

## **Sixth 201**

Chapter 201: Sifler

Lins grasped the Longsword, his desire to become a Knight growing even stronger in his heart.

Growing stronger and then venturing into the Lime Mountain Range to search for signs of Asuna became the goal Lins set for himself.

Knight Level strength is not enough; at least it has to be Great Knight Level.

This is still too far off for Lins right now, but he believes that as long as he puts in enough effort, there will come a day when he achieves it.

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Sea Stone City.

This is the Imperial Capital of the Noen Kingdom, heavily guarded by troops, and home to many powerful beings.

Within Sea Stone City lies a Caster Academy, primarily established to train excellent Casters and cultivate talent for the Noen Kingdom.

Sifler is over three hundred years old this year and he is the dean of Sea Stone Mage Academy as well as a powerful Magic Master.

Those who are above High-tier Spellcaster are known as Magic Masters, and there aren't many in the entire Noen Kingdom.

Sifler sat in his office, holding a letter in his hand.

This letter is from Oberstein at the border, and the King had it sent to him for assistance.

The letter was written by the border commander Tyrion, detailing the events concerning the Lime Mountain Range.

From the disappearance of an initial Mountain Patrol Team to the unsuccessful search by hundreds and the silence of the hundreds of Adventurers who entered the Lime Mountain Range.

Sifler carefully read through the letter, formulating some speculations in his mind.

In his view, it was probable that a relic had surfaced in that area of Lime Mountain Range.

And it was likely to be a magical relic.

Only under such circumstances could a possibility arise that everyone who entered would disappear.

Among those Adventurers, quite a few were Casters; no ordinary relic could trap all these Casters.

Based on the descriptions in the letter, not a single person managed to escape, indicating that it wasn't a simple relic.

According to the information, at least Initial-tier Casters are required to explore such a place.

Sifler sighed; he needed to sit tight in Sea Stone City to protect the safety of its people and couldn't go personally.

In his youth, he explored many such relics.

There were naturally plenty of dangers, but also many opportunities.

If he hadn't encountered so many fortuitous events in his youth, he wouldn't have reached this point.

Sifler thought for a moment and called for one of his students.

Half an hour later.

A long-haired man entered the office, dressed in lavish clothes, adorned with a Longsword at his waist, handsome features, and a perpetual confident smile on his face.

This was Sifler's most prized student, Cole.

Cole was a nobleman who demonstrated astonishing talent in the path of Knight training from a young age.

At the tender age of thirteen, he had already become a Great Knight.

Later sent to the Caster Academy, he displayed incredible Caster talent, catching Sifler's eye and becoming his student.

At fifteen, Cole became an Initial-tier Caster.

The news spread, shocking the entire kingdom, and he was regarded as the future Guardian of the kingdom.

At twenty-five, Cole became a Middle-tier Caster.

Starting that year, he traveled the world, experiencing many things and meeting powerful individuals from various races.

After five years, Cole returned to Sea Stone City.

"Teacher!" Cole respectfully bowed.

Sifler looked at the tall figure before him with much pride.

Cole grew up under his guidance, and it was he who led him on the path of a Caster.

Sifler believed that Cole might be the only one in the entire Noen Kingdom with the potential to reach the Great Mage level.

Sifler had grown old, recognizing that his potential had reached its limit.

He clearly knew that he would remain at this level for the rest of his life, unable to ever touch the threshold of becoming a Great Mage.

But Cole was different; his talent was truly astonishing, surpassing Sifler's own youthful prospects.

Sifler placed great hope in Cole. Since he couldn't become a Great Mage himself, nurturing a Great Mage would mean no regrets in this life.

Yet, the path to becoming a Great Mage is not easy; Sifler deeply understood the difficulties involved.

This path is tough, filled with many hardships.

Cole's journey was too smooth without facing many obstacles.

Sifler considered that the situation in the Lime Mountain Range might be an excellent opportunity for training.

Cole's Middle-tier Caster strength was perfect for a trial in the Lime Mountain Range.

Sifler did not believe that Cole would perish there.

If even Cole would perish there, wouldn't that mean that it would at least require a Magic Master to explore the relic?

A Magic Master to explore?

Sifler smiled at the thought, realizing that he was overthinking it.

Oberstein was a place he visited in his youth, just a common border town with nothing particularly remarkable nearby.

The relic in the Lime Mountain Range probably surfaced because the Witch Array gradually failed over time.

Sifler assumed that those who disappeared might not necessarily be dead; they could be trapped within the relic.

Once Cole arrives, goes into the relic, and claims the fortuitous treasure, he can rescue those inside.

At that time, not only would Cole gain the resources within the relic, but he would also earn immense prestige.

"Teacher, what's the matter?" Cole asked upon seeing Sifler smile.

Sifler concealed his smile, knowing that while he had laid the path for Cole, he couldn't appear too relaxed.

Cole was still young; despite his talent and strength, he lacked experience.

Relics are indeed dangerous; Cole mustn't become complacent.

Sifler handed over the letter, speaking in a low voice, "Take a look at this letter."

Cole took the letter and read it carefully.

He looked up, "What does Teacher think is the reason?"

"I suspect a relic has emerged there," Sifler stated.

Cole contemplated for a moment before saying, "Did Teacher call me to investigate this situation?"

Sifler nodded, "Correct, given your abilities, exploring these relics should be no problem. My only concern is your lack of experience, which could put you at a disadvantage amid the various complexities of a relic."

"Rest assured, Teacher, it's precisely because I lack experience that I need to go through this, isn't it?" Cole replied with confidence.

Sifler was still a little uneasy, "Hmm, once you're there, you must be cautious with everything."

"Teacher, I'm no longer the child I used to be. I'm already a Middle-tier Caster now; even if I can't accomplish the task, do you think I'd end up trapped in a relic?" Cole asserted.

Sifler considered this; even if there are dangers within the relic,

With Cole's abilities, he would surely be able to escape; relics that can trap a Middle-tier Caster are rare.

Chapter 202: Cole

Sifler looked at the confident young man in front of him and chuckled wryly.

Yes, Cole had grown up.

As one gets older, it's easy to overlook the passage of time.

The little brat from back then had now turned into a strong individual capable of handling things on his own.

The fledgling eagle had grown into a mighty eagle, and indeed no longer needed him to worry so much.

"Then you should make sure you're ready before you go, and be careful in everything," Sifler advised, feeling at that moment that he was truly old.

Cole flashed a bright and confident smile, "Mm-hmm, I'm leaving now, teacher."

Sifler nodded and said, "Upon your return, I will arrange a marriage for you."

Cole gave a wry smile and ran off as if to escape.

He didn't want to be tied down by marriage so early; the years he spent traveling had made him fall in love with the feeling of freedom.

Once one steps into marriage, many things become beyond one's control.

Sifler thought more about it—if Cole wanted to become a Great Mage, talent alone was not enough; he needed sufficient support behind him.

But even the entire Noen Kingdom didn't have the means to cultivate a Great Mage.

The marriage Sifler mentioned was an alliance with the Elf Race.

The Elf Race stood tall above everyone else, rulers of the entire world.

If Cole could marry into the Elf Race, his future would be smooth-sailing, and becoming a Great Mage would just be a matter of time.

However, Cole has always been resistant to marriage, which troubled Sifler greatly.

