

Sixth 171

Chapter 171: Departure

"Sir, you have some letters." Chatiya walked into the bedroom holding two letters.

Herag was sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, holding a book and studying it. He turned his head upon hearing the voice: "Just leave them here."

After placing the letters, Chatiya asked softly, "Is there anything else you need, sir?"

"Make me a pot of coffee," Herag said, picking up the letters.

Chatiya immediately went to prepare the coffee. These days, she gradually assumed the responsibilities of a maid, increasingly embodying the role.

Herag looked at the two letters; one was from Bessie, and the other from Lillian.

He first picked up Bessie's letter, which was quite long.

The most important thing was that the magic potion Herag concocted was effective, and her injuries were completely healed.

Bessie had now returned to her regular meditation practice. Her Spiritual Power growth not only resumed but was faster than before.

She wrote that it wouldn't take long for her to meet the Spiritual Power requirements to advance to an Official Wizard.

Herag felt quite gratified upon reading this; Bessie's recovery was naturally the best outcome.

Her talent was great, and losing hope for advancement at such a young age would be truly despairing.

Bessie continued to write about some small events in the Moonlight Forest, which were similar to those before Herag left, with no significant changes.

Every year new people joined, and some were injured or died due to various tasks.

Everything was as usual.

Bessie planned to sign a formal contract with the Moonlight Forest, ensuring direct access to Ancient Magic Potions and Amanda's Potions.

Although she would have to stay in the Moonlight Forest for at least a hundred years after her advancement, for a Wizard Apprentice like Bessie with no background, this was the best and only option.

After reading Bessie's letter, Herag picked up Lillian's letter.

Lillian had already advanced to an Official Wizard, just two months ago.

She spent the past two months stabilizing her Spiritual Power and adjusting her state.

Lillian was much luckier; with Professor Nina by her side, she never lacked resources and didn't face contract restrictions like in the Moonlight Forest.

The most crucial point was Lillian's mention of a possible future opportunity to enter the Land of Dawn.

Augustus Academy, being an administrator established by the Land of Dawn in the Barren Land, naturally had channels to the Land of Dawn.

The rule that Wizards from the Barren Land couldn't enter the Land of Dawn was merely a restriction for those at the bottom.

However, for Augustus Academy, as long as you were exceptional enough, they could admit you to the Land of Dawn.

Of course, the conditions were very stringent.

Even for a promising Wizard like Lillian, it was very difficult; it was just a chance.

Lillian's letter mainly shared some information about the Wizard World with Herag, mostly intelligence exchanges.

After putting down the letter, Herag went to his desk, picked up a quill, and began writing replies, mainly discussing his current situation and experiences.

However, he didn't go into detail about many things and just briefly mentioned them.

For instance, he only briefly noted his recent encounter in Black Rock Valley as an attack.

After finishing the letters, he handed them to Lennon, asking him to make a trip to mail them.

There were still two months before the Death Swamp Ruins opened. Besides his daily practice, Herag also spent time learning more about the Death Swamp Ruins.

The Death Swamp Ruins had existed for over a thousand years, with its exact origin remaining unknown.

It's said that it was once a dimensional rift, often used by other planes as a breach to invade the Wizard Plane.

Later, Wizards mended the rift, but the rules there remained chaotic, filled with unknowns and mysteries.

Correspondingly, due to its unique geographical environment, it also produced many rare materials.

For a long time, the place was a chaos zone, with countless Wizards battling fiercely over its resources.

The unique environment of the Death Swamp Ruins made it difficult to manage, and many Wizards who had committed violations would hide inside to escape enemies' pursuit.

Later on, it eventually became the chaotic City of Chaos, with a considerable population.

After a long passage of time, the Battle of Dawn erupted. Wizard organizations like Moonlight Forest and Green Cottage were defeated and exiled to the Barren Land.

While establishing the Northern Mountains, the Wizards of the Land of Dawn also brought the Death Swamp Ruins under their management.

They couldn't relocate the ruins but could encircle the Death Swamp Ruins, setting restrictions.

They subsequently controlled the opening time of the Death Swamp Ruins, preventing Wizards from entering to seize resources without restraint.

The limitation was set to open every ten years, with restricted entry times and numbers.

The allocation of slots also rested in the hands of the Land of Dawn, and any slots for each Wizard Family or Wizard Organization in the Barren Land required approval from the Land of Dawn.

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The two months passed quickly. Herag stood at the entrance of Black Rock Valley, together with Blake and a few others.

This time, the Cheqi Family, along with Herag, had a total of seven people heading to the Death Swamp Ruins: two Crystalization Wizards, two Liquidation Wizards, and three Gaseous Wizards.

The operation was led by Blake, with another Crystalization Wizard, an elderly woman named Kallen, whose face resembled dried wood, each wrinkle forming layers.

Old Lady Kallen was a veteran member of the Cheqi Family, more than two hundred years old, strong in power, and a cornerstone figure for the operation.

Her purpose this trip was naturally to seize something with the Power of Rules. Acquiring one would allow her advancement.

For years, Kallen had been stuck at the Crystalization Wizard phase, unable to move forward.

Although she seemed old and on the brink of life's end now, advancing to a Level 2 Wizard would grant her long life again.

But this step was indeed challenging.

Old Lady Kallen had made up her mind to enter the Death Swamp Ruins this time.

If she still couldn't find something containing the Power of Rules this time, she might not have another chance.

Thus, for her, this was an all-or-nothing endeavor.

"We should get going, Herag. Just stay with me once we're inside, don't wander off," Blake advised once more.

Herag nodded, "I understand, Mr. Blake."

Blake nodded, still holding confidence in Herag.

Over the days spent together, Herag gave him a very reliable impression and handled tasks with steadiness.

Herag not only had exceptional talent and adequate strength but also a good mindset.

Blake held higher expectations for Herag than Larry, who only recognized Herag's magic potion talent.

However, with his rich experience, Blake deeply sensed Herag's vast potential, with his magic potion talent almost as an added bonus.

Blake believed that if given enough time and opportunities, Herag might achieve something truly remarkable in the future.

Chapter 172: City of Chaos

The group of seven stood together, as Old Lady Kallen drew some complex runes on the ground with a certain purple liquid.

Herag and the others would be directly transported near the Death Swamp Ruins, avoiding the slow journey by carriage.

During this time, Herag took the opportunity to observe the others.

There were two Liquidation Wizards, a man and a woman, who seemed to be a couple, both only in their thirties or forties.

There were also two Gaseous Wizards, who looked older, both middle-aged men in their fifties.

These two had the lowest status, and their main job was to do some of the dirty work and hard labor.

All the things Herag acquired in the Death Swamp Ruins belonged to him, but not for these two, as everything they acquired had to be handed over.

An hour later, Old Lady Kallen finished drawing, turned around, and said to everyone, "Stand on it, don't move. Otherwise, if your head is missing when we reach the destination, I won't be responsible."

The group slowly stepped onto the purple runes, and Old Lady Kallen took out a staff, chanting under her breath.

The purple runes began to glow, and a powerful wave of magic power spread outward.

Herag took a deep breath, adjusting his breath, as the surrounding space began to distort.

He glanced at the distant Magic Potion Garden, which had already twisted into a curved seven-colored ribbon.

After a brief bout of dizziness, Herag's eyes brightened as he arrived at a square.

Herag looked over at the others, the two Gaseous Wizards were already collapsed on the ground, while the other two Liquidation Wizards were clutching their heads and didn't look comfortable.

Only Blake, Old Lady Kallen, and Herag were fine, as his strong constitution and bloodline power prevented the space transmission from affecting him.

