

Sixth 221

Chapter 221: The Squad

"How are things lately?" Lu Qiao asked.

Tyrion sighed, "Let's head to the camp first, and I'll explain everything to you. The situation isn't looking good."

Lu Qiao nodded, and a group of Elves followed Tyrion to the border camp, overlooking the Lime Mountain Range.

"Recently, our scouts have discovered a significant increase in demons within the Lime Mountain Range. Their strength is currently unknown, but their numbers are substantial," Tyrion said, heavily.

Tyrion had always assigned people to keep an eye on the movements within the Lime Mountain Range.

The night Herag and his group began summoning demons, soldiers detected something unusual.

Occasional roars of demons would echo from within the Lime Mountain Range, something completely unheard of before.

The soldiers stationed long-term in Oberstein were very familiar with the Lime Mountain Range and knew there were barely any demons inside.

But from that day on, the demonic roars within the Lime Mountain Range grew more frequent.

Upon learning this, Tyrion immediately had a few soldiers write their wills before cautiously approaching the Lime Mountain Range to use binoculars for reconnaissance.

What they saw sent chills down their spines.

Through the binoculars, they saw demons moving everywhere within the Lime Mountain Range.

Some demons noticed their presence and roared at them, but for some reason did not emerge, only pacing back and forth at the mountain's entrance.

After discovering this, the soldiers quickly retreated and returned to report the situation to the camp.

Tyrion immediately redeployed more troops to defend the direction of the Lime Mountain Range and arranged for more personnel to investigate the situation within.

As the demons in the Lime Mountain Range continued to increase daily, Tyrion's anxiety grew heavier.

Though the demons remained inside the Lime Mountain Range and did not emerge, it made Tyrion even more uneasy.

He understood that the demons were not refraining from coming out but were waiting for something.

Very likely, they were waiting for the right moment to launch a full-scale attack on Oberstein's border forces, causing a devastating blow.

Aside from hoping for aid from the Elf Race, Tyrion also sought assistance from the Noen Kingdom.

The kingdom had agreed to send some casters to help, with some military supplies already on the way, and the logistics were being prepared according to wartime standards.

Yet Tyrion still felt a shadow lingering in his heart, suffocating him.

Seeing Lu Qiao arrive with over sixty Elves, he finally breathed a slight sigh of relief.

Lu Qiao spoke gravely, "Demons? It seems the situation is worse than I imagined. They've already reached this stage."

During this period, Lu Qiao had reviewed the various invasion incidents by the wizards again.

He initially thought the base within the Lime Mountain Range was still in the construction phase; otherwise, it wouldn't be so hidden.

But upon returning to Oberstein, Tyrion claimed to have seen many demons in the Lime Mountain Range.

From past experiences, this was a precursor to the wizards preparing an attack.

The wizards had the means to mass-produce and summon demons, forming a demon army.

In numerous previous battles, the wizards used large demon armies to deplete their side's strength.

Summoning demons seemingly had little cost for them, but on their side, it meant sacrificing real lives.

While demons could be eliminated, the opponent could continue summoning and creating more.

But what about the Elves and humans? Procreation and nurturing required a long process, unable to match the attrition of war.

As strengths on their side dwindled, only then would the wizards take action.

The wizards' top combat power was formidable, and when they acted, it almost sealed the victory.

Lu Qiao took a deep breath and said to the representatives of the other two Elf Tribes, "The situation is problematic. The wizards have already begun summoning demons. For now, our primary task is to destroy their summoning altars as much as possible, then request reinforcements from the tribes."

"If necessary, we must even seek assistance from the Royal Family. I believe we must exert all our strength against these wizards from the start, strangling them in the early stage."

"If they grow stronger, our chances of victory will be low."

The representatives from the other two tribes nodded, understanding Lu Qiao's implication.

"Therefore, we now need to form a few teams to infiltrate the Lime Mountain Range and destroy those altars," Lu Qiao said solemnly.

An Elf named Parado spoke up, "But in doing so, we might suffer great casualties. First, the Lime Mountain Range has numerous demons. We need to eliminate them to reach the altars. There will certainly be wizards guarding the altars, leading to battles."

"I know, but it's a necessary risk. The reason they haven't acted is that they're still building their strength. We must disrupt their progress. Once they start moving, we'll have no opportunity."

Lu Qiao felt helpless, aware that infiltrating the Lime Mountain Range to destroy the altars was a perilous mission.

But in his view, disrupting the wizards' plans was essential. Letting them proceed smoothly would be tantamount to awaiting destruction passively.

"So who will go into the Lime Mountain Range?" Parado asked.

"I'll go," Lu Qiao said without hesitation.

Parado shook his head, "No, you can't go. Not only can you not go, but neither can we three. We are leaders of our tribes; if we die inside, who will command them and organize follow-up matters?"

Lu Qiao fell silent, understanding Parado's point.

They were leaders of their tribes' actions. The war hadn't even started; it was unreasonable for generals to charge into enemy lines at the start.

"Captain, we'll give it a try. If it doesn't work, we'll come right back. Once it gets dark, we'll slip in and try; it shouldn't be too dangerous," one of Lu Qiao's team members suggested.

Lu Qiao considered it, then nodded, "Alright, it's worth a try."

He planned to send a few skilled team members in first to assess the difficulty of destroying the altars.

If it seemed untenable, they wouldn't force it and would retreat promptly.

"We'll send some people as well," Parado added.

...

In the end, the three tribes each sent two high-tier spellcasters to form a temporary squad.

These six high-tier spellcasters were equivalent to six Crystalization Level Wizards, forming a very strong team.

After nightfall, the six quietly slipped out of the camp, heading toward the Lime Mountain Range.

Their bodies were covered in a layer of green plants—a special stealth technique.

In the eyes of other creatures, these six did not exist at all, completely invisible.

Moreover, they weren't simply invisible; their presence and breathing were hidden, merging with nature itself.

Chapter 222: Infiltration

This is a concealing technique unique to the Elf Race.

Favored by nature itself, they can almost perfectly hide themselves using this magic.

Within the Lime Mountain Range.

Herag was guarding the shadow altar, sitting beside it with eyes closed in meditation and rest.

Every shadow altar needs someone to guard it continuously.

The three of them took turns, with one guarding each night, and today it was Herag's turn.

The materials to build the altar are not unlimited, and the materials themselves are very expensive.

Therefore, every altar is important and must be well-guarded.

If any altar is lost, the three of them, including Herag, would definitely be held accountable.

If an altar is lost, they most likely won't pass the evaluation at Base 27.

As nightfall descended, the entire mountain range was shrouded in deep darkness.

Distant stars shone, illuminating the entire valley with a scattered brilliance.

However, at this moment, the valley was exceptionally silent, with only the occasional low growl of an ancient beast, sending a chill down one's spine.

Above the peaks, the glowing twilight gradually disappeared, replaced by hazy moonlight, which just perfectly outlined the mountain range, making it appear eerie and mysterious.

The deep valleys and cliffs between the peaks blocked most of the moonlight, allowing only sporadic light to fall on the wind-eroded steep cliffs, making them look even more bizarre.

Suddenly, faint footsteps sounded between the peaks.

Before long, a small demon appeared in the moonlight.

