

## **Sixth 331**

### Chapter 331: Difficult Problem

Normally, given enough time, many Witch Array Masters can decipher this witch array.

But the problem is, it might take hundreds of years.

In the contamination zone, no one can spend hundreds of years deciphering the witch array of this relic.

There's not that much time.

The Pioneer Squad from Serlandir is probably working tirelessly to decipher it right now.

They sent this footage back hoping to gather everyone's strength to decipher it together, quicker than doing it alone.

If they can't decipher it in a while, they'll probably abandon the relic.

There are too many uncertainties in the contamination zone, they can't stay there forever.

If they can't decipher it, they can only record the location and return once they figure out a solution.

But the situation within the contamination zone is unpredictable; the relic might be gone in a few days.

After observing the disk spinning once, Herag found it indeed extremely difficult to decipher.

The eight rings are eight witch arrays, each with hundreds of runes, and the interactions between the rings must be considered.

With the normal deciphering method, one has to observe the operational patterns to get some data first.

Then perform rigorous and precise calculations based on the data, the amount of calculations involved can't be done quickly.

Herag quickly thought of conventional deciphering methods and realized it's impossible to decipher it in a short time.

One must think of some clever methods to decipher this witch array, testing the mind's flexibility.

It's no wonder the Witch Array Master in the Pioneer Squad can't decipher it; that Master must not be a newbie and certainly has high attainments.

But this thing has nothing to do with experience; you can't decipher it if you can't think of a way.

Either know the correct solution or calculate the answer by brute force.

Though wizards have high spiritual power, they still can't calculate such complexities quickly.

Herag observed everyone else, finding most people engrossed in thought.

All attending this conference are elite Witch Array Masters, naturally noticing the deciphering difficulty of this witch array.

Some were already leaning beside the table, sketching on parchment paper with a quill, apparently starting calculations.

Herag glanced at them, knowing calculating on paper wouldn't work, at least not in a short time.

While others were deep in thought, Herag furrowed his brow pretending to think.

"Shenlan, start calculating and analyzing the solution for this disk."

"Task archival completed, analyzing and calculating, estimate twenty-three minutes," Shenlan gave the estimated time.

Herag pondered, "Twenty-three minutes, not too slow."

For Shenlan, simply going through each possibility suffices.

At its speed, twenty-three minutes is already quite long.

Herag silently waited for Shenlan to complete the calculation, occasionally glancing at others.

Just hoping Shenlan finishes before anyone else provides the answer.

Herag won't underestimate these wizards; each Witch Array Master is a genuine genius, anyone may find a way to solve it.

It's entirely possible.

The entire Avila Restaurant became tranquil, only the soft writing sounds on parchment were audible.

Some started writing, others like Herag believed calculation wouldn't work, thus kept observing the disk.

Ten minutes later, a raspy voice broke the silence.

"I think I know how to solve it." Old Man Muir emerged from the crowd, approaching Goodwin.

Goodwin turned with a smile, "Oh, it's Mr. Muir, you already have the answer?"

Old Man Muir backed his hands, scornfully glanced around, and said sternly, "I naturally have an idea; you all lack insight. It's merely a series of witch arrays, there's a fixed solution. Eight rings, view every two as a whole, then reverse backwards with the same thought."

Saying so, he produced a rolled parchment, handing it to Goodwin, "Try my solution."

Goodwin accepted, unrolling and inspecting it carefully.

After watching, Israel took it to look and passed it to three others.

"What do you think?" Goodwin asked Israel.

Israel furrowed his brow tightly, "This is mostly speculation without specific data support, not necessarily feasible."

Upon hearing this, Muir immediately shouted hoarsely, "What do you know? My method will work for sure!"

Israel shrugged indifferently, "I don't think it works, see what others think."

With five reviewers, only needing three to think it feasible to test it in the contamination zone.

Goodwin considered, "Without data support is a problem indeed, but I think the idea is worth a try, what do you think?"