Herag looked into the distance, and all around the square was a wilderness, with not a single weed on the ground, only black soil.

But this black soil was different from that of Black Rock Valley; it was bloodstained here.

Old Lady Kallen cast a spell on the collapsed two Gaseous Wizards, who soon woke up.

"Let's go." Old Lady Kallen hunched over and led the way.

Herag followed, glancing back occasionally.

He couldn't shake the feeling there was something odd about the distant sky.

Blake noticed his actions and remarked, "Only through teleportation can one enter here; the Death Swamp Ruins can't be accessed by normal means anymore."

"Are we already inside the Death Swamp Ruins?" Herag asked.

"Not exactly; this is just the entrance," Blake explained.

Herag looked back again, noticing the sky behind seemed to be shrouded by a barrier, appearing dim and gray.

The group continued along the barren path, seeing a gathering of people ahead.

"These are all the wizards entering the Death Swamp Ruins this time," Blake said quietly.

Herag immediately noticed an old man, Old Man Carl from the Moss Family.

The old man had two Liquidation Wizards following him.

Old Man Carl seemed to sense something, turned, and saw Herag, his expression instantly turning sour.

Although he hadn't seen Herag's appearance directly at that time, he had gathered relevant information afterward, so he naturally knew what he looked like.

Seeing him again now, Carl was filled with resentment.

"If it weren't for this kid last time, our Moss Family wouldn't have suffered such heavy losses!"

Not only did their plan fail, but they also incurred significant losses.

And since they were in the wrong, they couldn't negotiate for favorable conditions during the discussions.

Originally, they had five spots in the Death Swamp Ruins, but now they only had three, with the other two allocated to the Cheqi Family.

This time, the Moss Family really lost out badly.

Seeing the people from the Cheqi Family approaching, Old Man Carl felt displeased, turning to walk toward a huge purple light gate.

This light gate stood upright, about ten meters high, with a purple vortex inside.

The three of them, Old Man Carl and his followers, walked directly into the purple vortex and then disappeared.

"Is this the entrance?" Herag asked.

Blake nodded, saying, "That's right, we just go in directly."

"How do we get out?" Herag pondered and asked.

"Three days; after that, we'll automatically return here, as long as you're still alive. There are always many who don't return. So once inside, stick with me," Blake instructed.

Herag was naturally very steady; he'd never roam around recklessly.

There were also other wizard organizations or wizard family members, but Herag hadn't yet seen anyone from Moonlight Forest.

The wizard organizations like Moonlight Forest and Green Cottage would naturally have people participating in exploring the Death Swamp Ruins, but they hadn't encountered them yet.

Besides the dangers within the ruins, threats from other wizards were significant too.

Especially when precious treasures were involved, confrontations could break out over the treasures.

Old Lady Kallen was the first to step into the gate, her figure disappearing.

Blake followed closely, with Herag right on his heels.

Entering the light gate, Herag felt nothing, unlike the slight dizziness from space transmission.

As the purple halo still surrounded him, a foul stench filled the air.

When the purple halo dispersed, Herag found himself in a dilapidated city.

In front of him lay a city in decay; all sorts of buildings had collapsed and showed signs that no one had been active there for many years.

"This used to be the City of Chaos, a time when many people lived here," Blake explained.

Herag immediately initiated Shenlan's environment scan, vigilantly observing the surroundings.

"Let's move, our destination is over at the Black Forest," Blake said.

These arrangements had been made in advance, so Herag was aware.

The Black Forest is a large forest within the Death Swamp, rich with various resources.

The deeper into the forest one goes, the more rare resources can be found.

Of course, the deeper parts are also more dangerous.

The primary goal of Herag and his party is to head towards the Black Forest; with only three days, there is not enough time to explore other places.

The Cheqi Family knows the Black Forest best, choosing the safest route.

The Black Forest lies to the north of the City of Chaos ruins, and Herag's group needs to traverse the ruins to reach it.

The ruins of the City of Chaos usually pose no significant danger.

Kallen took the lead, followed by Blake, then Herag.

The two Liquidation Wizards walked behind Herag, with the remaining two Gaseous Wizards at the back.

As Herag passed through the ruins, he noted many white bones scattered across the ground, already showing signs of many years; these people must have died long ago.

Chapter 173: Black Forest

Herag walked for a while, always feeling that something was a bit off.

He pondered for a long time, sensed the Bloodline Mark on his chest, and suddenly discovered that here the suppression on the Bloodline Mark seemed to be less severe.

Herag remembered the origin of the Death Swamp Ruins; this place was originally a dimensional rift, only later repaired.

In other words, in this place, the Wizard Plane's World Will was weaker at suppressing the powers of other planes.

Herag felt much steadier in his heart; if the power of the Thunder God Ancestor's Bloodline Mark could be used here, his strength would be greatly enhanced.

Old Lady Kallen was walking at the forefront and suddenly stopped.

As soon as she stopped, Herag and the others felt a wave of tension.

Herag's expression became serious; he also sensed some abnormalities.

Many particles were floating in the air ahead.

These particles seemed to be the seeds of some plant; the wind direction happened to blow towards them, causing these seeds to drift over.

"Put on your shields; these are Blood Morning Glory seeds, which will take root and sprout in the flesh of animals. Once they stick to you, there's no way to deal with them here," Kallen said gravely.

The group hastily put on shields and proceeded forward.

The Blood Morning Glory seeds quickly drifted over; the sky was filled with tiny seeds.

These seeds were attracted by the flesh of Herag and the others, with many automatically attaching themselves.

The outer surface of Herag's Absolute Defense was quickly covered with seeds.

He observed that at the tip of the seeds, there was an extremely fine tendril continuously trying to penetrate the shield.

However, with the protection of Absolute Defense, these tendrils couldn't penetrate at all.

Herag condensed some Fire Energy Seeds, roasted the surface of the Absolute Defense, causing many charred Blood Morning Glory seeds to fall onto the ground.

After completely crossing the ruins of the City of Chaos, the Blood Morning Glory seeds in the air had also drifted past.

The shadow of a distant forest loomed; it was the destination for Herag and the others.

There was a distance of about a thousand meters between the City of Chaos and the Black Forest, and the ground was also black soil, all soaked with blood.

The journey was very calm, without encountering any abnormal situations.

The group smoothly entered the Black Forest, and the light immediately dimmed.

"Moonlight Grass!"

Herag immediately spotted a patch of Moonlight Grass under a tree in the distance; the leaves of this grass were moon-white, making them easy to identify.

Moonlight Grass can be used as casting materials for various Light Magic.

Though Light Magic is rare, Moonlight Grass is equally rare.

A single Moonlight Grass is worth about fifty to sixty Magic Stones in the market, which is quite good.

After Herag spoke up, the others also looked over and saw a large patch of Moonlight Grass growing there in the woods.

There were at least fifty to sixty Moonlight Grass plants, worth a few thousand Magic Stones.

However, none of them moved, all waiting for orders from Old Lady Kallen and Blake.

As had been said before departure, all actions should follow command.

No matter what Magic Potion Materials or Casting Materials are found, one cannot act without permission.

These are lessons learned in blood.

Old Lady Kallen glanced over there and then said, "No problem, you can pick them."

After she spoke, Herag and the others went over and began to collect.

Herag took out a professional trowel and started digging swiftly.

Despite the speed, the completeness of the collection was good, maintaining the entirety of the Moonlight Grass.

The speed of others was slower; none were as skilled as Herag.

Herag, who has made Magic Potions for years, is very familiar with handling these Magic Potion Materials.

