

Sixth 281

Chapter 281: The Widow

"Mr. Herag, please come in. I am Lady Wendy's housekeeper, Lorna." Lorna quickly responded and invited Herag into the mansion.

Herag nodded and followed Lorna into the yard.

The yard featured a large garden where several craftsmen were trimming the lawn and tending to the flowers and plants.

Some of these craftsmen merely glanced at Herag and continued with their work, while others buried themselves in labor, carefully pruning the branches and leaves.

Lorna led Herag into the villa, ascending to the second floor.

Upon entering, Herag found the decoration to be not as lavish as he had imagined.

Instead, the décor exuded an elegant taste throughout.

Unlike many wealthy families whose decorations radiate the smell of money in every corner,

this house was more about subtle elegance and a keen attention to overall harmony.

This alone made it clear that the owner here had a fine appreciation for aesthetics.

Herag followed Lorna to the second floor and met the owner, the widow Wendy.

"Madam, this is Mr. Herag who has come to inspect and maintain the witch array," Lorna said softly.

Wendy sat on the sofa, wearing a short skirt, her long legs crossed to reveal fair thighs.

Her hair was styled in a bun behind her head, with strands falling to the sides as she turned to look at Herag, "Quite young, can you handle the task?"

"Lady Wendy, I am a Level 1 Witch Array Master, so these basic inspection and maintenance tasks should pose no problem," Herag replied.

Wendy spoke softly, "Then you may begin. The control core of the witch array is in the basement, and Lorna will take you there."

"Understood, madam," Lorna said before leading Herag to the basement.

Wendy was just observing if the staff had any issues; if she found none, the work could proceed. Otherwise, she would decline Herag's acceptance of the task.

Herag followed Lorna to the basement, which was guarded by two thick iron doors.

Besides, the doors required witch array authentication; Lorna placed her hand on the handle for verification before opening them.

The core of the witch array was a book with a surface covered with numerous yellow fuzz, floating in the middle of a small room.

This book carried all the witch arrays of the courtyard, and through it, one could control the arrays in the garden.

The book was also guarded by witch arrays, with a barrier protecting it, making it generally inaccessible.

After Lorna authenticated her identity, the barrier was temporarily lifted.

Herag stepped forward, channeling magic power into the book, starting to comprehend the various witch arrays.

Upon infusing his magic power into the book, Herag quickly sensed the presence of several witch arrays.

He counted a total of eight witch arrays, each with different functionalities.

There were not only guardian-type arrays but attack arrays as well.

The rune structures of each array were independent, all connected through the book as the core.

Herag quickly reviewed each witch array—every rune was complete, structurally sound, with no issues.

These arrays appeared almost new, indicating regular maintenance had kept them in such pristine condition.

Herag documented the structure of each array, then after confirming there were no problems, retrieved his hand and said to Lorna, "Ms. Lorna, I found everything stable; there are no issues with the witch arrays."

Lorna was unsurprised; most witches array masters they'd hired said the same thing.

"That's good. Mr. Herag, please follow me," Lorna needed to take Herag back to report to Wendy, and if there were no issues, they would proceed with payment.

"Is it done already..."

Herag reflected on how easy it was to earn money as a witch array master, much quicker and easier than alchemy.

If not for the high requirements to become a witch array master, many would aspire to join the field.

In truth, the scarcity of witch array masters made the profession so lucrative.

If there were plenty of witch array masters around, they wouldn't be paying hundreds of magic stones for inspections and maintenance.

"Madam, Mr. Herag reported no issues following his inspection," Lorna reported.

Wendy, holding a peculiar wood carving, continued to inspect it without turning her head, "Then settle the payment with Mr. Herag—three hundred magic stones."

Because the witch arrays were intact, requiring no major maintenance, the reward was the basic three hundred magic stones.

Additional issues would have incurred further charges.

Lorna then took out a talisman stone and transferred three hundred magic stones to Herag.

Herag wasn't focused on the three hundred magic stones, his attention entirely drawn to the wood carving in Wendy's hands.

He perceived a faint aura from the carving, an aura he was all too familiar with.

It was from the Abyss Plane.

A seemingly ordinary wood carving, albeit unusually shaped, possessing the aura of the Abyss Plane, piqued his curiosity.

Herag was full of curiosity, but merely gazing at it revealed nothing substantial.

"Mr. Herag?..." Lorna, noticing Herag's persistent gaze on Wendy, felt slightly displeased but couldn't express it, choosing instead to prompt him.

She had seen countless men dumbfounded by her lady's beauty, so it was no surprise.

Especially with Herag's youth, encountering a woman of such allure as Wendy might indeed stir one's focus.

Yet, staring constantly was impolite.

Were it not for Herag's membership in Serlandir, Lorna might have shown him the door.

"Is there a problem?" Wendy noticed Herag's gaze and inquired.

Herag pondered, "Lady Wendy, perhaps it's impolite, but may I ask from where your wood carving came?"

"A businessman sent it. Why, is there something wrong with it?" Wendy noticed Herag's gaze indeed remained on the carving rather than herself.

She was accustomed to such looks, discerning that Herag truly wasn't looking at her, but at the carving in her hand.

Connecting this with Herag's official member status in Serlandir, Wendy suspected something might indeed be wrong with the carving.

"Hmm... I can't quite tell, but I'd suggest you discard it." Herag felt a bit embarrassed; the aura of the Abyss Plane was not something others could readily detect.

It was because he had been to the Abyss Plane and bore bloodlines from there that he was so sensitive to its aura.

There was no way to explain it to others, as the aura was almost imperceptible unless one used some special sorcerous means.

"Discard it? I do find it peculiar. Even at first glance, it inexplicably drew me to it, and I've been fiddling with it for a long while. Only now, hearing you say that, do I realize there's something eerie about it."

Chapter 282: Wood Carving

After Herag's reminder, Wendy came back to her senses.

Once she opened the box, she was captivated by the wood carving and couldn't put it down.

The top half of the wood carving is a featureless head, seemingly a woman's head, while the lower half resembles a metal barrel.

Such a styled wood carving lacks any beauty, and for someone like Wendy, she would never be fond of such a carving.

But the result was that she was attracted at first sight.

Wendy shuddered at the thought, immediately putting the wood carving back in the box, closing the wooden box with a snap.

Even so, she found herself unable to resist wanting to look at the wooden box, unable to control the urge to take the wood carving out and play with it.

The wood carving seemed to possess some magical charm, drawing her in, clutching her heart.

"This thing is strange, even when put in the box I want to take it out and play with it. Mr. Herag, please help me," Wendy turned to Herag, asking for help.

Since Herag could see the issue with the wood carving and advised her to discard it, perhaps Herag might have a solution to the problem.

Herag frowned: "You mean even closed in the box, you still want to take it out and play?"

"That's right, I don't know why, it's a strong feeling, hard to resist."

Wendy looked fearfully at the wooden box, filled with terror.

Over the years, she had encountered many situations yet remained calm, this was the first time she felt fear from the bottom of her heart.

Wendy is a Level 1 Gasification Wizard, her aptitude is not great.

Becoming a Level 1 Wizard was achieved through various resources and the means of family wizards, reaching this realm.

Although not very powerful, she was at least a Level 1 Wizard.

If even she couldn't resist the bizarre allure of this wood carving, one can imagine what major problem there might be.

