

## Sixth 271

### Chapter 271: Sewer Pipes

Amisha didn't suspect anything because it was clear from when she was just teaching Herag that he really hadn't learned before.

But after just one lesson, Herag had already completely mastered it, which could only be attributed to Herag's astonishing talent.

Excellent wizard potential, outstanding witch array master talent, and so young and handsome, Amisha became increasingly satisfied with Herag.

Herag sensed the subtle change in Amisha's gaze and knew it was not good.

He had encountered many women before and was naturally aware that Amisha might be interested in him.

This was trouble.

Amisha herself was not the problem; the troublesome part was the Morri Family behind her.

Herag did not want to marry into this Morri Family, which would bring a lot of trouble.

But given the current situation, it was impossible to just leave directly, so he could only handle it for now and try to keep his distance in the future.

The ball continued, and Herag danced with Amisha, holding her waist properly without any boundary-crossing actions.

Instead, Amisha drew closer and closer, eventually almost pressing her entire body against Herag while dancing.

...

Beneath Silver Moon City lay an extremely complex underground sewer system, woven like a spider web throughout the city.

These sewage pipes were interconnected, theoretically allowing one to reach any part of the city via the sewer.

The only difference was that some parts of the sewer system were maintained, while others were not.

The sewers were winding and twisting, muddy, dark, and damp.

Six people crouched low, quietly moving forward in the sewer.

The sewer was filled with various filth, the ground covered in foul-smelling sewage mixed with filth.

These six people walked directly in the sewage, paying no attention at all.

Their footsteps splashed water, the tap-tap of their steps echoing in the sewer.

They didn't bother to lower their footsteps because besides themselves, who would care, no one else would come here.

Those noble lords, those high and mighty wizards, would never set foot in such filthy sewers.

These six people were all dressed in coarse linen clothes, looking very thin—clearly from long-term malnutrition.

But in stark contrast to their thin bodies, their gazes were resolute, even a bit fanatical.

They were all impoverished people from the Mozambique Slums, unnoticed by anyone.

Their names weren't even registered in Silver Moon City's records; they weren't even counted in the population statistics.

No one would know or care whether they died of illness or starvation.

But there was someone who cared about them, and that was the Gods they worshipped.

The Gods gave them a glorious task, and they were grateful to be chosen to complete it.

The group continued to feel their way forward in the sewers, occasionally stopping to check a complex map before proceeding in the right direction.

Finally, they stopped in a section of the sewer.

They looked upward, confirming that this was beneath Israel's courtyard.

Aboveground, there was singing and dancing.

Belowground, six disheveled, sallow, emaciated people huddled in the sewer.

Their faces were resolute, their eyes filled with fanaticism.

Their leader took out a blood-red claw, and then all six lowered their heads in unison, chanting something.

Aboveground, Herag had stopped dancing and was casually chatting with Amisha by the edge of the dance floor.

Herag suddenly frowned, having detected the presence of the six people in the sewer.

He had left Shenlan's environment detection on, noticing this peculiar group immediately.

In fact, there were many Level 1 Wizards at this gathering, several Level 2 Wizards, too.

If they had activated Magic Sense, they certainly could have detected the underground anomaly.

But during a ball, who would idly use Magic Sense to explore the situation in the sewers?

While idly chatting with Amisha, Herag kept an eye on the six people's actions below.

When they took out the blood-red claw, Herag sensed something amiss.

He felt a familiar aura emanating from the claw.

It was an aura from the Abyss Plane.

Having visited the Abyss Plane twice, Herag was extremely familiar, even sensitive, to its aura.

He immediately felt the strong Abyss Plane aura attached to the blood-red claw.

Realizing the latent danger those six posed, combined with their muttered prayers, Herag grasped the gravity of the situation.

At this moment, Herag immediately went to find Israel.

He had to inform Israel of this anomaly; although using Magic Sense to investigate the sewers during a ball seemed odd, doing nothing while watching those six complete their prayers was worse.

"Mr. Israel, I've just discovered some anomalies," Herag quietly said by Israel's side.

Amisha also came over, hearing about this concerning situation.

Herag had been chatting with her the whole time, so what had happened?

"Oh? What anomalies." Israel had been smiling as he drank, but seeing Herag's serious expression, his smile faded.

Herag began, "I just used Magic Sense and found six people hiding in the sewers, and their behavior was somewhat abnormal..."

On hearing this, Israel immediately used Magic Sense to investigate, confirming the situation.

At this point, the six people in the sewer had completed their prayers.

Each drew a sharp weapon, some with rusty daggers, others with nicked short swords.

"For the Gods."

Uttering this, they plunged their weapons into their hearts.

They then collapsed, their blood instantly absorbed by the red claw.

In the blink of an eye, the red claw had absorbed all the blood, beginning to emit a strange glow.

Israel's eyes went wide: "Not good! They're Abyssal Cultists!"

He shouted loudly, drawing everyone's attention at the ball.

Immediately, Israel took out a black crystal and inserted it into the ground, a black barrier instantly unfurling, enveloping the entire courtyard.

"What happened? Mr. Israel," someone asked right away.

"Abyssal Cultists? Have they appeared again, where are they, let me eliminate them!" Some wizards eagerly volunteered, searching for the target's location.

Israel had no time to answer their questions, instead loudly calling, "Everyone, use shields, defense techniques, every defense measure you have!"

He didn't have time to explain or stop what was happening in the sewer, only shouting so everyone could ready themselves in advance.

Chapter 272: Eyeball

Herag used all his means at the first opportunity, transforming into a giant clad in black armor with a colorful shield surrounding his body.

But that wasn't all. With a wave of his hand, Herag placed an absolute defense around Amisha beside him.

Amisha was relatively slow to react, having grown up in a safe environment with a weak sense of crisis.

She was a bit puzzled when she saw Herag casting various spells on her. But when she saw Herag also placing a shield around her.

Amisha finally realized something was about to happen and promptly put a green shield around herself.

She was a Level 1 Liquidation Wizard, not lacking in strength.

In the underground pipes, the blood-red claw had now turned into a mass of red light.

Immediately afterward, the red light, along with six nearby corpses, disappeared.

The next moment, above Israel's estate.

A rift suddenly appeared, and as soon as it did, a powerful pressure emanated from it.

The roof of the estate collapsed instantly, the debris falling onto the black shield below.

If not for Israel's quick reaction, the debris would have fallen on the crowd below.

These were influential people; if they all died here, it would be a major issue.

Israel could not bear such consequences.

Everyone looked up at the rift, not understanding what it was.

In the next moment, an eye appeared at the rift.

Herag immediately covered Amisha's eyes: "Don't look."

Herag also lowered his head. He knew that was not something they could directly gaze upon.

If it weren't for the bloodline power of the Thunder God Ancestor within him, Herag wouldn't have been able to glance at it.

He knew the presence behind the rift was beyond his imagination.

Amisha nodded, not resisting, knowing Herag was looking out for her.

But others did not react so quickly; someone instinctively glanced at the eye and instantly fell to the ground bleeding from the seven apertures.

Silently and without even a scream.

Immediately afterward, the person's head exploded as if something had blown it apart.