He showed much more initiative than the others because the harvest was his own.

And those two Gaseous Wizards, what they collected had to be turned in, with only some rewards at the end.

Moreover, they were not as familiar with the methods of collecting Magic Potion Materials as Herag, slowing them down considerably.

About twenty minutes later, Herag had collected eighteen Moonlight Grass plants into his Space Ring.

Almost half of this patch of Moonlight Grass was harvested by him.

Old Lady Kallen had moved ahead and called back, "Time to go."

She had given Herag and the others limited time for gathering, and when time was up, they had to leave.

Had Herag not acted quickly, there would not have been enough time for these people to finish gathering it all.

Blake waved to everyone, "Everyone come here, put this on your wrist."

He took out some wooden bracelets, the material of which was unrecognizable.

"These are Evil Spirit Bracelets. If an evil spirit approaches or attacks, the bracelet will start to burn. Pay close attention," Blake distributed a bracelet to each person.

Blake continued, "Starting now, everyone needs to be constantly vigilant and keep an additional eye. The people around you can become problematic at any time; don't trust anyone too much. Although the Black Forest isn't highly dangerous, there are still many troublesome things."

Although Herag had a stronger Evil Spirit Crystal, he honestly put on the bracelet, considering it an extra layer of protection.

"From now on, form pairs and never let each other out of your sight," Kallen instructed everyone.

According to her arrangement, Herag and Blake formed a pair, and the two Liquefaction Wizards formed a pair, as did the two Gaseous Wizards.

"And you, Lady Kallen?" one of the Gaseous Wizards asked.

"No need to worry about me," Kallen replied indifferently.

The group continued forward in the Black Forest, finding many High-tier Magic Potion Materials and Casting Materials along the way.

Especially Herag, who garnered about seven thousand to eight thousand Magic Stones worth of finds during this trip.

This Black Forest was practically full of treasures; one could bend down to pick up valuable items.

Two hours passed without the group encountering any significant trouble, and the atmosphere became more relaxed.

The wizard couple even began chatting happily, as if on a forest excursion.

Herag frowned, remaining highly alert.

This place couldn't possibly be as simple as it appeared.

The calmer it seemed, the more careful one needed to be.

Whiz!

A dark figure flashed through the woods ahead, and the trees there shook slightly.

"What was that!" Herag, who had been watching his surroundings, sensed the anomaly almost simultaneously with Kallen and Blake.

The other four came over only after hearing the sound, unsure of what had happened.

"Something flashed by in the tree over there, very fast," Herag explained.

Kallen said solemnly, "It should be some kind of demon, without a dead aura. Ignore it; let's keep moving. We are wary of it, and it is wary of us. As long as we stay together, ordinary demons won't dare bother us."

Chapter 174: Human-faced Monkey

Old Lady Kallen didn't clearly see what the demon looked like, she only knew it was a living creature.

After this incident, the group became even more cautious, and the atmosphere grew tense.

The couple who were originally talking and laughing, now realized they were in the Death Swamp Ruins and must be careful with everything.

Herag and the others continued forward, and after a while, there was a rustling in the forest ahead, making the group stop once more.

A bipedal monkey jumped down from a tree in front of them, staring at Herag and the others.

Old Lady Kallen immediately covered her face with a towel and said, "It's a Human-faced Monkey! Cover your faces."

The others were a bit puzzled as to why they needed to cover their faces, bewildered at heart, but they dutifully took out various items to cover their faces.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

The Human-faced Monkey was about two meters tall, not robust at all, as thin as a stick.

Its face was no different from an ordinary monkey's, but its features started to change.

In no time, the Human-faced Monkey's face became a human face.

The group felt that this human face seemed familiar.

Herag looked closely and realized it was his own face, exactly the same.

Old Lady Kallen shrieked, "It's over! Herag! Catch it! Don't let it escape!"

Blake's expression also turned serious, explaining to the still clueless Herag and others: "The Human-faced Monkey is a rare demon found only in the Death Swamp Ruins. They replicate the faces of good-looking humans, and then, any damage the Human-faced Monkey sustains will be mirrored on the person whose face was copied."

"It copied Herag's face, meaning if someone cuts off the Human-faced Monkey's head, Herag will die too."

Herag's heart turned cold upon hearing this; such a thing was utterly unforeseeable and indefensible.

He was only a bit slow and got his face copied by the Human-faced Monkey.

Coincidentally, Herag was the most handsome in the group, making him the Human-faced Monkey's target.

"How can this be undone?" Herag asked.

He felt a bit troubled; the Human-faced Monkey's trait meant it couldn't be harmed, otherwise attacking it would be like attacking himself.

In other words, they had to capture the Human-faced Monkey without harming it, and then find a way to undo the face replication.

Old Lady Kallen said, "To undo the Human-faced Monkey's face, you need to find someone prettier than you, and then the Human-faced Monkey will shift its target. Or, the replication target dies."

Herag immediately felt overwhelmed.

Find someone better-looking than himself?

That's too difficult.

Moreover, in the middle of the Death Swamp Ruins, where could he find such a handsome person?

"It's running away! You must catch it!" Old Lady Kallen reminded.

Herag looked up and saw the Human-faced Monkey shrieking before leaping onto a tree and fleeing.

Herag knew he couldn't let it get away.

Even if he didn't yet know how to solve the problem, he had to capture and control the Human-faced Monkey first, then slowly think of a solution.

If he let the Human-faced Monkey escape, the massive area of the Death Swamp Ruins, with many unknown regions, would mean Herag would have nowhere to search.

If this problem wasn't solved, he might unknowingly receive injuries or even die suddenly in the future.

Herag quickly moved to follow it.

Blake called from behind, "Don't chase too far, we'll wait here for you."

"Half an hour, we'll wait," Old Lady Kallen added.

They wouldn't follow the chase; this was the Death Swamp Ruins, and running around recklessly was dangerous.

Even though he was a Crystalization Wizard, he was still fragile here. They wouldn't risk their lives for Herag.

The problem with the Human-faced Monkey had to be solved by Herag himself.

They would only wait here for half an hour, and if the time passed, they would leave.

Old Lady Kallen made a decisive decision because she had to consider the safety of the whole team.

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After following behind, Herag kept trailing the Human-faced Monkey.

The Human-faced Monkey was fast, making it hard for Herag to close the gap.

Seeing he was far from Blake and the others, Herag activated the Thunder God Ancestor Bloodline Mark with a thought.

The Bloodline Mark quickly activated, greatly enhancing Herag's strength and speed.

Meanwhile, the Bloodline Power continued to unleash.

With the Bloodline Mark at the center of his chest, black began to spread across his body.

The last time Herag unleashed such power, it was suppressed by the World Will of the Wizard Plane.

But now, the black spread was only slowed, not entirely suppressed.

A few minutes later, Herag's entire body was covered with a metallic luster.

"Shenlan, assess the enhancements brought by the Bloodline Mark," Herag commanded.

He felt a comprehensive and significant enhancement in his physical condition, completely different from before.

"The current enhancement data from the Bloodline Mark are as follows:"

"Strength +25.3, Agility +25.7, Constitution +25.5."

It was truly like upgrading from a flintlock to a cannon; all his physical stats increased by over twenty points.

And this wasn't the full power of the Bloodline Mark; Herag could sense that there was still hidden power that was not fully activated.

This was still not the true Abyss Plane, and the Bloodline Mark faced many limitations here.

Herag's current state was only the initial form of the Bloodline Mark, not its true complete form.

"Marco, you'd better pray you don't run into me."

Herag was now bursting with confidence, feeling like he could crush a Crystalization Wizard with a single punch.