Herag frowned, pondering something without speaking.

During this process, Wendy was waiting for Herag to draw some conclusions.

Snap.

The box opened silently.

Wendy heard the sound, turned her head and her eyes widened in horror.

She realized that at some unknown time, she had opened the wooden box herself without noticing.

Moreover, after opening the box, Wendy's hand took out the wood carving, fingers continuously caressing it, filled with a cherished feeling.

In stark contrast to the actions of her hand, Wendy's expression was already one of extreme fear.

Her eyes even welled up with tears, her voice choked, wanting to speak but unable to.

Whether due to fear or the inability to make a sound was unknown.

Seeing this scene, Herag decisively intervened and took the wood carving from Wendy's hand.

Of course, before this, he had already cast Absolute Defense on himself and several beneficial magics.

Except for the Giant Body, because if he used it here, the space was too small to fully utilize it.

Besides, Herag had a hunch that he wasn't afraid of the wood carving's contents.

The Abyssal Aura held no fear for him.

Before Wendy could react, the next moment the wood carving was in Herag's hand.

Once the carving was in Herag's hands, the Abyssal Aura it emitted grew stronger.

Meanwhile, Wendy found she couldn't control her hands, involuntarily reaching towards Herag.

Due to the distance, Wendy found her legs seemingly wanting to stand up and walk over.

She struggled to control her body, forcibly suppressing the desire to stand up and walk over.

Herag glanced at the wood carving, silently setting up a soundproof barrier around himself, then softly said: "Quiet."

In the next second, the Abyssal Aura on the carving completely calmed down, and Wendy's hands naturally lowered.

Wendy picked up her hands, bending her fingers, finding she had regained control.

At this moment, she felt an unprecedented sense of relief in her heart.

At the same time, a strong sense of soreness and fatigue came over her, as if she had just done a day's hard work, leaving her extremely tired.

"Mr. Herag, what is going on?" Wendy asked urgently, ignoring the soreness in her hands.

The scene that took place today was too bizarre, and without understanding it, she wouldn't be able to sleep peacefully.

There had been attacks and assassinations before, but at least those were visible and tangible.

This time, the wood carving was filled with eerie qualities, and impossible to guard against.

Wendy couldn't imagine, if Herag hadn't happened to come here today and notice the wood carving's problems, what her fate would be.

Given the carving's bizarre behavior, just thinking about it sent chills through Wendy, with sweat covering her forehead and back.

The thin dress she was wearing was already soaked, revealing the alluring skin beneath.

"I am observing; let's see what I find," Herag replied.

Wendy nodded, not noticing her clothes were soaked, but instead focusing intently on Herag, hoping he could reach a conclusion.

"Shenlan, scan and inspect this wood carving."

Herag found that the wood carving couldn't be penetrated even with Magic Sense, unable to check inside, so he resorted to using Shenlan's environment detection.

"Scanning and detecting..."

Once Shenlan activated, the results came quickly.

Inside the wood carving, a blood-red worm was wriggling.

Seeing this worm, Herag took out a test tube and set it aside.

Then, he took a dagger and applied force on the wood carving, slowly cutting in.

The material of this wood carving was even tougher than Herag had anticipated, the knife feeling like it was hitting a rock.

Yet, persistence is key, and with Herag's strength, this was not an issue.

After some effort, he split the carving in two, revealing the red worm inside.

With two fingers, Herag pinched and lifted the worm up.

The worm seemed to struggle but ultimately stayed still, acting as if it were dead in Herag's hand.

From this worm, Herag sensed a strong Abyss Plane aura, confirming it was indeed a demon from the Abyss.

This worm's species and name were unknown.

"This... this is..." Seeing the bright red worm, Wendy gasped, her hands trembling.

Just imagining such a terrifying worm inside the wood carving she was playing with, Wendy felt another wave of unease.

"This is likely a demon, but I don't recognize it. I'll hand it over to the organization for investigation; this thing probably isn't simple," said Herag, placing the worm into the test tube.

Chapter 283: Search

Herag was not prepared to keep this insect from the Abyss Plane hidden, primarily because he did not sense much Bloodline Power from it.

He looked at it with the Eye of True Wisdom, and the Bloodline Power was very weak, without value for absorption.

Secondly, this incident occurred at Wendy's house, and it was something Wendy herself experienced firsthand.

Wendy is not a minor figure here, and many people will definitely know about this event.

Herag, being one of the people at the scene, will certainly draw attention as well.

In this situation, Herag certainly could not hide this insect for himself.

This is an insect from the Abyss Plane, what do you intend to do by hiding it yourself?

The Land of Dawn is very wary of the Abyss Plane, guarding against it very strictly.

If Herag dared to keep this insect, he would definitely be thoroughly investigated.

The normal course of action would be to immediately report to Serlandir and let them handle this matter.

Herag could not allow himself to be involved in these matters.

He immediately took out a Talisman Stone, contacted Pries, and informed him about the situation here.

Pries replied, "Wait there, I'll be right over."

"Lady Wendy, Mr. Pries will be here soon, let's wait a moment." Herag said.

Wendy leaned against the sofa, exhaling in relief, her upright XX rising and falling, revealing her inner unrest.

She naturally knew Pries as he was responsible for many security incidents in Silver Moon City.

Since Pries was coming over, she felt there was likely no danger to herself.

Now that the red insect was also captured by Herag, and the bizarre attraction of the wooden sculpture had vanished, Wendy finally felt a bit at ease.

The red insect, sensing Herag's aura in the test tube, was trembling.

It lacked intelligence and instinctively dared not act up in front of Herag.

This type of insect is almost the lowest existence in the Abyss Plane, similar to ants.

Herag, with his Ancestral Bloodline, though not exuding any aura, imposed a level of life suppression on the insect.

Herag glanced at Wendy sitting on the sofa, who seemed to have calmed down by now.

Wendy picked up a Talisman Stone, seemingly to send a message to someone, then put it down, pondering something.

Given Wendy's influence and means, such an incident would not go unchecked; the truth would certainly be discovered.

After more than ten minutes, Pries arrived at number seventy-five Heather Street with a few people, then went upstairs into the mansion.

"Mr. Pries, this is the insect extracted from the wooden sculpture." Herag said, placing the test tube in front of them.

Pries picked up the test tube, his face stern as he stared intently at the vivid red insect inside.

After observing for a moment, he said, "This is an Abyssal Demon, a Heart-devouring Worm. If ordinary people or wizards fall victim without precautions, they will slowly become slaves to its master."

"Anyone capable of controlling Heart-devouring Worms must be an Abyssal Cultist; only they possess such means. Powerful Abyssal Demons find it hard to reach the Wizard Plane under the World Will's suppression, but weak creatures like Heart-devouring Worms can be easily sent to the Wizard Plane, becoming tools in the hands of Abyssal Cultists."

"Heart-devouring Worms themselves are weak, but Abyssal Cultists can leverage the power of Evil Gods behind them to give Heart-devouring Worms the enchantment of mind control."

After speaking, Pries picked up the wooden sculpture cut in half, examined it, and said, "This wooden sculpture is crafted from a material that has been ritualistically refined, able to screen out Magic Sense, making it difficult for people to detect the Heart-devouring Worms inside. Herag, how did you discover this thing?"

"Intuition. When Lady Wendy was holding this wooden sculpture, I kept feeling there was something inside, and it made me very uncomfortable."

