

Sixth 311

Chapter 311: Familiarity

"You stay where you are, I haven't fully mastered my current power yet, and I'm not familiar enough with it. I'm afraid of accidentally hurting you."

Seeing Reese approach, Herag immediately made her stop.

Reese quickly understood, halted her steps, and retreated to the side, not approaching any closer.

Herag stood still and took a deep breath, directly stirring up a gust of wind.

Even just his breathing sounded like rolling thunder, giving off an intimidating aura.

Herag started performing some strange movements, his hands and feet in awkward positions.

These were movements from the Earth Breathing Technique.

Though now doing this didn't really benefit him physically.

But it greatly helped Herag quickly become familiar with and master his current power.

These movements were originally designed to train the body and unleash potential.

Every movement engaged multiple muscle groups, with specific requirements for the strength and direction of force.

After Herag started doing the Earth Breathing Technique movements, the effects were quickly evident.

He became quite familiar with his own power after only performing the Earth Breathing Technique once, controlling his power more freely.

Seeing the obvious effects, Herag continued practicing the Earth Breathing Technique movements.

After completing ten sets of the Earth Breathing Technique, Herag was totally familiar with his current power.

His breathing was very steady, and the sound became extremely subtle.

This was a sign that he had completely mastered his physical power.

At first, entering this state, his breath alone sounded like thunder and even stirred up the wind due to poor power control.

Now his breathing was no different from normal, extremely steady.

Herag then took out a longsword from his space ring and began practicing the swordsmanship he had learned before.

He was using the swordsmanship to continue familiarizing himself with his current power.

Herag estimated this process would continue for a while longer.

He planned to spend a month fully mastering his body's physical power so he could achieve ultimate power control in combat.

In real combat, even slight power deviations could lead to completely different outcomes.

Herag had to ensure his control over power was extremely precise.

This was no joke, as the situation in real combat changes in an instant and cannot be taken lightly.

Herag wielded the longsword, sending out gust after gust of wind.

With his current power, even a Level 2 Wizard would be split in half if struck, a power far beyond what an ordinary body could withstand.

Moreover, his speed was now incredibly fast.

At first, Reese could still see the swinging longsword, but soon it turned into an afterimage before finally appearing to slow down again.

Reese knew that it wasn't that Herag's speed had decreased, but that he was swinging the longsword at its extreme speed.

Reese was sincerely happy for Herag, hoping he could become increasingly stronger.

...

A month passed quickly, and Herag spent it familiarizing himself with his power each day.

He was now completely familiar with using the Titan Power, able to control his physical power to the utmost.

Kawat Commercial District.

On the bustling and lively street, crowds of people moved back and forth.

Reese, holding Herag's arm, strolled along the street.

After a month of secluded practice, Herag came out for some fresh air and to accompany Reese.

Herag's next plan was to continue taking on tasks from Serlandir, striving to accumulate more Contribution Points.

Now it seemed the value of Contribution Points was high, enabling them to be exchanged for many valuable resources.

These resources were not impossible to acquire outside of Serlandir, just extremely difficult.

But within Serlandir, the organization had already solved the channel issues for you.

All Herag needed to do was accumulate Contribution Points and use them for exchange.

Now that he had the Titan Power, his own power had increased considerably, giving him more confidence in completing tasks.

While the previous tasks hadn't posed any substantial danger, who could predict the future?

In the Land of Dawn, one had to be cautious at every turn.

Herag still intended to take on tasks related to Abyssal Cultists, finding those tasks yielded Contribution Points more quickly.

Moreover, he had a natural advantage in doing Abyssal Cultist tasks, being far more efficient.

Herag and Reese, who had been walking and chatting happily down the street, suddenly saw Herag's smile freeze for a moment before returning to normal.

Reese, perceptive as she was, noticed the change in Herag's expression and quietly asked, "What is it?"

Herag laughed, "It's nothing, just noticed a little situation."

Herag observed that in the crowd ahead, a child had their left hand in their pocket.

As this child passed by a richly dressed middle-aged woman, a glow appeared on the surface of his left hand, and the jewel necklace from the middle-aged woman's neck vanished.

The process was rapid, with the jewel necklace disappearing without a sound.

The middle-aged woman hadn't noticed at all, continuing on her way through the crowd.

In this bustling commercial district street, the crowd was dense, almost always a state of shoulder-to-shoulder pressing.

Using the environment sense of Shenlan, Herag noted that the jewel necklace was already in the child's pocket.

After stealing the necklace, the child quickly weaved through the crowd and ran away.

Being small, he disappeared into the sea of people at a glance, leaving no trace behind.

In the Land of Dawn, many have wizarding talents, and naturally, many can use magic.

With more people able to use magic, the uses for magic naturally increased.

Apart from the usual magic, there were all sorts of strange and unusual spells.

For instance, some magic could enhance certain aspects of life experience upon application.

There were quite a few such spells, with Herag having seen many in the library and having heard of many more.

Naturally, he didn't need these, but that didn't mean others didn't.

One could only say that where there's demand, there's a market, and there are even people specializing in developing such spells.

Apart from these, theft magic was naturally indispensable.

Quite a few wizards made a living by stealing all sorts of valuable items with diverse and intricate methods that were hard to guard against.

Though strong efforts were made in the Land of Dawn to propagate awareness, whenever a thieving spell was made public, a new one would soon be developed.

The saying goes, the higher the Tao, the more cunning the demon.

These thieves were particular in their targets, sizing up people first.

If they spotted a powerful wizard, they wouldn't even dare to approach.

They specialized in stealing from weaker wizards, wizard apprentices, or simply ordinary people's belongings.

The success rate was higher for such cases, and it was less likely to be discovered.

Chapter 312: The Thief

Generally speaking, theft is quite common.

But since it's mostly about property loss, it doesn't have a major impact and won't be handled by official members of Serlandir.

In the past, even if Herag saw it, he wouldn't intervene.

If you stand on Kawat Commercial Street for ten minutes, you can see many such incidents.

Herag wouldn't bother with such matters; if he had to handle all such cases, he'd do nothing but catch thieves all day.

The reason he took extra notice this time was that he sensed an Abyssal Aura from that child.

Especially the child's left hand, which had a particularly strong Abyssal Aura.

Herag and Reese walked slowly behind the young boy, with Herag observing closely.

He discovered that almost all of the boy's Abyssal Aura originated from his left hand.

This left hand seemed lifeless, giving off a feeling of a Demonized Item.

More importantly, the boy was just an ordinary person, neither a Wizard Apprentice nor a Knight, and he lacked physical strength.

Yet, in such a condition, his left hand possessed the ability to steal.

This appeared very unusual.

Herag could already see Contribution Points beckoning to him.

He noticed that since the boy hadn't been discovered, he continued to wander along Kawat Commercial Street, picking suitable targets.

The boy's left hand wore a Space Ring, and he placed stolen goods into the Space Ring.