"Shenlan, calculate to what extent my stats can reach with all beneficial effects activated, and label this state as Stage One."

Herag had only activated the Bloodline Mark's power and had many beneficial spells yet to be used.

If he added all the beneficial spells, his physical stats would definitely reach an astonishing level.

"After calculations, Stage One data are as follows:"

"Stage One: Strength 62.5, Agility 58.6, Constitution 63.3, Spirit 52.6."

Upon seeing this data, Herag was convinced that in the Stage One state, he could easily handle a Crystalization Wizard.

But this power, though strong, had too many restrictions.

If not for being in the Death Swamp Ruins, Herag wouldn't be able to reach Stage One.

Most importantly, no other wizard must find out that he could reach such a state.

Because Herag now carried a strong aura of the Abyss Plane, that aura was basically the signature of an Abyssal Demon.

If other wizards, especially those from the Land of Dawn, learned of it, he'd be executed as an Abyssal Demon hiding amongst the wizards.

Chapter 175: Magical Energy Crystal

If Herag's secrets were discovered, he would basically have no place to stay in the Wizard Plane.

Although he is not a creature of the Abyss Plane, no one would believe his words.

Herag definitely wouldn't be able to explain himself clearly, and the wizard organizations in the Land of Dawn wouldn't listen to his explanation.

By then, Herag would be burned as a "traitor of the plane."

After Herag activated the power of the bloodline mark, his speed exploded in an instant, and in the blink of an eye, he caught up to the human-faced monkey's backside.

The human-faced monkey sensed the commotion behind it, turned its head to look, and after sensing the aura from Herag, its expression instantly became terrified. It screeched a few times and began to accelerate its escape.

But even with its acceleration, it couldn't compare to Herag's speed now.

In the next second, Herag caught up to the human-faced monkey and then whispered, "Dark Imprisonment!"

The human-faced monkey's speed quickly slowed down, and it froze on the tree.

Herag walked over, intending to punch it, but seeing that face just like his, he couldn't bring himself to strike.

"Dare to run, you'll die, understand?" Herag threatened.

The human-faced monkey seemed not to understand, still full of fear.

Suddenly, Herag recalled that the toad had previously taught him a language, a language of the Abyss Plane, maybe it could work.

So, he repeated in the language of the Abyss Plane, "Dare to run, you'll die, understand?"

Surprisingly, the human-faced monkey understood and quickly nodded.

Seeing the communication was possible, Herag immediately said, "Hurry up and change your face back, you think you're worthy of using my face?"

The human-faced monkey obeyed at once and reverted to its original monkey face.

Herag then lifted the dark imprisonment from the human-faced monkey. After regaining its freedom, instead of fleeing, it knelt down and began to bow toward Herag.

"Seems like it considers me a powerful existence from the Abyss Plane." Observing the human-faced monkey's actions, Herag speculated internally.

With a flash of thought, Herag had more ideas and continued to ask in the language of the Abyss Plane, "Have you been here long?"

While kneeling, the human-faced monkey nodded repeatedly; it couldn't speak.

From the human-faced monkey's perspective, at this moment, Herag seemed like a supreme being from the Abyss Plane. The bloodline aura was of the highest kind, something it, as a minor demon, couldn't offend at all.

Although the human-faced monkey didn't understand why such a noble presence appeared here, that's not important. Encountering it, one should just kneel and bow, praying for forgiveness for its rudeness from the noble-blooded being.

Upon hearing the noble's question, it was willing to answer with everything it knew, even though it couldn't speak.

Herag continued to ask, "Since you've been here for so long, do you know where there are treasures?"

The human-faced monkey looked puzzled, thought for a while, then started nodding.

"Is it far from here?" Seeing there might be an opportunity, Herag continued to ask.

The human-faced monkey shook its head to indicate it wasn't far and pointed north.

To be cautious, Herag continued to ask, "Is there danger in that place?"

The human-faced monkey nodded, glanced at Herag, and then shook its head.

Herag didn't understand what it meant. After a moment's thought, he said, "You mean it's dangerous for you, but not for me?"

The human-faced monkey quickly nodded, indicating that was exactly what it meant.

"Lead the way," Herag ordered.

Originally, Herag planned to latch onto Blake and follow closely once they entered the Death Swamp Ruins.

Who would have thought upon entering, he discovered that the power of his bloodline mark could indeed be partially exerted here.

With this, Herag naturally had more plans. Now, in the eyes of these demons, he appeared to be a higher-level demon, capable of using this to do many things.

Of course, there are risks, but nothing can be done without taking risks.

The human-faced monkey felt honored to be asked to lead the way by such a great existence. It gave a terrible smile, nodding and bowing as it led the way.

Seeing the human-faced monkey's servile manner, Herag could only sigh silently.

He followed behind the human-faced monkey, heading north.

Herag temporarily did not intend to act with Blake and others. With his power reaching tier one, he was already stronger than Kallen and Blake, the two Crystalization Wizards, and no longer needed their protection.

Unfortunately, this powerful strength couldn't be used elsewhere in the Wizard Plane.

With the human-faced monkey leading the way northward, the surrounding temperature gradually dropped, and the light dimmed more and more.

One hour later.

A towering giant tree appeared before Herag, reaching a height of five hundred meters with an extremely thick trunk.

Most importantly, its branches were adorned with many shiny objects, glittering brightly.

"Is that... Magical Energy Crystal?" Herag carefully identified it and quickly recognized what it was.

Magical Energy Crystals are highly concentrated and condensed magic stones, with one Magical Energy Crystal equivalent to a thousand magic stones.

In the Barren Land, Magical Energy Crystals are rare. This was the first time Herag had seen them; he had only heard of them before.

Often, Magical Energy Crystals are not used as a currency but are used in large arrays or Wizard Towers as an energy source.

Due to its special structure, it can store a large amount of energy and has a wide range of uses.

The price of one Magical Energy Crystal far exceeds that of a thousand magic stones.

The human-faced monkey stopped advancing after leading Herag here, warily watching ahead. There was clearly danger lurking here.

A black shadow floated over from under the tree, lowering the surrounding temperature even further.

"Is it a Ghost?" Herag immediately recognized it.

This is a common demon in the Abyss Plane, a Ghost, powerful enough that ordinary Crystalization Wizards could hardly contend with it.

Herag immediately prepared himself, ready to act at any moment.

The Ghost floated in front of Herag, then upon seeing him, slowly lowered its head and bowed.

At the same time, a message was conveyed into Herag's mind.

"Bamogo greets the great existence!" This was the Ghost's greeting; Bamogo was its name.

The Abyss Plane is a world where bloodlines reign supreme, and the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline on Herag is one of the top bloodlines there.

Demons like the Ghost in the Abyss Plane are among the lowest of the low, and even if Herag's strength were inferior to it, the Ghost wouldn't dare be the slightest bit disrespectful.

Moreover, at the moment, Herag's aura was strong, perhaps not weaker than it.

"Hmm, is there anything good here?" Herag asked coldly.

The Ghost immediately replied, "Noble lord, Bamogo has nothing precious, only some cultivated Magical Energy Crystals. If the lord fancies them, you may take some."

"Did you cultivate these Magical Energy Crystals?" Herag asked.

Chapter 176: Cage

The ghost responded, "Yes, my lord. I rely on absorbing these Magical Energy Crystals cultivated to become stronger."

The ghost waved its hand, and the giant tree behind it began to tremble, as one by one, Magical Energy Crystals fell from the branches and floated over.

"My lord, these are the Magical Energy Crystals that have been cultivated," the ghost presented this pile of Magical Energy Crystals to Herag.

