." Shenlan provided a prompt.

Herag closed his eyes in silence, as if he were resting.

"Shenlan, is it possible to analyze this Level 2 Witch Array?"

"Lack of prerequisite information and data."

Herag sighed inwardly, it seemed even Shenlan couldn't analyze it.

Lacking the related knowledge and sufficient data support, even if Shenlan forced an inference, the results would likely be erroneous.

However, this didn't mean the recorded Level 2 Witch Array information was useless; once the related prerequisite information was supplemented in the future, this Level 2 Witch Array could naturally be utilized.

Two hours later, the auction was still ongoing, but the boxes on the second floor had almost stopped bidding, with people in two boxes having even left.

Now for sale were some lower-priced items, with more people in the auditorium placing bids.

This had always been the norm. The good stuff is always at the front, essentially prepared for those in the second floor boxes. After they bid on the things they want, they can leave early, without wasting time here.

Soon, the dragon blood Herag needed was brought up.

The host stepped onto the stage at this moment, and behind him was a table with rows of test tubes, each containing bright red dragon blood.

He began, "Ladies and gentlemen, next up is dragon blood from a Level 2 Giant Dragon! A total of ten portions! Each portion starting at one thousand Magic Stones! Each bid increase not less than two hundred Magic Stones!"

"So, let's start the bidding for the first portion!"

"Twelve hundred Magic Stones!"

"Fourteen hundred Magic Stones!"

After a brief pause, someone continued, "Sixteen hundred Magic Stones!"

After this bid, not many followed, as there were still nine portions left, most people didn't feel the rush.

Herag thought for a moment and said, "Eighteen hundred Magic Stones!"

With this voice, people in the auditorium all turned to look, seeing it was from those in number six box, and then quickly withdrew their gaze.

After Herag placed his bid, there was a pause in the venue.

The price was already on the high side, and it came from the sixth box, which belonged to the Cheqi Family, so the people in the auditorium didn't feel that their bidding could outmatch the sixth box.

"Then, eighteen hundred Magic Stones for the first portion of dragon blood, once!"

"Eighteen hundred Magic Stones, twice!"

"Eighteen hundred Magic Stones, third time!"

"Sold! Congratulations to the gentleman from the sixth box for winning the first portion of dragon blood!"

The dragon blood was quickly delivered, and Herag handed over eighteen hundred Magic Stones on the spot, with two thousand three hundred Magic Stones remaining.

The reason Herag specifically increased his bid on the first portion was simple: though it seemed like there were ten portions of dragon blood, if the first portion wasn't obtained, he could wait for the rest.

But the problem was, if most people thought the same, the fewer the dragon blood remains, the higher the price would be later.

The host quickly began the auction for the rest of the dragon bloods, and as Herag expected, the prices did not fall below eighteen hundred Magic Stones.

Especially the last two or three portions of dragon blood, the price had reached twenty-six hundred Magic Stones.

As Herag looked at this pure dragon blood, he clearly felt a connection to this blood.

Since solidifying Great Dark Heaven as his Talent Spell, Herag gained a keen sense of all kinds of bloodlines.

Those little animals meant almost nothing, the Demon's Bloodline Power was perceptible but still very faint.

This dragon blood gave him a rather strong feeling, the Bloodline Power of the Dragon Race was indeed remarkable.

An hour later, the auction was gradually coming to an end, and slaves of various races were being auctioned on stage.

By the end, there were hardly any people left in the auditorium and boxes.

The host continued energetically, "Ladies and gentlemen, let's wrap up today's auction with a perfect conclusion. Up next is a true Elf Maiden! She is a pure-blood Elf from the Elf Plane!"

His words quickly drew everyone's attention as an exquisitely beautiful Elf Maiden was brought onto the stage by two women.

This Elf Maiden's proportions were perfect and her appearance was captivating, making people want to take another look, as if she naturally carried a Charm Technique.

She warily looked at the surrounding crowd, clutching her thin clothes tightly.

"The Elf Plane? That's not simple, this must have been leaked from the Land of Dawn!" someone exclaimed.

The Barren Land lacks the capability to invade and plunder other planes, let alone capture creatures from other planes for slave trade.

Since this Elf Maiden comes from the Elf Plane, she could only be a slave captured by a Wizard Organization from the Land of Dawn that entered the Elf Plane, likely resold to the Barren Land.