Its eyes glowed like green flames, and on its flat head were a pair of short, thin wings. It carelessly opened its mouth and spat out a blob of green poison mist, engulfing its feet, as it carefully crawled along the cliff.

Soon after, more demons appeared. Large beasts with thick, rough fur bared their sharp fangs, eyes fierce and wild.

There were also reptilian demons with highly flexible bodies, incredibly tough, seemingly tireless.

They roamed among the mountains, or spread their magical wings to soar high. The number of demons in this mountain range was quite large, with a great variety of species.

These demons wandered throughout the mountain range, spreading everywhere.

Milanla was the temporary leader of this small elf team; upon entering the Lime Mountain Range, they felt a chill at the sight of the demons within.

With so many demons, if they charged out, it would likely cost them dearly to fend them off.

Milanla exchanged glances with the others, seeing in their eyes a shared determination to destroy the altars.

Lu Qiao was right; they absolutely could not allow these wizards time to amass power.

They carefully advanced within the Lime Mountain Range, skirting around the demons along the way.

Milanla and the others did not want to alarm these demons so quickly.

First, they needed to confirm the location of the altars, and then destroy those they discovered.

The group wandered for a while at the entrance of the Lime Mountain Range and discovered four or five altars.

"So many, but there are only six of us."

Milanla found the number of altars far exceeded his imagination, and these were only the altars found on the periphery of the mountain range; there were certainly more inside.

Each altar was guarded by one or two people below them, and they had only six people total.

After pondering for a moment, Milanla said: "We will split into pairs to act separately and destroy these three altars. Once successful, leave immediately without lingering. If it appears unattainable, retreat instantly."

Their mission was merely to try to destroy the altars; completion was not mandatory.

Preserving their lives was the more important task, as they were already short on manpower.

If any more died, they would be further disadvantaged.

The others had no objections, nodding in agreement as they divided into two-person groups to act.

They came from three different tribes, so they naturally grouped with members of their own tribe.

After the other two groups left, Milanla looked toward a distant altar, faintly seeing someone below it.

Some demons wandered around the altar, but no other wizards were in sight.

Milanla continued maintaining his concealed state, advancing stealthily.

They intended to strike the opponent by surprise.

He was confident in his Elf Race's concealing technique.

...

Herag had been meditating with closed eyes when he suddenly sensed two people approaching from afar.

Upon inspecting through the Shenlan environment, he found it was two members of the Elf Race, judging by their aura to be at the Crystalization Wizard's level.

Herag didn't shout out, but quietly raised his hand to speak into the bracelet, "Mr. Kane, I've observed two Crystalization level elves heading this way, with the shadow altar likely their target. I suspect it's not just these two; there are probably elves infiltrating from other directions as well."

Kane immediately replied, "Hold your ground and try to protect the altar; we're coming to reinforce."

After reporting the information, Herag stood and stretched lazily.

Then.

"Absolute Defense!"

"Blood Python's Fury!"

...

A moment later, a giant clad in black armor was standing near the altar, slowly patrolling around.

"Did we get discovered?" When Herag cast the spell, Milanla was startled, fearing he had been exposed.

But seeing Herag merely patrolling around, appearing unaware of his position, he sighed in relief.

"Initial Stage... Middle-tier Caster aura? But seems to have very strong physical power." Milanla quickly evaluated Herag's abilities.

Feeling assured, he began to mobilize magic power, ready to strike.

When they were only ten meters away from Herag, Milanla and his tribesman acted, with an array appearing in front of them, launching two thick green vines straight at Herag's head and chest.

At this time, Herag had his back to them, seemingly completely unaware of the movement behind him as he walked forward.

Milanla and his tribesman fixated on the two vines, as if already seeing the scene of Herag's head being smashed.

But, the vines hit nothing.

Herag had disappeared.

Milanla was alarmed, sure that he couldn't have fallen into an illusion.

Also, a ripple of magic power had just emerged from where Herag was, indicating that he used some sort of magic to evade the attack.

A rustle in the wind came from behind.

Milanla didn't look back, reciting several syllables as a wall of green vines rose to block Herag's fist.

Bang!

The vine wall collided with Herag's fist, issuing a deep thud.

Milanla and his companion quickly retreated, putting distance between themselves and Herag.

They clearly saw that Herag was a wizard who excelled at close combat, so keeping a distance was definitely wise.

As the vine wall disappeared, it revealed Herag's robust figure.

He glanced at the two elves distancing themselves, grinning as he took out a wooden longbow from his space ring, then aimed at Milanla and his companion.

Chapter 223: World Tree Bow

"World Tree Bow!"

Milanla and the other person exclaimed simultaneously.

They immediately recognized the longbow in Herag's hand.

Milanla and the other exchanged a glance and promptly cast a green shield around themselves.

They were very familiar with the World Tree Bow and knew that its arrows had no flight trajectory and could teleport directly in front of them.

Bang!

The arrow exploded, and Milanla and the other were knocked back several meters by the shockwave.

"World Tree Bow? So that's what it's called." Herag said in Elven with a deep voice.

Milanla and the other person remained silent, clearly not intending to say more to Herag.

They quickly gathered magic power in their hands, ready to attack Herag.

But Herag drew the World Tree Bow and fired two arrows in quick succession.

The spells in Milanla and the other's hands hadn't been released in time and had to be interrupted to cast two more shields around themselves.

The previous arrows had blown their shields to bits, leaving them tattered and in need of replacement.

But this left them unable to deal with Herag.

The three arrows forced Milanla and the other person to dodge continually.

Herag gave them no breathing room, shooting arrows as if they cost nothing.

Under this barrage of continuous explosions, Milanla and the other could only flee in embarrassment.

They were two high-tier spellcasters, yet they were being forced into such a predicament by someone nearing a middle-tier caster, feeling quite frustrated.

"Damn it! Is his bloodline power really this strong, to be able to use the World Tree Bow like this?" Milanla cursed quietly.

The World Tree Bow demands high bloodline power from its user—the stronger the bloodline power, the easier it is to use, consuming only energy.

But if one's bloodline power is insufficient, the cost of using the World Tree Bow is life energy.

In other words, someone like Cole using the World Tree Bow drains their own life energy, shortening their lifespan.

Herag thought it only consumed energy due to his overly powerful bloodline power.

Among the Elf Race, only Royal Elves were qualified to use the World Tree Bow.

Only they had the strong bloodline power necessary to wield the World Tree Bow.

The World Tree Bow was made from branches of the World Mother Tree, containing the World Tree's magical power.

Such World Tree Bows are rare; even Milanla hadn't seen many before, yet this wizard had one.

Standing next to the Shadow Altar, Herag wildly shot arrows with the World Tree Bow, turning Milanla and the other into prey scurrying about.

"We have to leave." Seeing no chance of approaching Herag, Milanla decided to retreat, turning to run.

At the same time, more battle sounds and magical explosions emanated from two other places.

Herag glanced in that direction, guessing those areas also had elves invading and causing trouble.

From the looks of it, things weren't going well there either.

Herag merely observed, not intending to offer assistance.

He wasn't familiar with the others, and not many respected the three of them.

Just guarding his own Shadow Altar was no easy feat.

Before long, a group flew over from Base 27, all Level 2 Wizards based on their aura.

Kane landed near Herag and asked, "Where are they?"

Herag replied, "I drove them away."