Sifler sighed, "Sigh, can't be hasty; Cole is still young, let it unfold slowly."

Indeed, the alliance couldn't be rushed; the current Cole might not catch the Elf Race's attention.

Once Cole matured further, if he could become a Magic Master, the marriage would likely succeed.

Sifler had no doubt Cole would become a Magic Master; the only issue was how to convince Cole.

If Cole were to marry into the Elf Race, his status would inevitably be lower; it was uncertain how to convince Cole to accept this.

The Elf Race is a noble and arrogant race; most humans don't catch their eye.

Only someone as exceptional as Cole had a sliver of chance to connect with the Elf Race.

Cole was still young and hadn't understood the importance of resources.

His journey had been too smooth; Sifler hoped that this relic exploration would bring Cole some setbacks.

Life should not be too smooth.

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A month passed, and Herag had a relatively peaceful time.

Since the adventurers entering the Lime Mountain Range were eradicated a month ago, no adventurers could be seen anymore.

Base 27 still arranged for their patrols, but no one was in sight.

No one dared to come anymore, making the patrol duties a bit dull.

Although Herag found it boring, such days were quite pleasant.

Five months had passed; waiting seven more months would complete a year.

By then, returning to the Wizard Plane would grant him permanent resident status in the Land of Dawn.

So, having peaceful days was naturally the best, slacking off when possible.

During this period, Herag continued to cultivate one step at a time.

The austere base life hadn't affected him at all; for him, it was merely a change of cultivation location.

Herag felt the Plane Coordinate Mark in the palm of his left hand, already filled with energy.

He could activate the Plane Coordinate Mark at any time and head to the Abyss Plane.

But now wasn't the right time.

He was still within Base 27; any action would be noticed by the wizards at the base.

If Herag dared to activate the Plane Coordinate Mark, his disappearance would immediately catch Parker's attention.

A living person disappearing out of nowhere at the base would be too unusual.

When he returned from the Abyss Plane, he would face endless interrogation.

"Let's go, time to head back."

Herag glanced at the sky; today's patrol duty was complete, and it was time for the shift change.

David and Reese followed behind Herag as they headed back to the base.

Since the last time Herag showcased his strength in the valley, David and Reese had become more convinced of his capabilities.

The power and speed Herag displayed had taken them both by surprise.

For wizards, pursuing truth and adhering to the principle of might makes right, the strong naturally earn respect from others.

Herag's strength bolstered the confidence of David and Reese.

They were seen as a unit, always assigned tasks together.

The stronger Herag was, the safer they were.

By the time Herag and his team returned to Base 27, it was already nightfall.

Base activities were numerous, with people coming and going.

Recently, more newcomers had arrived at the base, all wizards from the Land of Dawn.

These wizards had clear factional alignments, quickly finding allies upon arrival, gathering to act together.

The trio from the Barren Land appeared somewhat isolated here.

Fortunately, they weren't oppressed; others simply didn't initiate contact or conversation with them.

Herag and his companions remained earnest and behaved, avoiding trouble and keeping a low profile, managing not to have any conflicts with other wizards so far.

All three were clear about their goals—just getting through the year here was enough, needing to avoid any unexpected conflict.

Upon returning to his cabin, Herag found Asuna engrossed in her reading.

Seeing Herag return, she immediately stood up and bowed, "Master, you're back."

"Hm, how's your learning going?" Herag nodded and asked.

Asuna had been studying the Sivil Language lately and was making rapid progress.

Under Herag's orders, Asuna hadn't left the cabin at all.

Whenever Herag was out on a mission, Asuna stayed in the cabin, resolutely not going out.

She couldn't cause any trouble for Herag.

Asuna understood profoundly that she was able to live because she still had some value to offer.

If she brought trouble to Herag, her chances of survival would be none.

During this time, Herag asked Asuna many questions, learning about her life from childhood.

From Asuna, Herag gained more understanding of this world.

Due to Chatiya's high status, her insights were primarily about the internal affairs of the Elf Race; she knew little about the world's lower strata.

Asuna, being someone who clawed her way up from the lowest levels, was thoroughly familiar with these matters.

"Master, I've already grasped the basics of grammar and vocabulary," Asuna replied in the Sivr Language.

Herag nodded without saying much, sitting down on the bed to rest for a moment.

Asuna adeptly lit a fire, brewed a pot of coffee, and then brought a basin of hot water for Herag to wash his feet.

Asuna, having endured hardships since childhood, was efficient at such tasks and worked diligently.

Chapter 203: Bathing

Asuna knelt down and began washing Herag's feet.

Herag closed his eyes, enjoying Asuna's service, while contemplating the upcoming plans in his mind.

Asuna washed for a while, glanced at Herag, wanting to speak but hesitated.

Though Herag had his eyes closed, he could sense her movements and asked, "What do you want to say?"

"Master, I... I want to take a bath," Asuna said, her face flushed with embarrassment.

Since entering the Lime Mountain Range, it's been more than a month already.

A month without bathing was truly uncomfortable for Asuna, who loved cleanliness.

She spent almost every day inside the wooden cabin, barely tolerating her own odor.

But the cabin had only one room, with no partitions at all.

The cabin was designed for single occupancy.

During this time, Asuna had been sleeping on the ground, near Herag's bed.

At first, she was worried about Herag accidentally rolling over onto her.

But after a few days, she discovered that Herag was focused on meditation every night, and her concerns gradually faded away.

During this period, Asuna had also been observing Herag.

She found that Herag spent his days either performing tasks outside or engaged in meditation, eating, without wasting any time.

Even Asuna had to admire the fact that Herag was truly dedicated, focused solely on cultivation.

After getting acquainted over time, Asuna found that Herag wasn't that difficult to get along with.

Unlike other master-servant relationships where servants were often beaten or verbally abused.

Initially, Asuna had mentally prepared herself for such treatment, yet none of the anticipated abuse or disgrace came to pass.

After understanding Herag's temperament, Asuna became aware of another issue.

It was why she had been spared by Herag.

Herag had been intrigued by her ability to discern the power of his bloodline.

He mentioned researching it, but hadn't taken any action so far.

Asuna speculated that Herag's research wouldn't be conducted at Base 27.

Herag intentionally hid his strength and identity to remain unnoticed at Base 27.

His research might expose information, which is likely why there hadn't been any action yet.

Asuna couldn't help but think, once Herag finished the research, what value would she still hold to him?

She worried that if she lost her value to Herag, she might be discarded like trash.

If she wants to avoid such a fate, she must proactively increase her importance in Herag's mind.

Just having a tiny bit of significance to Herag might ensure she's not discarded when she's deemed valueless.

How can a woman hold some significance in a man's heart?

Thinking about this, Asuna already had the answer.

In fact, before Herag returned, she had been pondering over this question.

While washing Herag's feet, a thought emerged but she felt shy about expressing it.

Finally, she gathered her courage and voiced her desire for a bath.

Upon hearing her, Herag thought it to be a trivial matter, simply saying: "Alright, heat some water yourself and bathe later. You don't have to ask me about such things in the future."

In his view, it was just a bath. He never forbade her from bathing.

There was a large wooden tub in the cabin, meant for bathing.

The tub was spacious enough to accommodate two people without any issue.

After finishing washing Herag's feet, Asuna tidied up and began heating the water.