The host continued, "That's right! This has been resold from the Land of Dawn. As you all know, the Elf Race naturally has an extremely high affinity for magic, and Wizard radiation doesn't affect them, making them perfect as assistants for Wizards."

"Whether for Magic experiments or Magic Potion Refining, having an Elf as an assistant will make everything much easier. Of course, the Elf Race has another characteristic, which is their outstanding appearance, you understand. Furthermore, to ensure the auction price, we have also checked that this Elf Maiden is still intact." The host revealed a knowing look.

He continued, "Elves also possess a long lifespan, and after signing a contract, they can be cultivated to be your assistant as needed, without the concern that they won't live as long as ordinary people, requiring new training."

Chapter 156: Master-Servant Contract

"This elf maiden is only a little over a hundred years old, which in human years is the flower of youth. We hope you will not miss this opportunity," the auctioneer was still tirelessly introducing.

The lifespan of elves generally spans around a thousand years, and those with higher-grade elf bloodlines might live even longer.

The elf maiden didn't seem to understand the language here, but she knew what was happening and what lay ahead for her, her eyes full of tears and despair.

This pitiful appearance only piqued the interest of the people below even more.

When Herag saw the elf maiden, he suddenly sat up straight.

He had a very peculiar feeling, one cast by the Great Dark Heaven's instinctive response to bloodlines.

In Herag's perception, the bloodline of this elf maiden was extremely potent, almost second only to the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline.

"How could an ordinary elf possess such powerful bloodline power?" Herag pondered. "Unless she is not an ordinary elf."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the starting bid for this elf maiden is one thousand magic stones, with each increment not less than two hundred magic stones," the auctioneer announced the price.

This price was considered quite high within the realm of slave trading; the auctioneer had deliberately flattered so much earlier just to set the stage for this final price.

"A thousand magic stones for a slave? That's too expensive."

As expected by the auctioneer, someone below indeed murmured about the high price.

The auctioneer glanced at the person speaking—it was a Third Class Wizard Apprentice—and said, "Where's the high cost in this price? An elf of such high quality, still pure, and hailing from the Elf Plane—this price is not high at all. Those who can afford it won't think it's expensive, and those who think it's expensive can't afford it."

"One thousand two hundred magic stones!" Someone quickly placed a bid.

Herag was considering whether to bid; from the Great Dark Heaven's reaction, this elf maiden's bloodline was very strong and certainly useful to him.

But he currently had only two thousand three hundred magic stones and wasn't sure if it would be enough.

While he was deliberating, the price had already risen to one thousand eight hundred magic stones.

At this point, there were basically no more bids being placed.

After all, it was just an elf slave, something these wizards had seen before.

Other than being more beautiful, there seemed to be no other differences, making it unnecessary to spend so much money.

"So, one thousand eight hundred magic stones, going once!" the auctioneer began to call out as there was no trend of the price continuing upward.

"One thousand eight hundred magic stones, going twice!"

"Two thousand magic stones!" Herag's voice pierced through from Box Number Six.

People on the first floor raised their heads, seeing that it was again Box Number Six's bid.

Blake turned his head in slight surprise, "Didn't expect you to be interested in this after all. Well, you are still young, hehe."

Herag knew Blake misunderstood, but he saw no need to explain.

With the announcement of the two thousand magic stones price, no one else intended to place further bids.

"Two thousand magic stones for an elf slave—the Cheqi family really doesn't treat money as money."

"The auctioneer was right; those who can afford it don't mind the cost, and those who mind the cost won't buy it."

...

The hall was rife with discussion, as most people couldn't comprehend spending two thousand magic stones on a slave, only sighing at the Cheqi family's fortunate extravagance.

The auctioneer observed for a while and said, "Well, it seems no one else is bidding. Two thousand magic stones, going once!"

"Two thousand magic stones, going twice!"

"Two thousand magic stones, going three times!"

"Sold! Congratulations to the gentleman from Box Number Six for purchasing this beautiful elf maiden!"

With the auctioneer's final words, the evening's auction came to a perfect close.

Soon, the auction's official personnel brought the elf maiden to Box Number Six.

The elf maiden, upon seeing Blake and Herag, seemed frightened and dared not move forward.

Accompanying her was a witch who appeared to be in her thirties; she tugged the iron chain in her hand, forcing the elf maiden to follow.

The witch said, "Mr. Blake, Mr. Herag, hello. This is the elf maiden you purchased. The master-servant contract can be completed for you shortly."