Herag had already prepared his answer, as the intuition of wizards is quite mysterious.

Saying so wouldn't be a problem; wizards indeed have very sharp instincts.

Pries nodded, "It's fortunate your intuition was sharp; otherwise, this could have been a big issue. So far, it seems Lady Wendy hasn't been significantly affected, and thus, we've promptly curbed an Abyssal Cultist event."

"Herag, this matter will be recorded, and Contribution Points will be awarded to you. The exact amount of Contribution Points can only be calculated after the whole matter is handled."

Within Serlandir, there is a set standard for assessing Contribution Points, and how much Herag receives depends on the issues uncovered during the follow-up handling of this matter.

Herag smiled, "Alright."

He hadn't expected that taking on a random witch array maintenance task would also earn him some Contribution Points, a pleasant surprise indeed.

"Lady Wendy, where did this wooden sculpture come from?" Pries asked.

Wendy replied, "It was a gift from Doron, a gemstone merchant. He gave many gifts, and this wooden sculpture was just one of them, seemingly quite inconspicuous. I was just curious and opened it to look inside, and then these things happened..."

"Doron... tell me more about him..."

Pries took out his Talisman Stone, speaking as he operated it.

His Talisman Stone was different from others, with unique functions and permissions, meant for the administrators of Silver Moon City.

With Wendy providing some information, Pries quickly pulled up Doron's profile, then said, "Lady Wendy, may we be permitted to conduct a thorough search of your residence, merely to ensure nothing has been overlooked?"

Pries seemed polite in his request, yet Wendy knew she had no right to refuse.

Anything involving the Abyss Plane is a top-level matter and must be thoroughly investigated.

Now that this wooden sculpture appeared in Wendy's mansion, her entire residence must be searched.

In her heart, Wendy was certainly unwilling to have her house turned over, but she understood the gravity of the situation and could only nod and smile, "Of course, Mr. Pries, thank you for your efforts."

"We appreciate Lady Wendy's understanding and cooperation." Pries smiled.

It was best if Wendy could comply; they were all distinguished individuals, knowing the protocols.

If they could handle matters amicably and smoothly on the surface, both sides could maintain their dignity.

With a wave from Pries, the few people who came with him immediately nodded and dispersed to begin thoroughly searching every corner and object in the mansion.

In her heart, Wendy was only unwilling, but she could understand Pries and the others' actions.

To a large extent, this was actually to ensure her safety.

The wooden sculpture was only incidentally discovered by Herag feeling something was amiss; if there were other deeply hidden things, it would be dangerous.

Having Pries and his people conduct a search would bring Wendy some peace of mind.

Chapter 284: Doron

Pries and his team worked swiftly; even though the search was thorough, it didn't actually take much time.

They spent less than twenty minutes to comb through every corner of the entire estate.

Even Wendy's private room wasn't spared as Pries sent a female subordinate in to search.

"Lady Wendy, the other areas are temporarily safe now, you can rest assured," Pries said after listening to his subordinates' reports.

"Thank you, you all have worked hard," Wendy smiled.

She turned to Lorna and instructed, "Lorna, give the gentlemen some reward for their hard work."

Lorna quickly took out a Talisman Stone and transferred three hundred Magic Stones to each person.

Pries didn't stop her; it had become routine and was considered a small perk for the subordinates.

"Herag, would you like to join us in capturing Doron? It could count as your participation in the task," Pries suggested.

Herag is a formal member of Serlandir and is eligible to participate in these Serlandir tasks.

Ad hoc task involvement is quite common since Serlandir's members are spread all over.

In various emergencies, there's often no time to dispatch personnel from elsewhere, so additional members are frequently recruited temporarily from nearby.

Doron is just an ordinary businessman, and according to the records, his ability is only that of a Third Class Wizard Apprentice.

With the strength of Pries and his team, capturing him is more than enough, completely unnecessary for Herag to assist.

The suggestion from Pries was actually giving Herag an opportunity to tag along and earn some Contribution Points.

It wasn't necessarily because Pries was particularly fond of Herag; such phenomena were commonplace within Serlandir.

Contribution Points were something people never found excessive, and the chance to gain some wasn't to be missed, and it also maintained good relations.

Herag smiled, "Of course I can; I haven't officially participated in any organizational tasks yet."

"Alright, then let's set off and see what other secrets Doron has," Pries said with a cheerful smile, walking ahead.

Pries didn't rush to capture Doron because he was already in Silver Moon City. The moment they obtained the information, they had already arranged for someone to watch him.

In Silver Moon City, even if Doron grew wings, he couldn't escape; everything was under Pries' control.

As Herag was about to leave, Wendy stood up and stopped him: "Mr. Herag, thank you for saving my life. Such a great favor, I haven't figured out how to repay it yet. Let's first add each other as Talisman Stone friends."

Previously, Herag had only added Lorna, the housekeeper, as a Talisman Stone friend and not Wendy.

Someone of her wealth and power wouldn't just add anyone.

Herag didn't refuse since she was a wealthy lady, possibly allowing him to benefit somehow, so he and Wendy added each other as Talisman Stone friends.

Outside number seventy-five on Heather Street, two carriages were parked. Pries had brought along five subordinates, highlighting the importance of this incident.

Both carriages bore the emblem of the Serlandir organization, signifying their noble status.

Herag shared a carriage with Pries, and they began their journey toward the location of the merchant, Doron.

...

The Avila Restaurant is the most famous in Silver Moon City, where the meals are all prepared with the highest quality ingredients.

Even the chefs are Level 1 Official Wizards, who approach cooking with the same seriousness as alchemy.

The taste here is naturally beyond words and is definitely an enjoyment.

But coming here is more a symbol of identity and status.

Because dining here is settled with Magic Stones, with one Magic Stone equating to one hundred to two hundred Gold Coins.

Needless to say, ordinary people, even Wizards, rarely indulge in dining here.

Spending hundreds of Magic Stones on a meal is nothing unusual, and most Wizards can't afford such luxuries.

With resources being scarce and valuable, who would choose to spend Magic Stones on a meal here?

Only those exceptionally wealthy and influential could do such a thing.

Therefore, the people who come here are either wealthy or noble, and merely walking into the Avila Restaurant attracts the attention of passersby, satisfying many people's vanity.

At the moment, Doron was sitting at a table near the window, across from a meticulously dressed lady named Lela.

Lela came from a Wizard Family, and though it was a small family, if Doron could connect with her, it could further his business.

The other party was somewhat challenging, having high standards, and she was always concerned about his Third Class Wizard Apprentice capabilities.

Doron couldn't help it; cultivation aptitude had always been his weak point.

But he was a keen businessman, adept at playing to his strengths while avoiding his weaknesses.

His advantage was in wealth, so he invited Lela to dine at Avila Restaurant, and she agreed.

After all, not everyone could afford to eat at such a place, and even Lela, who came from a Wizard Family, hesitated to dine here.

"How do you find the food, Miss Lela? Is it to your taste? I come here often, but I feel today's quality isn't great, not sure if you like it," Doron said casually.

Lela swirled the wine in her glass and seemed somewhat more approving of Doron.

The Wizard Family she belonged to was still relatively weak, and marrying a wealthy merchant could indeed be a favorable option.

The union would be mutually beneficial.