Before long, the wooden tub was filled with hot water, and Asuna gathered energy particles, summoning some cold water to mix into the tub.

"Go ahead and bathe. I'll head out first, call me when you're done," Herag said, preparing to leave to avoid embarrassing Asuna during her bath.

Blushing, Asuna quickly replied, "Master, please... please stay here. I'm scared if you leave."

Once she spoke, she steeled herself, and directly removed her caster's robe, revealing her white undergarments beneath.

Her agitating figure was before Herag's eyes.

Herag's heart ignited upon seeing her pale skin.

After removing her robe, Asuna continued to undress.

Her white undergarments soon came off...

She bent to raise her leg, taking off the white long socks on her legs.

A few minutes later, Asuna was left without any secrets before Herag.

Her face was bright red as she stepped into the tub, whispering, "Would Master like to bathe as well? Asuna can serve you."

Upon saying this, her ears turned red.

Never had she thought she would be able to utter such words one day.

What Asuna did not know was that this was the Master-Servant Contract subtly influencing her.

Herag took a deep breath, accepting Asuna's invitation, joining her for a bath.

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The next morning, Asuna was still fast asleep.

Herag understood the implication of Asuna's action.

He never intended to kill Asuna, considering her upbringing for when they returned to the Wizard Plane.

After all, she was a fairly talented caster and still had utility.

Asuna had been overworrying and frightening herself.

During this period, Herag also learned a lot about casters.

The caster apprentices here didn't have specific phase distinctions, generally aligning with the stages from First-Class Wizard Apprentice to Third Class Wizard Apprentice.

The Initial-tier Caster corresponds to the stage of a Gaseous Wizard, Middle-tier Caster corresponds to the Liquification Wizard stage, High-tier Caster correlates with the Crystalization Wizard stage.

Asuna had also mentioned that above High-tier Casters, there were Magic Masters and Great Mages.

But those were major figures whom Asuna hadn't witnessed.

Herag could only surmise that Magic Masters were equivalent to Level 2 Wizards, and Great Mages possibly Level 3 Wizards.

This gave Herag a clearer understanding of the extraordinary power levels in this world.

"Master, you're awake."

At this moment, Asuna slowly opened her eyes, her big eyes complemented by long eyelashes, appearing very enchanting.

She struggled to sit up, and as the quilt slipped off, it revealed a tempting view: "Master, I'll go prepare hot water for your face wash."

Herag embraced her, letting her lie back down, "No need. You should rest well."

Asuna's face reddened, feeling slightly shy, covering half her face with the quilt, she nodded, "Mm~"

Herag continued to lie beside her, cuddling for a while before getting up to dress.

He sighed.

The patrol duties began again. Such is the hardship of a worker's life.

Life within Base 27 was generally monotonous and boring, apart from mission outings, one mostly had to remain inside the base.

Chapter 204: Entering the Mountains

Oberstein, Border Camp.

Today, a very special guest arrived at the camp, and Tyrion, the border commander, received them personally.

"Mr. Cole, I didn't expect it to be you who came over. How has Magic Master Sifler been lately?" Tyrion greeted.

When Tyrion learned that it was Cole who came, he was indeed surprised.

He knew that the kingdom was likely to send a Caster over.

But he didn't expect it to be Cole.

Sifler's prized disciple.

Tyrion himself was from Sea Stone City, temporarily serving as the border commander at Oberstein.

He was very familiar with Sifler and well acquainted with Cole.

Seeing that Cole came to investigate the situation in the Lime Mountain Range, Tyrion's heart was at ease.

As the border commander, his most important duty is to guard the safety and stability of the border.

The unclear situation in the Lime Mountain Range was putting a lot of pressure on Tyrion.

However, there weren't any suitable candidates under his command to investigate the Lime Mountain Range, so he could only seek help from Sea Stone City.

Now that Cole was here, Tyrion breathed a sigh of relief.

Who backs Cole?

Why, that's Magic Master Sifler.

Since Cole has been sent over, it must be at Sifler's behest.

This indicates that Sifler believes Cole can solve the problem here.

With this thought, Tyrion's pressure was lifted considerably.

"The teacher has been well lately, though aged, he remains full of spirit." Cole smiled.

Tyrion nodded and said, "Magic Master Sifler is a venerable elder, having guarded the Royal City for many years. When I was a child, he taught me swordsmanship."

Tyrion smiled, recalling the story of when he was seven or eight, holding a wooden sword and encountering Sifler.

"Mr. Tyrion, what is the current situation over at the Lime Mountain Range?" Cole asked.

Tyrion seriously replied, "I have already designated it as a forbidden zone. Besides some adventurers, no one dares to approach it. Even the adventurers now dare not enter, only observing from the perimeter."

During this period, ordinary people certainly dare not go over.

Some adventurers still observe from the outskirts, hesitant to venture into the Lime Mountain Range, waiting to identify any anomalies before making any decisions.

Cole nodded and said, "I will depart tomorrow to investigate the situation."

Tyrion said, "Then I must trouble you, please be extra careful."

In Tyrion's perspective, with Cole's intervention, the resolution of this matter would not be far off.

The only worry was that Cole might encounter too much trouble.

Tyrion never considered that Cole would disappear like others once entering.

"Do you need any manpower to assist you?" Tyrion inquired.

Cole shook his head and said, "No need, having ordinary people accompany me is pointless, they won't be of much help. Going alone is sufficient. Should danger arise, it's easier for me to handle by myself."

Tyrion nodded, ceasing to insist on sending assistance.

Cole's reasoning was straightforward, should he encounter danger in the Lime Mountain Range, it would be easier for him to flee alone.

If there were others with him, he would have additional worries, causing more trouble.

Cole rode out of the border on horseback, heading toward the Lime Mountain Range.

Along the way, he observed keenly, finding no suspicious traces.

Upon reaching the Lime Mountain Range, Cole did not hastily enter.

Instead, he dismounted at the mountain entrance, gazing towards the serene Lime Mountain Range.

The Lime Mountain Range was now in a quiet stillness, its foliage lush and verdant.

Cole took out a transparent crystal ball.

He placed the crystal ball in his hand, moving around with it.

In this world, there are many free energy particles scattered; they are unevenly distributed and constantly in movement.

If there is indeed a relic within the Lime Mountain Range, the area where it is located would certainly gather more energy particles.

By observing the flow and concentration of energy particles, the approximate location of the relic can be determined.

The crystal ball in Cole's hand served a similar function, able to indicate the direction where energy particles were more densely distributed.

After observing the crystal ball for a while, Cole gazed into the depths of the Lime Mountain Range.

According to the crystal ball's display, the concentration of energy particles was higher in that direction.

Gaining an understanding, Cole began to enter the Lime Mountain Range, advancing toward its depths.

As he moved through the forest, Cole remained vigilant in all directions.

Initially, Cole anticipated finding some relic entrances.

These relic entrances shouldn't be too challenging to locate; otherwise, so many people couldn't have entered the relics.

But on his way, Cole found no sign of any relic entrances.

This caused him to furrow his brows, "Could the entrance already be closed?"

The possibility concerned Cole, as a closed relic entrance would prove troublesome.

Many relic entrances are like this, their open and close times are unpredictable.

Due to long-neglected witch arrays, unstable witch arrays, such situations are not uncommon.

This is problematic; once a relic entrance closes, one never knows when it will reopen.