Blake smiled slightly and pointed to Herag, saying, "Herag bought her."

"Here are two thousand magic stones." Herag retrieved exactly two thousand magic stones from his space ring, piling them into a small mound on the floor.

The witch quickly swept over the stones with magic power and then collected them, taking out a piece of parchment.

The parchment was covered in many writings and odd symbols, the whole sheet exuding magical fluctuations.

The witch held the parchment and said, "This is a master-servant contract. Mr. Herag, please drop a drop of blood here."

Herag glanced at the parchment, not in a hurry to drop his blood, but he looked at Blake.

Blake understood his meaning and said, "Ms. Pom, may I take a look at this contract?"

"Of course you may, Mr. Blake." Pom handed the parchment to Blake.

Blake examined it carefully and said to Herag, "There's nothing wrong; take a look."

Herag took it and said, "Shenlan, scan this contract for any hidden issues."

"Scanning in progress..."

"Upon inspection, this contract is a master-servant contract; no problems detected."

Shenlan also provided feedback, and Herag himself checked it repeatedly, studying it several times over.

This scene made Pom's mouth twitch as she thought, "This Mr. Herag is certainly cautious. It's just a very common master-servant contract."

Ever since the contract incident at the Moonlight Forest, Herag had been particularly wary of such matters.

After confirming the contract had no issues, Herag finally felt at ease, dripping a drop of his blood into the master's space on the master-servant contract.

Pom then took the elf maiden's finger, sliced a wound into her fingertip with a dagger, and let the bright red blood drop into the contract.

Her blood appeared different from regular human blood, having a shimmering quality along with its redness.

The parchment emitted a faint red glow, quickly shattering into a cluster of light points that entered Herag's and the elf maiden's bodies.

"Once the master-servant contract is signed, the servant cannot defy any command from the master. The master can activate the contract's restriction at any time, causing the servant's immediate death. Upon the master's death, the servant will die as well..."

Pom began to explain some of the points to note about the master-servant contract, which were all beneficial to the master, with the servant being a complete slave.

Before the master, the slave must execute every command.

Even if the slave is unwilling in their heart, under the contract's coercive binding, their body will automatically follow the master's command.

Chapter 157: Chatiya

Simply put, if Herag now ordered the elf maiden to commit suicide, her body would automatically act on the command.

After the contract was signed, Herag felt a new connection between him and the elf maiden.

A red mark appeared in his mind, through which he could control the elf maiden.

Apart from directly triggering the mark to cause the elf maiden's demise.

Herag could also impose some punishments through the mark, such as full-body pain or itchiness in a specific spot.

This master-servant contract placed no constraints on the master, entirely placing one end of the chain in the master's hand.

"Unlock her handcuffs and ankle chains, and give her a pair of shoes to wear." Herag glanced at the elf maiden's feet, bare and stepping on the ground, the originally fair skin now covered in dirt, with some wounds on her feet.

Pom took out a key and unlocked the elf maiden's handcuffs and ankle chains, then retrieved a pair of shoes from his space ring.

"They're a bit big for you, but you can still wear them for now." Pom handed the shoes to the elf maiden.

The elf maiden held the shoes, looking a bit at a loss, unable to understand Herag and the others' conversation, unaware of their intentions.

"Put on the shoes." Herag instructed in the elf language.

Hearing him speak, her face lit up with a hint of joy, but quickly realized that it was normal for a wizard to be well-learned and know elf language, so her expression dimmed again.

She lifted one tender white foot, slipped it into the shoe, then put the other foot in as well.

The shoes were obviously much larger, and the elf maiden wore them awkwardly, feeling as if she were wearing slippers.

Herag had learned the elf language in the Moonlight Forest; the library's second level had books on the elf language, which he picked up along the way.

"Let's go." Seeing she had put on the shoes, Herag left Box No. 6 with Mr. Blake.

The elf maiden, a bit confused, followed behind, feeling anxious, unsure of what fate awaited her, her small hands clutching her clothes, lost in thought.

Back at the Cheqi Family shop, Herag shut the door, and the elf maiden stood by the entrance, too scared to take a step forward, looking at Herag with fearful eyes.

"What's your name?" Herag asked.

"Chatiya Ol...Olver..." Chatiya reluctantly answered, as if wanting to hide her name.

Herag keenly noticed this and asked, "Is there something special about your name? Or does it hold some significance?"