Kane glanced at the altar, still intact, and nodded approvingly. "Nice work, I'll check over there."

Herag maintained his combat posture.

In case those two elves executed a surprise attack again.

Moreover, he couldn't be sure that more elves weren't hidden elsewhere.

The Lime Mountain Range was vast, and Shenlan's environmental detection covered only a small area, insufficient for thorough monitoring.

Herag had only detected Milanla and the other because they came within 1,000 meters, within Shenlan's detection range.

"World Tree Bow..." Herag looked at the longbow in his hand, feeling it was perhaps not as simple as he initially imagined.

Judging by the expression of the two elves, this thing was evidently extraordinary.

Herag was curious about how Cole, a middle-tier caster, managed to obtain it.

He could only marvel at Cole's luck in getting such a treasure.

Elsewhere, as Milanla and the other retreated, they noticed someone approaching rapidly from a distance, realizing it was wizard reinforcements.

To their left and right, two teams were destroying altars as part of a task.

Milanla chose the closer side and shouted: "Retreat!"

The two elves were still entangled with a wizard, the altar already completely destroyed.

They also intended to eliminate the wizard.

However, their opponent was of high-tier spellcaster level, not easily slain.

Milanla arrived and yelled for a retreat, likely indicating a situation change, prompting them to follow suit.

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The next day, Herag looked at the two elves shackled with anti-magic handcuffs and silently stood by.

Last night, a total of six elves infiltrated to destroy the altar, with four escaping and two captured.

Among the three attacked altars, only Herag's remained completely intact.

The other two altars were either fully destroyed or had crucial structures damaged.

Now, the guardians of those two altars were not looking pleased.

They were all from various forces in the Land of Dawn, and these occurrences were accounting mishaps.

When it came time to divide resources, these incidents would undoubtedly be discussed, leading to fewer resources for their faction.

In the future, they'd become scapegoats for this failure.

Visiting the Elf Plane didn't yield benefits—instead, they became errant.

Of course, Herag and his group received no rewards either.

Guarding it was their duty, failing was their mistake.

Parker sternly glanced at those who had failed to guard the altar and then looked at the two elves, quickly shifting to a smile. "These elves are really daring; it seems I've been too lenient, time for them to bleed a little."

He clapped his hands. "Today, let those little cuties test the waters, so these elves know that we're not so easy to deal with."

The Elf Race dared to infiltrate and destroy the altar, so Parker had intentions of a counter-response.

When he clapped, all demons within the Lime Mountain Range suddenly paused, then uniformly gazed towards Oberstein's direction.

Subsequently, the demons charged, racing towards Oberstein.

The demon army surged out of the Lime Mountain Range, kicking up vast clouds of dust.

Grayish-yellow dust rolled across the earth.

The demon army rushed out of the Lime Mountain Range, heading straight for the border guards outside Oberstein.

The roars of various demons echoed one after another, creating an overwhelming spectacle.

Chapter 224: Assault

After Milanla and the other three returned to the camp, they had been waiting for the other two to return.

But by dawn, the other two were still nowhere to be seen.

Lu Qiao sighed, "They probably aren't coming back."

Parado walked to a tree, placed his right hand over his heart, closed his eyes, seemingly mourning for his tribesmen.

The two elves who didn't return were from his tribe.

Parado didn't blame Milanla and the others, as he knew the situation inside was completely uncontrollable.

It was already quite a feat that four of them managed to return; he couldn't ask for more.

"There are many altars in the Lime Mountain Range, and each altar is guarded by a wizard. Various demons are also scattered throughout the mountains in great numbers," Milanla reported the intelligence information she had gathered.

Lu Qiao nodded, "Mm, you being able to destroy an altar is quite an achievement. With one less altar, over time, there will be far fewer demons."

They hadn't slept all night, discussing their subsequent plans.

At that moment, a soldier rushed into the tent in a panic, "Commander, sir, no...something's not right!"

Tyrion frowned, "What could be so urgent!"

Recently, with so many issues weighing on him, Tyrion was under immense pressure and extremely agitated.

Seeing his soldier so panicked only fueled his anger.

The soldier, disregarding this, frantically said, "The demons have mobilized! The demons from inside the Lime Mountain Range have emerged!"

"What!" Tyrion sat up abruptly.

Lu Qiao immediately turned his head, asking, "You said the demons from the Lime Mountain Range have come out? How many of them?"

"At least ten thousand! There's no end in sight!" the soldier replied, his voice tinged with a quiver.

Having never seen a demon in his life, he was now utterly overwhelmed by the raging tide of a demon army.

Lu Qiao was also somewhat taken aback.

In their estimation, these wizards wouldn't strike so soon; they would summon as many demons as they could.

If they weren't to disrupt the summoning process, those wizards would undoubtedly just cultivate quietly.

No one expected the demon horde from the Lime Mountain Range to launch such a massive operation at this time.

The situation was entirely unexpected and caught them off guard.

Unexpectedly, it was Tyrion who reacted first. He said solemnly, "Order Officer, immediately give the order for the entire army to prepare for battle! Bring over all the military equipment; this battle can only be won, not lost! Behind us is Oberstein, is the Noen Kingdom!"

The Order Officer quickly went to deliver the command, and the fifty thousand border troops sprang into action, arranging the defensive line in an orderly fashion.

Lu Qiao said solemnly, "We must also join the battle; we cannot let too many soldiers die or get injured. Otherwise, we won't be able to hold on just by ourselves."

The numbers of their Elf Race were too few; the main defensive force must rely on these fifty thousand border soldiers.

Lu Qiao and the others immediately set out, with over sixty elves spread throughout the defensive line.

Their tasks were twofold; one was to kill the approaching demons, the other was to minimize the casualties of these soldiers as much as possible, to save their lives as much as possible.

Between the border camp and the Lime Mountain Range lay an open plain area, with almost no impediments except for a few small woods.

As the demon army charged, countless soldiers were already prepared for battle on this side.

"Release arrows!"

The commander ordered to fire arrows immediately as the demon army entered range.

Wave after wave of arrows flew out, drawing a graceful arc in the sky before falling.

Countless arrows rained down on the demon army, quickly hitting many of the demons.

Some demons lost their balance after getting hit and fell to the ground.

Before they could get back up, they were stampeded by the incoming wave of demons from behind.

Soon, the ground was matted with a mess of blood and flesh.

Some demons had arrows stuck in their backs, but since the arrows didn't hit vital areas, they only suffered flesh wounds and continued charging forward at a rapid pace.

The rain of arrows never ceased, constantly falling down.

Continuously, demons were struck by arrows.

However, overall, the progress of the demon army wasn't significantly hindered; they were still rapidly closing in on the border troops' defensive line.

By this time, some flying demons had already reached the front lines of the border troops.

Some bat-like demons flew to a certain distance and then opened their mouths to spit out streams of green slime.

When the slime landed on some soldiers, the armor they were wearing was quickly corroded, emitting white smoke.

Due to the armor not being entirely seamless, there were always some places uncovered by the armor, and there were also gaps at various connection points.

The slime penetrated through these gaps and uncovered areas, making contact with the soldiers' skin.

The moment of contact, the soldiers fell to the ground, rolling and screaming in agony.

They kept clawing at the corroded areas where an itching and painful sensation emanated.