And the person who fell was a Level 1 Official Wizard who died just like that, without warning.

By now, everyone realized that they could not directly view the presence behind the rift.

They all closed their eyes or lowered their heads.

The eyeball struggled to enter the world, as if it wanted to enter this world.

But it encountered significant resistance, and even the rift was gradually closing.

The eye showed a furious expression, seemingly displeased with the obstruction.

Soon, the rift fully closed, like a wound healing automatically.

The oppressive feeling vanished abruptly for everyone, and they all felt relieved but exhausted.

Amisha fell directly onto Herag, slipping into unconsciousness.

Herag was still doing alright.

His constitution was strong, his bloodline was potent, and the intense pressure did not have much impact on him.

Looking around now, the surroundings were in ruins with many people collapsed.

The appearance of the eye lasted only two or three seconds, but just those two or three seconds brought immense pressure to everyone.

Israel didn't even dare to imagine what would have happened if he hadn't immediately deployed the Level 3 Defense Witch Array.

The pressure they endured already penetrated after passing through the Level 3 Defense Witch Array.

Looking at the area outside the range of the Witch Array, the garden in the yard had been flattened.

The fortunately, due to the single courtyard design, no other buildings were damaged.

Israel felt anxious in his heart, knowing that if he hadn't reacted quickly, everyone would have perished.

The black crystal he carried had formidable defensive abilities and was easy to deploy quickly, one of his trump cards.

He hadn't expected to use it in such a situation.

Nonetheless, a few people still died, and dealing with the aftermath was still quite troublesome.

Israel sighed, not expecting to encounter such an incident while hosting a ball.

Several figures floated over from the distance, Herag looked up, leading was Pries.

Pries had dropped his previously relaxed expression and now looked serious and stern.

He landed and immediately came to Israel's side, asking, "What happened?"

They were all members of Serlandir, well acquainted with each other.

Israel replied in a low voice, "It was the Abyssal Cultists. They opened a dimensional rift, and an unviewable presence cast a gaze upon us."

Pries listened and remained silent, looking around.

Just one gaze had caused such a significant impact.

The people behind Pries were responsible for safety defense in Silver Moon City, all Level 2 Wizards.

They started to leave to commence the aftermath handling, using various spells to detect hazards and explore the sewer pipe situation.

The injured were quickly taken away for treatment, and the deceased were reported to their respective factions.

Various aftermath tasks kept them busy.

Herag looked at Amisha in his arms, unsure of what to do.

Pries and Israel were both busy, clearly unable to help him deal with the matter of this young lady.

A middle-aged man with graying hair came over, sporting a mustache, politely saying, "Mr. Herag, I'm Blanc, the butler of the Morri Family. Could you accompany me to send Miss safely home? An Abyssal Cultist attack just occurred, and I'm afraid I can't ensure Miss's complete safety on my own. If you can safely escort Miss home, our Morri Family will surely remember your kindness."

Herag nodded: "Alright, I'll go with you to take Miss Amisha home."

He had no choice but to comply.

Amisha was the young lady of the Morri Family, not to be taken lightly.

If something happened to her, he wouldn't be free from blame.

The Morri Family wouldn't be reasonable if any trouble arose.

Ensuring Amisha's safe return home would prevent any further complications for himself.

"Thank you!" Blanc bowed gratefully.

He was only a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard, truly lacking confidence in securing Amisha's safety.

Herag just demonstrated an intense sense of pressure, which Blanc noticed.

Adding one more fighter is always beneficial.

The Morri Family carriage was parked outside; Herag carried Amisha onto the carriage, while Blanc drove it towards the Morri Family estate.

Amisha breathed steadily, still in a state of unconsciousness.

Herag checked her, finding no serious issues, assuming a little rest would suffice for recovery.

Amisha's constitution wasn't strong enough to withstand such tremendous pressure, hence fainting after a mere second.

Chapter 273: Abyssal Cultist

The Morri family had a large estate in Silver Moon City, surrounded by high walls, and the inner buildings resembled a palace complex.

The majestic scene could be seen from afar.

Herag was riding in a carriage and met people from the Morri family coming to assist him halfway.

Blanc had already used the Talisman Stone to notify the family to come and assist.

Because something had just happened in Israel, he dared not stay long.

A mysterious powerful presence had just appeared, and Blanc only wanted to take Amisha far away from there.

If any further problems arose, he couldn't bear the consequences.

The Morri family dispatched dozens of people, led by a stern-faced middle-aged man.

He had an extraordinary aura, commanding respect without anger.

This man was the current patriarch of the Morri family, named Shatar.

Blanc stopped the carriage and quickly ran to Shatar, kneeling on one knee: "Patriarch."

Shatar glanced at him indifferently and asked, "How is Amisha doing now?"

"The young lady is currently unconscious, breathing steadily, and has no other issues," Blanc replied.

At this moment, Herag also got off the carriage.

Shatar dismounted and walked over to Herag: "Thank you, Mr. Herag, for escorting us. The Morri family will remember your friendship."

"Mr. Shatar, you are too kind, it was my duty." On the way back, Blanc had mentioned that the patriarch would come to assist, and Herag naturally recognized that this person was the head of the Morri family.

Shatar nodded and turned to say, "Gordon! Take down Mr. Herag's contact information and transfer five thousand Magic Stones as a reward later."

"Thank you." Herag could see that Shatar seemed to not want too much involvement with him.

He didn't mind, and was quite happy with the situation, earning five thousand Magic Stones for nothing.

With the arrival of the Morri family, there was naturally no need for Herag to continue escorting them.

After exchanging Talisman Stone contacts with Gordon, the Morri family butler, Herag called for a carriage on the roadside and returned.

Herag could see the wariness in Shatar's eyes, likely fearing that he might steal his daughter.

Blanc must have accurately recounted the events at the ball through the Talisman Stone.

Herag was just a poor boy; even if he was a member of the city of Serlandir, he could never catch Shatar's eye.

For a wizard family like Shatar's, Amisha's marriage had to bring significant value and it was impossible for her to marry a Junior Wizard with no background like Herag.

Shatar's cold attitude made it very clear that he wanted Herag to maintain distance from his daughter.

Herag didn't care, as he hadn't intended to get involved with the Morri family anyway.

Earning five thousand Magic Stones this time was a good deal.

The Morri family seemed to have a strict upbringing for Amisha.

Herag could distinctly feel her yearning for freedom during their conversation.

The vast, unrestrained land of the Barren Land was very appealing to Amisha.

Herag shook his head, no longer concerning himself with this matter.

He had no intention to play out a scene of eloping with a rich girl.

He was not Romeo, and Amisha was not Juliet.

Sitting in the carriage, Herag began searching for information regarding the Abyssal Cultists.

The events of the evening were so sudden and completely unexpected for Herag.

Six Abyssal Cultists used a red claw to open a rift leading to the Abyss Plane.

Though it only lasted about two seconds, the rift automatically repaired itself.

The power generated from sacrificing the souls and flesh of six ordinary people was still too weak, and it's unimaginable to open a dimensional rift like this.

It could only indicate that the red claw they held was quite extraordinary, possessing incredible power that allowed a rift to be pried open with just six ordinary people.