Chatiya clutched her clothes, seemingly reluctant to speak, but under the master-servant contract's constraint, she had to answer: "Olver is the ruler of the Elf Plane, a royal family among the elves, and I am a princess of the royal family."

"Royal family?"

Herag smiled knowingly, understanding why Chatiya was hesitant to mention her surname.

The royal family is the most noble bloodline among elves; ordinary elves live only about a thousand years, but royal elves have lifespans of at least three thousand years, increasing with their strength.

Herag learned from Shenlan's database that royal elves are also immensely powerful, inheriting magical power through their bloodline.

As they age, the strength of royal elves increases accordingly.

It seemed she had been concealing her identity, and those at the auction had always treated her as an ordinary elf, trading her for her extraordinary beauty, fetching higher prices.

If it were known she was a royal elf, she wouldn't have been traded to the Barren Land; she would have been purchased in the Land of Dawn.

Olver is the ruler of the Elf Plane, the strongest being in that plane, and the most powerful bloodline.

"No wonder the bloodline power I sensed was so strong..." Herag felt he had hit the jackpot; Chatiya's value had significantly increased.

Seeing Chatiya still fearful, he smiled, "You don't have to be so afraid. As long as you are obedient, I won't do anything excessive to you."

Herag's reassurance had little effect; Chatiya remained filled with fear and anxiety.

Seeing this, Herag could only smile wryly, realizing it was impossible to stabilize her emotions in the short term. He retrieved a wizard robe from his space ring.

"Go take a bath and wear this for now; I don't have any clothes for girls here." Herag tossed the wizard robe beside Chatiya.

Chatiya carefully picked up the wizard robe, holding it to her chest, standing in place somewhat uncertainly.

Herag rolled his eyes, "Don't worry, I won't bathe with you or peek at you; I'm not interested in small buns."

"Ok... okay, mas... master." Chatiya wasn't very trusting of his promise and was puzzled by the term 'small buns,' as it wasn't in the elf language.

"Wait, from now on, call me... um... being called master feels embarrassing, just call me Lord Herag," Herag instructed.

Chatiya bowed, "Understood, Lord Herag."

"Mm, go ahead." Herag waved a hand, lying back on the large bed, contemplating his future plans.

The dragon blood he just acquired needed to be absorbed quickly for its bloodline power, and he also wanted to try absorbing some of Chatiya's royal elf bloodline to see its effect.

There was another matter: Bessie's inability to grow her spiritual power; it was high time to send her the completed magic potion.

Over the past year, he had conveniently finished that magic potion experiment.

But if he were to send the potion, it had to be through Larry's hands. Completing it too quickly would seem out of the ordinary, and now, one year later, the timing was just right.

As Herag pondered these matters, the sound of water came from the bathroom.

Chatiya carefully drew the curtain, preventing Herag from peeking, even though she didn't know it was useless against him.

Chatiya turned on the faucet, and the warm water quickly filled the bathtub. She slowly removed her thin clothing, glancing down, suddenly realizing what 'small buns' meant.

"Mine aren't that small, why say I'm small..." Chatiya thought, feeling a bit unconvinced.

After Erza, compared to her, Chatiya indeed seemed quite small, but it was still just average.

In terms of appearance alone, Chatiya was the most beautiful and perfect woman Herag had ever seen; the elf race naturally surpassed other races in beauty.

Although Herag claimed not to peek, he observed for a while, mainly worried that Chatiya might drown in the bathtub. After all, she was a two thousand-magic-stone purchase; her death would mean a significant loss.

"Hmm... looks fine..." Herag took a brief look before withdrawing Shenlan's environmental detection.

Chapter 158: Magic Potion

Chatiya suddenly felt a sensation and placed her hands in front of her to cover her vital parts, feeling as though someone was secretly watching her.

But shortly after, this feeling of being watched disappeared.

Herag sensed her movement, his old face blushing: "Could I have been discovered..."

Though Chatiya was his slave, he never intended to force anything upon her.

If Chatiya was unwilling, Herag certainly wouldn't force it.

The principles of propriety and modern education from his past life prevented him from behaving like the nobles here, as he still had the most basic moral bottom line in his heart.

More importantly, Chatiya's identity as a royal elf made Herag have more plans, she might be very useful in the future.

The way Herag had just looked at her made Chatiya feel unsafe, so after a quick wash, she wiped her body dry with a nearby towel and slipped into the large wizard robe.