Herag followed him for a while, and in just half an hour, the boy had stolen three times.

Reese evidently noticed changes in Herag, though she wasn't yet aware of the situation.

She didn't speak, simply holding onto Herag's arm as if they were shopping as usual.

There were too many people around for Herag to explain the situation to Reese.

Even though there might not be any Abyssal Cultists nearby, there could still be people working for the Abyssian forces.

Not all Abyssal Cultists carry the Abyssal Aura.

Many are Abyssal Cultists working for the Abyss Plane without any trace of the Abyssal Plane's aura.

This is because, for Abyssal Cultists, receiving a blessing from the Evil God of the Abyss Plane is rare.

One needs to achieve certain merits to receive the Evil God's blessing, which then imparts the aura of the Abyssal Plane.

Or one might communicate with Evil Gods through items like wood carvings crafted by Max after being enticed, thus acquiring the Abyssal Aura.

Yet, many people want to pledge allegiance to the Abyss Plane and facilitate its presence but have not yet been in contact with the Evil Gods of the Abyssal Plane.

With so many people around, Herag naturally couldn't speak aloud.

Herag and Reese continued onward, trailing far behind the young boy.

When passing by a narrow alley, Herag led Reese into it.

These alleys are typically seen as romantic spots at night for lovers to indulge a little.

During the day, while rare, they're not devoid of couples.

Once inside, Herag cornered Reese against the wall.

Reese cooperatively reached up, wrapped her arms around Herag's neck, and pressed her lips gently to his.

After a brief moment of intimacy.

Herag cast a Sound Insulation Spell around them and whispered into Reese's ear, "I've possibly found traces of an Abyssal Cultist, so I need to continue tailing him. It's too conspicuous for two people to follow; you go back first, and I'll return after I'm done."

Reese whispered back, "Hmm... okay."

While eager to help, she also heeded Herag's words.

Since Herag didn't want her to continue following, Reese didn't argue.

Given the special circumstances, any delay might mean losing the target.

"I'm sorry..."

Herag felt a pang of guilt, as he originally planned to spend the whole day shopping happily with her, but now he had to pursue an Abyssal Cultist halfway through.

Reese smiled sweetly, "It's okay. Do you think I care about such things? I'm not some spoiled little girl."

Herag patted her head, then hailed a carriage on Kawat Commercial Street to send her back.

After Reese left, Herag glanced into the deeper stretches of Kawat Commercial Street, where the boy was still roaming and seeking targets.

With his head down, Herag continued forward, occasionally stopping to look at street stalls and buying a few things casually.

Like before, Herag knew this thief was just a minor player.

To earn more Contribution Points, he needed to play the long game and find out who was behind the scenes.

Herag had a premonition that he might uncover something significant this time.

If items are stolen, there must be a way to fence them, which requires a channel.

The young boy, having stolen so many valuable items, was just an ordinary person without any strength.

Under such circumstances, he couldn't possibly hold onto the stolen goods, so there must be others behind him.

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Alda kept his left hand in his pocket, never taking it out.

He knew that although his left hand looked almost like an ordinary hand, with no noticeable changes.

This hand was touched by divine blessing and couldn't be easily shown to others.

While ordinary people wouldn't see anything, if a capable wizard noticed, it could spell trouble.

Alda knew he came from humble origins, lacking talent and strength.

Whenever he saw those noble wizards, he was filled with longing.

However, reality is cruel; without talent, one can't become a wizard or gain such powerful strength.

Wizards can live for hundreds, even thousands of years.

As an ordinary mortal, Alda's lifespan would barely reach a hundred.

He found this unfair and constantly sought other ways to strengthen himself as much as possible.

He longed for Extraordinary Power.

Until one day, Alda encountered the Gods, and, after witnessing the power of the Gods, he realized this was the strength he had been seeking.

The Gods were merciful; whether or not you had talent, they could grant you extraordinary power and various magical abilities.

Alda glanced down at the left hand hidden in his pocket, which was a blessing from the Gods.

With this left hand, he could steal any small items within a few meters that he could see.

Over the past few days, he had stolen quite a few valuables, but he felt it was still not enough.

Wizards believe in the principle of equivalent exchange; although the Gods are merciful, he couldn't neglect their expectations and gifts.

Alda wanted to steal as much property as possible before handing it over to Mr. Digran, who would be responsible for fencing the goods and converting them into money.

Chapter 313: A Turn of Fortune

All this wealth will become the power of their followers, used to do more things for the gods.

Alda never thought of keeping anything for himself, he always turned over all the treasures.

Because Mr. Digran gives them a considerable amount of money, enough for his own use for a long time, allowing him to live a prosperous life.

Twilight at dusk.

Alda glanced at the space ring, inside were eight items he had stolen today.

Originally, he could continue at night, and there would be even more people, making theft easier.

But Mr. Digran wouldn't let them stay in one place for too long, at most seven or eight hours before they had to move on.

Alda knew it was time to leave, weaving through the crowd on the bustling Kawat Commercial Street, and soon left this lively place.

He looked back at the Kawat Commercial District, knowing that under normal circumstances, he would never have any connection to this place in his lifetime.

Being an ordinary person without any aptitude, and lacking any background, there was no possibility at all.

The Land of Dawn is such a cruel place, if ordinary people don't have a wizard's aptitude, they've lost all space for advancement.

But with the power of the gods, Alda felt that everything was hopeful again, and what he wanted to pursue seemed not so unattainable.

Alda arrived at a slightly desolate street, this was a civilian district.

There was also a commercial area here, but the flow of people was much less.

Because most civilians need to work hard and don't have much money to spend here.

Only during the monthly day off would they come here to eat, drink, and relax.

But today wasn't a day off, so there were only a few scattered people on the street.

Wealthy people wouldn't come here either, because they thought it was beneath them, not in line with their status.

Alda pushed the door of a bar named Root Bar and walked in, finding only five people scattered around drinking dull alcohol.

These five people were regulars here, who just glanced at Alda and went back to their drinks.

Alda went straight to the back of the bar and into the backyard.

In the backyard, there was a man who looked around forty, pruning the flowers and plants with scissors.

"Mr. Digran, this is today's." Alda extended his left hand, placing today's stolen items in a basket beside him.

Digran didn't even turn his head, continuing to prune the flowers and plants without speaking.

Since he didn't speak, Alda didn't leave, standing honestly in place and waiting.

After ten minutes, Digran finished his work, put down the scissors, turned, and said, "Hmm, well done, the gods will remember your contribution."

"It's an honor to work for the gods," Alda said devoutly.

Digran came over, extended his hand, took Alda's left hand, looked carefully, and asked, "Have you felt anything unusual recently?"

Alda thought for a moment and replied, "Apart from occasional dull pain, nothing much."

Digran nodded and said, "That means your body hasn't fully adapted to the power of the gods, exercise more regularly and it'll get better over time."

Alda agreed, realizing his body was still too fragile and needed more training and cultivation to accommodate more of the gods' power.