However, Lela wanted to further assess, so she simply said, "Hmm, not bad."

Doron was chatting leisurely with Lela while pondering other matters.

In the eyes of others, Doron was merely a somewhat successful businessman.

But only Doron himself knew he was actually an Abyssal Cultist, albeit not a devout one.

Doron wasn't particularly awed by the Evil God he communicated with; to him, even an Evil God was just a tool to be exploited.

He merely needed to feign piety, and the foolish Evil God from the Abyss Plane would reward him with treasures to aid his endeavors.

Of course, Doron knew that all of Land of Dawn prohibited dealings with entities from the Abyss Plane, and discovery meant death.

Yet Doron was unbothered, confident that he wouldn't be exposed.

He cared little about the affairs between the Wizard Plane and the Abyss Plane, deeming such matters irrelevant to him.

When the sky falls, the tall ones hold it up.

Doron focused only on himself, only on whether he could make more money.

Ever since meeting Lady Wendy, Doron had been unable to forget her.

Beyond her beauty, Doron was particularly envious of the White Mountain Black Water Jewelry business under Wendy's control, eager to acquire it.

He tried many means but couldn't sway this woman at all.

Chapter 285: Arrest

When it comes to background, Wendy comes from a powerful wizard family, far superior to someone like Doron who clawed his way up from the bottom.

In terms of financial strength, Wendy could defeat Doron by miles.

As for charisma...

Wendy only needs a glance at a man to see what kind of person he is.

Doron might be able to put up a front before naive young girls, but before Wendy, he is utterly transparent.

However, Wendy keeps her insights to herself and always maintains cordial relations with Doron.

In business, it's best not to make enemies if possible.

When Doron first noticed Wendy being so friendly, he thought he had a chance and began to shower her with gifts and attention.

He soon realized that after six months of fawning, Wendy's attitude remained unchanged, always appearing close but never allowing him to get any nearer.

Only then did Doron realize that she had no interest in him, and his attempts were futile.

But Doron wouldn't give up easily; after all, the evil god of the Abyss Plane had his back.

This was his trump card, which had helped him navigate numerous difficulties and solve many problems in the past.

Doron has always been very careful, leaving almost no traces.

When planning to make a move on Wendy, Doron had given it much thought.

The resources Wendy had were too important to him; if he could control her, his advancement would be swift.

Killing Wendy outright was not an option; otherwise, he wouldn't be able to take over the White Mountain and Black Water business once she's gone.

The best method was to control Wendy, turning her entirely into his slave.

By manipulating Wendy from behind, he could profit indirectly for himself.

This was the most suitable and least risky way and would also satisfy his personal desires.

Doron prayed to the evil god and, after communicating, was granted a wooden sculpture by the god, along with instructions on how to use it.

Following the instructions, Doron quickly mastered the use of the sculpture and included it among many gifts he sent to Wendy as presents.

He frequently sent gifts to Wendy, so this wouldn't appear unusual.

The wooden sculpture couldn't be sent alone; otherwise, it would seem too bizarre. Mixing it with multiple gifts was the optimal choice.

Usually, Wendy rarely opened these gifts and only looked at them when she had time, leaving them piled up at home.

If she was in a bad mood, she would just give them to her servants.

But Doron had anticipated this; he didn't need Wendy to unwrap the gift.

As long as the wooden sculpture was inside, it would automatically attract Wendy to open the wooden box and take out the sculpture within.

All of this was done quietly, hard to guard against and hard to detect.

Doron was very confident in his methods; now he merely needed to wait for the outcome to blossom.

According to the information from the evil god, it would take about three to five days for the Heart-devouring Worm to completely control Wendy, a Level 1 Wizard.

He wasn't in a hurry and planned to wait patiently.

In the meantime, he intended to advance his relations with Miss Lela from the Junior Wizard Family, feeling quite pleased with his arrangements.

Doron picked up a fork and stabbed a juicy piece of meat into his mouth, feeling thoroughly satisfied.

He was already fantasizing about his future life.

Just then, a hand landed on his shoulder, and he was unaware of when the person behind him had arrived.

However, Doron remained calm, as this was the Avila Restaurant, where not just anyone could cause trouble.

He showed displeasure on his face as he turned around angrily and said, "Who are you?"

Pries smiled: "Hello, I am Pries, Minister of the City Defense Security Department of Silver Moon City. Please come with us."

Doron was momentarily stunned, unable to react, then stammered, "W-why? How do I know if you're genuine?"

Pries produced a talisman stone and showed his identification information.

Upon seeing it clearly, cold sweat instantly broke out on Doron's back.

Pries was a Level 2 Wizard; Doron could feel the magic power emanating from him.

Moreover, the Avila Restaurant's management had not yet intervened, indicating that the identity was real and that the restaurant couldn't meddle.

Although the Avila Restaurant had a strong background, they wouldn't dare obstruct the work of a Serlandir person, especially with Pries personally handling things.

Doron's heart raced, but he forced himself to stay calm.

He knew his biggest secret, and if it were discovered, there would be no chance of survival.

Still, Doron harbored a slim hope that unless Pries had evidence of his collusion with the Abyss Plane, he wouldn't be able to do anything against him.

Pries patted Doron's shoulder: "Mr. Doron, shall we go?"

Doron dabbed the sweat off his forehead with a napkin, barely managing a smile as he said to Lela, "Miss Lela, I have something to deal with here, let's chat another time."

Lela knew Pries and looked at the people in front of her with a mix of wonder and trepidation, nodding slightly without daring to speak.

Pries lifted his hand, and Doron rose from his chair, being escorted out of the Avila Restaurant by Pries.

The other people in the restaurant watched silently; Pries, a Level 2 Wizard, didn't bring so many people for no reason, indicating that this was a major issue.

It wasn't until Pries and his party left that conversations gradually resumed inside the restaurant.

Lela stood up in panic, intending to leave, but was stopped by a waiter: "Hello miss, the total is four hundred and fifty magic stones."

"Four hundred and fifty?"

Lela's face immediately turned sour, now recalling that no one had paid the bill after Doron was taken away.

Four hundred and fifty magic stones were a considerable amount; Lela's space ring only held a few hundred magic stones, all of which now had to be used to pay for the meal.

Lela felt she could cry, but there was no other option but to settle the bill.

On the carriage, Doron sat across from Herag.

Doron was extremely nervous inside, noticing the young man opposite him had been staring at him, pondering something unknown.

Herag sensed a strong Abyss Plane aura emanating from Doron.

However, Doron himself was not from the Abyss Plane, indicating that he had had considerable contact with it.

This was something Pries hadn't detected, as they weren't as sensitive to Abyss Plane auras.

After observing Doron for a while and finding nothing else with an Abyss Plane aura, Herag closed his eyes to rest.

As per the usual process, Doron needed to be transported to the Silver Moon City jail for interrogation.

Herag had to accompany them the whole way, after all, since he was here to earn contribution points, and he had to complete the task without leaving halfway.

Chapter 286: Interrogation

The prison of Silver Moon City is located in the west, near the Mozambique slums.

There are fewer residential areas around here, appearing somewhat desolate, with few people coming and going around the prison.

The prison mostly holds ordinary people and weaker wizards, usually at most some wizard apprentice level.

Because if it's a Level 1 Official Wizard or above, such people, if they commit a crime, an ordinary prison cannot contain them.