Herag roughly counted them, and there were about a hundred in total.

He coldly acknowledged with a hum and then stored all these Magical Energy Crystals into the Space Ring.

A hundred Magical Energy Crystals would mean at least a hundred thousand Magic Stones.

However, Herag certainly wouldn't sell them; these items were too hot to handle.

Selling one or two could still be explained as being obtained from the Death Swamp, but selling a hundred would be tantamount to seeking one's doom.

Herag planned to keep most of them for his own use, as they would be very useful in the future.

After storing the Magical Energy Crystals, he continued to ask, "Is there anything here that contains the Power of Rules?"

That was the real focus, something Herag had always kept in mind.

Although he was currently just a Gaseous Wizard, these things should certainly be prepared in advance.

Most wizards who entered the Death Swamp Ruins were actually after this item.

With something that contains the Power of Rules, one would have the key to advancing to a Level 2 Wizard.

Herag initially had no expectation of finding such a thing, just intending to join the expedition and gain some benefits.

He was only a Gaseous Wizard, unable to protect it even if obtained.

But now the situation had changed, and Herag naturally could start considering how to obtain this item.

The ghost shook its head and said, "That item is already gone; it was taken by someone from the Wizard Plane over a hundred years ago."

"Already taken?" Herag was perplexed; according to rumors, this area always produced such things.

The ghost continued, "My lord, you also know that we were originally demons from the Abyss Plane. But after the space rift was repaired, we couldn't go back."

"However, the rift in the Plane can't be suppressed indefinitely, and the seal on the rift requires blood and soul sacrifices at intervals."

"Every so often, a group of wizards enters here, and many of them will die. These deceased individuals become sacrifices, maintaining the operation of the Witch Array."

By this point, Herag understood that the Death Swamp Ruins no longer had anything containing the Power of Rules.

This was a deceit by the Land of Dawn, tricking the wizards from the Barren Land to enter every ten years for something that actually didn't exist at all.

Each time some wizards entered, some of them would die, and their blood and powerful souls would then become offerings for the Witch Array underfoot.

Clearly, the Witch Array that could seal a Plane rift was not ordinary, and the offerings required must also be extraordinary.

The blood and souls of ordinary people likely would not suffice, whereas the souls of wizards were strong enough to perfectly satisfy the requirements of the Witch Array's offerings.

If the Land of Dawn was straightforward about this, surely no one would enter.

But with the temptation added, there naturally would be wizards eager to enter.

Most of the wizards who entered were Crystalization Wizards because of their intense desire to advance to Level 2 Wizards.

The Land of Dawn used the Power of Rules as bait, luring these wizards from the Barren Land to continuously enter the Death Swamp Ruins.

The entry slots and time were limited, yet the opportunity to die, through the machinations of the Land of Dawn, became a great opportunity.

Who would have thought that this was entirely a scam, deceiving these wizards from the Barren Land to willingly enter and die as sacrifices?

Herag exhaled, his mind quickly piecing together many things and understanding the whole story.

"It seems that the vast majority of people are unaware of the truth."

All wizard organizations and wizard families in the Barren Land had sent people in, with the slots always allocated to important individuals each time.

This point alone showed that very few people knew the inside story, and most likely, only Augustus Academy knew the truth.

There were indeed many resources within the Death Swamp Ruins, and over a hundred years ago, someone had indeed obtained something containing the Power of Rules.

A hundred years isn't a long time for wizards, hence no one doubted anything.

The person who took away the item containing the Power of Rules was likely a wizard from the Land of Dawn.

At that moment, Herag felt as if he were living in a cage designed by the Land of Dawn.

The entire Barren Land was like a cage, with resources, information, and knowledge all controlled by the Land of Dawn.

Herag would not have learned this information if not for the strong Abyss Plane aura on him and possessing the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline, enabling normal communication with the ghost.

Normally, upon seeing humans, the ghost would have attacked immediately.

But in his current state, Herag was completely in demon form, only capable of being described as a humanoid demon.

"Is there anything good nearby? Take me to see," Herag, having learned the truth, naturally abandoned the idea of seeking the Power of Rules.

Since he was already here, he needed to seize as many benefits as possible.

With the ghost and the human-faced monkey as local guides, he didn't need to explore and search on his own.

They naturally knew where the good things were and where the dangers lay.

The ghost had already handed over the matured Magical Energy Crystals to Herag, with the rest still in cultivation.

Herag naturally wouldn't be so unreasonable as to demand the ghost give him the unmatured ones as well.

"There's nothing good nearby that might catch your esteemed eye, my lord," the ghost, naturally willing to lead the way, was just concerned that Herag might not be satisfied with those items.

Herag waved his hand and said, "Don't worry about that; just take me there."

Things the ghost considered worthless could still be treasures; many Magic Potion Materials were certainly of no use to the ghost.

But to Herag, they were indeed valuable.

Even if he couldn't use them himself, selling them could yield a good amount of money.

Seeing Herag's instructions, the ghost flew ahead to lead the way.

Herag followed along, with the human-faced monkey trailing behind.

He hadn't gone far before he spotted many High-Level Magic Potion Materials, all of which seemed to be centuries old.

There were no signs of animal activity in the surroundings; common animals and wizards dared not come here, making the growth environment quite favorable.

This area was deep within the Black Forest, even Blake and the others wouldn't dare venture this far in.

Herag quickly began to clean up, collecting all the valuable Magic Potion Materials and Casting Materials he saw around him.

While he was gleefully gathering, he suddenly saw a familiar face through Shenlan's environmental detection.

Not far to the left in the Black Forest, Old Man Karl was running wildly with a Silver Sword in hand.

He was clearly injured, with bloodstains at the corner of his mouth, and blood seeping from his chest.

The two people from the Moss Family who were originally with him had disappeared, having most likely met with disaster.

Chapter 177: Death's Withering

Judging by Carl's appearance, it seems he just went through a fierce battle and barely escaped with his life; his aura is very unstable.

The direction in which Carl is fleeing is exactly towards where Herag is located.

Although Herag is not afraid of him now, he doesn't want to appear in this form before other wizards so soon.

Outside the Death Swamp Ruins, he is still just a very weak Gaseous Wizard.

Even the slightest possibility of exposure must not reveal his secret too early.

Therefore, Herag doesn't plan to meet Old Man Carl in this form for now.

If he can't recognize Herag, that's fine, but if he does, he would have to silence him.

But a Crystalization Wizard always has many means, and he's not confident he can completely eliminate Old Man Carl.

Carl's talent spell is very unique; that kind of spatial magic is a bit tricky for Herag to deal with.

In theory, with such a talent spell, Carl should at least have no problem protecting himself.

Yet now he is fleeing in panic, indicating something must have happened.

Herag glanced at the Ghost and said in a deep voice, "A human is coming from over there, go and take care of him."

The Ghost turned to look, but it hadn't sensed the arrival of Old Man Carl yet.

But since Herag said so, he must be right.

The Ghost bowed and said, "Yes, Master."

Rising up, the Ghost floated towards Old Man Carl. Without a physical form, it was entirely a black shadow like ink.

Carl kept running forward while glancing back at his rear.

He was already panting heavily, and his running speed gradually decreased.

Leaning against a tree, Carl gasped for breath, trying to rest there for a moment.

The temperature around him suddenly dropped, and Carl's pupils constricted as he looked up to see the floating Ghost.

"A Ghost!" Carl's mood plunged as if into an icy abyss.

A Ghost is a powerful demon from the Abyss Plane, which he wouldn't necessarily be able to handle even in peak condition, let alone now.