Digran took out a small bag of gold coins from the space ring: "Here's your reward; if you need more money, tell me. When working for the gods, you'll not run out of money."

"Thank you, Mr. Digran!" Alda received the money pouch happily.

Inside were all gold coins, enough for a long time.

Alda knew the stolen items were worth far more than this, but he didn't have any reliable way to sell them, and could easily get himself caught.

By turning over these items to Digran, he could help the gods and earn some money, a win-win situation.

"Go back, keep up the good work, the gods are watching over you," Digran said.

Alda nodded, bowed respectfully, and left.

After Alda left, Digran put the treasures from the basket into his space ring, then went to the basement.

Outside the basement was a heavy iron door, which Digran entered, waved his hand, and placed a pile of treasures on the ground.

This pile of treasures formed a small mountain, indicating it was accumulated over some time.

After placing the treasures on the ground, Digran clasped his hands together, closed his eyes, and said: "O mighty gods, please transfer these treasures to them."

A strange fluctuation echoed in the basement, and suddenly a red tongue appeared.

With one sweep, the tongue collected all the treasures on the floor and then disappeared.

After doing this, Digran closed the basement door and returned to the backyard.

Herag had been observing nearby; after hearing Digran's words, he realized.

Digran seemed to be requesting the Abyss Plane's evil god to transfer these treasures to others.

Who these others were or whether they were in the Abyss Plane or the Wizard Plane was unknown.

Herag speculated that Digran probably used this method to transfer the acquired treasures to certain people in the Land of Dawn.

Because once treasures are in motion, their trajectory can always be traced.

But if Digran used the Abyss Plane's evil god as an intermediary to transfer these treasures to other Abyssal Cultists, it would be very hard to trace them.

No one knows where these treasures went, maybe to somewhere incredibly far from Silver Moon City.

The whole process was seamless, even if one were to investigate, nothing would be found, because there was no evidence.

Herag thought for a moment; it was hard to get evidence from Digran, and for now, there seemed to be no tangible evidence.

Unlike Max, he hadn't made any wood carvings.

The process of transferring the treasures was only a fleeting moment, and soon passed.

Herag watched Alda, who was leaving, and got an idea.

Alda walked down a dark street, about to go home.

Suddenly, he felt darkness before his eyes and lost consciousness.

Just as his body was about to fall, Herag grabbed his collar and lifted him up.

It was hard to find evidence from Digran, but this person right here was the best evidence.

Herag glanced at Alda's left hand and quickly discovered a fine, thread-like living worm inside.

The strong abyssal aura was coming from this worm, which was a small demon from the Abyss Plane.

Herag found that this little demon seemed to be feeding on Alda's life energy.

Constantly devouring Alda's life, thus providing energy for itself.

If this continued, Alda wouldn't have more than three to five years to live.

By the time his life was exhausted, it would be when his usefulness had been entirely drained.

Chapter 314: Sudden Death

Herag understood at this moment that Digran was merely using Alda.

With Alda's ordinary human body, how could he possibly withstand the Power of the Abyss Plane?

To Digran, an ordinary person like Alda was merely a tool, just a consumable, to be discarded once used.

The cost was simple—give them some Gold Coins and hope, and they'll work for him.

To these ordinary people, just a touch of Extraordinary Power could get them to work wholeheartedly.

Herag carried the unconscious Alda with one hand, took out a Talisman Stone with the other, and sent a message to Pries: "Mr. Pries, I found a thief, and this thief's left hand is a bit strange."

"Strange? Did you discover something?" Pries asked.

If it were just a thief, Herag wouldn't have contacted him; there must be something special about the situation.

Herag continued messaging, saying: "This thief's left hand has a special ability to steal from others, but the person himself is just an ordinary person, not even a Wizard Apprentice. After controlling him, I investigated and found a red worm inside his left hand. I suspect it's a small demon from the Abyss Plane."

"From what you're saying, it's quite possible. Bring him over for interrogation, and we'll find out," Pries replied immediately.

Herag did not outright state that the worm was a small demon from the Abyss Plane but only expressed suspicion.

Because most people cannot sense the aura of the Abyss Plane.

Herag carried a person, moving quickly, using the cover of night to traverse the city.

After leaving the area where Digran was located, Herag finally hailed a carriage by the roadside, heading for City Hall.

The coachman was initially a bit scared upon seeing him carry a person until Herag showed the Talisman Stone with Serlandir's insignia, and then he wasn't afraid at all.

He knew this was Serlandir's emissary handling matters, and heading to City Hall seemed reasonable.

After getting off the carriage, Herag carried the person to the front of City Hall, where he was stopped by two people.

After revealing his identity, Herag quickly entered the Serlandir building and found Pries.

Pries glanced at Alda and then lifted Alda's left hand, observing it repeatedly.

He used Magic Sense to carefully probe and soon discovered the red thread-like worm Herag mentioned.

With years of experience fighting Abyssal Cultists, Pries quickly judged it was most likely a small demon from the Abyss Plane.

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Inside the interrogation room.

Alda slowly opened his eyes, feeling a bit of a headache.

As soon as he opened his eyes, the light stung, and he hurriedly squinted.

He wanted to use his hands to block the light but found he couldn't raise them, as if they were tied.

Once his eyes adjusted to the light, Alda realized he was bound tightly, his hands and feet secured.

"Who are you?" Alda asked.

Pries spoke: "I am Pries, the Head of City Defense Security at Silver Moon City, here to ask you some questions."

Upon hearing this, Alda's heart sank, and he dared not speak further.

His heart went cold at once; being caught by Serlandir's people and brought here basically meant there was no way out.

Pries continued: "The worm in your left hand is consuming your Life Energy. I've estimated, if this continues, you might only have about three years to live."

"Impossible!" Alda exclaimed.

"Why is it impossible?" Pries asked.

"This is..." Alda began to say something but then realized something and shut his mouth.

Pries chuckled: "Were you about to say it's the blessing of your so-called Gods, granting you Power?"

Alda remained silent, neither refuting nor agreeing.

Pries didn't bother with him and continued speaking: "Who do you think you are? What makes you think your so-called God would grant you Power? Don't believe pies fall from the sky."

"I am a Level 2 Official Wizard of Serlandir, and I've seen many such things over the years. There's always some fool who thinks that by siding with the Evil Gods of the Abyss Plane, they can rise to prominence. But you're just tools for their use."

Alda still did not speak, though he was starting to believe what Pries said.

Since the implant of that worm in his left hand, despite gaining mysterious Power, his left hand often had a vague pain, and he sometimes felt particularly exhausted.

Sometimes, after waking from a nap, he found a lot of nosebleed.

Alda had actually already realized that these might be related to the worm, but subconsciously he avoided this possibility.

"The reason I'm telling you so much is that there's still a chance you can be saved. The worm just needs to be removed, and you'll still be normal. As the head of Silver Moon City's security department, I'm responsible for everyone's life." Pries said.