He desperately wanted to peel off the flesh and blood in that area, as if doing so could alleviate his pain.

However, the corroded areas' flesh and blood were already fragile.

With a single scratch, the soldier easily tore through his skin, releasing a green liquid from the bloody wound, intensifying the pain.

Some soldiers reacted quickly, promptly using their shields to block the slime.

The shields immediately began to emit white smoke, and even the sturdy shields were corroded into large pits.

The archers instantly aimed at these flying demons, and a dense barrage of arrows was shot towards them.

These flying demons were fast, but the density of arrows was too high, leaving some areas unavoidable.

Some flying demons were directly shot into pincushions by the arrows and fell to the ground.

The moment they landed, countless swords and blades fell upon them, hacking the flying demons into mush.

Upon seeing that demons could indeed be slain, the fear in many soldiers' hearts slightly subsided.

Very soon, the demon army was right in front of them.

A large number of demons began to engage in direct combat with the border troops, rushing at them relentlessly.

In the front lines of the defense, some soldiers held swords and slashed at these demons.

These demons were even stronger than they had imagined, with almost every demon possessing Knight Level strength.

Speed, power, constitution, all vastly superior to most soldiers.

Their only advantage was the armor they wore.

But these demons had no fear of death; even with a sword in their bellies, they'd try to bite your throat with their last breath.

Every demon fought desperately, attacking without a thought for defense, purely aggressively.

But most of these soldiers didn't possess such a fighting spirit.

After merely a single confrontation, there were already substantial casualties among the soldiers.

The demons also suffered heavy casualties, with most of those leading the charge falling soon after.

The pungent, sickly smell of blood rose, permeating the entire battlefield with an overpowering stench.

Chapter 225: The Mission

Lime Mountain Range Entrance.

Herag and a group of Wizards stood on the hillside, watching the fierce battle unfolding ahead.

They wouldn't take action this time, just observing from the sidelines and adapting to any sudden changes.

The Demons deployed this time numbered around ten thousand, aiming to cause massive casualties to the border troops through a death-defying assault.

Even if all ten thousand Demons were to perish, Parker would not feel the slightest pain.

On the contrary, if all ten thousand Demons were obliterated, the troops would undoubtedly pay an even greater price.

On the battlefield, the green grass was trampled into a pulp, carrying the stench of blood.

The air was filled with the wailing of the wounded and the clashing of weapons, sending chills down one's spine.

In the distance, the roar of a rain of arrows could be heard, seemingly engulfing the sky.

Horses neighed, Demons crushed through the crowds, and the sound of shattering was incessant.

Countless corpses lay on the ground, with blood gushing forth.

Sunlight shone through the gunpowder, casting a gray hue, as if this place was cursed.

An hour passed, the battle raged on, frontier soldiers fiercely determined, agile yet battered and bloodied.

Some soldiers were heavily injured yet fought calmly, striving for a last chance.

Some soldiers were both injured and exhausted, staggering across the battlefield, looking as if they might collapse at any moment.

War is never beautiful; everything here is gruesome and harrowing.

As nightfall descended, the Demons began to retreat, with most on the battlefield utterly exhausted.

Parker never expected ten thousand Demons could wipe out these soldiers in a single go.

This assault was mainly to show these people a tough hand, demonstrating that Wizards are not to be trifled with.

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Base 27.

Parker called Herag and the other two over privately.

"You've been here for eight months; in four more months, it'll be a year and time to head back. I have a task here that, if you accomplish it, I guarantee you entry into the Land of Dawn and access to the Wizard Organization behind me," Parker said.

Herag glanced at David and Reese, their eyes full of eagerness.

Parker is a Level 3 Wizard; the Wizard Organization behind him must be one of the top Wizard Organizations.

Being able to enter such a level of Wizard Organization represents an immense rise in status.

But Herag was more rational.

Such strong allure meant the task must not be easy.

Herag asked, "Lord Parker, may I know what the task is?"

This matter must be clarified; one should not agree hastily.

Seeing David and Reese's expressions, they seemed impatient to take Herag's place in agreeing to the task.

Herag asked to clear things up, both to be prudent and accountable for the task, for himself, and for David and Reese.

Parker chuckled, "We have pinpointed the locations of three Elf Tribes; currently, their attention is on the battlefield of Oberstein. They will definitely dispatch more forces to provide support."

"I deliberately did not annihilate them at once to draw more of them over. This way, the strength of their tribes becomes relatively vulnerable, allowing us to ostensibly target Oberstein while actually focusing on their tribal settlement areas."

"Every Elf Tribe's settlement has a World Tree, and that is our real target."

Herag nodded, "I see."

He had been puzzled earlier during the day upon observing the battle situation.

If all thirty thousand Demons were deployed, combined with the Wizards in the base, they could almost effortlessly wipe out the defenses of Oberstein.

But Parker did not do that.

It turned out his target was elsewhere from the beginning.

By interrogating the Elves captured earlier, Parker had identified the locations of the three Elf Tribes.

The World Tree was the most important objective.

"Lord Parker, may I ask what role the World Tree plays?" Herag inquired.

Parker smiled, "Hmm... You can simply understand it as, if the World Tree is transplanted onto the Wizard Plane, once planted, the area around the World Tree becomes extremely conducive to Wizard training."

"In time, people born there would have increased magical aptitude. This alone is of immeasurable value, not to mention that the material of the World Tree itself is an exceptionally rare treasure."

Herag understood.

If one could seize a World Tree and transplant it to their territory,

it would be a benefit that endures through generations, directly transforming the environment of an entire region.

"So, is the task related to the World Tree?" Herag asked.

Parker nodded, "Exactly. The closest one is the Elf Tribe in Miracle Valley. I need you to infiltrate Miracle Valley and set up a teleportation coordinate. We plan to use this coordinates to teleport directly to Miracle Valley and catch them off guard."

"The closer the coordinate is to the World Tree, the better; do your best to achieve it. The closer to the World Tree, the closer to their core strength. Elders and chiefs of the Elf Race usually operate under the World Tree."

"Of course, this task is difficult and extremely dangerous. Few are willing to undertake it, and I'm merely seeking your opinion. If you are unwilling, it's fine; I'll think of another way."

Although Parker said this, Herag understood.

If they really refused, their annual assessment would most likely not pass.

Parker controlled their fate; whether they could enter the Land of Dawn depended on his word.

For Herag and the others, this task was essentially mandatory if they wanted to enter the Land of Dawn.

Herag began contemplating the difficulty and feasibility of this task.

Infiltrating a settlement of the Elf Tribe like Miracle Valley naturally involved significant danger.

"Lord Parker, we are willing to take on this task," Herag agreed.

Parker smiled and nodded, "Very well, Herag, I have high expectations for you. Rest assured, we've obtained enough intelligence from those Elves."

"Elves might disdain humans and seldom interact with them, but they actually engage with humans regularly in their daily lives. Caravans frequently enter Miracle Valley, bringing the Elf Tribe the goods they need."

"Thus, there are conventional means of entering Miracle Valley. At the time, find a way to blend into a caravan and place the teleportation coordinates in an inconspicuous corner of Miracle Valley."

"Remember, the closer the teleportation coordinates to the World Tree, the better."

Parker then took out three Red Crystals, "These three Red Crystals are the teleportation coordinates. Place them in different locations in Miracle Valley, trying your best not to be discovered."