Herag recalled the rift and could be one hundred percent sure that the other side was the Abyss Plane.

He actually glanced at that eye, and apart from feeling a bit of head pressure, he didn't feel much.

Unlike others, who had their heads explode immediately after seeing it.

When Herag saw that eye, he immediately realized how powerful the presence behind the dimensional rift was.

He quickly covered Amisha's eyes to prevent her from looking up.

If it hadn't been for Herag's quick response, Amisha would have become a headless corpse.

That eye contained infinite knowledge and rules, which ordinary people could never face directly.

The moment they saw it, a mass of information would burst their heads.

Despite feeling some pressure after seeing it, due to his incredibly powerful bloodline, possibly even stronger than that eye, Herag remained unaffected.

Although the Thunder God Ancestor's Bloodline Power could not be activated or used here, it wasn't nonexistent.

The foundation was there, and it hadn't disappeared.

Herag remembered that those six people were called Abyssal Cultists and likely had connections to the Abyss Plane.

He searched through related news in the tavern forums and understood the context.

Although the invasion of the Abyss Plane was thwarted by the wizards back then, there were always humans hoping for the Abyss Plane to descend upon the Wizard Plane again.

They worshipped various powerful entities from the Abyss Plane, collectively known as Abyssal Cultists.

These people hid very deeply, lurking in every corner of the Land of Dawn.

A wizard fighting pollution and exterminating various demons could secretly be a fervent Abyssal Cultist.

The Abyssal Cultists would stop at nothing to achieve the goal of the Abyss Plane's descent, employing any method.

What happened today was actually a minor incident among the Abyssal Cultist events.

Thanks to Israel's quick response, casualties were greatly minimized, with only a few deaths.

This low death toll was rare in Abyssal Cultist attacks.

There was once an incident where Abyssal Cultists contaminated a city's entire water supply, though caught in time by wizards.

However, by then, many had already consumed the water, mostly ordinary people.

These ordinary people's constitution couldn't resist the diseases contained in the water, dying within three to five days, or at most living a month, ending in death.

Only Knights or Wizard Apprentices or Wizards could survive.

The number of deceased reached four figures even with a tally; who knows how many died unrecorded.

In this incident, slum dwellers were unaffected.

Their drinking water pipelines were long dilapidated and disconnected from other parts of the city network.

After that incident, all cities in the Land of Dawn heightened security measures around water sources.

They had never imagined that this previously ignored issue could be exploited to produce such widespread destruction.

## Chapter 274: Plane Coordinates

Herag continued to browse through this information.

He discovered that those powerful beings from the Abyss Plane seemed to have never given up on invading the Wizard Plane.

Those beings used various methods to entice people from the Wizard Plane to become their followers, then used those followers to do their bidding.

These followers are mostly some relatively weak wizards, knights, or just ordinary people.

With their willpower, if they come into contact with the powerful beings of the Abyss Plane, they would definitely not be able to resist their allure.

If they are wizards with a certain degree of strength, it's generally not easy to be swayed.

But if such a wizard comes into contact with the powerful beings of the Abyss Plane, they are mostly doing so voluntarily.

These people often pursue power, which leads them to willingly embrace the Abyss Plane.

Seeing this, Herag couldn't help but think of someone.

That person is Fegar.

He suddenly realized that Fegar was very likely a follower of some being from the Abyss Plane.

When Fegar first boarded the ship, he was already a Second-Class Wizard Apprentice, but his aptitude was only five points.

After entering the Green Cottage, he became Malcolm's experimental subject.

Fegar was promoted to an Official Wizard in Malcolm's laboratory, most likely without using a magic potion to break through.

Herag recalled that at the Death Swamp Ruins, Fegar deliberately sabotaged the witch array in the Death Swamp ruins, attempting to open a rift leading to the Abyss Plane.

All these actions and signs indicate that Fegar is very likely an Abyssal Cultist.

He has been utilizing the existence of the Abyss Plane to increase his own strength, enabling him to advance unimpeded and become very powerful.

Back on the ship, Dino once mentioned that Fegar's spiritual power was very unstable and must have been forcibly enhanced by some special means.

It now seems that Fegar had already come into contact with the Abyss Plane's existence before boarding the ship.

To him, wizard aptitude was irrelevant because his strength increase had nothing to do with his own qualification.

Behind Fegar is a certain being from the Abyss Plane.

As Herag continued browsing this information, he pondered many questions, and before he knew it, the carriage had arrived at number 13, King Street, the location of the estate Herag had bought.

"Sir, we're here." The driver quietly reminded, his words filled with respect.

The driver, having run cars in Silver Moon City for many years, naturally knew what King Street represented.

Only members of Serlandir's city were eligible to buy houses here and live there.

Every official member of Serlandir is a big figure, at least in the eyes of the driver, and not someone they could afford to offend.

"Hmm." Herag took out two silver coins; this was the fare.

The driver respectfully accepted them with both hands and watched Herag leave.

When Herag got home, Reese and David were already waiting in the living room downstairs.

They had already learned from the tavern forum about what happened at Israel's house.

Seeing their worried faces, Herag remembered he had been so focused on searching for information related to Abyssal Cultists that he forgot to check his messages.

"As long as you're fine, I was worried since you didn't reply." Reese breathed a sigh of relief.

"Sorry for worrying you." Herag said.

David asked, "What happened there? I read on the tavern forum that several people died, and it was something to do with Abyssal Cultists."

Herag nodded, "Right, some Abyssal Cultists used themselves as sacrifices to open a rift leading to the Abyss Plane. After the rift appeared, a gaze was cast from the other side, killing several people. Fortunately, those six people were all ordinary and not strong enough, and the plane rift lasted only about two seconds. Had it lasted any longer, the consequences would have been dire."

"Who are Abyssal Cultists?" Reese and David were somewhat puzzled.

Herag took out his talisman stone and displayed some of the information he had been browsing, saying, "You must learn to use this talisman stone. By using the tavern forum's search feature, you can find many valuable clues."

It is better to teach a man to fish than to give him a fish. David and Reese clearly hadn't fully learned how to use the talisman stone, having only used it as a communication tool.

"Understood." David and Reese, being smart, quickly caught on.

As Herag watched them start searching for related information, he also shared some of the intelligence summaries he had just gathered.

After an hour had passed.

"I feel like the Land of Dawn is much more dangerous than the Barren Land; there are even such beings as Abyssal Cultists." Reese muttered.

Herag nodded, "Indeed, the levels of power here are much higher than those in the Barren Land. So once you encounter danger, it might be a power far exceeding your own strength. We must be extremely cautious in our actions."

Reese and David both had somewhat grave expressions; they were weaker than Herag.

If they had encountered the situation Herag just faced, they might not have made it back.

Through this incident, the three of them became more aware of the importance of enhancing their own strength.

The next morning, Herag welcomed a guest.

Pries had arrived early outside Herag's courtyard, and Herag sensed it immediately, so he came out to greet him.

"Did you not sleep last night?" Herag noticed that Pries seemed somewhat tired, still wearing the same clothes he was in when they met last night.