Chatiya, wrapped in the ample wizard robe, slowly walked to Herag and stood there uncertain of what to do.

"Get on the bed, under the covers," Herag instructed.

Chatiya sharply looked up, tears instantly welling up in her eyes as the moment she feared the most had come.

Herag couldn't bear her expression, waving his hand he said: "Alright, alright, it's just to warm the bed, not to do anything to you."

Once he said this, Chatiya held back her tears with skepticism, wiped the corners of her eyes and pitifully climbed onto the bed, laying motionlessly under the covers gazing at the ceiling.

"Sigh." Herag sighed.

He didn't understand how the royal elf princess ended up being captured here, was the Wizard Organization of the Land of Dawn so powerful now to capture even the royal bloodline from other planes?

But judging from the fact that none of them knew Chatiya's identity, there was likely some coincidence involved.

Half an hour later, Herag climbed into the bed as well, Chatiya shrank to the edge of the bed like a frightened fawn, not daring to get close.

Herag said: "Move over a bit, the bed isn't that wide. I still need to meditate, won't do anything to you. Sleep peacefully, don't disturb my meditation."

He said this and then entered a meditative state, his breathing long and steady.

Chatiya obediently moved over but still kept her distance from Herag, not daring to get too close.

She was initially very scared that Herag might suddenly pounce on her, but seeing that Herag truly entered a meditative state, she felt slightly relieved.

Chatiya stayed alert, not daring to fall asleep, just watching the meditating Herag.

She hadn't had a good sleep for a while and hadn't eaten well either. After a bath and lying in such a comfortable bed, a strong drowsiness hit her.

Chatiya originally persisted in not falling asleep, but unconsciously drifted off afterward.

Not only did she fall asleep, but she also unwittingly hugged Herag's arm, her foot also rested on Herag, with no trace of a princess-like demeanor.

Her foot even almost poked into Herag's mouth, who grabbed her foot and moved it aside after looking at the sleeping Chatiya, then continued meditating.

The next morning, when Chatiya awoke, she found herself sprawled in Herag's arms, which startled her, making her shyly retract to one side.

Herag woke up after ending his meditation and got out of bed, saying to Chatiya, "Go wash up, we'll be setting off soon."

"Yes, my lord." Chatiya obediently walked over.

A knock on the door sounded at this time, and Herag opened it: "Good morning, Mr. Blake."

Blake was holding two sets of clothes and two pairs of shoes, smiling: "I had them bought by a servant for your elf maiden."

Herag took the two sets of exquisite clothes and said, "Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"With slaves, actually the taming process is the most interesting..." Blake murmured.

He appeared to have considerable insight, indicating a youthful past.

Herag gave a wry smile without explaining and said, "Mr. Blake, are we heading back to Black Rock Valley today?"

"Yes, we'll set off at noon," Blake said.

After Blake left, Herag said to Chatiya, "Here are two sets of clothes and shoes, you can change into them."

Chatiya, holding the two sets of clothes, looked at them with a slight joyfulness spreading across her face, seeming to really like them.

She went into the bathroom to change, with the sound of rustling clothes accompanying her.

Ten minutes later, Chatiya emerged in a purple dress with princess shoes on her feet.

She had even styled her hair, exuding a true princess-like aura now.

"Not bad," Herag complimented.

...

After returning to Black Rock Valley with Chatiya, Herag called over Mary and Lennon: "This is Chatiya, she will be my assistant from now on."

He briefly introduced them for a mutual understanding to facilitate future work.

From now on, Mary had an additional task of helping Chatiya with daily chores, as many things were indeed inconvenient for Herag, being a man.

Bringing Chatiya to the Inner Castle, he told her about several restricted areas she couldn't enter, then said to Chatiya: "From now on, you'll sleep with me every day, I found that your aura greatly aids my meditation."

This was the conclusion Herag reached the previous night; he hadn't taken the Advanced Starry Sky Potion but his meditation speed increased considerably.

He concluded that Chatiya's high magical affinity significantly increased the concentration of surrounding energy particles, causing many energy particles to be involuntarily attracted.

Having Chatiya around was equivalent to having a humanoid energy particle aggregation witch array.

Chatiya felt a bit uneasy but couldn't defy Herag's command, so she just nodded, lowering her head to play with her fingers.

After advancing to an Official Wizard, Herag found further progression wasn't as easy.

Transitioning from gaseous to liquid state is a long accumulation process, daily meditation showed little progress but was necessary.