Without any superfluous words, the Ghost directly spread out a large black mist, wanting to envelop Carl.

Carl reacted quickly, Flashing to a position over a dozen meters away, dodging the black mist.

But the Ghost was even faster; its form trembled, spreading the black mist far and wide, covering the sky.

The black mist quickly enveloped Carl entirely; during this process, patches of the black mist bizarrely appeared in the distance.

Carl's talent spell couldn't take care of every part of his body at the same time.

Each time, he could only distort the space around one part of his body, leaving him helpless against this comprehensive, seamless attack.

Carl's magic power was already running low, and his shield shattered after only a short time.

The Ghost's black mist was highly corrosive, capable of corroding even magic power.

Struggling, Carl Flash appeared again over a dozen meters away, but the black mist already adhering to him clung like a bone-biting maggot, corroding his flesh.

Inside Carl's body, his magic power surged wildly, constantly resisting the invasion of the black mist.

"Death Decay (Abyssal Language)." The Ghost uttered a muffled, strange syllable.

The various vegetations on the ground instantly withered, and a layer of frost appeared on the ground.

Carl's body was also covered with a layer of white frost, his features quickly shriveled, as if drained of something.

Carl's hair rapidly withered, becoming as lusterless as straw.

Next, his hair began to fall out, and as the wind blew, large clumps started to flutter away.

Bare patches of scalp were left on Carl's head, looking very unsightly.

Even more terrifying, the flesh on Carl's body began to dry up, resembling withered wood.

His skin quickly shriveled, appearing like old tree bark.

Carl's entire body hunched, curling like a baby.

Not long after, Carl completely stopped breathing.

Death Decay can absorb a creature's life energy; weeds and such plants were instantly drained, turning into dead grass.

If Carl were in peak condition, escaping shouldn't have been a problem.

But he was already injured and utterly powerless to escape.

Once the black mist stuck to him, dealing with and resisting the mist consumed all his energy.

After the Ghost used Death Decay, Carl was even less able to resist, only able to watch his life energy drain away.

At his age, his life energy was already running low, and it was soon completely drained.

After Carl died, the Ghost continued to shroud Carl's body in black mist.

A few minutes later, the black mist dissipated, leaving only a pile of bones on the spot.

After thoroughly dealing with Carl, the Ghost turned back to report.

"Nicely done," Herag praised softly.

The Ghost bowed its head and said, "It's my honor to serve you, Master."

Herag turned and surveyed the surroundings, saying, "Continue to lead the way; let's take a look around."

The opening time for the Death Swamp Ruins is only three days, and Herag doesn't plan to venture to other places.

There are quite a few resources to collect here with the Ghost, and it's safe enough.

This entire area falls under the Ghost's sphere of influence; no stronger demons exist here.

Venturing to other places would not only be risky but also might encounter other wizards.

Anyway, he'll be automatically teleported out when the time comes, so Herag plans to stay here safely.

While Herag collected nearby resources, the Ghost and Human-faced Monkey followed obediently like underlings.

His Space Ring was filled with various magic potion materials and casting materials, making a sizable profit.

By nightfall, Herag stayed under the giant tree of the Ghost.

The branches were lush, serving as a canopy.

Herag lay under the tree, practicing meditation as usual.

The Ghost and Human-faced Monkey played the roles of guards, patrolling and watching over the surroundings.

The moonlight shone down, making the surroundings not appear very dark.

"Do you want to go back?" Herag asked after finishing his meditation.

The Human-faced Monkey couldn't speak or communicate telepathically, merely scratching the back of its head.

The Ghost replied, "Master, I long to return every moment, but the dimensional rift has been sealed."

It was curious about how Herag managed to arrive here, but since Herag didn't mention it, it wouldn't ask.

Matters concerning superiors shouldn't be questioned.

At dawn, about two hours before sunrise.

Deep in the western side of the Black Forest, a red light pillar shot into the sky, illuminating the night.

At this moment, this red light pillar could be seen throughout the Death Swamp Ruins, drawing many gazes.

Herag also opened his eyes, feeling the intense magic power fluctuation.

He looked up to watch the red light pillar and sensed a familiarity about it.

"This is..."

This red light pillar looked remarkably similar to the one Old Man Carl used to seize control of the Witch Array in Black Rock Valley, almost identical.

"The Witch Array of the Death Swamp Ruins... could it be..."

Suddenly, Herag realized what kind of Witch Array could be inside the Death Swamp Ruins, if not the one sealing the dimensional rift.

Chapter 178: Fegar

What does it mean if someone is trying to seize control of the witch array?

Herag suddenly felt a tingling sensation on his scalp.

If someone controls the witch array and lifts the seal on the dimensional rift,

then countless powerful abyssal demons and many other powerful entities from other planes will gush out from it.

This dimensional rift is a loophole in the Wizard Plane, and as long as other planes find this loophole, they can drill in from here.

Herag felt something ominous; he was still too weak now.

Once the dimensional rift is opened and a demon of the level of a toad comes out, it would be enough to wipe out the entire Barren Land.

On the surface, the strongest in the Barren Land is only a Level 2 Wizard; if a Level 4-5 demon comes, no one could resist it.

Even with the suppression of the World Will of the Wizard Plane, that power is not something a Level 1 or 2 Wizard can withstand.

By the time the Land of Dawn knows and sends someone over, it might be too late.

By then, Herag would not be able to stay safe on his own.

Herag wanted to know the situation by the light pillar, but it was inconvenient for him to go there himself.

Such a big commotion would surely attract many wizards and demons there, and he didn't want to join in the chaos.

Herag thought for a moment and looked at the bird's nest on the distant tree.

He quietly approached it and then caught a bird in his hand.

The white bird looked at Herag with terror, continuously struggling, not understanding why it was caught while sleeping soundly.

"All things have spirit."

This is an Elf Race magic that allows Herag to communicate with these small animals and plants.

Very soon, the white bird stopped being frightened. Herag released it, and it landed on his hand automatically.

"Go, take a look over there."

With a thought from Herag, the white bird flew up.

He stood still, closed his eyes, and the vision before him was what the white bird saw.

The white bird flew over the treetops, and the jungle below passed swiftly.

Through the vision given by the white bird, Herag saw many demons in the forest below rushing toward the red light pillar.

Apart from the demons, Herag also saw several wizards cautiously avoiding the demons, also approaching the red light pillar.

The white bird flew quickly and soon reached the place where the red light pillar was located.

Herag quickly saw the situation there.

The ground was full of red patterns, which were all runes of the witch array.

An all-too-familiar silhouette appeared before Herag's eyes. Herag carefully discerned for a moment, feeling it looked familiar but couldn't recall who it was.

By this time, quite a few demons and wizards had already arrived there, making some noise.

The person sensed the commotion behind and turned around.

Herag instantly recognized him: "Fegar!"

This person was indeed Fegar, who had come to the Kala Continent by ship with Herag.

He now appeared much more mature than before; he no longer looked like the tender child, his frame tall and slender.

However, his eyes were colder than back then, as if indifferent to everything.

"Why is he here?"

Herag never expected to run into Fegar here.

The last time Herag heard about Fegar was when it was said that he seriously injured Malcolm upon becoming an official wizard and then disappeared.

Even with Malcolm's methods, he couldn't find Fegar, which implies how many secrets Fegar held.

Fegar was Malcolm's experiment subject at the time, so he shouldn't have had the opportunity to access the Ancient Magic Potion or Amanda's Potion.

Yet in this scenario, he managed to become an official wizard.

What was even more ridiculous is that even though he became an official wizard, he was only a Gaseous Wizard.