It could take days, or decades or centuries before it opens again.

Cole pondered for a while before continuing to explore ahead.

He planned to locate the vestiges of the relic; once the location is confirmed, there would always be a way to reopen it.

Cole gradually delved deeper into the Lime Mountain Range, the concentration of energy particles ahead increasing as indicated by his crystal ball.

Meanwhile.

Herag noticed Cole entering the Lime Mountain Range and said sternly, "Reese, report back immediately, a Liquid Wizard level caster has entered the Lime Mountain Range. I'll hold him off temporarily, but can't guarantee I'll stop him."

Herag and two others were on a patrol mission, with the task of identifying abnormal situations.

Importantly, they had to prevent any caster from approaching Base 27.

Cole's present course was heading toward Base 27.

Herag didn't have time to report back and return himself, for in such time Cole might get too close to Base 27, discovering its existence.

Herag had no choice but to send the comparatively agile Reese to report the information.

Leaving himself and David to intercept the advancing Cole.

Herag wasn't worried about defeating Cole, rather it was being able to hold him.

Despite Cole's Liquid Wizard stage aura, if he was determined to escape, Herag feared he couldn't restrain him.

Parker's order was that any entering the Lime Mountain Range must be held; they couldn't be allowed to slip away.

"Understood, I'm heading out now." Reese, though hadn't sensed Herag, knew Herag would never joke and swiftly acted to return to Base 27.

Chapter 205: Confrontation

"David, come down with me. Don't be in a rush to make a move later; our goal is to stall him," Herag said.

David nodded, "Understood."

Herag waved his hand, casting Absolute Defense on himself, followed by various Beneficial Magic, transforming into a black-armored giant.

Once ready, Herag leaped several times to appear in front of Cole.

Cole, seeing Herag emerge, put away the Crystal Ball.

The sight of the black-armored giant made him feel a sense of threat.

The magic aura from this person is at the Initial-tier Caster level, but the power is overwhelmingly oppressive.

Cole himself is a formidable Great Knight, never abandoning the pursuit of physical power.

He keenly sensed that Herag harbored immense power within him.

If they clashed head-on, he likely wouldn't gain any advantage.

"How could such a presence exist within the Lime Mountain Range..."

Cole thought about the disappearance incidents in the Lime Mountain Range and suddenly realized it might not be that simple.

The teacher's assumption might be wrong; there weren't any ruins here but rather more hidden mysteries.

This black-armored giant in front has formidable combat strength, standing where the place with high concentration Energy Particles was.

As he was about to draw closer to that place, the black-armored giant stepped out.

The intent was clear: to impede his progress.

This indicates that the place with high concentration Energy Particles ahead holds numerous secrets.

For such a strong person to prevent him, there must be even stronger forces behind this.

Cole's mind raced, quickly piecing together the situation the moment he saw Herag.

"Who are you?" Cole asked.

Although Cole knew that the situation in the Lime Mountain Range was more dangerous than he initially thought, he wasn't planning to leave immediately.

Without any information now, it would be better to probe for more knowledge.

He believed that if he wanted to leave, the other party couldn't stop him.

Herag grumbled, "Leave, this is not a place you can come to."

Herag wasn't in a hurry to make a move, instead pretending to be indifferent, advising Cole to leave.

This behavior only made Cole more convinced of the secrets hidden here.

Cole pondered, "Since the other party wants me to leave, it also shows they fear my strength and are unsure of capturing me, thus attempting to dissuade me."

"What are you doing here? Where have those who disappeared after entering the mountains gone?" Cole continued to ask.

He realized those who disappeared might have met with misfortune.

This black-armored giant before him was too powerful; those ordinary adventurers could never be his match.

At this time, David emerged from the side, looking at Cole.

"Another Initial-tier Caster."

Seeing David, Cole's heart sank.

Two Initial-tier Casters, this indicated that the secrets hidden within the Lime Mountain Range far exceeded his imagination.

Cole looked at the two of them, remaining silent for a while.

After a few seconds, he drew his Longsword, ready to spring, holding the sword across his chest, then whispered, "Breath of the Wind."

A strong gust began to gather around Cole.

Then, Cole turned and ran.

Herag said gravely, "Your reaction is quite quick."

He immediately chased after, moving faster than Cole, who had the boost from magic.

Cole's decision was right, to flee directly.

He realized that there were no ruins within the Lime Mountain Range but rather hidden secrets.

The two Initial-tier Casters seemed only to play roles of patrolling guards in the perimeter.

With the guards being so strong, the personnel within must certainly be stronger.

Though confident in his strength, Cole was never arrogant.

He did not believe his power could solve the problems here.

The teacher was wrong.

He was wrong too.

The hidden details here might be shocking.

As Cole ran desperately for his life, he was pondering these questions.

The sound of the wind came from behind. Looking back, Cole saw the black-armored giant catching up quickly.

He was almost upon him.

Cole cursed under his breath, "How is this person so fast."

He never imagined that, even with Breath of the Wind, someone could catch up to his speed.

Herag stretched his hand forward, and if there were no surprises, he would precisely grab Cole's neck.

Feeling the commotion behind, Cole quickly chanted several syllables.

Suddenly, a strong wind appeared beneath his feet, launching him into the air, ten meters high.

Herag's grab missed, watching Cole soar and slowly descend, like a feather.

Cole took a deep breath, "Looks like running continuously won't work, this person is too fast; can't outrun him. I'll have to fight while retreating and quickly move away from here."

At this moment, he realized Herag wouldn't let him leave.

The initial suggestion to let him go was merely a delaying tactic.

What were they delaying for?

It must be waiting for stronger forces to come, forces that would undoubtedly be able to hold him.

Their intent from the beginning was not to let him walk out of the Lime Mountain Range.

"Indeed, with so many adventurers disappearing in the Lime Mountain Range, there's no way they'd let me leave so easily," Cole thought, keeping his composure.

Since he couldn't leave easily, he could only face them.

As soon as Cole landed, Herag was upon him, swinging a strong punch, accompanied by gusting winds.

Cole hadn't expected Herag's power to be so immense, having thought he had perhaps overestimated Herag's combat power, but facing him revealed it was even stronger than imagined.

"Wind Barrier!"

Wind gathered in front of Cole, forming a wall-like structure.

Herag's punch landed directly on the Wind Barrier; from the point of impact, a web-like pattern spread over the wind wall instantly.

Subsequently, the Wind Barrier shattered.

However, Cole also evaded this blow.

"Earth Spike!"

David, who had been on the sideline, also made his move, seizing the opportunity to generate an Earth Spike beneath Cole's feet.

Cole reacted swiftly, his agility allowing him to reposition his foot quickly, avoiding the Earth Spike.

Cole quickly glanced at Herag and David, determining David was weaker, deciding to take out David first, then focus entirely on Herag.

His Longsword began to glow, with winds gathering around the blade.

Cole bent his body, suddenly blasting forward, heading straight for David.

The Longsword in his hand was already enveloped in a layer of wind, with the edge rotating rapidly like a saw.

This was a magic spell Cole developed himself, a combat technique created by integrating knightly breathing principles.

In the blink of an eye, he was right in front of David, moving at extreme speed, striking toward David with his sword.

Chapter 206: Longbow

David's heart tightened. He truly hadn't expected Cole to suddenly burst forth with such speed.