With the help of the Advanced Starry Sky Potion and Chatiya, his meditation speed had a considerable boost.

This kind of daily accumulation actually saved a lot of time in entering the Liquid Stage.

Two days after returning, Herag went to Blake, taking out the magic potion he refined for Bessie: "Mr. Blake, could you please give this to Mr. Larry, it's a potion I made for Bessie of Moonlight Forest and it should treat her injuries."

Blake nodded: "No problem, I'll send it to Larry."

Herag was now eighteen years old, while Bessie was a year younger.

Once Bessie recovered, she should have no problem advancing to an Official Wizard at eighteen or nineteen.

Bessie had actually advanced to a Third Class Wizard Apprentice earlier than Herag, her aptitude was quite good.

As long as the spiritual power stagnation issue was solved, there was a good chance of her advancing to an Official Wizard.

Chapter 159: Dragon Blood

Herag took out the Talisman Stone, intending to contact Larry to inform him about the Magic Potion.

But after considering, he decided against it, knowing that any communication with Larry using the Talisman Stone outdoors would be monitored by the people of Moonlight Forest.

Whenever he contacted Larry previously, he never discussed sensitive information over the Talisman Stone, only chatted about daily matters.

After returning to the castle, Herag called Chatiya for a chat.

After two days, Chatiya's emotions and mental state had stabilized significantly.

Only after realizing that Herag hadn't done anything excessive to her did Chatiya finally relax somewhat.

During this time, Mary often stayed with her, helping Chatiya integrate quickly into the environment.

Chatiya sat upright in front of Herag, nervously gripping her skirt.

"Shenlan, scan Chatiya's physical data." Herag was prepared to assess Chatiya's capabilities.

"Scanning..."

"Chatiya Older: Power 3.5, Agility 4.7, Constitution 4.1, Spirit 19.7."

Herag looked at the data panel: "Her Spiritual Power has reached the level of a Third Class Wizard Apprentice."

Then he asked, "How do you practice?"

"We learn magic from the elders," Chatiya truthfully replied.

"Then how does your Spiritual Power grow? Or rather, do you need a Meditation Method for practice?" Herag asked.

Chatiya, somewhat puzzled, thought for a while before saying, "We don't have a Meditation Method. Our Spiritual Power simply grows automatically as we age."

Upon hearing this, Herag understood, realizing that elves don't need special meditation practice.

Even if they do nothing, their Spiritual Power automatically grows stronger with age, unlike humans who need to meditate and practice diligently every day.

"What magic can you perform?" Herag asked.

Chatiya gestured with her hands: "I can perform Elemental Magic and Plant Magic, which helps plants grow. I see that many plants are cultivated outside; I can help out, I can work hard."

She seemed eager to prove her worth and not be seen as someone who only idly relies on others.

Chatiya knew well that eventually, even the prettiest face would be seen away from its value, and proving her worth was essential for long-term survival.

Herag shook his head: "No, you must never use magic casually in front of others."

"Wh-why?" Chatiya asked, confused.

"You are a Royal Elf, and the magic you use is undoubtedly different from ordinary elves. Never underestimate a Wizard's knowledge and wisdom; once someone notices your peculiarity. It won't just bring trouble to me, but you yourself might be in danger." Herag explained.

Chatiya understood and lowered her head in slight disappointment.

Royal Elves' magic is indeed vastly different from ordinary elves. Elves already have high magical affinity, and Royal Elves are even more exceptional.

If Chatiya displayed her magic in front of other Wizards, her exceedingly high magical affinity would inevitably draw attention, causing more complications.

With Chatiya's help, the Magic Potion Garden in Black Rock Valley would naturally see a significant increase in yield.

But ultimately, it's Cheqi Family's business, and Herag didn't want Chatiya's identity to be revealed because of it.

Herag took out a book and placed it in front of Chatiya: "You won't have nothing to do, take this and learn it quickly."

"What is this..." Chatiya took the book but found the text unfamiliar.

"This is 'Svir Language,' a common language here. You must learn it quickly. So when you help me with tasks, it will make things easier." Herag planned for Chatiya to learn the language first, then study Magic Potion-related subjects to assist in experiments in the future.

Right now, Chatiya and Mary communicated only through gestures rather than words.

Such communication isn't a problem for a day or two, but long-term communication challenges due to language barriers would be a significant issue.

Chatiya nodded and firmly said, "Don't worry, I will learn it quickly."