Yet he managed to seriously injure Malcolm.

Even if it was a sneak attack, Malcolm, as a Crystalization Wizard, shouldn't have been so easily injured by a newly ascended Gaseous Wizard.

Since Malcolm didn't disclose the specifics, outsiders have no way of knowing what method Fegar used.

"Fegar? What are you doing!" A wizard from the Green Cottage recognized Fegar.

Fegar was quite famous at the Green Cottage; initially, he only had five points of talent.

Not long after entering the Green Cottage, he was selected by Malcolm to become an experiment subject, followed by those incidents.

This led to almost everyone at the Green Cottage knowing about him.

And now this wizard had seen Fegar before, so he recognized him at a glance.

Fegar turned his head, glanced at him without the slightest panic, and said coldly: "I am only saving this world beyond saving."

The wizard from the Green Cottage was somewhat afraid of Fegar and didn't dare to approach.

They didn't understand what Fegar was doing because they were unaware there was a witch array sealing a dimensional rift here.

Before Fegar came, no one knew there was a dimensional rift sealed here.

In front of Fegar, there was a red crystal stuck into the ground, looking exactly the same as the one Old Man Carl had that day.

Herag suddenly thought: "Could it be that Fegar was the one who seriously injured Old Man Carl?"

With such a guess, he felt there really was a possibility.

The direction Carl escaped happened to be this way, and the red crystal was identical.

At that moment, the red crystal suddenly shattered, and the red light pillar slowly disappeared.

"Was it not enough? But never mind, opening a small gap is all that's needed."

Fegar muttered to himself, his powerful aura making everyone around dare not act rashly.

"Hmm?"

The scene before Herag's eyes suddenly started to flicker, and the white bird also began to fly erratically, out of control.

Soon, he lost contact with the white bird.

Herag quickly realized the reason as he felt the intense aura of the Abyss Plane spreading from that side.

"A crack has appeared in the seal on the dimensional rift..."

Herag knew what that meant. Although the crack was small for the time being, no abyssal entities would come through.

But if this tiny crack isn't promptly repaired, it will gradually widen over time, potentially breaking through the entire seal eventually.

By then, it would be a catastrophe for the entire Barren Land and the entire Wizard Plane.

Although Herag had some power from the Abyss Plane, he didn't think it was a good thing.

His strength was still very weak, and he was very aware of how powerful the entities of the Abyss Plane are.

Under an overturned nest, no egg remains intact; Herag naturally understood this principle.

The problem now is, Herag understood but couldn't do anything about it.

Most who enter the Death Swamp Ruins are those unaware of the insider situation, not knowing there was a witch array sealing a dimensional rift here.

In their perception, the dimensional rift had already been repaired.

They didn't know about the existence of the witch array or that it needed blood and souls as sacrifices every ten years to maintain its operation.

They could only enter for three days, meaning after three days, no one would enter again, and no one would know that a crack had appeared in the witch array.

The next opening would be ten years later.

By then, who knows how much the crack in the witch array would have widened.

Chapter 179: Return

Herag knew the inside story and also knew what Fegar had done.

But he was powerless, and it was impossible to run to the Wizards of the Land of Dawn and tell them these things, as it would put him in danger.

If Herag dared to inform the Wizards of the Land of Dawn about this matter, they might not repair the Witch Array first, but rather silence him immediately.

The sealing of the plane rift with the Witch Array is definitely something that cannot be disclosed to others. Since Herag knew, he had to die.

Herag also thought about informing others through some subtle means, but after thinking about it, he vetoed this idea.

The Wizards have too many methods, and he couldn't ensure that he wouldn't be discovered.

While Herag was thinking about these things, the red light pillar had already vanished, and the runes on the ground disappeared too, everything looking the same as before.

Fegar stood in place, glanced at the people around, then looked up at the sky, not knowing what he was thinking.

In the next moment, Fegar vanished.

"Teleportation?" the surrounding Wizards exclaimed.

In the Death Swamp Ruins, generally, one could only leave after three days.

It seemed Fegar didn't enter by normal means and used some special means to teleport out.

After thinking for a while, Herag decided he didn't need to think too much about it.

If the sky collapses, there's always a tall person to hold it up.

Right now, his most important task was to work hard to improve his own strength, to remain unchanged amidst changes.

If he could grow strong enough, even if the Abyss Plane fully invaded the Wizard Plane, he could at least ensure his own survival.

Herag always had a clear understanding of his position. He wasn't some savior; being able to protect himself was already very difficult.

Some commotion came from the place of the red light pillar, and Herag listened for a while to know they were fighting.

That place was gathering so many demons and Wizards, the scene must be very chaotic when a fight broke out.

Herag didn't plan to join in the excitement, patted his butt, and returned to the giant tree of the Ghost.

"Increase the vigilance, notify me immediately if anyone approaches." After giving the order, Herag continued his meditation practice.

The Ghost was very responsible, its massive body floating around, patrolling all around.

Although the Human-faced Monkey was weak, it was flexible enough and fast, also keeping watch in the surrounding mountains and forests.

Two days passed quickly, with battles happening everywhere in the Death Swamp Ruins, and many people dying in these two days.

Herag stayed honestly within the territory of the Ghost, without the slightest intention of exploring other places.

During this time, some people occasionally approached but were driven away by the Ghost immediately.

Some were killed, some were injured to force them away.

Seeing the time was about right, Herag stood up, waved his hand, and the Ghost and Human-faced Monkey came running over.

"I'm going to leave. You must not reveal any information related to me to anyone, understand?" Herag said.

"Understood," the Ghost said in a deep voice.

The Human-faced Monkey couldn't speak, just kept nodding its head.

Herag continued, "I'm going to disguise myself as a human. I was initially going to kill you to keep the secret. But considering your diligent work for me these days, I'll give you a chance. I will return here someday. If you're still here then, I'll take you back to the Abyss Plane to work for me."

The time to return was approaching, and Herag certainly needed to dissolve the form of the Bloodline Mark.

Otherwise, returning directly in the current state would likely result in being surrounded by a group of Wizards upon landing.

Therefore, he needed to dissolve the power of the Thunder God Ancestor's Bloodline Mark in advance.

However, with two Abyssal Demons around, dissolving rashly might provoke their attack.

Herag deliberately acted mysteriously, saying he was going to disguise himself as a human.

His words worked well, as the two demons immediately believed him.

The Ghost bowed low to the ground, saying, "Thank you for your mercy, my lord. Bamogo will wait here for your return, ready to serve at any time."

In the Abyss Plane, indeed, a single word from an upper-level existence could decide the life or death of a lower-level one, and the Ghost didn't think much more.

With Herag saying this, it instead made the Ghost more reverent towards him.

The Ghost had a certain level of wisdom; it didn't know why Herag came or why he left, but it could be sure that Herag was an upper-bloodline direct descendent from the Abyss Plane.

Herag was so mysterious; he must have something important to do.

The Ghost knew that it was just a small demon; if it could cling to Herag, it might rise high in the future, so it executed Herag's orders two hundred percent.

After removing the Bloodline Mark, Herag restored his original human appearance.

The Ghost was instantly dumbfounded.

So similar! It really looked too much like a human!

It was simply the spitting image of a human!

A noble existence is truly incredible, to disguise as a human so vividly.

Both the aura and the bloodline were indistinguishable from those of those damn humans.

Moreover, it even intentionally disguised its strength to appear weaker, as if it could be killed at will by a single Death Decay.

The Ghost thought of this and was startled, quickly shaking off such disrespectful thoughts.

"Bamogo! Bamogo! How can you be so rude!"