The other three agreed similarly, thinking it's worth trying.

Herag observed silently, Shenlan still calculating, without a specific result yet.

Only hoping Old Man Muir's method fails; otherwise, the reward won't be his.

Goodwin took the parchment to the back, probably passing it to the contamination zone.

During the wait for Goodwin's reply, Old Man Muir glimpsed around disdainfully.

Seeing Herag still furrowing and thinking, recalling Herag's prior rudeness, he mocked, "What's wrong, kiddo? Can't think of it? Go read more books, but with your brain, books won't solve this problem."

Muir didn't know Herag or understand him, only thought him to be somewhat related to Israel as a young man.

"Whether I can solve it is unknown, but your solution certainly can't," Herag smiled.

When Muir handed Goodwin, the parchment was rolled.

Others, out of respect, wouldn't use magic sense to probe the contents.

But Herag had Shenlan's environment detection and already saw what Muir wrote.

Can only say the idea is viable, but doesn't match this disk's actual condition.

Even if treated with a holistic method, the relationships are still too complex, and Muir's parchment didn't address this.

Hence, Israel immediately dismissed it, Goodwin and others noticed the issue but thought the idea worth a try, maybe like hitting a dead mouse blindly.

Chapter 332: The Solution

Old Man Muir's face was cold: "How could my thought process be understood by a young lad like you? Just wait and see."

Herag smiled and said, "Then let's see."

After looking at Old Man Muir's solution, he was almost certain that it was impossible to solve.

In his vision, Shenlan's analysis and calculations were still ongoing and needed ten more minutes to yield results.

Eight minutes later.

Goodwin came out with the sheepskin scroll of Old Man Muir, with a smile still hanging on his face.

Old Man Muir knew Goodwin always wore this expression, and couldn't be sure if his method worked, so he could only ask, "Mr. Goodwin, has it been solved?"

Goodwin smiled and said, "It's truly a pity, but those people over there still couldn't crack this Wheel of Fortune Witch Array after trying."

"How is that possible! It must be that his method has a problem!" Old Man Muir still firmly believed he was right, thinking the issue was in their practical operation.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Muir, those over there confirmed that the operational process was flawless, but your method is still not perfect, considering things too one-sidedly," Goodwin explained gently.

Old Man Muir didn't continue to argue, his face changing uncertainly as if contemplating something.

Seeing Muir silent, Goodwin looked around: "Does anyone else have any good methods?"

There was no response from those around, clearly, no one had found an effective method yet.

Several people had already sat down at the table, writing furiously, calculating something intensely.

Herag glanced at the progress in his vision—it was almost done.

After waiting about two minutes, Shenlan gave the results.

"The Wheel of Fortune Witch Array has been cracked. The solution is as follows."

Herag quickly checked it, and Shenlan directly provided specific steps.

Shenlan had numbered the eight rings inside the disk, from outside to inside, as Wheel One to Wheel Eight.

The first step was to embed a designated rune in a specific position on the Third Wheel, followed by embedding another rune on the specified position of the Seventh Wheel.

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The steps were extremely complicated; Herag found there were a total of ninety-eight steps.

The operation volume was substantial, but after reading it all, it indeed seemed very feasible.

Herag ran the steps in his mind according to the given instructions and felt that the success rate was extremely high, with every step being reasonable and justified.

Shenlan provided the calculation process for each step, which was exceptionally complex, with a massive set of formulas.

But the process was very convincing because the data was extremely clear.

As long as there's data backing it, every step of the process could be justified.

Herag took out his quill pen and a stack of sheepskin parchment from the Space Ring and began writing in a corner.

He didn't attract much attention, as many others were also engrossed in writing and calculating just like Herag.

Old Man Muir, however, was the first to notice Herag's actions and sneered disdainfully.

He didn't believe Herag could come up with anything noteworthy.

If he couldn't solve the problem, how could this young lad? Impossible.