Moreover, just imprisoning them would be too wasteful of resources; they're more often used as expendables, for example, in the development of wars.

Doron, because he was involved in matters concerning the Abyss Plane, Pries skipped many tedious procedures and directly brought him to the interrogation room of Silver Moon City's prison.

Herag also stayed behind, ready to observe the interrogation process.

He is a member of Serlandir City, all are his people, so there was no question of leaking information.

In the interrogation room, Doron sat behind the desk, with Pries sitting in front of the desk.

The room was dimly lit, Doron could only vaguely see half of Pries's face, and there were a few others around watching him.

"I will ask you questions, and you will answer. If you cooperate obediently, you will not suffer any torment. But if you lie or do not cooperate, then don't blame me for being ruthless." Pries said coldly.

Doron's breathing was slightly rapid, his heart extremely tense.

He knew this was the territory of Serlandir, playing tough with these people was useless, they would only be tougher than you.

Doron hurriedly nodded: "I cooperate, I cooperate."

"The first question, do you recognize this wooden carving?" Pries took out the wooden carving broken into two halves and placed it on the table.

When Doron saw this broken wooden carving, his heart skipped a beat, knowing things were not good.

He was flustered and sweating on his forehead.

Doron took a look, pretending to recognize it for a while, then said: "Yes, yes, I do, this is a gift I gave to Lady Wendy."

"Hmm, very good, so do you recognize this?"

Pries then placed a test tube containing a Heart-devouring Worm on the table and asked.

"This... what kind of insect is this? I've never seen it before." Doron hurriedly shook his head in denial, he absolutely could not admit it.

The wooden carving was indeed his gift, but he certainly didn't know there was a worm inside. Doron prepared to muddle through.

"Really don't recognize it? This worm was taken out from that wooden carving. It's okay if you don't recognize it, let me introduce it to you. This is called a Heart-devouring Worm, a kind of demon from the Abyss Plane, capable of beguiling minds, turning others into slaves."

Pries spoke each word carefully, each word striking Doron's heart like a heavy hammer.

Doron knew he was doomed this time, but he absolutely couldn't admit it, planning to clench his teeth and deny until the end.

Colluding with the Abyss Plane carries what kind of crime, Doron knew all too well, it's a death sentence he couldn't admit to.

With a blank expression, Doron explained: "Mr. Pries, I... I also didn't know there was such a thing inside that wooden carving. I just thought the craftsmanship was nice, knowing Lady Wendy liked such things, so I bought it for her. If I had known there was such a thing inside, I would have handed it over to you long ago."

"Buy? From whom, when, where, how much, contact the seller immediately." Pries threw a string of questions at him.

Doron's brain was now crashed, reacting slowly, unable to make up anything for a while.

There was no seller, he got it directly from an Evil God in the Abyss Plane.

Doron never thought he would be caught, buying was just an excuse he came up with at the moment.

He really couldn't name a seller.

"I... I..." Doron stammered, unable to speak.

Pries grabbed him by the neck: "Next, if there's another word of lie from your mouth, I'll make you regret coming to this world."

Pries's voice was cold and merciless, making Doron feel as if he had fallen into an ice cave, his heart instantly chilled.

After saying that, he let go, and Doron's face at this point had already turned red, almost suffocating.

"Cough... cough... I..."

After catching his breath, Doron kept coughing, opening his mouth to try to defend himself.

Pries put his finger in front of his mouth: "Shh! Think clearly before you speak."

Doron shivered, not daring to speak recklessly.

Pries spoke: "We both know what's going on here. The reason I haven't laid hands on you yet is to keep you mentally intact so we can investigate things clearly. If you adamantly refuse to cooperate, then I'll have to let your soul do the talking."

Doron swallowed, knowing he couldn't escape death, bitterly said: "Please give me a quick death later."

"No problem, I have no penchant for torture; I'll let you leave as if you're asleep." Pries agreed without hesitation.

Doron thought for a moment, glanced at the western wall, and said: "I come from the nearby Mozambique slums, I was an orphan since I was a child, always living on the food distributed by Serlandir."

"But that food was only barely enough to survive, there's no hope in the slums, no future in sight. Until one day, an old man gave me a statue, telling me it was a God, and as long as I prayed sincerely to it, I would have everything."

"I wasn't stupid, I knew at the time this was the Evil God Silver Moon City had always warned against. But I didn't refuse, because I was already like this, what more could I lose?"

"I took the statue and smashed the old man's head."

"That night, I successfully communicated with the Evil God behind the statue, it granted me wizard qualifications and taught me cultivation methods. But because my qualifications were too inferior, my progress was limited."

"Later, relying on this Evil God, I started building up from small businesses..."

...

"The statue?" Pries asked.

Doron raised his hand, pointing to his head: "It's inside, every time I meditate, I can communicate with it through this mark."

"Hmm, very good, you were honest and didn't lie, and congratulations on being able to survive for now." Pries smiled.

"R-Really?" Doron was somewhat incredulous, thinking he was dead for sure, not expecting there was a chance to live.

Pries smiled: "Of course, we need to use the mark in your head to conduct some experiments."

This means of communicating with the Evil God from the Abyss Plane, Serlandir will not miss this research opportunity.

The Wizard Plane is not always on the defensive; they also have many proactive explorations and offensives towards the Abyss Plane.

The Abyss Plane covets the Wizard Plane, and the Wizard Plane is no less so, just more cautious.

Chapter 287: A Generous Gift Is Better Than Kind Words

Doron, someone who can communicate with the evil gods of the Abyss Plane, has certain value to be utilized.

Wizards can, through him, obtain some information and intelligence in reverse.

Doron was imprisoned and is under special guard.

The prison is specially designed to block Doron, an Abyssal Cultist, from communicating through prayers with other planes.

This isn't the first time such a thing happened, and Doron isn't the first Abyssal Cultist to be imprisoned. Silver Moon City is experienced and knows how to handle it.

"Herag, the contribution points have been calculated. You can get a total of fifty contribution points this time!" Pries said with a smile.

"Fifty points? That seems like a lot." Herag recalled that the guiding task when Pries brought him to the Land of Dawn was only twenty contribution points.

Seeing Herag's lack of enthusiasm, Pries said, speechless, "What do you mean, seems like? It is a lot. Contribution points aren't easy to acquire. This time it's so much because capturing this person was an Abyssal Cultist, hence the high contribution points."

Herag took out his Talisman Stone and looked at his contribution points balance: "I now have a total of fifty points."

Pries patted his shoulder: "Save up more contribution points when you can, or it'll be too late when you need them. For example, when you want to advance to Level 2 Wizard, you need accumulated contribution points of three thousand to exchange items with the Power of Rules, and you'll have to apply for approval."

"You only have fifty points now. Are you planning to slowly accumulate contribution points when you need to advance? Herag, you have talent and potential. I don't believe you can't advance to Level 2 Wizard, so prepare early."

Herag nodded: "Thank you, Mr. Pries, for the reminder, I'll keep that in mind."

After talking with Pries, Herag felt the need to prioritize accumulating contribution points soon.

Serlandir's management is very lenient; it's all about self-awareness.

But if you want to get resources from Serlandir, you must take action and put in effort.

All resources are related to contribution points, and contribution points depend on how much you've done for Serlandir.

Advancement to a Level 2 Wizard requires the Power of Rules, which requires accumulating three thousand contribution points for exchange.