"Can it be removed?" Alda asked.

At this moment, he felt inexplicably fearful and wanted the worm in his left hand removed.

"Of course it can, I can remove it right now." Pries stood up, prepared to go over.

Suddenly, Alda's eyes snapped open, his veins bulging all over his body, making him look terrifying.

"Not good!"

Pries quickly realized something and was ready to save Alda.

But it was too late, as Alda's veins all exploded in an instant, spraying a shower of blood.

The entire interrogation room's walls, ceiling, and floor were sprayed with blood.

A transparent wall in front of Pries blocked the spraying blood.

Looking at Alda again, the whole person had no more breath, his head limply hanging.

Blood kept dripping from his arm, forming a pool on the ground.

"This is..." Herag, who had witnessed the whole process from the side, was utterly shocked at Alda's sudden demise.

Pries let out a breath and said solemnly: "Most likely, Digran got word and triggered the means hidden inside Alda, killing him to prevent information from being leaked. I've examined it—not just the body, even Alda's soul has shattered."

He was a Level 2 Wizard specializing in Necromancy, with very acute senses towards souls.

For ordinary people like Alda, both the soul and body were fragile.

If Pries wanted to interrogate the soul directly, Alda would almost certainly be dead.

The small demon inside Alda from the Abyss Plane made interrogating him alive more valuable, and it could serve as evidence.

That's why Pries didn't immediately interrogate the soul, yet he didn't expect Alda to die suddenly.

"Someone leaked the information..." Pries said with a deep voice.

Chapter 315: The Mole

Pries means that someone inside Serlandir leaked the information, allowing Digran to learn that Alda was captured, which triggered the fallback hidden within Alda.

Herag pondered, "Could it be that I was discovered by their people on my way here?"

Although he was in a carriage on his way, he might have been noticed carrying Alda before boarding.

Moreover, it's possible that the coachman was one of the Abyssal Cultists, so there were many places where the information could have leaked from, not necessarily from inside Serlandir.

Herag was careful along the way but couldn't completely guarantee not being discovered.

Furthermore, it might have been that Alda's unusual absence was noticed when he didn't return home on time.

These were all possibilities.

Pries shook his head, "What you mentioned is unlikely. Based on my understanding, the Abyssal Cultists generally don't have enough manpower to monitor someone like Alda, so the chance of you being seen on the way is extremely low."

"They are already short on people, a more likely scenario is having informants inside the City Hall. After all, Silver Moon City is so large, it's easier to place an informant directly in the City Hall than in other places."

"Since all our actions against the Abyssal Cultists are actually initiated and summarized here, if they want to know our actions, they would definitely place informants here."

Herag pondered, "If there are informants, then why wasn't there any information leaked the last time we caught Max?"

"The Abyssal Cultists are each acting on their own, and many of them actually don't know each other. The Evil Gods they worship are also different. That's precisely why they can never gather enough strength, making it easier for us to act against them."

"So, the strength of those Abyssal Cultists varies; their connections, channels, status, and forces are all different. Some have extensive contacts and can know any commotion, while others, like Max before, are not that well-informed."

Pries has captured many Abyssal Cultists and is experienced.

In his view, the other side being able to directly trigger the fallback within Alda causing instant death indicated that they definitely knew Alda was captured by Serlandir; otherwise, they wouldn't have been so decisive.

From Herag capturing Alda to now, it had only been half an hour, and the information leaked, which was too fast.

The interrogation had just begun and ended before even formally proceeding.

"Let's go, we should find that Digran now. But I estimate that he won't be there." Pries said without much hope.

Since Alda is dead, it was most likely Digran's doing.

Having received the information, he certainly wouldn't stay there foolishly.

Serlandir insists on evidence before arresting anyone, but in matters involving Abyssal Cultists, as long as there is reasonable suspicion, you can be asked to cooperate with the investigation.

After all, Silver Moon City is Serlandir's territory, and Serlandir has the final say here.

So if Digran got the information, he'd definitely flee.

Otherwise, once in the interrogation room, all the rules are as Pries dictates.

The group quickly sprang into action, and a team was immediately dispatched to Digran's residence, with Herag among them.

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Inside the Root Bar, a few people were still drinking, seemingly no different from before.

Herag and Pries stood in the backyard of the Root Bar, and as expected, there were no traces of Digran here anymore.

Digran's place was messy, indicating he left in a hurry, taking some things with him and leaving directly.

The door to the basement was already open, and it was completely empty inside.

"Issue a warrant for Digran."

Pries instructed those beside him, having anticipated this outcome.

He glanced at the surrounding people and said, "Also, immediately conduct a thorough internal investigation after we return. We must find out who their informant is. This matter certainly involves someone leaking information; otherwise, it wouldn't have happened so quickly."

Herag reflected, "It was my oversight; I should have been more cautious."

"It's not your problem, but that there's a traitor internally," Pries said.

Herag recalled the previous events and was nearly certain that he hadn't been seen before boarding the carriage, given the Shenlan environment detection he had running all along.

The only possibility of being seen and the information being leaked was the coachman.

But that coachman was merely an ordinary person at the time and needed to be investigated.

After Herag mentioned the coachman, Pries gave some instructions and quickly had the City Hall people start checking on that coachman.

With Serlandir's skills, finding an ordinary person would be easy, especially a coachman who had been working for a long time.

The results came out shortly; the coachman was found sleeping.

After some questioning, it was essentially confirmed that he had nothing to do with the matter.

The internal investigation started quickly, and every communication record via Talisman Stone was pulled out for strict examination.

But this was destined to be futile because everyone knew the Magic Net could be monitored by major Wizard Organizations.

No Abyssal Cultists would use Talisman Stones to communicate crucial information, as they had other means.

If there was a mole in Serlandir, they certainly wouldn't use Talisman Stone to inform Digran of this news.

After two days of investigation, no suspicious personnel were found.

The means of Wizards are numerous, and there are many ways to leak information.

If you don't know what method the mole used to leak information, it's hard to pinpoint exactly who it is.

But the investigation must continue; even if nothing was found for now, knowing there's a mole warrants keeping an eye out in the future.

The warrant for Digran was officially issued, but no news has come up yet.

What is certain is that he's still in Silver Moon City because there aren't many ways to travel between cities in the Land of Dawn, and it's not easy to leave town.

But Silver Moon City is too big; Digran could hide in a secluded corner for a long time.

After a few days, the matter calmed down.

To Silver Moon City, it was just a routine small issue.

Besides the internal investigation secretly continuing at the City Hall, everything seemed to return to normal.

Herag was at home, holding a data file; it was Digran's complete personal data.

He was not yet discouraged; a living person couldn't just disappear like that.

Herag had a sense that this Digran was not that simple.

If he could solve it, he might earn a lot of Contribution Points.

Since there weren't many targets at the moment, he might as well continue looking into Digran's data to see if he could pull out any leads.