Chapter 226: An Encounter on the Road

Herag accepted the three red crystals, nodded, and said, "We will complete the mission."

Parker patted Herag on the shoulder: "It's up to you. If you can complete this mission, there will be no further doubts about your assessment. This is my promise to you."

A promise from a Level 3 Wizard is something no one would doubt.

After leaving Parker, the three of them remained silent, feeling a bit tense.

When Herag returned to the cabin, Asuna was cleaning, wearing a maid outfit and sweeping the floor.

She wore a pair of red high heels, her legs wrapped perfectly in thick black stockings, accentuating their alluring curves.

Asuna knew Herag liked these, so even though she had her everyday clothes, she seldom wore them.

Herag walked up behind her, embraced her, and whispered, "Starting tomorrow, I need to leave with David and Reese for a while. Be careful during this time, we'll return once we're done."

"How long will you be gone, is it dangerous?" Asuna asked worriedly.

Herag replied, "Not too long, nothing to worry about. It's late, we should get things done too."

Asuna's face turned a little red, she softly replied with a hum, and then swayed her hips, rubbing against Herag.

Thinking about leaving the next day, Herag felt a surge of restlessness and picked Asuna up in his arms.

...

Early the next morning, Herag, David, and Reese were trekking through the Lime Mountain Range.

Herag held a map in his hands, which was found on the captured Sifler.

The map covered a large area, including the entire Noen Kingdom and its surrounding regions.

This time they didn't plan to go towards Oberstein but intended to head east through the Lime Mountain Range, as Miracle Valley was to the east of the Noen Kingdom.

"How do we... enter Miracle Valley, sneak into a caravan?" Reese asked.

Herag pondered, "Perhaps, there's another way."

He felt the Bloodline Mark on his chest, knowing the Royal Elf Bloodline within it could be utilized.

Herag had not yet fully unleashed the power of the Royal Elf Bloodline.

Once fully activated, the bloodline aura would undoubtedly change significantly, possibly altering his appearance as well.

He glanced at Reese and David, deciding not to attempt it in front of them.

When they reached a human town, there would be opportunities to try it in solitude.

"What method?" Reese leaned in and asked.

Her dress was low-cut, revealing a deep cleavage, along with a long scar.

Herag said, "I'm still considering it, let's keep moving for now."

They needed to traverse the wild Lime Mountain Range, which would likely take seven or eight days to completely pass through.

Everything here was primitive, with trails even harder to navigate than those near Base 27.

Though their path was meant to be a straight line according to the direction, the actual terrain was unpredictable, with cliffs and wide rivers being a common sight.

However, as wizards, these natural obstacles couldn't hinder their progress.

The journey was quite dull, but fortunately, the scenery within the Lime Mountain Range was quite pleasant.

Amidst the mountain peaks, layer upon layer of valleys twisted along with the terrain.

Fog draped over them, seeming as if they were shrouded in clouds and mist, with innumerable spiritual energies swirling within.

Red leaves fluttered, petals drifted, unknown wild birds hopped between trees, while insects chirped and birds sang, echoing all around.

On the sunlit hillside, green grass flourished, with herds of wild mountain goats leisurely grazing.

Herag and David were rather reserved, especially David.

If you didn't initiate a conversation with him, he could go an entire day without speaking a word.

Reese was more lively and often hummed tunes while traveling.

Whenever they came across beautiful scenery, she would drag Herag over to see it, as if they were on a sightseeing tour.

Herag thought that if they had cameras, Reese would definitely take pictures wherever they went.

Seven days later.

The three finally emerged from the Lime Mountain Range, stepping onto a wide road.

The road was rather muddy and uneven, riddled with the tracks of many passing carriages.

Glancing at the map, Herag started heading north along the road.

According to the map, if they just walked, it would take at least two months to reach their destination, even at their pace.

So walking was only temporary, they had to see if there were opportunities along the way to ride horses or join a caravan to ride in a carriage.

They walked for most of the day, and by the afternoon, the sound of hooves came from behind.

Turning back, they saw a group of adventurers.

At the forefront was a man on a tall horse, appearing to be around thirty years old, with the strength of a Great Knight Level.

There were seventeen people in total, with five at Knight Level.

All of them were dressed as adventurers, making them quite formidable within adventurer circles.

Herag and his companions stood by the roadside, and when the group reached them, they stopped.

The leading man glanced at Reese, her figure and face causing him to look twice.

Seeing Herag as the main figure among the three, he asked, "Are you three heading to Nightfall City? If so, we can give you a ride."

At this moment, others in the adventurer group also looked over, many men having a heated gaze when looking at Reese.

With their Concealing Rings hiding their aura, Herag and his companions appeared to be ordinary people.

The adventurers saw them as three ordinary folks, in this desolate place, with Reese's figure so alluring and her looks exceptionally pretty, it stirred up thoughts among many.

The lead man turned back and glared at them, causing their playful expressions to disappear instantly, and they lowered their heads, no longer looking at Reese.

"Apologies, we just completed a long mission, so these lads were a bit unruly. Please don't take offense, ma'am. By the way, I'm Pier, the leader of the Wind Sword Adventurer Group, and I'm a Great Knight." Pier said politely.

Reese deliberately showed admiration: "Wow, a Great Knight, you're impressive."

Hearing Reese's praise, Pier felt quite proud, but he remained stern on the outside and humbly said, "Thank you for the compliment, ma'am. A Great Knight is really nothing special. I've heard that over in faraway Oberstein, there are demons that even Great Knights can't withstand."

Reese said, "Really? Are there indeed people more powerful than a Great Knight? You're too modest."

Pier laughed, "Would you three like to ride in our carriage and travel with us?"

"Sure, thank you. I'm Herag, this is Reese, and that's David, wanderlust adventurers." Herag introduced.

Chapter 227: Joining

When Herag said this, the people of the Wind Sword Adventurer Group showed varying degrees of disdain on their faces.

Adventurers?

Are you three ordinary people shamelessly calling yourselves adventurers? With your skills, even a wild beast could wipe out your entire group.

Pier's eyes also held some contempt, but he managed his expression well, and said with a hearty laugh, "Oh, so you are also adventurers. You might consider joining my adventurer group. As you can see, we are very strong."

"Indeed, very strong," Reese said seriously, putting special emphasis on the last three words.

Pier turned around and waved, calling over a skinny man driving a carriage.

"This is an unused carriage, you can ride in it," Pier said with a smile.

"Thank you," Herag said politely, then stepped onto the carriage first, with David and Reese following closely behind.

When Reese got on the carriage, her figure was very alluring. Watching her shapely form, Pier suddenly said, "Miss Reese, would you like to ride my horse? I'm quite skilled in riding and can show you what speed really means."

Pier wanted to see if he could win Reese over without resorting to forceful means.

In his eyes, it should be hard for an ordinary woman to refuse an invitation from a Great Knight, especially such a young and handsome one.

Reese turned back with a charming smile, "No thanks, I don't like men who are too fast."

Hearing her words, Pier wasn't angry; instead, he thought Reese was teasing him. Just as he was about to speak, Reese already got into the carriage and lowered the curtain.

Inside the carriage, Reese waved her hand to cast a Sound Insulation Spell, hugged Herag's arm, and said, "Are Great Knights this stupid now?"