At Cole's current speed, it was very likely he couldn't dodge this sword strike.

In his haste, there was no time to conjure magic to block it.

David's talent spell was a surface rock layer, but judging by Cole's strike, his rock layer couldn't withstand it.

In a flash, Herag's figure flickered and appeared directly behind Cole.

Herag used Flash to instantly approach Cole.

He reacted quickly; he could have stopped Cole earlier.

But Herag was waiting for the right moment, the moment Cole made his move.

The instant Cole slashed down with his sword was the best time to strike.

Because at that moment, all of Cole's attention was on David, and it would be difficult for him to retract the force of his swing.

Everything happened in an instant, and Herag had to seize that fleeting opportunity.

Otherwise, David would die for nothing, and he would lose his chance to act.

After Herag appeared, he punched directly at Cole's back.

Cole, at that moment, also sensed Herag's sudden appearance.

Shocked, he had no way to pull back; he could only speed up his swing, taking Herag's hit head-on.

Herag's punch was faster than Cole's sword, an unstoppable force smashing into Cole's back.

Although Cole had a layer of Wind Shield on his body, it was utterly insufficient, shattering on contact.

Crack.

A sound of ribs breaking came from within Cole's body, and he spat out several mouthfuls of blood.

The sword strike, initially aimed to cleave David in half, veered off course.

Now the sword changed direction, slashing down onto David's left shoulder.

David's talent spell was triggered, and a thick layer of rock appeared on his body.

But this rock layer only slowed the sword, soon being pierced and cutting into his flesh underneath.

David grunted, almost having his left shoulder sliced off, connected by just a sliver of skin.

Despite such a severe injury, David didn't cry out but instead grabbed his left shoulder, seizing the chance to retreat.

Cole, like a cannonball, flew out, knocked away by Herag's strike.

As Cole flew, his spiritual power remained focused, quickly casting magic.

He used the wind to cushion himself, slowing his speed to land steadily.

However, once landed, he spat out another mouthful of blood.

Herag's punch was overpowering; Cole took it almost entirely with his body.

Although Cole never gave up on his Knight's training, and his physique was quite strong,

he still couldn't withstand such a violent force impact.

Cole used his sword to support himself, quickly taking out a green potion and drinking it.

Green dots appeared on his body, and his internal injuries rapidly healed.

This was a secret medicine from the Elf Race, extremely precious, almost capable of revival.

Several of Cole's broken ribs healed in an instant.

The effect of the secret medicine was excellent.

David also used the White Sage Healing Potion, temporarily stopping the bleeding.

But his left shoulder was noticeably dislocated, significantly reducing his combat ability.

Herag glanced and said, "You go to the back; I'll handle him. Don't cause me trouble."

In his current state, David couldn't help much, and if the fight resumed, Herag wouldn't have time to look after him.

David nodded, understanding not to cause trouble, quickly retreating to the back for healing.

Cole sheathed his longsword and then took out a Wooden Longbow.

The bow was large, entirely made of wood, with a green bowstring.

It looked plain, with no extravagant decorations.

"Breath of the Wind."

Cole again accelerated his speed, simultaneously drawing the longbow, as a green arrow swiftly formed on it.

Then, this arrow shot towards Herag.

Herag was about to dodge when he suddenly realized the arrow was gone.

The arrow being gone usually meant the speed was too fast.

But with Herag's current physical quality, it was almost impossible for him not to see the arrow.

Moreover, with Shenlan present, he could clearly sense the arrow's trajectory.

From the trajectory, the arrow had suddenly disappeared.

Boom!

There was a sudden explosion in front of Herag, pushing him back a few steps with a violent shockwave.

"Suddenly appeared in front?"

Herag suddenly understood, the arrow indeed disappeared.

The green arrow shot from that longbow disappeared, only to appear directly in front.

That's why he couldn't see it, and neither could Shenlan track the arrow's flight path.

"Shenlan, calculate the arrow's attack intensity."

Herag felt the arrow's attack intensity was high; if not for Absolute Defense and Dark Armor, he might have been seriously injured.

"Calculating, the estimated arrow intensity is 19 degrees."

Shenlan quickly provided the calculation result.

"What kind of bow is this, a casual arrow with such power." Herag was a bit curious.

The bow looked ordinary, without any special aura.

But a casual arrow had an attack intensity of 19 degrees, already surpassing many magic spells.

Seeing that the arrow hadn't harmed Herag, Cole turned to flee.

Herag immediately chased after him, and Cole shot another arrow upon turning.

This arrow couldn't be dodged; it appeared directly in front of Herag, guaranteed to hit.

Herag was pushed back again a few steps, and Cole used this opportunity to widen the gap.

"Let's see how many times you can shoot."

Power and cost are always balanced; such power arrows cannot be fired without cost.

Cole couldn't use this bow indefinitely; there had to be a corresponding price.

Sure enough, after two arrows, blood trickled from Cole's mouth.

He held the longbow in hand, no longer using it.

At that point, Cole and Herag had created some distance between them.

Seeing Cole about to run away further, Herag quietly activated a trace of power from his Bloodline Mark.

Since arriving on the Elf Plane, Herag sensed he could use the Royal Elf Bloodline power within the Bloodline Mark.

But while at Base 27, he hadn't encountered any special situations and hadn't tried.

After activating some power from the Bloodline Mark, Herag felt a significant boost in his spiritual power, strength, agility, and constitution.

This slight change in agility resulted in Herag's speed increasing significantly.

In no time, Herag caught up with the fleeing Cole.

"Dark Magic Ball."

Herag conjured a black Dark Magic Ball in his hand, sending it flying towards Cole's head.

Cole twisted to evade the strike.

But after the Dark Magic Ball exploded, the shockwave hindered Cole's actions.

Chapter 207: Merit

This was Herag's purpose; he never expected the Dark Magic Ball to directly harm Cole.

As long as it could affect and hinder Cole's movement, that would be enough.

His speed was faster than Cole's, and even a slight hindrance could close the distance significantly.

Cole slowed down momentarily to dodge the Dark Magic Ball, and in the blink of an eye, Herag closed the gap.

Cole hesitated for a moment, then continued to rush forward, now only wanting to leave quickly.

Herag directly unleashed a barrage mode, continuously throwing Dark Magic Balls.

Cole awkwardly dodged.

Under normal circumstances, he certainly wouldn't flee in such disarray.

After all, he was a middle-tier caster, capable of fighting against Herag.

But the situation was different now; Cole knew he couldn't afford to delay and had to leave quickly.

Causing him to be forced into a constant defensive stance.

Cole originally thought Herag was purely a close combat caster, surprised by his proficiency in magic attacks.

"Great Stride Running."

Herag, seeing the timing was right, immediately used the Great Stride Running spell and instantly got within three meters behind Cole.

Cole was startled, turning back to form a Wind Arrow, hoping to hinder Herag.

The next second, Herag disappeared.

Cole quickly realized: "It's that teleportation spell again!"

Without any hesitation, he rolled to the side.

Herag's punch missed, and he said to Cole, "Quick reaction."

"Dark Imprisonment!"

Cole's movements froze, and just as he was about to get up, he suddenly found he couldn't move.

Normally, this type of imprisonment spell could only restrain him for a fraction of a second.

But for Herag, it was enough with the distance between them being less than three meters.

A fraction of a second is enough to accomplish many things.