Pries smiled bitterly, "Blame those damn bugs! With the appearance of Abyssal Cultists, we must thoroughly investigate the entire matter and inspect everyone present."

"Inspect?" Herag didn't quite understand what this inspection meant.

Pries explained, "Because the plane rift to the Abyss Plane was opened for a brief time, this is an extremely severe event. It could potentially allow the Abyss Plane to find a new invasion coordinate."

"We can only pray now that they didn't acquire a new invasion coordinate through this plane rift, otherwise..."

Pries' words were tinged with bitterness. Herag's eyebrows twitched, realizing the gravity of the situation.

For one plane to invade another, the first step is to acquire the plane's coordinates.

Then not every plane coordinate can serve as an invasion point. The coordinate point must be very stable to facilitate invasion activities.

However, such plane coordinate points are difficult to find; most are extremely unstable plane coordinates.

These plane coordinates cannot serve as invasion points.

That's why the probability of the Abyss Plane acquiring a stable coordinate through last night's opened plane rift is still very low.

Most likely, they are coordinates of no use.

This is not the first time such an event has occurred. It has happened many times before, but each time the Abyss Plane has failed to acquire useful coordinates.

#### Chapter 275: David's Departure

Pries continued, "As for cleaning, it's to check if every place and person present, as well as the surroundings, have been polluted. Originally, everyone present needed to go to the City Hall for a unified inspection, but since you're one of us, I can do the check myself."

"I see, thank you for the trouble," Herag expressed his gratitude.

Herag felt a bit embarrassed that Pries came in person, giving him such special treatment.

"It's a small matter," Pries didn't mind, as he just happened to be on the way.

Pries took out a test tube, it was a Rain Dew Reagent.

Just like when entering the city before, a pink mist enveloped Herag and then disappeared in an instant.

This proved that Herag was not polluted.

Pries smiled and said, "No problem, I have other matters to attend to, so I'll take my leave."

Pries hurriedly vanished from the spot, clearly having a lot of work and not yet finished after a whole night.

The pollution inspection and cleaning process is the most troublesome because it involves too many personnel, and everyone has to be checked one by one.

Meanwhile, Israel's house temporarily cannot be lived in, not because it collapsed.

For wizards, building a new one is quick.

But because there appeared a plane rift, which is more than just a pollution inspection issue.

The entire area will be under long-term monitoring by Silver Moon City, and any anomalies will be immediately discovered and recorded.

As for the surrounding residents, they can only temporarily relocate from this place.

They can move to areas with similar current housing market prices, funded by Silver Moon City Hall of Serlandir.

Poor Israel, he hosted a ball and lost his home.

If it weren't for his deep family roots, he might have gone bankrupt this time.

Herag sent several messages to Israel to inquire about the situation, but Israel hadn't responded, probably too busy.

The incident occurred at his home, and Israel is likely in significant trouble this time and can't get away anytime soon.

"Herag, there's something I'd like to discuss with you," David said somewhat hesitantly.

Seeing his expression, Herag knew it was probably not a small matter, so he asked, "What's it about?"

"I'm planning to join Serlandir's trade caravan to pave the way for our Cheqi Family. Once I figure things out, the family business can be integrated. I've realized over time that my talent is limited, and reaching higher realms through cultivation is challenging."

"I might as well take this opportunity in the Land of Dawn to expand paths for the family."

David spoke slowly, clearly having considered this for a long time.

Herag was silent for a moment, unsure where to begin.

David's decision wasn't something easily made.

Joining the trade caravan means he will have very little time for cultivation.

The life of a trader is not easy, especially in a place like the Land of Dawn, where outside the city are pollution zones filled with unknown factors.

David making this decision means he's giving up his hopes of advancing himself and devoting more time and energy to blazing a trail for his family.

David has been struggling with this for some time, knowing that his aptitude and potential have just about reached their limits.

He cannot advance as quickly as a genius like Herag, for whom breakthroughs come as easily as eating and drinking.

Within the wizard community, he is just an average person.

Knowing the facts is one thing; admitting them to oneself is quite another.

David surely came to the Land of Dawn wanting to go further.

But now he has made this decision to take on the responsibility of paving the way for his family, leaving Herag with mixed feelings.

The Cheqi Family certainly hoped that David and Reese could journey far in wizardry since greater strength would naturally lead to success in many endeavors.

David's choice is more practical, realizing that he won't be able to make further progress in the near future.

Rather than spending so much time and family resources on personal cultivation, he opts to contribute to his family.

If the Cheqi Family business could gain entry into the Land of Dawn, it would be a tremendous boon for the entire family.

The Barren Land currently has no wizard family or organization with trade ties to the Land of Dawn.

There are certainly many challenges, but David feels he must at least try.

"I respect your decision, be careful. By the way, take this." Herag handed him a drop of World Tree Juice.

"What is this?" David was somewhat puzzled.

Herag said plainly, "Don't ask, just take it."

He wasn't planning on telling David what it was.

David wouldn't say, but since he decided to go trading, he's bound to encounter circumstances beyond his control.

There's too much bizarre means in this world, and preventing them all is impossible.

David didn't hesitate at all, taking it immediately, probably without even tasting the flavor.

He had unconditional trust in Herag, knowing that it would be good for him and not harmful.

From that day on, Herag began helping David contact Pries.

After learning about David's idea, Pries quickly connected David with Serlandir's trade caravan.

With his recommendation, David had no difficulty joining Serlandir's trade caravan, becoming a member, and thus started his career in trading throughout the Land of Dawn.

"Herag, am I irresponsible and useless?" Reese, feeling guilty and remorseful, cried in Herag's arms after David left.

Herag comforted her, "Everyone has their own choices and ways of doing things. David joined the trade caravan for the family's future; you're stealthily cultivating here for the family's future as well. The goals are the same; the methods are just different."

"You need not blame yourself, nor be sad. For you, striving to ascend to higher realms in cultivation is the greatest help to the Cheqi Family."

Reese nodded, understanding the logic but still feeling uneasy inside.

Her aptitude was better than David's, and her cousin had never matched her since childhood, yet he always yielded to her.

Now that David chose to leave, it must be because Reese is staying by Herag's side, allowing David to go out and do something for the family without worry.

When David left, Herag gave him ten thousand Magic Stones and various types of Magic Potions to ensure he wouldn't be without potions when needed.

He also gave David some Fire Salamander Bombs, which Herag had prepared but never got a chance to use.

If David goes out trading, he might find them useful.

Chapter 276: Small Plane

David is just a Level 1 Gasification Wizard, and such strength is really not enough in the Land of Dawn.

The Fire Salamander Bomb can reach an attack intensity of 23 degrees when triggered, which can greatly enhance David's attack power, providing more means of self-preservation.

Herag consulted with Pries and learned that the Land of Dawn does not actually prohibit trade with the Barren Land.

On the contrary, trade between the two places is actually quite large and frequent.

Usually, it's the various Wizard Organizations in the Land of Dawn that directly trade with some organizations in the Barren Land; those Wizard Families are too small and not qualified to trade with them.

If the Cheqi Family wants to open a trade line between the Land of Dawn and the Barren Land, it's possible, but quite difficult.