Herag laughed, "It's not that they're stupid, they just believe their strength far exceeds ours, so they feel invincible."

"Sometimes it's fun to mess with fools," Reese giggled.

Herag spoke up, "Don't tease them any more. From the looks of it, they probably haven't been with a woman in a long time. Let's just travel safely. Of course, if they seek death, there's not much we can do."

"Got it~ When will you hold me then? You're always pampering that little girl at home," Reese said with a hint of jealousy, bluntly expressing her thoughts.

After spending so much time together, Reese increasingly felt Herag's tremendous potential and was determined to cling onto him.

Reese had long wanted to enter Herag's wooden cabin, but halfway through, Herag captured a little girl, preventing her from having the opportunity.

Now that they're out on a mission, Reese believed the time had come.

She looked at her long legs, the deep cleavage, and her perfect face, none of which were inferior to Asuna.

Herag didn't expect Reese to say such things in front of David. He said half-jokingly, "I'd love to, I'm just afraid you can't handle it."

"Whether I can handle it, we'll know after a try."

David simply closed his eyes and began meditating, as if he heard nothing of their conversation.

Herag was taken aback by Reese's boldness, coughed, and said, "Ahem, let's not joke around. We don't even know if we'll survive this mission, let's get serious."

Reese giggled without saying anything, moved closer to Herag, and leaned her head on his shoulder.

Feeling Reese's warm body, Herag was quite comfortable and didn't bother further. He closed his eyes and began meditating.

Outside the carriage, a bearded adventurer rode up to Pier, glanced at the carriage at the end of the line, and whispered, "Leader, should we take care of this lot? These three can walk through these deserted lands, they might be carrying something valuable."

Pier, with an expression of complete confidence, smiled and said, "No rush. Those are just ordinary people, they don't have even a trace of a Life Seed within them. Take it slow, I'm quite interested in that chick, don't spoil my excitement."

The Big Beard nodded and said, "Alright, they can't escape anyway."

The fact is, this Wind Sword Adventurer Group wasn't decent, or it could be said most adventurer teams and groups were like this.

When there are tasks, they earn rewards. When there aren't, they make some extra money on the side; killing and arson are just routine.

In the eyes of the Wind Sword Adventurer Group, those three were peculiar, but they just didn't say it aloud.

This area was deserted, yet the trio could travel unscathed.

Either their strength was very strong, handling all encountered dangers.

Or they were simply lucky, having encountered no danger along the way.

This was the reason Pier refrained from acting initially; he feared Herag and the others might be masters.

However, after some conversation, Pier realized they were truly just ordinary people, seemingly fledgling adventurers, the typical greenhorns, which put him at ease.

From the first moment Pier saw Reese, he considered her his type.

With a backward glance, all the adventurers understood that the leader had his eye on this woman, so they silently kept their heads down.

Pier had had enough of the tough ones and now found Reese quite interesting, thus wanted to try a softer approach.

In his view, once these three joined their group, they'd be easily manipulated.

Yet what they didn't know was that their conversation was entirely overheard by Herag.

Herag sighed, and Reese, who was leaning against Herag and sleeping with her eyes closed, asked when she heard him sigh, "What's wrong?"

"Someone's courting death," Herag said helplessly.

Reese instantly understood what he meant and laughed, "No worries, I'll handle it. You just relax then."

At dusk.

The adventurer group stopped by a lakeside, planning to camp here for the night.

At the current pace, they won't reach Nightfall City until the following afternoon.

A group of people started a fire and began cooking by the lake, and several adventurer group members jumped into the lake for a swim.

Herag and his companions also got off the carriage, lit a campfire beside it, and prepared to cook some salted meat from the pot they took out of David's backpack.

After a while, as night gradually fell and the sky filled with stars, everyone began eating and resting.

Pier, carrying a large pot, came over to Herag and his companions, set the pot on the ground, and said with a smile, "This is fish soup made from the fish they just caught in the lake. I brought a pot over for you, have some."

He then lifted the pot lid, and the aroma instantly wafted out.

Inside the big pot were several fish with tender white flesh, along with some dried mushrooms, and the fish soup presented an alluring creamy white color.

Herag and Reese exchanged a glance and said with a smile, "Thank you, thank you. It's one thing to hitch a ride, but freeloading on food too makes us feel guilty."

Pier laughed and said, "No problem, no problem. As fellow adventurers, we should help each other out. It's nothing."

After he finished speaking, he didn't leave but instead engaged in casual conversation with the trio.

Chapter 228: Lost Grass

Herag held a bowl in his hand, filled with creamy fish soup and a small fish.

He didn't need to drink it, just smelling it, he detected a very subtle scent.

It was from a herb known as Lost Grass, which only required a tiny amount to render someone into a deep sleep.

Generally, it was used as incense to aid sleep.

If directly consumed, the medicinal effect would be too strong, risking a sleep akin to death.

If Lost Grass was to be consumed, it's necessary for a professional doctor to compound it into a usable medicine.

Herag looked at the bowl of soup. Naturally, Pier wasn't going to specially concoct medicine for them; it was most likely just thrown in.

A regular person would probably struggle to wake up tomorrow if they ate this fish and drank the soup.

However, for Herag and the other two, it wasn't a problem.

All three were official Wizards; their constitution far surpassed that of ordinary people.

This amount of Lost Grass couldn't affect them much; it might just help them sleep a bit better tonight.

Herag thought a lot internally but didn't show anything outwardly, sipping the fish soup and taking a bite of fish.

Reese and David noticed Herag's expression and knew there was something wrong with the fish soup.

Their sense of smell wasn't as keen as Herag's, and they didn't know what was inside.

But seeing Herag eat without saying anything, they understood the contents were harmless to them and began eating too.

Pier smiled and squinted, a flash of cruelty crossing his gaze after seeing Herag eat, but he quickly hid it.

Herag and David, these two men, were useless to Pier; he planned to deal with them tonight.

Only Reese was intended to be kept.

Pier glanced at Reese after seeing Herag eat.

Upon noticing Reese sip the fish soup, Pier's heart bloomed with joy.

He just needed to wait for the Lost Grass to take effect, and then he could manipulate the three of them as he wished.

"How's the taste?" Pier asked with a smile.

Herag smiled, "Not bad."

"Then eat more, go ahead while I step out for a moment." Pier feigned needing to attend to something elsewhere.

Reese held her bowl and looked at Herag, asking in a low voice, "What's in this?"

"Lost Grass," Herag replied, taking another sip. Actually, he thought the fish soup tasted pretty good.

Reese, hearing it was Lost Grass, nodded thoughtfully, "Then we might sleep comfortably tonight."

The three of them ate and chatted by the campfire.

Members of the Wind Sword Adventurer Group surrounded them, pretending to unconsciously walk around, blocking their escape routes.

They were waiting, waiting for the Lost Grass consumed by Herag and the others to take effect.

Pier stood by the lake, leaning against a tree, gazing at the lake and said to Big Beard beside him, "Later, just chop down those two men and throw them into the lake. I'll let you enjoy the girl once I'm done."

Big Beard laughed lewdly, "Captain always thinks of his brothers while feasting."

Pier laughed, "Of course, you follow me, I'll never treat you wrong."

"Captain is awesome!" Big Beard quickly flattered.