Accumulating means you don't need to spend three thousand contribution points to exchange, just that your historically earned contribution points sum to three thousand is sufficient.

Herag decided to focus on earning contribution points to accumulate three thousand soon.

"Mr. Pries, let me know if there's more work like this in the future." Herag said half-jokingly.

His intention wasn't to always get freebies but to express his willingness to participate in tasks so that Pries might consider him in the future.

Pries understood his intention and smiled, "Of course."

They are all part of Parker's faction, and helping each other is expected.

Increased overall strength benefits everyone.

Once Doron was imprisoned, there wasn't much left for Herag to do; the task was completed.

He walked out of the prison to find there was no carriage nearby, so he had to walk some distance on foot.

He called for a carriage to return home after reaching a busier area, ready to start planning how to accumulate contribution points.

Sitting in the carriage, Herag opened his Talisman Stone and found there were messages.

When in prison, the Talisman Stone couldn't be used for communication or chat due to a witch array that blocked Magic Net signals.

Except for those like Pries with management permissions, no one's Talisman Stone could communicate out of the prison.

Herag looked at the messages, surprised to find one from Amisha, this rich lady.

"Mr. Herag, thank you for saving my life last time and escorting me home. I've been prohibited from going out since that day, but I can finally go out now. Do you have time for a meal to thank you for saving my life?" Amisha said.

There's nothing wrong with Amisha saying that. If Herag hadn't timely covered her eyes, Amisha wouldn't possibly be alive today.

Herag didn't reply immediately; he was thinking about some issues.

The benefit of Talisman Stone communication is that you don't have to reply immediately and can think things through before responding.

Herag had no intention of getting involved with Amisha.

Evidently, the matters of the Morri Family are beyond the capacity of a mere Level 1 Wizard like him. Once tangled in such high-level power struggles, he might die unknowingly.

Currently, Herag's only goal is to become stronger.

He doesn't want to get involved in anything beyond that goal.

Herag thought for a moment and replied: "Thank you for the invitation, Miss Amisha, but I'm a bit busy dealing with Abyssal Cultist matters recently. No need for a meal; protecting the residents of Silver Moon City is the duty of us Serlandir members."

Amisha felt a bit upset seeing Herag's very formal response.

"Herag, I just want to see you," Amisha sent these words.

Herag was also troubled seeing this message. He couldn't understand why this woman was interested in him after just chatting briefly and meeting once.

A meeting is naturally out of the question, as the patriarch of the Morri Family made it clear to keep away from his daughter.

Herag did not want to get embroiled in this mess and resolutely refused Amisha's request, then stopped replying to messages to make Amisha give up completely.

After sending several messages without a reply, Amisha stopped sending any further messages.

Seeing Amisha had stopped, Herag breathed a sigh of relief and was just about to put down the Talisman Stone when a new message appeared.

To his surprise, it was from Wendy, the widow. Herag raised an eyebrow, wondering why all these women gathered on the same day.

"Mr. Herag, thank you for your help last time. If it weren't for you, the consequences would have been unimaginable. When you're free, I'll set up a banquet to thank you for your kindness," Wendy said in her message.

After reading it, Herag jokingly replied: "I've been busy lately, so no need for dinner. A large sum is better than warm greetings."

"No problem," Wendy replied with three words.

Soon after, a notification popped up on Herag's Talisman Stone about a deposit of Magic Stones.

Herag quickly checked it and was dumbfounded.

Wendy had directly transferred a hundred thousand Magic Stones to him!

He immediately replied, "Lady Wendy, this is too much. I was just joking."

"Not much. My life is worth more than those hundred thousand Magic Stones. You saved my life, so a hundred thousand Magic Stones is just a small token of gratitude. I'll always remember your lifesaving deed. After dealing with the Abyssal Cultist matter, you all are likely busy these days, so I won't take up your time now. Let me know when you're free, and I will host you with the highest hospitality."

Chapter 288: Contribution Points

The words from Wendy were full of understanding and respect, which made Herag feel very comfortable.

Now, no matter what Wendy says, Herag will just say yes, yes, yes, fully agreeing.

After all, this is the boss who casually transferred a hundred thousand Magic Stones.

A true wealthy lady, and a top-tier one at that.

You must know that when the Cheqi Family originally gave Herag those hundred thousand Magic Stones, it was not so simple. The family had to make a very big decision to heavily invest in Herag.

But with Wendy, Herag just made a casual joke and Wendy directly transferred a full hundred thousand Magic Stones over.

It made Herag feel a bit dizzy and unable to believe it was real.

"Lady Wendy, you are too kind. From now on, the maintenance of your family's witch array will be on me. As long as I am alive, your family's witch array is my responsibility."

Herag directly took on the responsibility of maintaining the witch array at Lady Wendy's house, planning to conduct regular inspections and maintenance.

Herag calculated, estimating it would take over three hundred years with three hundred Magic Stones per maintenance to earn one hundred thousand Magic Stones.

Upon seeing the message, Wendy couldn't help but laugh out loud: "Alright then, from now on, it's all up to you. If there are any problems, I'll come looking for you."

"No problem, rest assured, I am a Level 1 Witch Array Master." Herag was quite confident in this aspect.

After ending the conversation with Lady Wendy, Herag was almost home.

"You're back! No problems, I hope." Reese had been waiting for Herag and immediately came over as soon as he got off the carriage.

She knew Herag had gone to handle an incident related to the Abyssal Cultists and was a bit worried.

The Abyss Plane in her mind was strong and mysterious, making it hard not to worry.

"No problem, I just went to gain some contribution points; it didn't require much, and there was no risk." Herag reassured her, embracing Reese by the waist and walking inside.

"I'm glad you're okay." Seeing Herag in good shape, Reese felt relieved.

"Oh, by the way, our family is rich now," Herag said with a smile.

"Rich? What do you mean by that?" Reese was a bit puzzled.

They weren't poor either, having several tens of thousands of Magic Stones, more than enough for the moment.

Herag told Reese about the hundred thousand Magic Stones Lady Wendy gave him.

Thinking Reese would be delighted, instead, Reese gave Herag a sidelong glance: "I think that wealthy lady has taken a fancy to you..."

"No way, you're overthinking it," Herag said speechlessly.

Reese giggled, "Just kidding, I don't mind if you have one or two more women in the future, as long as you don't forget about me."

Since arriving at the Land of Dawn, Reese felt she lagged far behind the wizards here.

Apart from her beauty, she had little else to show off, which always made her feel down.

Herag hugged her and consoled, "Don't overthink it. As I grow stronger, so will you. I won't abandon you, nor Asuna and the others. In the coming days, I plan to study up and start accumulating contribution points for Serlandir."

"The tasks related to contribution points might be dangerous, right?" Reese said with some concern.

Herag pondered, "There should be safer ones too; there are many types of tasks. Of course, the higher contribution points tasks will carry some risks. Whatever I do, it can't be entirely risk-free; I'll play it by ear."

"If you need my help, make sure to bring me along," Reese requested.

Herag nodded and said, "Mm, don't worry."

...

Late at night, after a fierce battle.

Herag took out a Talisman Stone and began browsing the task hall, searching for suitable tasks.

Contribution Points are generally only available for tasks published by the Serlandir official; tasks issued by others do not offer Contribution Points, except in some special cases.