David has a long way to go if he wants to accomplish this.

Just after finishing David's matters, Herag's Talisman Stone lit up, and it was a message from Lillian.

Herag added Lillian as a contact on the day he arrived in the Land of Dawn, but only after a few months did the friend request go through; no idea what kept her busy.

"Herag, sorry I just saw your friend request. I just returned from a Small Plane," Lillian sent a message.

"No worries, I figured you had something going on. By the way, what's a Small Plane?" Herag asked.

He knew about many Planes but had never heard of the term Small Plane before.

Lillian explained: "A Small Plane is a tiny Plane formed by using Plane Fragments when Wizards conquer other Planes. It's a small world with everything, just a much smaller space. Almost every Wizard Organization in Land of Dawn has one, and they're usually more suitable for cultivation, with a richer concentration of Energy Particles."

"I was able to stay for a few months after starting at Augustus Academy, thanks to a newcomer benefit. Inside, however, the Magic Net doesn't work, so using Talisman Stones isn't possible."

Herag replied: "I've never heard about it before, seems I'm not qualified yet."

"Yes, Small Planes are typically very important to each Wizard Organization. Since you're new, you'll need to accumulate some achievements before you can enter," Lillian said.

Currently, Herag's Contribution Points are zero, so he can't access any of these.

"Augustus Academy really treats its members well; I didn't get such benefits when I joined," Herag lamented.

Lillian laughed from the other side of the Talisman Stone: "But you're much freer. We have fixed courses and tasks that we need to complete periodically."

Lillian had naturally learned about other such Wizard Organizations, and Serlandir was a very lenient organization.

It imposed almost no strict requirements on its members, relying solely on individual self-discipline.

Augustus Academy still had a cultivation model; although it helped members grow, it wasn't as free.

"I just got out of the Small Plane and now I have to complete a Magic Potion project, my schedule is packed, and the pressure is intense," Lillian complained; these tasks have specific targets and are closely tied to personal performance evaluations.

The better your performance, the higher your rating, and Augustus Academy will value you more, allocating more resources to you.

Since entering Augustus Academy in the Land of Dawn, Lillian was a bit under pressure because there are various assessment indicators.

At Augustus Academy, every member's actions are quantified into data to judge a member's performance and potential.

Even a talented young Wizard like Lillian feels immense pressure.

Because there are many talented individuals in the Land of Dawn, and quite a few, like Lillian, who came from the Barren Land with good talents and great potential.

For the same batch of newcomers, Augustus Academy conducts unified assessments, selecting the exceptional ones for more resource investment.

But if your performance isn't excellent among this group, the subsequent resource allocation for you will be much less.

"Ugh, I have to go to class now," Lillian said after a bit of complaining.

"Yeah, you take care too," Herag could only encourage her, as he couldn't offer any help.

After ending the chat with Lillian, Herag also needed to start preparing for the subsequent matters.

The grade examination from the Witch Array Master Association had already been passed; the next step was to pass the Alchemist's grade examination.

Once he had certification from these two associations, many things would become more convenient in the future.

Very few Wizards could simultaneously hold certifications from both the Witch Array Master Association and the Alchemist Association, unless they were older, highly experienced Wizards.

Only they have enough time and energy to study a lot of things besides cultivation.

It's very rare for someone as young as Herag to plan to get grade certifications from both associations.

Just like before, Herag began searching for information related to the Alchemist Association using the Talisman Stone, to understand the specific situation of the Alchemist examination.

The Alchemist examination is quite different from the Witch Array Master examination; the latter involves presenting specific scenarios and designing arrays according to the given topics, testing the Witch Array Master's mastery and understanding of Witch Arrays.

For Alchemists, three types of Tier One Potions are given, and you need to choose one to complete the concoction.

A so-called Tier One Potion is typically referred to as a High-tier Potion in the Barren Land, with Ancient Magic Potions being a common example of a Tier One Potion.

There are numerous types of Tier One Potions, and no Alchemist dares to claim mastery over the concoction methods of every single Tier One Potion.

Therefore, the Alchemist examination provides three topics. If you fail to complete any of the three, you fail the examination outright.

The Alchemist examination differs from the Witch Array Master examination in another way: the Witch Array Master examination is free, but the Alchemist examination requires a fee.

For your chosen topic, you must first provide the cost of the required materials. If the concoction fails, this fee will not be returned.

Only if you succeed in the concoction will the material cost be refunded to you.

The Alchemist Association's decision to charge fees was made out of necessity.

In the Witch Array Master examination, you must first complete a design diagram, which then has to be reviewed before you can begin setting up a Witch Array.

The vast majority fail at the first stage, without even having the chance to use materials for Witch Array setup.

And those who pass the first stage are likely able to complete the Witch Array setup, with very few cases of material wastage.

But for Alchemists, it's different; almost every Wizard has learned some Magic Potion to varying degrees.

This leads many to participate in the Alchemist Association's grade certification exams with a try-it-and-see attitude.

After all, if you fail, it doesn't matter, but if you succeed, it's a huge win.

Most people come with a lottery-winning mindset when they actually lack the ability to accomplish the potion concoction, leading to a phenomenon of massive material waste.

Chapter 277: Baron

In the early days of the Magic Pharmacist Association, no recruitment fee was charged, so many wizards came for the assessment with a 'give it a try' mentality.

The result was that very few passed the assessment, and on the contrary, a lot of potion materials were wasted.

Later, the Magic Pharmacist Association had no choice but to change the rule, requiring those registering for the assessment to pay a fee as a deposit.

If you pass the assessment, all money is refunded, if not, it is considered a material fee.

After this regulation came into effect, the number of people registering for assessments dropped significantly.

Only wizards who were truly confident and had considerable skill would sign up for the assessment.

Some, even after failing two or three times, often managed to pass later on.

These wizards generally had some proficiency in Magic Potion, but either made mistakes during the assessment or were unfamiliar with the given three topics, leading to their failure.

For them, as long as they encounter appropriate topics and perform well, they can often pass the assessment.

Herag checked that the material fee for a Tier One Potion was generally within a thousand magic stones, with varying costs for different potion materials, and the differences were quite large.

The main reason is that some materials have low yield, resulting in very high prices, which in turn causes the corresponding potion prices to skyrocket.

Despite the large price differences, they all fall under Tier One Potions.

A while ago, Herag entered into the Silver Moon City library and recorded a large number of books, naturally including those related to Magic Potion.

There are more than sixty Tier One Potion recipes in total, and Herag had only brewed a few of them before.

Now it's unrealistic to brew each one in turn; it would take unknown amounts of time and magic stones just to purchase and gather all materials.

So Herag plans to first review all these potion recipes recorded by Shenlan, memorize the brewing process, and mentally train himself on how to brew them.

When it comes to the assessment, he plans to choose a relatively simple one to brew, with Shenlan's assistance, and by being cautious, there shouldn't be much of an issue.

The worst outcome is a failure, losing a few hundred magic stones, but he can always try again next time.

Because there's a high probability of encountering a potion he hasn't brewed before, Herag is already mentally prepared for failure.

The brewing of Tier One Potions is not easy, a small mistake can cause a complete loss, necessitating starting over, and it requires a very high level of proficiency.