Chatiya wasn't afraid of Herag assigning her tasks, just not having any tasks to perform.

"I'll personally teach you during the initial stages. Once you understand the basics, you should be able to learn and comprehend the rest on your own," Herag said.

Herag then started assuming the role of a teacher, imparting knowledge to Chatiya.

Chatiya, this Royal Elf, was indeed quite extraordinary, with high intelligence and a learning speed that made Herag wonder if Chatiya also had Shenlan capabilities.

Chatiya had a high linguistic talent, mastering the Svir Language with ease.

Herag had simply explained the basic syllables and grammar, and Chatiya quickly grasped it, able to speak some basic phrases after just an hour.

"Very good," Herag said, gently patting Chatiya on the head to praise her.

Chatiya smiled sweetly, a bit embarrassed.

Herag then took out "Basic Introduction to Herbalism" and "Basic Introduction to Magic Potions," which were books he had used during his own studies.

"After you learn Svir Language, continue with these topics. You can assist me in potion experiments afterward. By the way, later I'll need to take some of your blood for research," Herag instructed.

Chatiya cautiously pulled the two books over, placing them on her lap: "Alright, I'll follow your instructions."

After assigning Chatiya's study tasks, Herag went to his laboratory, preparing to absorb the Bloodline Power from Dragon Blood.

In the laboratory, Herag took out the vial of Dragon Blood, a small quantity, only three milliliters.

"From the feel, the bloodline power of Dragon Blood isn't as strong as that of Chatiya's Royal Elf Bloodline," Herag felt the power within the Dragon Blood with closed eyes.

Since the Dragon Blood was already highly refined, Herag didn't need to perform any additional treatment; he could absorb it directly.

Behind Herag appeared a phantom of the Ancient Stone Slab, the power of the Great Dark Heaven permeating the Dragon Blood, beginning to absorb the Bloodline Power within.

After a long time, an underlying dark red color appeared on Herag's skin, which quickly faded back to its original hue.

"Shenlan, assess the enhancement effects brought by Dragon Blood."

"Scanning..."

"Dragon Blood: Power +4.8, Agility +4.6, Constitution +5.1."

"Gained Talents: High-Level Flame Resistance, Dragonic Language Control."

Herag checked his chest, finding no new Bloodline Mark formed.

Yet he did gain two new talents, which Herag carefully examined.

"High-Level Flame Resistance: Extremely high resistance to flames and heat, grants high resistance to Fire Magic."

"Dragonic Language Control: Command all Dragonic Language, gaining the capability to use Dragonic Language Magic."

Herag had previously learned Dragonic Language, possessing basic Dragonic Language skills.

But that was just the most rudimentary Dragonic Language, and now it was like fully mastering the Language.

Chapter 160: Plunder

As for Dragonic Language Magic, normally, it would be very difficult for a wizard like Herag to master it.

Because the spell model of Dragonic Language Magic is extremely complex, mastering it requires a lot of time and effort.

But now Herag doesn't need to master Dragonic Language Magic by constructing spell models.

He already has the bloodline power of the Dragon Race. As long as he continues to absorb the bloodline power of the dragon and awaken the Dragonic Language Magic inherited within the bloodline power, he can automatically gain the ability to cast Dragonic Language Magic.

Herag glanced at the data panel, feeling that it was no longer sufficient to display his information. So, he said, "Shenlan, adjust my body data panel to add a talent section."

"Adjustment completed."

Name: Herag Merlin

Power: 22.8

Agility: 22.6

Constitution: 24.1

Spirit: 46

Magic Power: 100%

Talent: Great Dark Heaven, Bloodline Perception, High-Level Flame Resistance, Dragonic Language Control.

This is the current body data. The Dragon's bloodline power brought direct improvements to his body data, unlike the bloodline power of the Thunder God Ancestor, which requires active activation before body data improves.

After a year of meditation practice and absorbing dragon blood, all body data reached over twenty points. Herag estimates that with various enhancements, it should break forty points.

After absorbing the dragon blood, Herag originally intended to go back and take some blood from Chatiya for an experiment, but unexpectedly, Blake came, and his expression was somewhat grave.

"Mr. Blake, what's happened?" Herag asked.

Blake spoke, "Just got news that a batch of finished magic potions was robbed at the Gem Peak Magic Potion Garden, so we need your side to rush to help refine them again."