...

"I'm a bit sleepy, I'll go up and rest first." Reese stretched, her alluring figure instantly highlighted.

The adventurers secretly watching were instantly drawn, unable to help but gaze, almost drooling.

Reese seemed unaware and climbed into the nearby carriage to rest.

Herag stood up, "I'm also a bit sleepy, David, watch the night," then climbed into the carriage too.

David nodded, added two dry sticks to the campfire, which he had picked up nearby.

This action caught the attention of the nearby Wind Sword Adventurer Group members who were delighted, knowing the Lost Grass was working.

Someone quickly reported to Pier, who responded, "Good, wait a bit longer, once they're deeply asleep, we move."

Inside the carriage, Herag had just climbed in when Reese embraced his neck, her red lips pressing against his.

The cramped space offered little room for escape; after a moment, Herag pushed Reese away, "It's a sleeping potion you were given, not an aphrodisiac, don't go crazy."

Reese smiled charmingly, still clinging to Herag, "How's my flavor compared to your little Asuna?"

"Asuna isn't little," Herag smiled.

Reese thrust her chest forward, "Compared to me, she's smaller; just try and you'll know."

Herag, speechless, said, "Stop messing around, they'll act soon."

"No problem, I'll handle them. You always protect us, today just rest. After I deal with them, I'll come back to serve you, sleep tight." Reese pressed closer, her breath tingling Herag's neck, making him itch.

Herag felt his temper flare from Reese's teasing, reaching out his hand...

...

David sat outside the carriage, hearing movements inside, helplessly gazed at the starlit sky, sighing deeply.

By this time, the adventurers of the Wind Sword Adventurer Group seemed unable to endure any longer, frequently glancing at David, as if waiting for him to fall asleep.

David noticed the surrounding glances and understood it was time to perform, feigningly dozed off against the carriage.

Once David was asleep, adventurers began quietly approaching, Pier joining as well.

"Hey, wake up." Pier kicked David but got no response.

David kept his eyes shut, sighing inwardly.

If it wasn't to cooperate with Reese, he wouldn't put up with such treatment.

"Herag? Reese?" Pier then knocked on the carriage, but there was no response from inside.

Once confirmed all three were deeply asleep, Pier smiled, eagerly anticipating taking Reese to his carriage.

"Kill the men, keep the woman," Pier ordered directly.

The henchmen beside him drew swords, approaching David, ready to cut him down.

Just then, there was movement from the carriage.

The curtain lifted, Reese's face was slightly flushed, her clothes somewhat disheveled.

She adjusted her clothes, then smiled, "What are you all doing here?"

"You're okay?" Pier was surprised, yet attracted by her current appearance, just seeing her already stirred him.

"Okay? What do you mean?" Reese feigned ignorance and asked.

This time, Pier entirely dropped his guise, seeing David still asleep and no sign of Herag, he laughed, "Although I'm unsure why Lost Grass didn't work on you, Reese, are you going to come with me willingly or do I take you forcefully? Your choice."

Chapter 229: Carriage Tremors

Reese chuckled softly, "I choose neither, but I can give you a choice."

"Choose neither? Then I'll have to use force, Miss Reese." Pier didn't even listen to the second half of Reese's sentence, only thinking about capturing Reese as soon as possible.

Reese smiled, "Don't be so hasty. I'll give you two choices: either all of you commit suicide, or I kill all of you."

Upon these words, the scene fell silent, and then the adventurers burst into laughter.

Mainly because Reese's alluring, flushed face, along with her words, didn't feel threatening at all.

The adventurers just thought she was talking nonsense and didn't take Reese's words seriously.

"Miss Reese, I think you're out of your mind. Come with me."

Pier had completely lost his patience, giving a look towards his underling.

The underling beside him immediately swung a long blade, chopping towards David, intending to deal with David first.

Reese sighed, "Looks like you've made a choice."

She quickly muttered a few syllables, then with a wave of her hand, a mass of water appeared in the air, wrapping around the adventurer swinging the blade.

The adventurer's head was soon enveloped by the water mass, with a clanging sound, the long blade fell to the ground.

He desperately clawed at the water mass, trying to pull it off his head.

But it's water, how could it be pulled away.

The water mass on the adventurer's head bubbled, and before long, the adventurer fell powerlessly to the ground, suffocated to death.

This scene stunned the surrounding adventurers, rendering the scene silent.

"A... A caster!" Pier was shocked, involuntarily stepping back a few steps.

He never imagined that the fiery woman in front of him was actually a caster.

The number of casters was already rare, and Herag and the others never showed signs of being casters, so Pier wasn't thinking in that direction.

"Archers! Kill her!"

Pier reacted quickly, immediately having the archers around begin shooting.

At this time, he couldn't care less about being gentle; he only thought about survival.

Pier was a Great Knight and had a deep understanding of the power of casters.

He knew if Reese wasn't taken down, all his people might be doomed.

Soon several adventurers drew their bows and arrows, aiming at Reese.

"Water Shield."

With a wave of her hand, a water shield appeared around Reese's body.

Arrows hit the water shield and were immediately deflected, causing Reese no harm.

Reese was a wizard specialized in water element, adept at using various water magic.

Earlier, Herag also verified this in the carriage, confirming she was a water element specialized wizard.

"Water Arrow!"

Reese waved her hand again, conjuring several water arrows.

The water arrows sped out, piercing the throats of the archers.

Immediately after, Reese conjured countless water masses, dropping them on the adventurers' heads.

In just an instant, except for Pier, everyone in the Wind Sword Adventurer Group was dead.

Looking at the surrounding corpses, Pier felt a chill in his heart, realizing he was alone now.

Reese walked over with a smile that was seductive but appeared demonic in Pier's eyes.

Pier didn't think of escaping because he knew the methods of a caster; running away was not an option.

In this line of work, pride doesn't matter; survival does.

On the spot, Pier knelt down, begging, "Mad... Madam Reese, I... I didn't know you were a caster. Please spare me, I can lick your feet, I'll do whatever you want!"

"Lick my feet? Are you worthy?"

Reese, who was smiling moments ago, instantly got angry after hearing that.

What garbage thinks it's worthy of licking her feet.

"Die!"

With a wave of Reese's hand, a giant ice cone descended, piercing Pier through.

Blood spread, emanating a strong scent of blood.

Reese looked around to ensure nothing was overlooked, then with a wave of her hand, a water tornado from the nearby lake swept away all the corpses and blood.

After dealing with all that, Reese happily ran back to the carriage.

Herag was already sitting up, meditating with his eyes closed, "All settled?"

"Of course." Reese, embracing Herag, couldn't wait to lean in for a kiss.

Herag pushed her head away, "We need to leave here first to avoid any unnecessary trouble."

After all, with so many dead, if they didn't leave quickly, more trouble could arise.

The main goal of their outing was the mission, so any other trouble should be minimized.

Reese nodded and shouted to David outside the carriage, "You heard that, David, drive us out of here."

After speaking, she leaned in again, gently parting her red lips and sticking out her tongue.

...

David scratched his head, got onto the carriage, pulled the reins, and guided the carriage slowly toward the main road, then gradually moved forward.

Behind them, the campfire on the ground was still burning.

In the nearby lake, several bodies drifted.