After spending two or three days thoroughly familiarizing himself with each Tier One Potion recorded in Shenlan's database, from recipe to brewing process, Herag went to the Magic Pharmacist Association to prepare for the assessment.

The Magic Pharmacist Association is also located southeast of Silver Moon City, actually very close to the Witch Array Master Association, with only two streets apart.

The entrance to the Magic Pharmacist Association was busier, with significantly more traffic compared to the Witch Array Master Association.

This is mainly a demand issue; the need for potions among wizards is certainly greater than that for arrays.

Arrays are part of an establishment process; once laid out, there won't be new demands in the short term.

But potions are different; they are consumables, with a high usage rate.

Moreover, the number of alchemists is much greater than that of array masters, creating a significant difference in traffic between the two associations.

The symbol of the Magic Pharmacist Association is a wizard hat and a round-bellied beaker, making its representation clear at a glance.

After entering the alchemist hall, Herag looked around, the internal noise was somewhat loud.

There were many people here, some were entrusting potion making, some were taking potion orders, and those participating in assessments were in the minority.

Herag watched for a while before finding the registration counter for assessments in the corner.

Similar to the Witch Array Master Association, he filled out a form, registered, and then waited for assessment arrangements.

This time he could participate in the assessment in an hour, unlike last time when he had to wait for a while.

Herag guessed that it was because there were so few people taking the Witch Array Master assessment, necessitating prior notification of the examiner, like Israel, a Level 2 Witch Array Master.

An hour later, Herag arrived at a potion room, which was the location for the exam.

He was momentarily stunned upon entering, as there was a person standing inside.

This person was the examiner for this assessment, and someone he knew, the bald Mr. Baron.

"Herag? You want to take the Magic Pharmacist assessment too?" Baron was also a bit surprised.

"Didn't expect it to be Mr. Baron," Herag said.

He recalled that when he added Gabalun Talisman Stone as a friend, indeed saw a label on Baron's personal information.

But at that time, he didn't know it was a label from the Magic Pharmacist Association and didn't pay attention.

Unexpectedly, when he came for the Magic Pharmacist assessment, the examiner turned out to be Baron.

Thinking back to that day at the Witch Array Master Association where Baron was complaining, it seemed like Baron was just making a casual visit, given the proximity of the two associations.

Baron chuckled, "Young man, you got to focus. Both witch array studies and Magic Potion are very profound and deep, trying to grasp both could mean not mastering either, as human energy is limited."

Baron sincerely advised, as he believed that since Herag had such great talent in arrays, he should concentrate on studying and researching arrays.

As an experienced Level 2 alchemist himself, Baron naturally knew that neither array studies nor Magic Potion were easy.

Herag was clearly too young, wanting too much.

Herag explained, "Thank you for the advice, Mr. Baron. I know that. I'm only participating in the Magic Pharmacist assessment to try my luck. If I pass, I can earn some extra money by brewing potions, but I'm not planning on spending too much time on it."

"Alright then. Let's begin. The three questions were prepared in advance, with no partiality involved," Baron said, gesturing to the three scrolls of parchment on the table.

Baron unfolded them one by one, spreading them out on the table.

Herag glanced at them, and each of the three pieces of parchment had the name of a potion written on it: Giant Potion, Night Elf Spring, and Abyssinian Potion.

These three potions were all in Shenlan's database records, except for Night Elf Spring, which was uncommon, the other two were common Tier One Potions.

The Giant Potion, as the name suggests, is a type of body enhancement potion that can make the drinker's body larger and enhance various physical abilities.

However, this potion has a high requirement for the drinker's constitution; without sufficient constitution, there will be aftereffects once the potion's effects wear off.

The aftereffects are generally that some parts of the body return to their original size while others remain in an enlarged state.

For example, the left leg returns to normal size, while the right leg remain large.

This reflects that the individual's constitution is insufficient to manifest the effects of the Giant Potion.

Night Elf Spring is a relatively rare potion, and its effect is to allow a person to have some characteristics of the Night Elves for three days.

Chapter 278: Giant Potion

The Night Elf is a type of Elf Race in the Wizard Plane, capable of automatically entering an invisible state during the night, making them difficult to detect using ordinary means.

At the same time, Night Elves have an extremely high affinity for Dark Energy Particles.

After consuming the Night Elf Spring, the user will possess these characteristics within three days.

Because this potion is not widely used, it is rarely seen on the market, and even fewer people know how to refine it.

Many people have never even heard of this magic potion, let alone tried to refine it.

Herag only knew about the specific details of this magic potion because it was documented in the large number of books recorded by Shenlan.

The last one is the Abyssinian Potion, which is strictly speaking considered a casting material.

By using a specific spell, the Abyssinian Potion can create a Shadow Servant after ingestion.

This Shadow Servant has a certain level of power and can understand some simple commands to perform tasks.

For many wizards, this is one of the slightly more commonly used magic potions.

Generally, the created Shadow Servant is used as cannon fodder for scouting and reconnaissance tasks.

"Is anyone confident? Which one do you plan to choose?" Mr. Baron asked.

Herag did not hesitate too much and directly said, "The Giant Potion."

Herag reviewed the formulas and refining processes of the three magic potions, and the formula and refining process of the Giant Potion were undoubtedly the simplest.

The Night Elf Spring and Abyssinian Potion either have troublesome raw material processing or refining processes, making them generally troublesome to handle.

There was really no better choice.

Mr. Baron laughed: "A very good choice; please deposit four hundred Magic Stones as a security. It will be fully refunded to you after passing the evaluation."

Herag took out a Talisman Stone and immediately paid four hundred of them.

Mr. Baron clapped his hands, and a staff member opened the door, wearing a Space Ring.

With a wave of her hand, a pile of magic potion materials appeared on a table beside them, and she then exited.

"The time is ten hours; complete the refining of the Giant Potion, starting now." Mr. Baron introduced the rules succinctly and sat down quietly, not speaking further.

He could not say anything now; otherwise, it would seem like he was cheating for Herag. To avoid suspicion, he tried to stay silent.

Herag approached the table to check whether the magic potion materials were complete, which is the first step before starting the refining.

After scanning through them and confirming everything was correct, he picked up a test tube.

The test tube was corked with a wooden stopper, and inside was a small black beetle the size of a fingernail.

This black beetle is called the Evil Pattern Insect, the main material for the Giant Potion.

No one would have imagined that this inconspicuous Evil Pattern Insect would be the main material for the Giant Potion.

The abdomen of the Evil Pattern Insect has a special pattern, which is a unique structural organization within its body.

Herag needed to manipulate magic power to peel off this special structural organization entirely, which would then be used as magic potion material in potion-making.

"Shenlan, initiate the auxiliary refining of the Giant Potion."

Herag had never refined the Giant Potion before and had no proficiency, so only with the assistance of Shenlan did he have hopes of producing a successful potion in one go.

His current Spiritual Power had become extremely stable, and the liquefied Spiritual Power brought a fundamental enhancement.

This enhancement couldn't be reflected in the Spiritual Power values; it was a qualitative change.