Chapter 316: Slums

Herag had previously looked at Digran's file but hadn't thought about it much because he was busy completing search missions.

Now, upon reviewing the file again, Herag discovered some anomalies.

Digran came from the Mozambique Slums and possessed some wizard qualifications.

According to the records, he was a Third Class Wizard Apprentice.

The Root Bar was his establishment, and it had been running for over twenty years.

The file was straightforward, without much information, suggesting that Digran was just an ordinary resident of Silver Moon City.

But Herag's eyes fell on the first line, on the words "Mozambique Slums."

Seeing "Mozambique Slums," Herag suddenly remembered that Doron and Max also originated from the Mozambique Slums.

All three came from the slums and were Abyssal Cultists; it was too much of a coincidence.

While the population of the Mozambique Slums was large, so having some Abyssal Cultists was normal.

However, repeatedly encountering ones from the slums made Herag start to have some thoughts.

He took out a Talisman Stone to convey his observation to Pries.

Pries replied, "Indeed, many Abyssal Cultists come from the slums, partly due to the large population, and also because the poor living conditions make them more susceptible to the influence of the Evil Gods of the Abyss Plane, thereby becoming Abyssal Cultists."

Pries seemed to know this point already and didn't find it special.

The slums are a place where evil easily breeds, thus the probability of appearing Abyssal Cultists is naturally higher.

Serlandir also knew this but had no solutions.

The Mozambique Slums were the densest area in Silver Moon City, extremely chaotic, essentially unmanageable, and no one would attempt to manage it.

Serlandir was actually very unaware of the current situation in the slums, and as long as there were no major disturbances, they wouldn't intervene.

Moreover, the slums themselves were very closed-off, strictly monitoring any outsiders who entered.

Ordinary people wouldn't dare go to that place; if something happened inside, they would have to suffer the consequences alone.

If someone died in there, no one would know, nor could it be investigated.

Even if one attempted to investigate, if things escalated, they could easily scapegoat someone to appease it.

"Could Digran be hiding in the Mozambique Slums?" Herag asked.

"It's a possibility." Pries replied.

Herag continued, "Have we ever checked there?"

"The situation in the Mozambique Slums is very complex. First, if Digran is hidden there, it's tough to find him. Besides, if we actually went, he would hear about it and flee before we even reach the door."

"The main issue with the slums is that we can't just storm in; it could easily incite a slum riot. If the slums riot, it would affect the entire Silver Moon City's social stability."

"In the Land of Dawn, there's a strict ban against mass civilian slaughter. If the slums riot, it wouldn't be you killing them, but they launching suicidal attacks, causing massive casualties."

"By then, many people would undoubtedly die, and if such a thing occurs, not just me but even Master Parker would be held accountable."

Pries explained the uniqueness and complexity of the Mozambique Slums.

In the Land of Dawn, the massacre of ordinary people is strictly prohibited.

If the Silver Moon City's slums rioted, the matter would inevitably spread, becoming a reason for other wizard organizations to condemn Serlandir.

In the Land of Dawn, the major wizard organizations have both cooperative and competitive relationships.

Serlandir certainly wouldn't want such things happening within his territory.

So over the years, dealing with slums has been approached with extreme caution.

Even knowing that an Abyssal Cultist like Digran was hiding in the Mozambique Slums, they wouldn't investigate.

Because the risk is too great, no one could bear the responsibility and possible consequences.

After all, Digran is just an Abyssal Cultist, not worth Serlandir risking a slum riot to capture him.

After listening to Pries, Herag understood the situation in the Mozambique Slums.

Serlandir's attitude seemed to be laissez-faire, treating it like a hot potato no one wanted to manage.

As long as no major riots occurred, they only sent basic rations in and didn't interfere much more.

"But won't this management approach cause problems?"

Herag couldn't help but wonder.

If the Mozambique Slums continued to receive such treatment, over time, it would become a ticking time bomb for Silver Moon City, ready to explode at any moment.

The issue with the Mozambique Slums was like everyone knowing it's a bomb that will eventually go off.

But if touched, it would immediately explode; leaving it alone at least wouldn't explode right away, and thus, no one tended to it.

Herag then searched for news about the Mozambique Slums in the tavern forum and frowned after reading.

He felt it necessary to investigate the situation in the Mozambique Slums, not for the safety of Silver Moon City, but for his own.

Herag noticed that many were completely unaware of the conditions there, having no clue what's happening inside.

Poverty, backwardness, chaos, evil...

These were the general impressions most had of the Mozambique Slums, but anything more specific was entirely absent.

It's as if people inside the slums didn't use Talisman Stones, as no one mentioned detailed situations inside.

While others could remain oblivious, Herag couldn't afford to be unaware.

He lived in Silver Moon City, and without a certain degree of understanding, he wouldn't be prepared if something suddenly happened in the future.

Knowing the slums were a ticking time bomb, Herag couldn't pretend he hadn't seen this, and he needed to at least grasp the situation.

Should he spot any anomalies, he could at least prepare mentally and plan in advance.

In the absence of shelter, no eggs remained intact; Herag didn't believe that if a significant event happened in Silver Moon City, he could remain unaffected.

Going to assess the situation could enable him to prepare early.

He decided to act immediately, preparing to head to the Mozambique Slums to first observe the outskirts.

The Mozambique Slums were located in the western part of Silver Moon City, covering a vast area larger than most wealthy or civilian districts.

Because no one paid attention to it usually, it was easy to overlook, making people think it was as insignificant as a small corner.

Having carefully looked over the map of the Mozambique Slums, Herag felt even more apprehensive.

With such a large area and high population density, just how many people lived there?

No one knew.

Chapter 317: Thousand-Change Potion

Early the next morning, Herag took a carriage to the western Mozambique Slums.

He lived in the east, quite a distance from the Mozambique Slums.

He changed carriages three times along the way, not because the driver was unwilling to go that far, but because Herag didn't want to ride directly from the east to the Mozambique Slums.

That would be too easy for others to trace back his origin.

To be cautious, Herag changed carriages after a certain distance so that at least the new driver wouldn't know where he came from.

In Silver Moon City, carriages couldn't run at full speed without interruption, so the journey took four hours to reach the vicinity of the Mozambique Slums in the west.

After getting off the carriage, Herag immediately felt that the scene in front of him was unlike any other part of Silver Moon City.

In other parts of Silver Moon City, even in the communal districts, the streets were at least clean and tidy.

The buildings were mostly tall, with clean exterior walls, which made them pleasing to the eye.

But in this place, Mozambique, the ground was already littered with trash before even stepping into the slum area.

When the wind blew, the trash would roll across the ground.

A faint stench lingered in the air, sometimes strong, sometimes faint.

There weren't many tall buildings around; most were low houses.

Even when there were tall buildings, they were often very dilapidated.

Seeing this environment, Herag had the illusion of arriving at a garbage dump.