There are also two types of tasks posted by the Serlandir official: tasks that everyone can take on, and those that only Serlandir members can take.

If you are a Serlandir member, there is an additional reward of Contribution Points for tasks that everyone can take on.

Tasks that only Serlandir members can take on are generally confidential, involving many key pieces of information.

Outsiders are not qualified to take on such tasks because much of the information involved cannot be disclosed to them.

Herag roughly scanned through them, noting that there are indeed many types of tasks issued by Serlandir official.

"Patrol the southeastern border of Silver Moon City for one month, reward 30 Contribution Points."

Herag frowned, "Border patrol?"

This task is only open to Serlandir members because it involves the security issues of Silver Moon City, and cannot be handed over to those outside of the organization.

Herag calculated, realizing it is just 30 points of Contribution for a month, equating to one point of Contribution per day.

If you want to accumulate three thousand points of Contribution, you'd have to patrol the border continuously for over eight years.

It doesn't seem long at all, considering that wizards have lifespans extending into the hundreds of years, eight years is negligible.

The task of border patrol seems simple on the surface, just patrols.

But bear in mind, this is the Land of Dawn.

Outside of Silver Moon City lies a vast polluted region, and border patrol requires patrolling outside the city's walls.

Besides needing to spend long periods within polluted regions, you must also guard against various possible sudden attacks and bizarre incidents.

In the Land of Dawn, these events, although sporadic, are not uncommon.

The frequency is definitely not low, as such events occur almost daily somewhere in the Land of Dawn.

If you're not careful, you might end up trapped in the polluted region, unable to return.

Even retrieving the body is difficult, as dying outside means undergoing special handling, and you won't have the burial opportunity the same as ordinary people.

So the border patrol task only seems simple but is actually highly risky.

The task term being just a month is considered very short, as no one is willing to carry out this task if it's longer.

The longer you stay outside, the greater the likelihood of encountering danger.

Thus, trying to accumulate three thousand Contribution Points over an eight-year period by performing this task is somewhat unrealistic, with high chances of meeting a premature end.

After browsing the tavern forum discussions regarding the border patrol task, Herag decisively abandoned this task.

In his view, the cost-performance ratio of the border patrol task is extremely low.

It entirely depends on luck. If one's luck is bad, it results in high risk for low returns.

Even if fortunate, it's just 30 points of Contribution in a month.

Herag glanced at the 50 points of Contribution in his personal information, feeling that these 50 points came too easily.

This time, he owed Pries quite a favor.

Herag thought for a moment, then searched for tasks related to Magic Potions and Witch Arrays.

If he can earn Contribution Points through these two types of tasks, it would be ideal for him, as they are his areas of expertise.

Chapter 289: Difficulty

Herag first searched for missions related to Witch Arrays, and after looking through a few pages, he closed them.

He was speechless, not expecting it to be so difficult to earn Contribution Points through Witch Array tasks.

Serlandir had indeed released many missions related to Witch Arrays, but the Contribution Points as rewards were minimal, with some missions offering none at all.

Most missions with Contribution Point rewards only offered one or two points.

This is because these Witch Array missions were related to Level 1 Witch Arrays.

Only missions related to Level 2 Witch Arrays and above offered relatively high Contribution Points.

From the perspective of Serlandir at this level, Level 1 Witch Arrays are too easy and simple for Witch Array Masters, hence they reward very few or no Contribution Points.

Only Level 2 Witch Arrays can demonstrate the Witch Array Master's skill and strength, thus earning higher Contribution Points.

Herag sighed after learning this information from the tavern forum.

Level 2 Witch Arrays were momentarily out of his reach because they require at least a Level 2 Wizard to set up, and a Level 1 Wizard was still far from that.

Herag then continued to search for tasks related to Magic Potions and found that almost no task related to Magic Potion Refining rewarded Contribution Points.

Only those who achieve major research breakthroughs in the field of Magic Potion Theory would receive Contribution Points as rewards.

Simply put, if you are merely adept at refining Magic Potions, you can hardly earn Contribution Points this way.

But if you have significant achievements in Magic Potion Theory, able to produce academic-level theoretical research, then you can earn Contribution Points.

Herag looked and felt this rule was relatively favorable to him.

Besides his substantial achievement in Magic Potion Theory, he also wielded the academic powerhouse, Shenlan.

As long as he utilized it wisely, he would definitely stand a chance of earning some Contribution Points through theoretical research achievements.

However, this could only be used occasionally and not frequently, unable to serve as a regular means of earning Contribution Points.

Because when you are a genius, people will value and respect you, but if you keep producing research results.

You are no longer seen as a genius but rather as an anomaly, potentially encountering various investigations in open and hidden ways.

This is a scenario Herag did not want to see, as he couldn't withstand a detailed investigation.

Abyssal Cultists merely connived with the Abyss Plane, but he, on the other hand, directly carried the bloodline of the Abyss Plane.

Once this secret is uncovered, Herag wouldn't have any chance of survival.

Even if survival were possible, it would merely be like having some utility value left like Doron.

Once all utility value is exhausted, it would be the time to die.

Therefore, publishing academic research results in Magic Potion Theory is something Herag must deliberate and plan over the long term.

This matter must be done eventually, but the method requires careful consideration.

After browsing through Witch Array tasks and Magic Potion tasks, Herag's biggest reflection was that Serlandir was indeed strict in doling out Contribution Points.

Essentially, they really require you to be working for Serlandir with actual contributions to gain Contribution Points.

The fifty Contribution Points Herag gained by tagging along with Pries weren't exactly undeserved.

Because the anomaly with the wooden sculpture was discovered by him, leading to Doron's subsequent capture.

If Herag hadn't participated in the mission to capture and escort Doron, he wouldn't have gained as much as fifty Contribution Points.

He would most likely only count as having provided a clue and discovered an anomaly, earning at most around twenty Contribution Points.

Herag thought that if someone accumulated three thousand Contribution Points, they must have indeed contributed significantly to Serlandir, doing many things.

Thus, it wouldn't be surprising for Serlandir to provide you with something imbued with the Power of Rules, as you could undertake more missions for Serlandir after becoming more powerful.

Equivalent exchange is one of the permanent truths of the wizarding world.

Serlandir won't force you to sign contracts or bind you forcefully.

The amount of contribution you make for Serlandir is the amount of reward Serlandir will offer you.

Herag was momentarily troubled, as Witch Array tasks and Magic Potion tasks were currently unreliable.

After browsing these missions, Contribution Points seemed difficult to accumulate.

His target of three thousand Contribution Points now seemed rather distant.

Herag couldn't find a way out; he had to browse other missions and, in the worst case, consider the academic research path through Magic Potion Theory.

Soon, Herag saw a task that sparked some ideas.

"Submitting clues related to Abyssal Cultists, capturing Abyssal Cultists, disrupting Abyssal Cultists' actions can all earn rewards from Serlandir. For members outside Serlandir, there is substantial material compensation. For internal Serlandir members, Contribution Points are assessed according to the situation."

"This task is effective long-term and open to all residents of the Land of Dawn."

"Note: Abyssal Cultists exhibit extreme danger, and upon discovery, immediately contact the local City Hall. Do not act rashly or alert them prematurely without sufficient assurance."

Herag looked at this mission, touched his chin, and subsequently entered the tavern forum to search for related information.