Israel glanced at Herag and, seeing Herag's serious expression, nodded slightly.

Herag picked up the quill pen and began to transcribe Shenlan's given steps onto the parchment.

Due to the complexity of the steps, one sheet of parchment was far from enough.

The stack of parchment Herag brought out was quickly used up, leaving a pile of densely written sheepskin on the table.

He immediately took out another stack of parchment from the Space Ring and continued writing furiously.

As time passed, the sheepskin parchment on Herag's table had piled up thickly.

Israel had already come over, observing Herag's writing process.

He was initially just curious and didn't think Herag could come up with an effective solution so quickly.

But after watching for a while, Israel was shocked.

He himself was a Level 2 Witch Array Master, naturally possessing high proficiency in witch arrays, also being an expert.

Just after watching for a moment, Israel understood what Herag was doing and also recognized what Herag was writing.

As Herag continued to write, Israel silently deduced in his mind based on Herag's content, finding all of it correct.

Israel only regretted coming late and missing the earlier parts.

When he got there, there was already a thick pile of sheepskin parchment on Herag's table.

Judging from the current content, there were no issues.

Herag wrote for over forty minutes before laying out the complete process of cracking on the parchment.

The stack of parchment was so high that it couldn't be held with one hand.

"Whew." Herag exhaled, feeling somewhat tired after writing for so long.

Israel asked, "Finished writing?"

"Hmm." Herag nodded.

"President Goodwin, come have a look at Herag's method," Israel said towards Goodwin on the other side.

During this period, several people had already submitted their methods to Goodwin, but none had passed the review.

Goodwin turned his head to glance at Herag and Israel, then walked over.

Herag handed over the thick stack of parchment: "President Goodwin, take a look and see if it works?"

Goodwin nodded, took the parchment, and began reading from the very top.

As soon as he started reading, Goodwin sensed that this solution was different from everyone's.

This was a solution with comprehensive data calculations, where each step could be independently deduced and verified by the reader.

Goodwin quickly immersed himself in the solution, silently reading, while calculating in his mind.

His actions drew the attention of others, with many looking over.

Upon seeing the thick stack of parchment in Goodwin's hands, many people were surprised.

It hadn't been long, how did this young man named Herag write so much?

Of course, writing a lot was of no use unless it could solve problems.

Old Man Muir thought the same way, looking at the stack of parchment with an expression of surprise and uncertainty.

He was also doubtful whether this youngster had really managed to come up with a solution, but upon further thought, he believed he was overthinking it.

Through this period of reflection, Muir had discovered the shortcomings and loopholes in his method and realized even more the troublesome nature of this Wheel of Fortune Witch Array.

He did not believe this was a problem that could be solved in a short time.

After reading, Goodwin still wore a smile and handed the stack of parchment to Israel.

Israel waved his hand: "I've already looked over part of it, and I think it's worth a try."

Goodwin nodded without speaking, then looked at Herag before turning to hand the parchment to the other three reviewers.

Chapter 333: Solution

Israel watched as Goodwin left with the stack of parchment, and sighed, "It's hard to imagine that you came up with these in such a short time."

If he hadn't witnessed the latter half of Herag's writing process himself, he would have found it hard to believe.

One can only sigh that sometimes the gap between people is larger than between people and dogs.

Herag put away the quill and leftover parchment and poured himself a glass of red wine on the nearby dining table.

After writing for so long, he was feeling a bit thirsty.

Many people were watching him, and everyone here saw the thick stack of parchment that Goodwin was holding.

This was the second solution to pass review after almost an hour had passed.

The previous one was from Old Man Muir, whom many people were familiar with.

A Level 2 Witch Array Master, with deep qualifications and rich experience, so nobody found it strange.

Old Man Muir's solution opened up many people's minds, prompting them to attempt cracking it according to that approach.

Thus, when Old Man Muir provided his solution, it didn't surprise anyone.

However, Herag was an unfamiliar face; among those present, only a few knew Herag, while most had no idea who he was.