The environment here was obviously unmaintained, either because no one was assigned to maintain it, or it was intentionally left this way to fit the slum's identity.

The people's mental state here was also very different from other places in Silver Moon City.

Herag looked around and found that many people wore expressions of worry, with permanently furrowed brows that seemed never to have been relaxed.

This expression suggested it was formed over many years, not something that appeared suddenly.

Many people were carrying garbage on their backs, some of it picked out to sell, some seemingly to keep for themselves.

The Mozambique Slums had the largest landfill in Silver Moon City, located right next to the slums.

This was one of the reasons why there was garbage everywhere on the streets.

Every day, a lot of garbage was dumped here, and many residents of the slums came to scavenge to sustain themselves.

Herag noticed that the people here were generally yellow-faced and skinny, never seeing a rosy complexion.

Moreover, there were many people with large bellies, indicating serious illness related to their usual dietary habits.

Only when even the most basic hygiene was lacking would there be so many people with distended bellies.

Walking the streets, Herag noticed that people around him kept glancing at him discreetly.

It dawned on him how out of place he was here.

Neat clothes, the obviously expensive fabric, and a healthy complexion.

Everything whispered Herag was a healthy, normal person.

But a normal person was abnormal here.

Herag realized that if he wanted to investigate something here, it would be almost impossible.

Because he stood out too much, an obvious target.

Perhaps before he could go far, news of him would have spread through the Mozambique Slums.

After some thought, Herag stopped a departing carriage and left.

The driver, though puzzled, didn't question him due to the money involved, assuming that this esteemed gentleman was merely curious about the place, only to regret it upon seeing the littered ground.

Occasionally, residents from other parts of Silver Moon City would come out of curiosity, but without exception, they all regretted it.

Just the smell lingering in the air was enough to be unbearable for many.

Herag chose to return, intending to come back once he was prepared.

Apart from changing his attire, he planned to alter his appearance, not wanting to show up looking the same.

Herag thought about a situation where if there were many Abyssal Cultists in the slums.

If he went to investigate and was noticed by these cultists, it would be easy for them to find out his identity, making it easy to target him.

Herag didn't want to risk endangering himself; it's impossible to guard against thieves every day.

If these people had him in their sights, it would be quite troublesome.

Herag himself might be fine, but with Reese by his side, he had to consider her more.

No matter what, he couldn't implicate Reese, and he had to be responsible for her safety.

Once back home, Herag quickly began preparing a Magic Potion called the Thousand-Change Potion.

This was a Tier One Potion that allowed the user to take on the appearance of anyone they desired.

But there was one limitation: it couldn't change gender.

Men could only transform into men, and women into women.

Preparing Magic Potions wasn't difficult for Herag, and the materials for the Thousand-Change Potion were easy to purchase as they were common Magic Potion Materials.

After five hours, Herag held a bottle of purple liquid, the successfully crafted Thousand-Change Potion.

"What are you planning to change into?" Reese asked curiously.

"It doesn't matter. However, the potion can't be used at home; I'll use it once I'm out, so you won't see what I turn into," Herag smiled.

If he changed his appearance at home, someone seeing him later would leave traces.

At least he had to get to the city center and find a secluded place to drink the potion.

There, no one would recognize him or know where he came from, making him untraceable.

"Alright, that's a bit of a pity."

Reese sighed slightly and then started to disguise Herag.

To make Herag appear more like someone from near the slums, Reese purposely bought some second-hand clothes of very poor material, with a bit of a smell.

Herag didn't mind these at all; in fact, he was pleased it fit the identity of the people there.

After Reese worked on his makeup for a while, Herag's complexion turned much more sallow, looking almost malnourished.

With his disguise complete, Herag left to head back toward the Mozambique Slums.

On passing through the city center, Herag found an inn to drink the Thousand-Change Potion.

Herag's form changed rapidly, becoming a bit shorter, with his features entirely different.

Staring in the mirror, touching his face, he had chosen a random visage from memory.

This face came from a past life, if he remembered correctly, it was someone named Leonardo.

Having consumed the potion, Herag changed into new clothes and left the inn when no one was paying attention.

He stood by the roadside and hailed a carriage, the driver looking at him skeptically: "To Mozambique? That's quite a bit of fare."

"Here you go," Herag hesitated briefly, then handed over five somewhat dirty Silver Coins.

Chapter 318: The Crow

The coachman took the silver coin and wiped the grime off it disdainfully with his sleeve.

He glanced at Herag, feeling a bit puzzled.

Herag looked decent, but his clothing didn't resemble that of a wealthy person at all.

Moreover, he was heading to the Mozambique Slums, a place the rich would never visit.

The people from the Mozambique Slums wouldn't take a carriage there either, as they couldn't afford the entire fare of five silver coins, so the coachman was uncertain about Herag's background.

Herag ignored him and boarded the carriage on his own.

The coachman decided to stop overthinking and, securing the silver coin, began to drive.

"Just stop at Hogland Street, there's no need to go to the Mozambique Slums," Herag added after getting into the carriage.

"Sure," the coachman replied.

Hogland Street is located outside the Mozambique Slums, a certain distance away, taking about half an hour to walk.

It could be considered a residential area, just adjacent to the Mozambique Slums.

Sometimes those who have improved their circumstances in the Mozambique Slums move out, and Hogland Street is a good place to relocate to.

Herag instructed the coachman to stop there because he realized no one from the slums would take a carriage to the Mozambique Slums.

People from there wouldn't travel that way.

It seemed more reasonable to go to Hogland Street, as people there weren't as poor as those in the Mozambique Slums.

Many would even spend a lot just to take a carriage back to show off their success to neighbors.

...

After getting off at Hogland Street, Herag looked around.

Although it wasn't as littered with garbage, flowing with sewage, or filled with stench like the Mozambique Slums,

it still wasn't particularly clean. The ground was muddy with quite a bit of filth, not as nice as other parts of Silver Moon City and worse than most residential areas.

After getting off, no one paid him any attention; his attire matched the people around.

Herag lowered his head and activated Shenlan's environment detection.

He scanned the areas he passed while keeping an eye on his surroundings, gradually approaching the Mozambique Slums.

Over twenty minutes later, Herag reached the Mozambique Slums again, a few hundred meters from where he got off the cart last time.

In front lay vast areas of low shanties, with many entrances, formed by narrow alleys.

The winding alleys couldn't be clearly seen from outside, leaving the destination unknown.

Through Shenlan's environment detection, Herag observed these alleys were the main roads within the Mozambique Slums.

Each alley was extremely narrow, allowing only one person to pass through.

Interconnected like a web, these alleys formed a labyrinth, causing anyone not local to easily get lost.

Due to Shenlan's environment detection having limited range, Herag could only see some of the outer area terrain, with deeper areas remaining unobservable.

Herag planned not to venture inside, as he was an unfamiliar face easily noticed.

In such a vast slum area, a lone individual entering would go unnoticed like a wave dropped into the sea.