Bang!

With a loud noise, a cloud of dust rose on the scene.

Cole lay in a concave pit, his body bent at the waist in a twisted and bizarre position.

Herag's punch used almost all his strength, striking Cole's sacrum area.

Cole had not lost consciousness yet and stared at Herag.

His limbs twitched continuously, and his body had lost control, unable to move at all.

"You shouldn't be able to run now. Killing a middle-tier caster would be a waste; better to keep him."

The research value of a middle-tier caster was naturally very high; Herag would not kill him.

These are contributions that can be credited, helping with evaluation at Base 27.

Herag squatted down, taking the wooden Longbow from Cole's hand.

Upon holding it, Herag felt an inexplicable familiarity.

Instinctively, he felt a very close connection.

Why would a wooden Longbow make him feel familiar?

Herag observed it for a while and found that the aura contained within the Longbow felt very familiar, like an old acquaintance.

He glanced at Cole on the ground and asked, "What's the name of this Longbow, and how do you use it?"

Cole said nothing and only looked at him coldly.

Herag anticipated Cole's silence and didn't continue to ask.

He attempted to draw the Longbow as Cole did.

This Longbow was harder to draw than he imagined, requiring great strength.

As Herag fully drew the Longbow, a green arrow formed.

At the same time, Herag felt something within him flowing to the arrow.

Whoosh!

Herag released the green bowstring, the green arrow shot out, and then disappeared.

The next moment, the arrow appeared in front of a distant large rock and exploded.

"Feeling more exhausted, it seems that every shot drains physical energy..."

Herag roughly understood the peculiarity of this Longbow.

The cost of the Longbow is stamina; each arrow drawn and shot results in significant stamina loss.

Even someone like Cole, a Great Knight and middle-tier caster, couldn't shoot many arrows.

Herag thought for a moment, but it was different for him.

In his current state, all his physical attributes were already extraordinary.

The last arrow he shot barely made Herag feel any stamina loss.

But the loss was negligible, as stamina was the least of his concerns.

Herag estimated that shooting tens or a hundred times should not be a problem.

One should know that even a regular arrow from this Longbow had an attack intensity of 19 degrees.

A regular spell released by a wizard like Malcolm crystallizes at 21 degrees.

Herag now had a high-intensity, sustained attack method.

He realized his shortcomings during the fight with Cole.

Herag was most skilled at close combat, subduing enemies with overwhelming physical strength.

But if the enemy was strong and determined to flee, there wasn't much he could do.

His long-range attack methods were too few, relying only on a few spells.

However, those spells didn't have enough attack power.

Now with this Longbow, he compensated for his lack of ranged attack capabilities.

Herag returned the Longbow to the Space Ring, then stood guard by Cole's side, waiting for Reese to bring people from the base.

Before long, Reese arrived with a few people, including Kane.

"Did you handle him all by yourself?" Kane asked incredulously, looking at Cole, who lay immobile in the crater.

Herag shook his head: "David and I worked together, but David got hurt."

He didn't take all the credit for himself.

Kane nodded: "Very well, this is a middle-tier caster, you've done great. He's your spoil of war, how do you plan to handle him? Keep him, or hand him to the base?"

Herag looked at David and asked, "I plan to hand him over to the base. What do you think, David?"

"I agree," David nodded.

From David's view, he didn't actually help much.

Herag mentioned him to help, giving David some credit.

David felt grateful and naturally had no objections.

After all, Cole was subdued by Herag alone, so he should decide.

Kane said: "Alright, I'll bring him back. This will be recorded in detail, which will help with your subsequent performance evaluations."

"After inventorying his belongings, you may take what you need; anything else can be converted to Magic Stones."

Cole surely had valuable items, but Herag didn't have time to search thoroughly and only took the Longbow.

Herag felt the Longbow was probably Cole's most valuable item, quite unique.

In the Land of Dawn, the bases were internally fair.

During war expansion, fairness and equity had to be ensured.

Letting all wizards see and understand that effort brings rewards, encouraging more to sincerely participate in the war expansion.

Chapter 208: Interrogation

After returning to Base 27, Cole was taken away by Kane for a private conversation.

He was the first middle-tier caster captured at Base 27, and they needed to carefully and patiently extract his value.

When Cole entered Base 27, he was completely shocked.

Upon seeing Parker, he sensed the powerful magic aura emanating from him, and many thoughts flashed through his mind instantly.

Cole had traveled around the world these past few years, and he knew that the Noen Kingdom was considered a very remote kingdom in the Elf Plane.

There weren't many casters here, and those who were strong were even rarer.

A magic master like Sifler was already considered the pinnacle of combat power in the Noen Kingdom.

Cole had visited many places over the years, gaining a lot of knowledge and a deeper understanding of the world.

The more he saw, the humbler he became, realizing that his talent was not that impressive.

Cole never imagined that the desolate Lime Mountain Range would harbor so many powerful casters.

Magic masters and great mages alike, what were they doing here?

As Cole pondered this question, the language barrier prevented him from gaining any useful information from their conversations.

"What language is this?"

Cole was somewhat puzzled; he had traveled to many places but had never heard such a language.

He never considered that Herag and the others might come from other planes.

Instead, he guessed that casters from a very distant place might have gathered here for some unknown purpose.

Cole couldn't fathom the objective of these people; it seemed impossible that they were planning to seize the Noen Kingdom.

With the power to easily conquer a kingdom, yet hiding within the Lime Mountain Range, they clearly had other motives.

However, Cole's experience had not reached the level of plane warfare, so he never thought in that direction.

This made the actions of the people at Base 27 seem very strange to Cole.

Why would such powerful individuals hide within a mountain range?

The surrounding area did not appear to have any high-value resources.

Within Base 27, Cole saw several female adventurers, who were also looking at him.

He realized then that the adventurers who vanished into the mountains were either dead or captured.

Cole also knew that he probably couldn't return.

...

Back in his cabin, Herag quickly welcomed Asuna, who came to change his clothes and brew coffee.

Herag was contemplating certain issues; the task faced on this patrol was already at the Liquid Wizard Level.

Next time, the enemy might be even stronger.

If it's a Crystalization Wizard next, he might still be able to handle it.

But if it's stronger Level 2 or Level 3 Wizards, he might have to consider if he'll have the opportunity to report back.

Having safely passed five months, the remaining seven months didn't look as easy.

Herag sat down and took a sip from the coffee Asuna poured.

The aroma of coffee filled the room, and the firelight reflected warmth on Herag's face.

Inside the cabin was a row of wooden racks hung with many clothes.

Some belonged to Herag, others to Asuna.

There were also black and white stockings, originally stored in Herag's space ring.

Previously, he bought quite a few for Chatiya; these leftovers were perfect for Asuna.

Asuna received them with some shyness, yet she carefully washed all the clothes and hung them out to dry.

When she had time, she would bring them by the fire to dry.

Since going outside was not possible, hanging clothes outside was out of the question.

More importantly, many of the clothes were intimate wear, and Asuna was not comfortable putting them outside.

Asuna was wearing a pair of black over-the-knee stockings, standing by waiting for Herag's orders.

"Sit over here," Herag patted the spot next to him.

Asuna came over and obediently sat down.

Herag rested his head on Asuna's lap, feeling the softness of the young girl's skin.

He closed his eyes for a moment to rest, pondering the subsequent arrangements in his mind.