Missions regarding Abyssal Cultists exhibited the highest Contribution Point rewards, with all tasks related to the Abyss Plane offering high Contribution Point rewards.

Because missions related to the Abyss Plane concern the life and death of the entire Wizard Plane, and not just Serlandir, clues related to the Abyss Plane are extremely valued by other Wizard Organizations as well.

As long as he could provide clues related to Abyssal Cultists, he could receive considerable Contribution Point rewards.

If he could capture one, the rewards would be even higher.

For example, Doron was captured, who was merely a Third Class Wizard Apprentice.

However, after capturing him, Herag just tagged along, and the final assessment yielded fifty Contribution Points.

Compared to other missions, this reward is very generous.

Although Abyss Plane related missions reward generously, they are also among the most difficult tasks to complete.

Once involving the Abyss Plane, things often become quite troublesome and are not easily resolved.

The danger level is as terrifying as entering a polluted district; without sufficient strength, these tasks are daunting.

Though Abyssal Cultists are generally weak, their connection with the Abyss Plane often endows them with bizarre and unpredictable means.

Another point is that Abyssal Cultists are often difficult to detect.

They usually seem no different from ordinary people.

Communication with the Evil Gods of the Abyss Plane often happens through mental constructs, most of which are conducted in hidden places.

Although Serlandir is strong, it cannot monitor every corner.

So many people simply shut their doors, hiding at home and communicating with the Evil Gods of the Abyss Plane, almost ensuring they won't be discovered.

Unless, like Doron, they did something outside, getting entangled in investigations, leading to detection.

Chapter 290: Beggar

And Doron actually only got exposed because he happened to run into Herag.

Otherwise, it would have been difficult for anyone to notice that Wendy had become Doron's slave.

Doron just failed; there must be many who succeeded.

It's just that these things happened in various corners of the Land of Dawn, unnoticed by anyone.

Herag thought about it and felt he could start from the Abyssal Cultist.

Others find it hard to detect the Abyssal Cultist, but he can.

To Herag, the aura of the Abyss Plane on the Abyssal Cultist is too intense.

Once you get close, it's hard not to notice.

Herag is very confident; as long as an Abyssal Cultist dares to appear before him, he can immediately identify them.

Since the tasks related to the Abyssal Cultist have high contribution points, he could definitely earn more contribution points through them.

The only problem is that he has to obtain evidence.

The aura of the Abyss Plane can only be sensed by him, and others can't feel it.

Even if he encounters an Abyssal Cultist, he must gather enough evidence to prove they are a cultist.

This step is the hardest and most crucial. Herag not only needs to gather evidence but also needs to consider his approach.

Herag lay on the bed, stared at the ceiling, held the sleeping Reese, and pondered his next plan.

...

Parasol Street is a famous street on the east side of Silver Moon City, with many residential areas and bustling commercial districts nearby.

This isn't considered a wealthy district, and the composition of the residents is quite diverse.

There are both rich people and those with average family conditions.

Simply stated, it's a relatively civilian area.

Herag wandered aimlessly along the street.

Since deciding to earn contribution points through the Abyssal Cultists, Herag began looking for clues related to them.

Checked the tavern forum, but there were hardly any valuable clues or methods to find the Abyssal Cultist.

Herag originally wanted to see which places had frequent Abyssal Cultist appearances, but found there was no pattern at all.

Slums, civilian areas, wealthy districts have all had incidents involving Abyssal Cultists, with no pattern whatsoever.

It stands to reason; whether rich or poor, everyone has unfulfilled desires.

As long as there is desire, once they touch the evil god of the Abyss Plane, it's hard to resist the temptation.

In this regard, everyone is the same, all can be swayed by the Abyss Plane's evil god and become an Abyssal Cultist.

Due to the lack of patterns, Herag didn't know where to start, so he decided to stroll around.

Since there's plenty of time, he planned to conduct a thorough search, starting from the east side of Silver Moon City, wandering all the way to the west.

Along the way, he didn't take a carriage, only using one to go home every day.

Herag walked along Parasol Street, observing the crowds coming and going.

After glancing at the passing crowd, he retracted his gaze.

There were no Abyssal Cultists among these people.

Herag only needs to sense up close to know if someone is an Abyssal Cultist.

After several days, he hadn't encountered a single Abyssal Cultist.

So far, it seems that the number of Abyssal Cultists is relatively small, at least in the southeastern districts.

Since he can't go into people's homes, he could only roam the streets or taverns, hence inevitably missing some.

But there's no helping it; Herag can't possibly catch all the Abyssal Cultists in Silver Moon City.

"Parasol Tavern..." Herag glanced at the tavern's name beside him, thought for a moment, and walked in.

It was morning, and the tavern was nearly empty.

The drunken who enjoy drinking weren't awake yet, and many people still had work, so they wouldn't drink at this hour.

Herag found a table by the window and ordered a Butter Beer.

They didn't have Fire Dragon Whiskey here, or Herag would have ordered that.

Having tried it before, it really was quite good, but unfortunately, other taverns didn't have it.

With so few people at this hour, there were only two servers in the tavern.

The server who brought Herag's beer had dark circles under his eyes and was yawning, seemingly having worked a night shift without resting.

After delivering Herag's Butter Beer, he slumped over the counter and fell asleep.

Herag took a few sips of Butter Beer, observing the tavern's patrons, but found nothing unusual.

He glanced at the people passing by outside the window, finding nothing suspicious either.

Herag planned to finish his Butter Beer and carry on, exploring other places.

If he finds nothing in the coming days, he'll have to challenge his own plan, as he can't keep wasting time endlessly.

Just as Herag was about to finish his Butter Beer, a ragged beggar walked in.

The beggar peeked his head in, quickly surveyed the tavern, and saw Herag sitting there drinking.

Herag noticed the beggar too but didn't initially pay attention.

Encountering a beggar here was quite normal, as it wasn't a wealthy district, and no one would drive these beggars away.

You frequently see beggars on the streets here, and Herag was used to it.

After seeing Herag, the beggar noticed the server asleep at the counter and quietly slipped inside, walking towards Herag.

Herag was attentive to his movements, quickly scanning and analyzing the beggar's condition.

Just an ordinary person.

Even though the beggar was just an ordinary person, Herag was ready for combat.

One must never let their guard down—any suspicious action from the beggar and he would perish in an instant.

Still, outwardly, Herag remained composed, curious to see what the beggar intended.

Typically, taverns wouldn't let beggars in and would drive them out with sticks.

But there were few servers at this time; one was asleep at the counter, and the other busy preparing drinks in the back, giving the beggar a chance to sneak in.

This beggar was a man with a face full of a big beard, appearing to be in his forties or fifties, with an especially large belly, clearly unhealthy—likely with some ailment.

He looked at Herag without speaking, just reached into his clothing to feel around.

After a while, he took out a cloth bundle.

The cloth seemed to wrap something, and the beggar carefully unfolded it, revealing the object inside.

It was a wooden sculpture, depicting a creature with a snake's head and a human's body.

The beggar placed the wooden sculpture in front of Herag, smiled, nodded, and turned to leave.

"Hey! What are you doing! Get out!" A server holding a tray of drinks came out, and upon seeing the beggar, shouted angrily.

He quickly set down the tray, grabbed a small stool beside him, and charged forward.

The beggar saw the situation was bad and fled swiftly.