Herag watched the steps provided in Shenlan's view, along with various status monitors and prompts, and began the refining of the Giant Potion methodically.

In material handling, temperature control, and time management, Herag achieved almost perfect precision.

Mr. Baron watched Herag's refining process throughout, growing more and more impressed.

The greatest difference Baren found between Herag and other alchemists was that he had no bad habits!

This was a vital point, as Herag's magic potion refining process fully adhered to the standards, with each step reaching textbook levels.

Many alchemists find it difficult to adhere to every experiment specification when first encountering magic potion studies.

Especially after conducting many potion experiments, one might subconsciously skip minor details.

Thinking they have become familiar, many forgo seemingly tedious and useless steps.

Changing a bit today, making it convenient tomorrow, over time leads to various bad habits and minor flaws.

These bad habits and small flaws might not affect the final potion outcome, appearing inconsequential in the short term.

However, these issues will inevitably show disadvantages one day if they continue potion-making.

All rules and standards do not appear out of thin air, each born from lessons of blood.

Mr. Baron felt deeply shaken watching Herag's precise actions.

What kind of high standard and discipline must he possess to form such experimental habits, which Mr. Baron himself couldn't achieve?

Mr. Baron also noticed Herag's extreme precision in timing and temperature control in potion processing.

He couldn't fathom how this young man managed it. Perhaps he was a human timer and thermometer; how else could it be achieved?

Five hours later.

Herag held a test tube filled with a black solution.

He shook the test tube before his eyes and then put it down to tell Mr. Baron: "Mr. Baron, my Giant Potion is finished."

"Ah, okay."

Mr. Baron had been so engrossed in Herag's refining process that he hadn't noticed the passage of time.

Glancing at the clock inside, he realized only five hours had passed.

The standard evaluation time is ten hours, yet this young man finished in just five.

Mr. Baron approached, took the magic potion, shook it, and then opened it to smell.

With his extensive magic potion refining experience, he knew immediately that this test tube contained the Giant Potion and of very high quality too.

"Have you often refined the Giant Potion before?" Mr. Baron asked.

Herag explained, "When I was in the Barren Land, I was an alchemist for the Cheqi Family and refined many potions, including quite a few Giant Potions, so I am familiar with it."

"I see, no wonder..."

Only then did Mr. Baron understand why this young man's potion-making skills appeared so adept, realizing he was once an alchemist for a wizard family who practiced potion-making daily.

"Congratulations, you've passed the Level 1 Alchemist evaluation. Here is your deposit back," Mr. Baron smiled, handing back the four hundred Magic Stones to Herag.

Herag nodded and said, "Thank you, Mr. Baron."

Mr. Baron stroked his chin, thinking for a moment before saying, "Herag, actually, I think you'd make a better alchemist. The Witch Array isn't worth much research; focusing more on magic potion-making might be better."

Chapter 279: Maintenance

Baron originally thought that Herag had a talent for witch arrays, so he should specialize in them.

But after watching Herag's process of alchemy, he instantly changed his mind.

Herag should definitely delve into magic potion studies!

Moreover, he was an alchemist in the Barren Land, and coming to the Land of Dawn would certainly require him to advance further in magic potion studies.

Baron didn't want such a promising talent to waste time and energy on witch arrays.

Seeing Baron's sudden change in attitude, Herag couldn't help but smile and say, "Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Baron. I will continue to strive in the field of magic potion studies."

"In the future, if you have any questions related to magic potion studies, you can directly ask me through a talisman stone, or come to me whenever I'm available." Baron thought for a moment and said.

"Okay, thank you very much, Mr. Baron," Herag expressed his gratitude.

Baron then said, "The person teaching you magic potion must be an excellent alchemist, as well as a very good teacher."

He was naturally referring to Larry, who emphasized norms and standards in experiments when teaching magic potion studies, making it the subject of the first lesson.

Having watched Herag's alchemy process, Baron knew that such habits must have been cultivated from the start, indicating that the person teaching Herag about magic potion studies was no ordinary person.

Herag nodded in agreement, "He is indeed a very good teacher."

Herag has always been grateful to Larry; without him, he would not have come this far with ease.

Although he has now ascended to the level of a Liquidation Wizard, reaching the same realm as Larry, and might not lose to Larry in magic potion studies.

Herag still feels grateful towards Larry and is determined to repay him in the future.

The same goes for the Cheqi Family behind Larry; Herag will certainly help where he can.

After finishing paperwork at the Magic Pharmacist Association, Herag left the place.

The number of alchemists is quite high, and they don't attract much attention, unlike witch array masters whose numbers are relatively small.

Upon returning home, Herag found Reese reading books related to magic potion studies.

"Did you pass the assessment?" Reese raised her head to ask.

Herag nodded, "Yes, it's already passed."

"I also plan to delve into magic potion studies. In the future, I could brew magic potions to share some of your pressure, and the family mainly deals with the potion business anyway," Reese said earnestly.

The Cheqi Family itself has been in the magic potion business, and Reese has been exposed to it since childhood.

Reese plans to learn more about magic potion-related knowledge, even if she cannot become an outstanding alchemist, she must at least have sufficient understanding.

Herag nodded and didn't say anything further; Reese's desire to learn is naturally good, she'll always find something to occupy herself.

He took out a talisman stone and started searching for tasks, mainly related to witch arrays.

Herag, with so little experience in witch arrays now, could use the opportunity to undertake tasks to accumulate more experience and earn some extra money.

"Maintenance and inspection of residential witch arrays, requires at least a Level 1 Witch Array Master, reward ranges from three hundred to five hundred magic stones, depending on the circumstances."

Upon seeing such a task, Herag immediately took an interest.

Many homes in Silver Moon City are protected by witch arrays, and there is more than one type of witch array.

Some arrays have fire prevention functions to prevent the residence from burning in a fire.

Others have identity recognition functions, preventing unrecorded identities from entering.

Some arrays even connect to talisman stones; if outsiders enter the property, messages are sent via the talisman stone to alert the owner.

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The larger the residence, the greater the variety and number of witch arrays, and naturally, the cost increases.

However, the owners of these residences are either rich or powerful, so they generally don't mind spending such money.

With so many witch arrays, they naturally need people to inspect and maintain them.

No matter what kind of array it is, over time, wear and tear inevitably occurs.

Years of use inevitably lead to some issues.

If ignored and left unnoticed, witch arrays eventually degrade and completely fail.

Some arrays, after experiencing issues, might even have negative effects, posing potential hazards to personal safety or property.

Thus, people with some money will generally have their witch arrays inspected and maintained every five to six years.

Especially wealthy individuals tend to have inspections yearly to ensure the regular functioning of their arrays.

What Herag lacks now is experience with witch arrays, and these residential witch array tasks are most suitable for him.

They offer exposure to many different types of arrays, greatly assisting in his experience growth.

As for whether he can complete the tasks, Herag feels quite confident.

Such inspection and maintenance tasks, even if issues arise, usually involve parts of the witch array symbols wearing out.

Under an existing rune structure, the maintenance is actually quite simple, with little difficulty involved.

After giving it some thought, Herag sent a message to the task issuer, whose name was Lorna.