Asuna remained still, her breath softly brushed against Herag's face.

"Does it still hurt?" Herag asked.

Asuna hesitated, then her cheeks reddened: "It... still hurts a bit..."

Her voice grew increasingly softer, barely audible.

With closed eyes, Herag said, "Then rest well tonight."

Of course, even while resting, his hands did not remain idle.

"Mm~"

...

Base 27, basement.

Besides the buildings on the surface, Base 27 had a complete seven levels underground.

Herag had never gone down before; entering the basement required certain permissions.

At this moment, in an interrogation room.

Cole was bound to a cross, his entire body restrained by specially made anti-demon iron chains.

"I ask questions, you answer. Silence is useless, and if I use magic to inquire, it will cause some damage to your mind. You are an excellent middle-tier caster with high research value, so I have no wish to ruin you as research material."

Parker spoke while seated on a chair.

Cole remained silent, but finally spoke: "Who are you people?"

This was a point of confusion for him.

"We are a group of truth seekers," Parker smiled.

"Truth? Some church members?" Cole thought they might be followers of a church.

Based on Parker's actions, it indeed resembled that.

Parker shook his head: "No, we wizards do not believe in gods."

"Wizards?" Cole had never heard of this term before.

"We are similar to your casters, but with slightly different power systems," Parker explained.

"Why have I never heard of it?" Cole asked with skepticism.

Parker took out a pair of scissors: "That's nothing you need to know, there are many things you haven't heard of. Next, I'll ask questions and you answer them; if you refuse or I catch you lying, I'll snip off one of your organs or parts."

Parker waved the scissors, which made a snipping sound and gleamed with cold light.

Cole's mind raced, still unable to grasp the purpose of the opposition.

Wizards?

He believed even Teacher Sifler had never heard of this term.

Which faction did this belong to?

Yet, he had no time to think further, as Parker's questions were coming.

...

Two weeks later, Oberstein Border Camp.

Tyrion paced anxiously, then turned and asked, "Has Mr. Cole not returned yet?"

The order officer lowered his head: "We've been keeping an eye outside the Lime Mountain Range during this time, but there's been no activity inside, nor has anyone come out, could it be that Mr. Cole..."

...

Chapter 209: Elf Race

Tyrion shook his head and said, "Impossible! Mr. Cole is a Middle-tier Caster, he wouldn't fall so easily. I reckon he's trapped inside."

"Then... should we send someone in to take a look?" The Order Officer asked.

"Take a look? Even Mr. Cole is trapped in there, who else could go in and look?" Tyrion was somewhat annoyed.

The Order Officer, frightened, did not dare to speak, and shrank back with his head lowered.

Tyrion exhaled and sighed, "We can't do nothing either. Keep people watching over there, and notify me immediately if there is any change. Also, write a letter explaining the situation here to Magic Master Sifler."

Tyrion didn't expect Cole would also disappear without a trace; a whole half month had passed with no word.

This made him a bit anxious. If something happened to Cole, how could he explain it to Sifler?

Tyrion had no intention of sending people in to find Cole.

If even a Middle-tier Caster like Cole couldn't get out, sending more people would be of no use.

Tyrion had already realized the seriousness of the problem.

The situation inside the Lime Mountain Range might be more severe than he imagined.

It was one thing for so many adventurers to have disappeared; even a Middle-tier Caster like Cole had vanished inside.

This represents an unusual problem.

As a high-ranking official of the kingdom, Tyrion knew that some events involving Extraordinary Power were terribly frightening.

They are matters completely beyond the involvement of ordinary people, with many inexplicable and eerie occurrences.

Now, he could only hope that Cole would come out sooner or that once Sifler received the letter, he would have a way to resolve the issue here.

Tyrion was under enormous pressure as he looked at the distant Lime Mountain Range, which seemed to have become a quagmire, trapping everyone who went there.

"If even Magic Master Sifler is unable to..."

Considering this possibility, Tyrion quickly shook his head.

If even Magic Master Sifler couldn't solve the problems there, no one in the entire Noen Kingdom could.

...

Another half month passed.

Sea Stone City.

Sifler looked at the letter in his hand, his expression turning serious immediately.

"Half a month without coming out..."

Sifler knew what this meant.

Many ruins indeed trap people inside, but it's impossible to trap someone for so long.

Moreover, Cole is a Middle-tier Caster; there are very few ruins that can keep him confined for such an extended period.

Sifler had experienced quite a few ruins in his life, and he was very familiar with them.

From Sifler's experience, Cole was likely not trapped by a ruin, but encountering some trouble, possibly life-threatening.

Sifler had a sudden urge to rush to Oberstein.

But soon, he calmed himself down.

Sifler began to doubt his earlier speculation; there might not be ruins present there after all.

From the series of events in the Lime Mountain Range, it no longer matched the signs of existing ruins.

Sifler had a bad premonition, sensing that this matter seemed beyond his control or influence.

He thought for a moment, then took out a Wooden Flute.

This Wooden Flute was given to him by someone from the Elf Race, who said to use this flute to contact them if anything unusual was discovered.

At that time, Sifler had been a bit puzzled, as the Elf Race was usually very aloof and arrogant, disdaining to interact with humans.

The Elf Race generally only communicated with the royal families of each kingdom and had little contact with human casters.

Sifler, due to being a Magic Master, was acquainted with some members of the Elf Race.

When he received the Wooden Flute, he wondered to himself, "What kind of situation could be called unusual?"

After being involved with the Lime Mountain Range affairs, Sifler suddenly recalled the Wooden Flute.

He thought perhaps the Elf Race had already known something, which was why they had given him the Wooden Flute.

When he received this Wooden Flute, Sifler thought he had established a connection with the Elf Race.

He believed that his capability as a Magic Master had earned him some degree of value to the Elf Race.

But now, it seemed like that was not the case.

It was rather the Elf Race had anticipated some unusual situations might occur, and since Sifler was the strongest caster in the Noen Kingdom, these unusual situations would most likely affect him.

So the Elf Race left behind this Wooden Flute.

Sifler, realizing this, felt his mind become blank.

Because if things were this way, it meant Cole was likely not coming back.

This was the thing he found hardest to accept.

What was supposed to be a straightforward exploration of a ruin unexpectedly concealed so many secrets.

Sifler's aged eyes gazed at the distant horizon, as if hoping to see Cole's returning smile.

With a heavy heart, he picked up the Wooden Flute and blew on it gently.

A pleasant flute melody automatically rose, followed by a man's voice from the other end of the Wooden Flute.

"Sifler? What's the matter?" The Elf man from the Wooden Flute said.

"Mr. Lu Qiao, I have some situations here..."

Sifler recounted the series of events in the Lime Mountain Range in detail.

The Elf Lu Qiao remained silent, quietly listening until Sifler finished.

When Sifler finished, Lu Qiao was silent for a while before asking, "Your student, is he a Middle-tier Caster?"

"Yes." Sifler's voice was a bit aged.

"He's been in there for half a month and hasn't come out?" Lu Qiao continued to ask.

"Yes, sir." Sifler replied.

Lu Qiao continued in silence for a moment without speaking.

After a long silence,

Lu Qiao spoke, "I will bring someone to meet with you in detail. During this time, don't let anyone get close to the Lime Mountain Range, and don't take any specific actions, just carry on as before."