"No problem," Herag agreed readily, then asked, "Robbed? By whom?"

Blake shook his head, "It's not clear at the moment. The wizard apprentices and knights transporting the potions were all killed. Moreover, those who acted clearly came prepared, erasing all traces, so it's currently impossible to determine who it was. The family is also holding a meeting to discuss this matter."

"The batch of potions is part of our contract with Augustus Academy and must be delivered on time—one hundred portions of Giant Hammer Potion in total, and we need your help to make fifty portions within fifteen days."

Having signed the contract means that if the magic potions are not delivered on time, it counts as a breach of contract, with consequences for breaching.

Although Herag didn't know what the consequences of breaching the contract were, looking at Blake's expression, he knew they must be serious.

If it were an ordinary wizard family, it would be negotiable.

But the Cheqi Family signed a contract with Augustus Academy, and the power behind Augustus Academy is the Wizard Organization of the Land of Dawn, making the Cheqi Family too weak in comparison.

The Giant Hammer Potion is a type of high-level magic potion, mainly to enhance overall power, agility, and constitution, generally used by Knight Level and Great Knight Level.

Because wizards typically don't rely on physical combat, this type of magic potion is often provided to the knights under a wizard's command.

There are one hundred portions in total, such a large quantity, and Herag needs to complete fifty portions within fifteen days, meaning at least three or four portions per day.

This isn't too difficult for Herag, but it will occupy some time he would spend on experiments, so Chatiya's bloodline research plan has to be postponed by half a month.

"Alright, I'll start preparing to refine the Giant Hammer Potion," Herag nodded and said.

Blake spoke, "The task is quite heavy. I hope you understand, the family can't help it."

In his understanding, refining fifty portions in fifteen days is really asking a bit much, too much pressure, making him feel a bit guilty towards Herag.

Herag, however, laughed indifferently, "No worries, since we're getting paid, we should do the work. When the Cheqi Family is in trouble, I should naturally make more efforts to get through the tough times together."

Blake patted Herag on the shoulder but said nothing.

The related raw materials for the Giant Hammer Potion were quickly prepared, available in the Black Rock Valley.

Standing in the laboratory, Herag waved his hand, and a batch of magic potion materials appeared on the ground. These were just part of the raw materials, and there were plenty more in the Space Ring.

He picked up a white stalk from these materials, looking quite ordinary.

This is a magic potion material called Fog Root, with its special nature lying in its growth process.

Fog Root is hard to find in a natural environment, usually artificially cultivated by wizards.

The cultivation of Fog Root requires suspending the seeds in the air and watering them with magic power. After about half a month, the seeds enveloped in magic power will gradually sink into the land below.

Once in the soil, the seeds will develop into those white stalks.

In a natural environment, Fog Root will only grow in exceptionally energy-rich places, achieving the effect of sprouting and subsequently growing into the soil.

The processing of Fog Root is also quite special. Herag needs to infuse it with magic power in a special way, compressing the Fog Root into a gas with high-quality magic power.

All of this must be done in a specially enclosed round-bellied glass bottle, with magic power penetrating the glass bottle to slowly compress the Fog Root into a white gas, forming a mass of white mist.

This white mist needs to be enveloped in magic power throughout to maintain its properties from changing.

While inputting magic power to keep the white mist's properties stable, Herag began processing other magic potion materials.

"Having an assistant indeed makes things much easier." Herag sighed in his heart and continued with his work.

The refining of these high-level magic potions is already very intricate and complex, often requiring simultaneous completion of several tasks, which is manageable because of the strong spiritual power of an Official Wizard.

But it's still tiring, and having assistance makes it much more convenient.

Larry's house elf used to be his magic potion assistant, but now, it's too old to be of help.

Herag also wanted to find an assistant, but an assistant must be trustworthy and skilled.

It's hard to find someone trustworthy, and skilled assistants aren't cheap. With little money left, he couldn't afford such an assistant.

After buying Chatiya, Herag only had three hundred magic stones left.

Now with Chatiya, who has signed a Master-Servant Contract, the assistant issue is perfectly solved.

Chatiya is his servant, entirely obedient, with no trust issues.

More importantly, Chatiya is a Royal Elf with extremely high magical affinity, fully capable of taking on the role of magic potion assistant. The rest is just the study of relevant potion knowledge.

Elves have high plant affinity, aiding in the potion refining process, as they naturally have a high degree of control over plants, which aligns well with the requirements of potion refining.