The Ghost wished it could slap itself a few times, merely because it sensed the weak human aura, such disrespectful thoughts popped into its mind; it truly deserved to die a thousand times over.

The Human-faced Monkey had seen Herag's human form before, so it wasn't surprised.

The Ghost adjusted its mental state, bowing even more respectfully, not daring to show any disrespect.

A layer of violet light emerged on Herag's body as he said, "I'm leaving."

Then, he disappeared from where he was.

The Ghost and Human-faced Monkey looked at the spot where Herag disappeared, respectfully bowing their heads a few times.

Herag saw a blur before his eyes and then found himself standing outside the violet Light Gate.

"Herag! Are you alright?" Blake immediately noticed Herag; he had been waiting near the violet gate.

Although knowing the odds weren't high, he still hoped Herag would come out alive.

"Mr. Blake! I'm fine, there's nothing wrong," Herag replied.

Blake let out a sigh of relief. "That's good. Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to tell your teacher. If something happened to you, my nephew would definitely trouble me. Oh, by the way, did you deal with that Human-faced Monkey?"

Herag nodded. "Yes, I used some methods, and it turned back on its own. I tried to come back to find you but got lost and couldn't find my way back. Luckily, I found a place without much danger to hide, and along the way I picked up some resources."

"It seems you not only have talent but good luck too. You know, most people like you who get lost never make it out of there," Blake remarked.

"By the way, Mr. Blake, how did it go this time?" Herag said, glancing backward.

Originally, there were seven people in the team, but now, counting Herag, there were only four left.

Chapter 180: The End

Herag glanced, only Blake and that pair of Liquidation Wizards were left.

The two Gaseous Wizards were already gone.

Most importantly, even Old Lady Kallen was missing.

Once the three days were up, the people inside would automatically be transmitted out.

Not being transmitted out could only mean that the person had already died.

Old Lady Kallen was a Crystalization Wizard; unexpectedly, she also perished in there.

"Lady Kallen..." Herag began to speak.

Blake sighed: "She didn't have much time left, so she went to a dangerous place alone for a last gamble, and I couldn't persuade her otherwise."

Blake felt a wave of sadness in his heart. Old Lady Kallen's end was something he might have to face in the future.

In the Land of Dawn, controlling the avenue to advance to Level 2 Wizard, Wizards in the Barren Land had no choice but to go in and give it a try.

Blake was still relatively young now, at least not needing to risk his life for it.

But if he still couldn't advance later on, Blake would have no choice but to take the risk.

Herag remained silent, knowing that the truth was even more despairing.

There wasn't anything containing the Power of Rules inside at all; Old Lady Kallen died for nothing and became a sacrifice for the Witch Array sealing the Plane fissure.

Herag knew the insider details but could say nothing.

The Crystalization Wizards of the Barren Land were mostly high-ranking members of various forces, enticed by this bait by the Land of Dawn, giving them some hope.

If this hope were shattered, it would certainly affect Land of Dawn's control and rule over the Barren Land.

Herag sighed: "I never thought Lady Kallen would also..."

Blake patted his shoulder, saying: "It was her choice. Come on, it's time to head back."

Blake had seemingly known beforehand that Kallen would take such a risk and had prepared himself, so he wasn't too surprised.

Their losses on this trip were still relatively severe; apart from a Crystalization Wizard, they also lost two Gaseous Wizards.

To a Pure-blood Wizard Family, Gaseous Wizards were also very important personnel, as significant resources were required for each Official Wizard.

Herag and the other four continued to wait for a while, to see if any miracles would happen.

An hour later, the purple Light Gate shut completely, and no one else was transmitted out.

Blake glanced around at the people, smiling: "Old Man Karl didn't come out! The Moss Family has suffered heavy losses this time, I reckon they won't hold out much longer, everyone has their eyes on them."

Herag had witnessed how Old Man Karl died, mostly at Fegar's hand, then finished off by a ghost when he ran into it.

The Moss Family's plan to seize the Cheqi Family failed, and losing a Crystalization Wizard this time greatly reduced their overall strength.

This world is one where the weak are prey to the strong; if your strength is no longer what it was, you can't occupy as many resources as before.

If the Moss Family is smart enough, they should now voluntarily forego many resources, retreating to advance.

Otherwise, when others come to strip them clean, even the family's continuation could become a problem.

Blake took out a feather pen and a bottle of purple liquid, and started drawing runes on the ground after dipping the feather pen in the purple liquid.

When they came, it was Old Lady Kallen who drew the transmission runes. Now that she died inside, Blake could only do this work.

Blake seemed to have long prepared, having guessed that Old Lady Kallen might not return this time.

As he drew, Blake said: "This is what Lady Kallen entrusted to me."

...

The four of them transmitted once more, and in the blink of an eye arrived at the entrance of Black Rock Valley.

"Herag, you head back first. I still need to report back to the family, for the next few days take good care of what's inside Black Rock Valley."

Blake still had to take those two Liquidation Wizards to report to the family, as Old Lady Kallen's fall was a major event.

Although mentally prepared for this, it was still a significant matter for the Cheqi Family.

"Rest assured, Mr. Blake, I will keep a good watch," Herag replied.

Blake nodded: "Mm, thank you, I'm heading off."

Blake now had great trust in Herag; he had the capacity, and was trustworthy.

Upon returning to Black Rock Valley, the Wizard Apprentices in the Magic Potion Garden greeted Herag warmly.

These people were mostly recent additions, who had already started getting the hang of managing the Magic Potion Garden.

They knew Herag's status wasn't low; he lived alone in the castle to the north, and it was said he had a beautiful elf maidservant, which was quite an unusual treatment.

Herag was still very diligent in his work, making a round of inspection in the Magic Potion Garden, pointing out some issues before returning to the castle.

"My lord, you're back."

Chatiya came out in a maid's dress, running to greet him with some white flour still unwashed from her hands.

"What are you up to?" Herag glanced at her hands and asked.

Chatiya gave a gentle smile: "I'm trying to make some pastries, to see if I can make what you mentioned, my lord."

"Alright, keep at it," Herag smiled.

Herag had previously mentioned to Chatiya that the food here wasn't very tasty and that the cooking methods were too monotonous.

Here, unlike his past life, the handling of food was very simple, it was either boiled or roasted, and there was no breadmaking.

To have delicious food, Herag had to do it himself.

But he was busy with his training and studies every day, nowhere near enough time to cook delicious food.

After hearing him talk about it, Chatiya had asked how to make those foods.

Herag had just casually mentioned it then, never expecting Chatiya to remember and actually start doing it.

If he could have more palatable meals in the future, it would indeed be a significant improvement in the quality of life.

Herag thought for a moment, then took out a feather pen to draw some cooking tool designs like spatulas and iron pots on a piece of parchment.

He then called over Lennon, handed the parchment to him, and said: "Go find a blacksmith and have these tools made for me."

Lennon glanced at the items on the parchment—although they looked a bit strange, the structures were simple and not complex, so he nodded: "Alright, sir, leave it to me."

Herag planned to teach Chatiya how to use these things once they were made, and then write down some cooking methods.

Chatiya was very smart and learned things quickly.

Once she learned, the daily meals could be left in her hands.

A dignified Elf Royal Family princess was now being used by Herag as a cook.

After casually writing down some cooking methods, Herag laid the parchment aside and began to tally the gains from this trip to the Death Swamp Ruins.

He had acquired many valuable items in the Death Swamp Ruins, the most valuable being those one hundred Magical Energy Crystals.

These items were particularly scarce, especially difficult to obtain in the Barren Land.