Pier, eyes open, stared at the stars and moon above, as if still alive.

The carriage moved forward slowly, headed for Nightfall City.

After four hours of travel, the carriage stopped in a forest.

They were now far from that lake, and any trouble wouldn't reach them.

By the time others found the bodies in the lake, it would have nothing to do with them.

Inside the carriage, Reese, with a flushed face, sat beside Herag, who whispered, "Stop fooling around, we'll discuss it later."

Reese gave a seductive smile, whispered into Herag's ear, "If you feel awkward with David here, I can put a sound insulation spell, or just let David go on ahead alone."

"That's not happening. Remember, our top priority is completing the mission, let's not delay it."

Herag refused decisively, not one to be dominated by desire.

The mission was inherently dangerous and not easy to complete, naturally, he couldn't allow David to leave alone.

Seeing Herag speak so seriously, Reese understood the urgency and didn't insist, saying softly, "Okay, we'll likely rest in Nightfall City tomorrow night..."

Herag then resumed meditating, waiting for dawn before setting off again.

The spiritual power in his mind had compressed to near its limit.

Herag believed, perhaps it wouldn't be long before he entered the Liquid Stage.

His current spiritual power was on the verge of breaking through, just one step away from the Liquid Stage.

Herag wasn't in a hurry, nor did he try to force a breakthrough.

He followed his usual training discipline, meditating daily, progressing step by step.

Forcing a breakthrough now had a chance of success, but if it failed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

On the contrary, with consistent training, he would naturally enter the Liquid Stage someday.

Herag naturally chose the more stable method.

Chapter 230: Nightfall City

In the morning forest, a carriage moved forward slowly, with the sound of hooves tapping on the path, echoing crisply through the entire valley.

The carriage moved along gently, surrounded by lush green trees, with pine branches occasionally brushing past the window, filling the air with a refreshing fragrance.

The verdant forest, the morning sunlight, and the drifting mist intertwined beautifully.

A creek flowed gently between the valleys, with the occasional chirping of insects, awakening the sleeping forest and stream.

Herag had long finished his meditation, sitting in the carriage with a map in hand.

Reese was asleep, leaning against him.

David drove the carriage towards Nightfall City.

Five hours later, the silhouette of a city emerged on the horizon.

The three of them, under the guise of adventurers, entered Nightfall City.

Upon arriving in Nightfall City, Herag first sought out an inn.

Despite Reese's strong insistence on booking only two rooms, Herag booked three rooms anyway.

Herag also needed to test the state of the Bloodline Mark, which was crucial to their subsequent plans and couldn't yield to Reese's whims.

After some persistence, Reese gave up, thinking, "Just because it's booked doesn't mean it has to be slept in."

"Next, we'll go register at the Adventurers' Association and then find a way to enter Miracle Valley," Herag explained his plan.

They planned to disguise themselves as adventurers and then join a caravan heading to Miracle Valley.

Subsequently, they would join the caravan, pretending to be adventurers escorting it.

Once they reached Miracle Valley, they would find an opportunity to set up a transitory passage.

This was the most secure choice.

After arranging matters at the inn, the three went to the Adventurers' Association in Nightfall City.

Nightfall City is an independent city that doesn't belong to any country, already outside the borders of the Noen Kingdom.

Nightfall City has stood alone for so long, backed by formidable strength.

Some say the City Lord of Nightfall City is actually from the Noen Kingdom's royalty, planted here as a force.

Others say that the Elf Race is behind Nightfall City, to monitor the Noen Kingdom's movements.

There are various sayings, but no one can confirm them.

However, one thing is certain: the strength of Nightfall City is formidable.

No adventurer would cause trouble here, as it would be suicidal.

Due to its formidable strength, the order within the city is stable.

Many people who have committed offenses in other kingdoms come here to settle.

It's easy to reside here long-term; one just needs to pay to become a resident of Nightfall City.

As long as you don't cause trouble, no one will bother you.

Those who settle here behave properly, abiding by the rules and not causing trouble.

Upon arriving at the Adventurers' Association, Herag found that the hall in Nightfall City was even larger than that in Oberstein.

The flow of people here was also clearly much higher than in Oberstein.

Oberstein has always been a border city, with fewer tasks, so naturally there were fewer adventurers.

Nightfall City, due to its unique geographic location and status, attracted especially many adventurers.

Many tasks that were inconvenient to publish in other kingdoms were sent here.

The bounty for tasks here is generally higher, attracting many adventurers to take tasks.

With more people involved, the overall strength increased.

Pier's Wind Sword Adventurer Group wasn't even among the strongest, only slightly known.

"Hello, sir, what business do you need?" a lady at the counter inquired.

"Register as an adventurer." Herag replied concisely.

"Alright, just fill out this form."

Registering as an adventurer had no threshold requirements and wouldn't verify your identity, as adventurers were mixed with a wide variety of people, and the association had no time for thorough checks.

Herag quickly filled out the information for the three of them, though most of it was false.

The lady at the counter received the form and was somewhat surprised by the information.

A Great Knight and a Knight.

Though only three people, this was already considered strong for adventurers.

"Mr. Herag, for a Great Knight and Knight, a strength verification will be needed," the lady at the counter stated.

At the Great Knight and Knight levels, information had to be verified. You couldn't just claim the rank and be believed.

"No problem," Herag smiled.

The verification method was simple—testing power.

For both Knights and Great Knights, power was the simplest standard.

The three came to a small room in the Adventurers' Association, where there was a wooden dummy standing upright.

Leading them was a young staff member of the association, named Rick.

Rick respectfully explained, "Gentlemen, this is a caster-made power dummy. The test is simple: strike it with a punch. If it trembles, it indicates Knight-Level power; if it sways side to side, it indicates Great Knight-Level power."

"David, you give it a try first," Herag instructed.

David nodded, approached the dummy, and delivered a punch, causing it to tremble slightly.

Rick immediately noted it in his book and nodded, "Indeed, Knight-Level power."

After David stepped back, Herag approached the dummy, looking a bit troubled, "I need to control my power, or I'll break it with a punch."

Herag controlled his strength, estimating what Great Knight-Level power should feel like, and then punched.

The dummy began swaying violently side to side; Herag frowned, "Seems I used a bit too much strength."

He had been trying to control his power, to use less force.

But it seemed like he still used too much strength.

Rick was stunned, "A-amazing strength! Mr. Herag, you're truly remarkable. Even among Great Knights, you're considered very strong."

Herag nodded without speaking, satisfied as long as it didn't break.

After verifying their strength, the three of them began wandering around the hall.

The Adventurers' Association hall had a row of task panels, displaying various tasks.

After looking around, Herag and the others didn't find any tasks that matched their expectations.

He inquired discreetly with Rick and learned that tasks heading to the Elf Race's territory were rare, only appearing occasionally.

Unable to do much about it, the three of them decided to wait and stay in Nightfall City for a few days.

They planned to look around for a few days, and if there were still no suitable tasks, they would have to consider alternative methods.

Nightfall descended.

As soon as Reese returned, she slipped into her room, asking the inn attendants to heat up water for her.

Her room was right next to Herag's, and he could hear the water running, knowing Reese was bathing.

He wasn't planning to peek; his focus was on verifying the most crucial matter: the complete activation of the Royal Elf Bloodline in the Bloodline Mark.