As a Level 1 Liquidation Wizard, he had some self-preservation confidence,

but knowing there could be Abyssal Cultists inside made taking a risk unwise.

If encountering some special method, even Herag might not escape.

If caught inside the Mozambique Slums, getting out would be troublesome.

Even Serlandir preferred not to interfere easily with this place.

Herag walked along the outskirts of the Mozambique Slums, using Shenlan's environment detection to record the observable areas.

However, the slums were flanked by two foul rivers, with a continuous stretch of low shanties on the stinky river's other side, and open flat land on this side.

Since there was no one around here, if Herag dared to walk over and observe the slums from afar, he'd easily be noticed.

Thus, Herag could only observe a corner of this side from the slums' outskirts.

Inside, he knew nothing about the much more extensive area.

Glancing at a nearby tavern, Herag considered entering to figure out how to investigate further.

But he found it was filled with reeking drunks who were clearly very familiar with each other.

As a stranger, Herag entering there would undoubtedly attract attention, bringing unnecessary trouble.

So he abandoned the idea of entering the tavern.

Herag contemplated as he strolled along.

Passing a small alley, he glanced inside.

He saw piles of garbage filling the alley, reeking of stench and decay, with a few crows rummaging for food atop the heaps.

Herag immediately had some ideas.

Minutes later, a crow soared from the alley, flying in the vast sky.

In a deserted corner, Herag held a half-empty bottle of liquor, leaning against a wall and drinking silently, appearing no different from the drunks commonly seen here.

Seemingly a disheartened, indulging drunkard, Herag's mind was actually focused on the crow flying above.

All Things Have Spirit, a magic of the Elf Race, allowed communication with all living creatures.

Herag temporarily manipulated the crow's body, controlling it to fly over the Mozambique Slums.

While using the All Things Have Spirit magic, Herag couldn't employ Shenlan's environment detection on the crow, nor sense the Abyss Plane's breath.

His intention was merely for Shenlan to quickly record the visible scene from above, creating a complete map of the slums.

This would at least provide a rough idea of the slums' internal terrain and layout distribution.

The problem was, this couldn't reveal how many Abyssal Cultists were inside the slums.

The crow, flying swiftly overhead, couldn't glean much useful information or make much analysis.

While Herag controlled the crow flying over Mozambique, Franz was in a courtyard, holding a ladle and drawing water from a bucket to water flowers.

As the crow flew over, Franz glanced at it, watching it fade into the distance.

Stood nearby, Brown noticed Franz consistently watching the crow, prompting him to ask, "Sir, did you notice anything unusual?"

Franz shook his head, ceasing to look at the crow and continuing to water the flowers.

As he watered, he remarked, "It's nothing, just an eye. Serlandir's people are always like this, frequently flying over our heads, as if it suits their lofty status."

Chapter 319: News of Death

"They've come again?" Brown understood what was going on after listening.

Although Serlandir rarely intervened in the management of the Mozambique slums, he never slackened his surveillance and investigation of the area.

He would occasionally come over to check on the situation, ensuring there were no major changes.

As long as everything appeared calm and ordinary, there would be no further actions.

Brown knew this, and Franz did too; they were already accustomed to it.

When Franz noticed the abnormality of the raven, he instinctively thought it was Serlandir's people coming to investigate again, which is why he spoke as he did and did not pay much attention to the raven.

On the other side, Herag, leaning against the corner of the wall, suddenly opened his eyes.

When he was controlling the raven to fly over, he suddenly sensed the feeling of being watched, someone was intensely watching him.

It wasn't just watching the raven in the sky, but seemed to be watching him through the raven.

Upon sensing this feeling of being watched, Herag immediately maneuvered the raven to fly away from the Mozambique slums.

He quickly realized that someone in the Mozambique slums had detected the oddity of the raven and perceived his presence through it.

Without hesitation, Herag stood up and left.

He was unsure if the other party had detected his location, but staying there was certainly not an option; he had to leave.

Herag quickly exited the Mozambique slum area and arrived at Hogland Street, feeling slightly relaxed.

He swiftly hailed a carriage and began his return journey, trying to distance himself from the area of the Mozambique slums as quickly as possible.

Herag found it peculiar; typically, even if someone noticed the anomaly of the raven, they would only watch the raven, so why did he have a sense of being watched?

It was a feeling as if someone saw him directly through the raven.

This ability is certainly not something an ordinary wizard could achieve, at least most Level 1 Wizards wouldn't be able to do it.

In Herag's estimation, the person watching him was likely a Level 2 Wizard, or perhaps even higher.

Only then could someone see through the raven and identify the person controlling it from behind in an instant.

However, in that slum area, according to Herag's findings, the strongest person there was an old man named Franz, with the power of a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard.

While Herag was flying, there were many people below; he could not determine who exactly was watching him.

But it no longer mattered; Herag had acquired the information he wanted.

First, the complete topographic map of the Mozambique slums was already recorded in Shenlan's database.

Then, Herag confirmed that the Mozambique slums had quite significant issues, with much deeper waters than he had imagined.

Powerful individuals hidden in the Mozambique slums alone were enough to substantiate many of Herag's suspicions.

Herag was almost certain now that the Mozambique slums were like a giant ticking time bomb, unpredictable as to when it might explode.

He sat in the carriage, frowning.

The situation in the Land of Dawn was far more complex than he imagined, with not only threats from polluted areas outside but also forces like the Abyssal Cultists within.

It was truly full of internal and external troubles, appearing all calm on the surface without any noticeable anomalies.

Yet, underneath the calm facade, turbulence was brewing, giving Herag an even greater sense of urgency.

Previously residing in the Barren Land actually afforded a certain amount of protection, there was at least not this level of danger.

Upon learning this information, Herag felt even more pressing to enhance his power.

When the mutation arrives, only sufficient power will ensure he can survive the tide.

Herag was thankful he did not recklessly enter the Mozambique slums; otherwise, he might not have come out alive.

Even if he had escaped, it was likely he would have been targeted by the people there, causing him much trouble.

Halfway through, Herag got off the carriage, stealthily moving through a Shadowy Corner area for a long time, ensuring no one had detected him or given him the feeling of being watched.

After confirming no one was tracking him, he reverted back to his original appearance.

The effects of the Thousand-Change Potion could be actively dispelled and lasted up to seventy-two hours.

Herag remained cautious along the way, changing locations several times.

Although he felt like he was outsmarting air, he constantly felt it was best to remain cautious.

...

Three days later.

While Herag was studying spell model books at home, he received unexpected news.

Digran was dead.

The body was discovered in a sewer near City Hall.

Since the sewers in the City Hall area were regularly maintained, the body was quickly discovered.

The sanitation workers who found the body reported it immediately.

The information about the body was quickly verified as the wanted Digran.

Upon hearing the news, Pries and others hurried over to investigate, confirming it was indeed Digran.