"Alright, I'll wait for you in Sea Stone City." Sifler, knowing Lu Qiao was coming, felt a glimmer of hope inside.

The Elf Race is the strongest existence in this world; there is no problem they cannot solve.

But at the same time, Sifler also realized that the matter had already exceeded his wildest imaginings.

There surely lay huge secrets within the Lime Mountain Range, with a greater chance of Cole not returning.

After severing the contact with Lu Qiao, Sifler promptly wrote a letter, sending it to Tyrion.

Judging from Lu Qiao's tone, even he seemed somewhat serious.

What situation could make even the Elf Race treat it so seriously?

Sifler didn't know, and he could only pray for Cole in his heart, hoping nothing bad would happen to him.

...

Miracle Valley.

This is a place where the Elf Race congregates.

In Miracle Valley grows a giant tree, towering thousands of meters high, with its crown covering the sky, looking utterly breathtaking.

This is a branch of the World Tree.

Every branch of the World Tree houses congregations of the Elf Race.

The members of the Elf Race live, multiply, and flourish around the World Tree, growing stronger.

Chapter 210: Miracle Valley

Under every World Tree, there is an Elf Tribe.

These Elf Tribes simultaneously rule all the surrounding Human Kingdoms.

Backed by the World Tree, they possess powerful Magical Powers, making almost every Elf a natural Caster.

Their absolute Power grants them absolute authority and dominion over the neighboring kingdoms.

Apart from having slightly weaker reproductive abilities, the Elf Race is practically a flawless, perfect race.

With high beauty, long lifespan, and extremely high magic Talent.

Due to their long lifespan, the Elf Race has many formidable spellcasters.

However, with great Power comes great responsibility.

There are always many troublesome matters in the world that humans in the Elf Plane can hardly solve with their own abilities.

At such times, the intervention of the Elf Race is required.

As long as the Elf Race takes action, they can always resolve those troubles.

However, in recent years, some issues have arisen that also trouble the Elf Race.

That issue is the invaders from the Wizard Plane.

These invaders from the Wizard Plane call themselves Wizards and possess abilities similar to Casters.

They are powerful, cruel, and like to plunder everything valuable.

The World Tree is a precious treasure to them.

After arriving in the Elf Plane, these Wizards try every means to seize the World Tree.

Every Elf regards the World Tree as a mother, and naturally, it is impossible for them to let these invaders harm it in any way.

Incidents of Wizard invasions are occurring all over the world, causing the entire Elf Race to take this matter seriously.

Wherever a Wizard Base is discovered, a large number of forces have been dispatched to defend, resist or attack.

For regions currently not identified to have a Wizard Base, the Elf Race has also made preemptive defenses.

For example, the Wooden Flute given to Sifler.

The Elf Race employs these means in various kingdoms, usually entrusted to Kingdom Guardian roles like Sifler.

The Wizard Bases are initially very hidden and difficult to detect, hoping that the strong in these kingdoms can notice abnormal circumstances and immediately contact the Elf Race.

The Elf Race has a small population and cannot control every place across the Elf Plane.

These Wizards are also exceedingly cunning, remaining hidden during the early stages of invasion, making it difficult for the Elf Race to detect their presence.

However, once signs are spotted, the Elf Race pays immediate attention.

Lu Qiao, the Guard Captain of the Miracle Valley Elf Tribe, has the strength of a Magic Master.

Upon receiving a message from the Royal Elf by the World Mother Tree, Lu Qiao visited several surrounding kingdoms.

Each kingdom selected one or two people and left them with a way to contact him.

Meanwhile, some members of the tribe were sent to tour the surrounding kingdoms, mainly to detect any abnormal situations sooner.

On this particular day, Lu Qiao received a message from Sifler.

After ending communication with Sifler, Lu Qiao's expression was grave.

From Sifler's description, he suspected there might be a Wizard Base in the Lime Mountain Range.

Only Wizards could silently eliminate so many people, including Middle-tier Casters, and leave no trace.

But Lu Qiao could not be sure; he had to investigate in person to find out.

Lu Qiao called three members from the guard team to accompany him, all of whom were High-tier Spellcasters.

This time, he was merely out to scout, making fewer people more convenient for action.

"Lu Qiao, be careful on this trip. If it's confirmed to be an evil Wizard invasion, return immediately, and we'll prepare to respond,"

the elder of the Miracle Valley Elf Tribe said solemnly.

He was over eight hundred years old, the oldest elder in Miracle Valley.

Miracle Valley had a total of three Great Mage Level spellcasters, and the elder was one of them.

Lu Qiao was the most outstanding elf of the young generation in Miracle Valley, with great hopes of succeeding as the elder.

Lu Qiao nodded and replied, "Elder, rest assured, once I clarify the situation, I'll return immediately."

This time, his purpose was simply to ascertain the situation.

If there truly was a Wizard invasion, even the forces of Miracle Valley might not suffice.

With a small tribe population, it would likely be necessary to contact other tribes to take joint action.

Different Elf Tribes may have occasional conflicts and frictions in ordinary times.

However, when faced with foreign invasion, the Elf Race becomes very united.

...

It took Lu Qiao and the three elves half a month of travel to arrive at Sea Stone City.

He conducted this trip very discreetly, unknown even to the King of the Noen Kingdom.

By the time the King learned that four elves had entered Sea Stone City, Lu Qiao was already in Sifler's office.

"Mr. Sifler, what is the situation over there now?" Lu Qiao asked.

At this moment, Sifler appeared much older, sighed, and handed over two letters.

Tyrion had sent another letter later on.

Cole still hadn't emerged from the Lime Mountain Range.

At this point, even Tyrion realized.

Cole might not just be trapped; it was highly likely he had encountered misfortune.

A Middle-tier Caster has met with ill fate in the Lime Mountain Range.

Considering this possibility weighed on Tyrion's heart like a heavy stone, making it hard to breathe.

He immediately had the Order Officer write a letter to Magic Master Sifler.

During this period, Tyrion hadn't slept well, deploying significant forces to guard the border, monitoring the Lime Mountain Range twenty-four hours a day.

Behind him stood the entire Oberstein, a source of great pressure.

Lu Qiao took the two letters and read through them one by one.

After reading, Lu Qiao said, "Let's head to Oberstein and find out what's going on there."

"I'll go with you. I've already informed the King," Sifler now only wanted to personally head to Oberstein and delve into the Lime Mountain Range.

Lu Qiao glanced at Sifler, assessing his Spirit State, and then said, "You're getting older, it's best for you to stay here."

Sifler shook his head, "I want to go and see for myself."

Lu Qiao pondered, "Hmm... you can go, but once there, don't act rashly. This time, we're going to scout, not to engage in conflict with the presence there."

"The presence there? Do you already know what's happening there?" Sifler became somewhat spirited.

Lu Qiao shook his head, "It's just a guess, it might be invaders from the Wizard Plane."

"Invaders from the Wizard Plane?" Sifler seemed to remember something, then suddenly understood.

"So that's it, that's it, I shouldn't have sent him, it was my mistake." Sifler was very remorseful, filled with guilt.

He had heard about other Planes a long time ago but had never come into contact with them.

Sifler had only read about the Wizard Plane in some records, and over the years, he had almost forgotten.

It was only after Lu Qiao mentioned it that Sifler remembered.