"Hello, I would like to take up your task for maintenance of the residential witch arrays," Herag messaged.

Soon, Lorna replied, "A Level 1 Witch Array Master, yes, can you make it tomorrow?"

"I'm available," Herag replied.

"Then come to 75 Heather Street when the time comes, and contact me through the talisman stone when you arrive," Lorna responded, sending over a friend request and marking the task as accepted.

After accepting the task, Herag looked up what 75 Heather Street was.

After reviewing the map and browsing information on the tavern forum, Herag got a general idea.

Heather Street is located in the south-central area of Silver Moon City, home to wealthy, powerful residents.

Even a modest property there starts at ten thousand magic stones, and that's for the smallest and cheapest, several notches above even King Street.

The owner of the property at number 75 on Heather Street is somewhat famous on the tavern forum, with various discussions about her.

The owner of 75 Heather Street is named Wendy, a widow.

She is the head of the renowned jewelry business, White Mountain and Black Water, and is extremely wealthy.

White Mountain and Black Water have outlets throughout the Land of Dawn, specializing in high-end jewelry products, and are very popular there.

Wendy herself comes from a wizard family and married the former boss of White Mountain and Black Water beneath her station.

Unexpectedly, two years after marriage, the man quietly passed away in his sleep.

This incident sparked some discussion at the time, but it's not a topic of conversation anymore.

Since becoming a widow, Wendy took over the business, began appearing in various venues, and managed the family business.

Her appearances have attracted much attention and admiration, with wave after wave of admirers.

Chapter 280: Wendy

Wendy is an extremely beautiful woman with great feminine charm, with countless outstanding talents and wizards captivated by her appearance.

She also relied on her beauty to maneuver among various forces, expanding White Mountain and Black Water's business increasingly.

However, Wendy is obviously a woman with her own means, and among those who covet her beauty, there are quite a few powerful and influential people.

But until today, no one has succeeded in pursuing her.

Instead, many men have been toyed with by her, giving a lot of resources and power, but without any advantage gaining.

Some have thought of using force, but the outcomes were not very favorable.

White Mountain and Black Water's business scale is very large, naturally involving many tangled interests.

Someone once tried to deal with Wendy, but in the end, their own side ended up dead at home, with no clue as to who did it.

Since then, few have dared to trouble Wendy again.

Herag, after browsing through the information about this woman Wendy, felt it was very similar to Erza's situation.

This Wendy must be pushed out by the wizard family behind her, aiming to seize White Mountain and Black Water's business, taking control into their own hands.

And Wendy standing for over ten years in the Land of Dawn and making her business even better is clearly inseparable from the help of the wizard family behind her.

This is not a woman to provoke easily; Herag quickly concluded.

He sighed deeply, feeling that this task was not easy to accomplish.

"What's wrong?" Reese saw Herag sigh, closed her book, approached, and leaned directly into Herag's arms, her long legs resting on the sofa.

Herag's hand slipped and held Reese in a bridal hold, saying in a low voice, "It's nothing, just planning to do a Witch Array task tomorrow to get familiar with witch arrays and accumulate some experience."

"Thank you for your hard work."

Reese lifted her head, gently parting her red lips...

Early the next morning, Herag went out and hailed a carriage parked by the roadside, heading towards 75 Heather Street.

Sitting in the carriage, Herag used Shenlan's environment detection to observe the surroundings.

As they got closer to the rich district in the southern part of Silver Moon City, the situation around also changed noticeably.

Firstly, the flow of people here was significantly less, and you could barely see anyone dressed in rags on the street.

In other parts of Silver Moon City, or rather throughout the Land of Dawn, many cities had people who lived like beggars.

They might be from the slums, or have fallen to this position for various reasons.

There is no dedicated institution in the Land of Dawn to shelter them, and without food supply outside the slums, they can only survive by begging on the streets.

To ordinary people, these people are sources of chaos.

Stealing and robbery are common occurrences; having become beggars, there's nothing worse for them, so they do things without scruples.

For many ordinary people, this is a huge problem; their homes don't have any witch arrays to protect them.

If fortunate, they just lose some belongings; if not, they could lose their lives.

For those with money and power, these people are also a nuisance, as they regard their lives as much more precious than those of the poor.

In civilian residential areas, this is a big problem and annoyance.

However, in the rich district, these beggars can't even enter; there are dedicated personnel for the security management of this area.

Anyone who looks suspicious will be questioned.

As for the ragged beggars, they are directly driven away with sticks.

Moreover, the mansions in the rich district are protected by witch arrays, so there's no worry about them being climbed into.

The carriage Herag took was stopped just as it entered Heather Street, and a man wearing a City Hall uniform checked the coachman's Talisman Stone and glanced at his identity information.

Then he asked Herag to take out his Talisman Stone for checking. Seeing Herag was a Level 1 Liquidation Wizard with Level 1 Witch Array Master and Level 1 Alchemist certifications, his expression immediately became respectful.

Finally, he also discovered that Herag was an official member of Serlandir, making him even more respectful to Herag.

"Take care, my lord. If you encounter any trouble here, feel free to look for me," this City Hall employee respectfully said.

Herag responded with a faint "Hmm" and then lowered the curtain, allowing the carriage to continue forward.

After entering Heather Street, the scene clearly changed.

The residences around were large courtyards with extensive grounds, and the distance between each was also quite far.

Some residences even had guards standing outside, whose strength was formidable, with two Knight Level personnel at the gate.

It was imaginable that the identity of the manor's owner was equally distinctive.

Although Herag could recruit some Knight Level entourage, it wasn't necessary.

For a wizard at his level, knight entourage were more like adornments, with symbolic rather than practical significance.

For such unnecessary expenses, Herag naturally wouldn't waste his Magic Stones.

"Sir, we've arrived," the coachman said respectfully outside the carriage after gently pulling it to a stop.

"Okay, thank you." Herag handed three silver coins to the coachman.

The fare was estimated based on the distance, without any meter like in taxis from past lives, relying on customary rules.

People generally paid based on the general distance, and those who could afford carriages wouldn't mind this amount of money.

If they encountered someone who only gave two copper coins or no money at all, these coachmen could only swallow the loss.

Such occurrences were rare, and if it happened, they would just have to consider themselves unlucky.

Therefore, these coachmen often parked their carriages outside rich districts or on places like King Street.

Those who lived in these places either had some wealth or status and wouldn't usually short on fare.

Herag glanced at the manor before him, seeing a large villa inside.

The villa had only three floors but covered a vast area, aligned from north to south, with dozens of rooms inside, presumably.

Standing outside, through Shenlan, Herag sensed the comings and goings of servants inside, numbering around forty to fifty.

According to the collected information, this manor housed only Wendy as the mistress, with the rest being servants.

Herag took out his Talisman Stone, opened Lorna's chat box, and sent a message: "Lady Lorna, I am at the gate."

"Okay, hold on, I will be right there," Lorna replied.

After a while, footsteps were heard from behind the door, which promptly opened.

A woman in her forties stood behind the gate, surprised to see Herag so young.

She had seen Herag's Level 1 Witch Array Master and Level 1 Alchemist tags, expecting an older wizard. Meeting him now, she found him remarkably young.