They also used some magical methods to ensure the corpse wasn't transformed by magical means.

Similar incidents had occurred before, where someone fabricated their own death attempting a false escape, only to have their trick exposed.

From the wounds on the body, it appeared Digran had died swiftly, with a knife stabbed directly into the heart, which was fatal.

After Pries and others checked the scene, they noticed many peculiarities.

Digran seemed to have offered no resistance at all; it was unclear if he was controlled and couldn't resist, or if he didn't react before he was killed with a simple stab.

More strangely, Pries attempted to summon Digran's soul with his methods, only to find no trace at all.

This led to the belief that someone had completely annihilated his soul.

Such an act was beyond the capability of an ordinary wizard, requiring considerable strength.

This brings up a question, what was the motive for killing Digran?

Digran was a fugitive wanted by an order issued by Silver Moon City. If it were someone seeking the bounty, they should have handed Digran over to Serlandir's faction in Silver Moon City after killing him.

But they didn't; instead, they dumped the body in the sewer.

Hence, it's possible the murder was to silence him, with someone not wanting Digran to reveal certain information, so they directly killed him.

Yet this also had an unreasonable aspect, as the body disposal location was peculiar.

From the scene's traces, it appeared the body was taken through the sewer to near City Hall for disposal.

This seemingly was done intentionally to ensure the body's discovery.

If the person who killed Digran wanted to silence him and prevent him from falling into Serlandir's hands, they should have completely disposed of the body.

Many methods existed within the wizarding world to make a living person disappear without needing to dispose of a body.

Chapter 320: Meditation Room

From this point of view, the act of the other party disposing of the corpse in the sewers near City Hall seems very odd.

"Perhaps it's a gesture of goodwill, or a provocation?" Pries said through the Talisman Stone.

Herag pondered, "Goodwill? You mean the Abyssal Cultists?"

"Exactly, although we don't know why they did it, for now, it seems only those Abyssal Cultists would do such a thing. They killed Digran and then deliberately threw the body in the sewers near City Hall for us to discover."

"By doing this, it seems like they want to communicate something to us, but we currently have no clue why they would do it. This action also carries a hint of provocation." Pries said.

The matter with Digran was almost about to die down, and Pries and the others had no hope of finding Digran.

In the past, there were many such incidents where people disappeared into the corners of Silver Moon City, never to be found again.

These individuals would slowly be forgotten because Silver Moon City had countless matters needing attention daily.

With limited manpower, it's impossible to resolve every old case.

No one has the capability, nor the manpower and energy.

So normally, those Abyssal Cultists associated with Digran had no reason to kill Digran; they could just hide out as usual for a while.

Pries was unaware, but Herag had made some connections.

He suddenly thought it might relate to his recent investigation in the Mozambique Slums.

At that time, as he manipulated the crow to fly over the Mozambique Slums, he was noticed and observed by some unknown presence.

Herag guessed it might be that the people in the Mozambique Slums thought it was someone from Serlandir investigating Digran.

Recently, the matters concerning the Abyssal Cultists revolved mainly around Digran.

If Digran was indeed hiding there, the Abyssal Cultists in the slums likely thought Serlandir was suddenly investigating because of Digran.

They didn't seem to want conflict with Serlandir, so they killed Digran and delivered his body.

This is both an act of goodwill and a provocation.

The Mozambique Slums' intentions were clear: I've given you the person, so don't bother coming here anymore.

Herag linked the causes and effects, quickly unraveling and understanding the situation.

He thought that the Mozambique Slums seemed quite complicated, and he needed to be more cautious in the future.

"By the way, your contribution points have been settled, totaling ten points, which isn't insignificant." Pries added.

This time, only capturing one small character Alda didn't really earn any contribution points.

The ten points were because they identified Digran as an Abyssal Cultist.

Herag had no complaints; having ten points was already quite good. He now had a total of only a hundred contribution points—better than nothing.

Herag pondered and asked, "Mr. Pries, does our Serlandir have a small plane like Augustus Academy to accelerate meditation practice?"

Being aware of the various potential dangers, Herag needed to expedite his strength enhancement.

For a wizard, meditation was the most straightforward way to become stronger.

Once the realm progresses, strength naturally increases significantly.

Currently at the Liquidation Wizard stage, Herag needed to accumulate meditation practice to break through to the Crystalization Stage.

But at the current pace, who knew how long it would take to progress to the Crystalization Wizard stage.

Herag had to consider more methods to expedite meditation speed.

Early promotion to Crystalization Wizard stage was necessary for becoming a Level 2 Wizard.

Once promoted to Level 2 Wizard, his ability to protect himself in the Land of Dawn would greatly improve.

Regarding methods to increase meditation speed, the first Herag thought of was continuing to develop magic potions to enhance his meditation speed.

Next, he remembered the small planes Lillian had mentioned before, where meditation practice would be much faster.

Lillian had once said every wizard organization had similar places.

"A small plane? We do have one. But the conditions to enter are stringent; you need at least a thousand contribution points, and it requires approval. For you, it's challenging to pass. However, if you want to speed up meditation, you don't have to go to a small plane, just go to the Wizard Tower." Pries suggested.

Herag, too inexperienced, even if he quickly earned a thousand contribution points, lacks the qualifications for the application approval to enter a small plane, making passing approval unlikely.

After all, small planes are crucial places for any wizard organization, not accessible to anyone.

As a new arrival, Herag was unlikely to be granted entry.

But Pries mentioned another place, the Wizard Tower.

Herag suddenly realized he had overlooked it.

The Wizard Towers were present throughout Silver Moon City, visible everywhere.

Each Wizard Tower guarded the security of the surrounding area, preventing the spread of contaminated zones.

Due to its ubiquitous nature, it's easily forgotten.

Previously, Herag thought Wizard Towers were simply for city defense and didn't pay much attention.

But Pries's mention reminded him that Wizard Towers also assist in wizard practice.

"Every Wizard Tower in Silver Moon City has a Meditation Room, where meditation speed is two to three times faster than usual. However, it is costly, and requires identity verification to enter, but for people from Serlandir like us, it should be no problem." Pries said.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Pries."

After thanking, Herag immediately researched and quickly found information about the Wizard Tower Meditation Rooms.

It turned out one could indeed speed up meditation there because of the Energy Well design in the Wizard Tower, making the concentration of energy particles much higher than outside.

However, the price was steep—one hundred magic stones per hour in the Meditation Room.

Herag was a bit stunned at the cost, no wonder few mentioned it; who could afford it?

Eight hundred magic stones for eight hours a day, eight thousand for ten days, eighty thousand for a hundred days.

Herag currently had about fifteen thousand magic stones, enough to sustain meditation practice for less than two hundred days.

This estimation was only feasible if he didn't eat, drink, or have any other expenses.

Herag thought about it, knowing he had to go to the Wizard Tower but needed to plan the timing.

Additionally, he needed to develop magic potions that aid meditation practice for it to be more effective.