Seeing Herag's solution was in such a thick stack, it seemed quite impressive.

Herag ignored the observing gazes and approached Israel, saying, "I also don't know if it will work, just giving it a try."

"I think there's a good chance it will succeed. I looked at the latter half of your calculation and it seems to have no major issues," Israel wasn't entirely sure because Herag's writing speed was too quick for him to fully calculate, only roughly browsing through it.

"Hopefully," Herag replied.

This time, Goodwin was gone for a long time, unlike last time when he returned in just a few minutes.

Many people waited for Goodwin's results this time; the longer they waited, the more they felt hopeful about Herag's solution working.

Some continued to furiously write, still buried in calculations, unaffected by external influence.

The wizard community has extremely high focus, with spiritual power highly concentrated when focused on tasks.

In truth, Herag was quite confident, with a high degree of certainty.

But outwardly, he couldn't appear overly confident and had to show some uncertainty.

Old Man Muir stood among the crowd; due to his height, he was surrounded by legs as he peeked at Herag through the gaps.

By now, even he was unsure, as Goodwin had been gone for an unusually long time.

Normally, a quick test would reveal the result, with no need for further testing.

Goodwin being gone for so long meant the initial attempts were successful, but the cracking process hadn't been fully completed.

The longer it took, the higher the likelihood Herag's solution would succeed.

If the first half was problem-free, the latter half would presumably be fine as well.

In other words, there was now a high probability that Herag's solution was workable and might have reached the final validation stage.

A while later, Goodwin returned, with a smile on his face, and the stack of parchment was nowhere to be seen.

He had been gone for half an hour.

Everyone turned to look at him, waiting for Goodwin to announce the result.

Goodwin walked over to Herag and said with a smile, "Congratulations Herag, your solution successfully cracked the witch array at the relic entrance. Ten thousand magic stones and five hundred contribution points will be issued to your account shortly."

For a moment there was silence at the scene, followed by many exclamations as they all turned their attention to Herag, looking at this unfamiliar young man.

They had thought the Wheel of Fortune Witch Array would take quite some time to solve, perhaps even proving unsolvable.

But unexpectedly, it was deciphered in just around two hours.

The person who cracked it was so young and unknown; had a famous witch array master solved it, they would have remained unfazed as they were familiar with them.

Upon Herag providing the solution, many began to truly regard this young man seriously and started whispering, inquiring about Herag.

Goodwin exclaimed, "You're indeed a remarkable young man. Keep up the good work! I believe, as long as you advance to Level 2 Wizard, passing the Level 2 Witch Array Master assessment will be no problem for you."

"Thank you for the praise, President," Herag replied with a humble smile, showing no arrogance or pride, maintaining a very modest demeanor.

Many took notice of this, raising their opinion of Herag substantially.

If it were an average young person with Herag's intellect and achievement, a bit of pride would be expected.

It's normal for youth to be somewhat arrogant, but Herag displayed remarkable composure.

For wizards, steadiness is a highly esteemed quality.

The wizard community is never short of talent, but the number who reach far is few.

Elders like Goodwin and Israel had seen countless such cases, which made them very fond of Herag's character.

At this point, Old Man Muir walked over, eyed Herag, and croaked, "Boy, add me as a Talisman Stone friend. You can ask me questions if you're confused. Also, tell me about your solution today."

Herag hadn't expected Old Man Muir to be this gracious, not caring about past slight annoyances.

Seeing Herag's expression, Old Man Muir said, "I just don't like Israel. I wouldn't stoop to bickering with a junior like you. You show some talent in witch arrays, so I'm willing to guide you a bit."

As Old Man Muir said this, Herag naturally wouldn't needlessly make enemies.

He and Old Man Muir actually had no real conflict, so it was best to turn hostility into friendship.

After adding Old Man Muir as a Talisman Stone friend, Herag began explaining his cracking process.

Old Man Muir listened intently without interrupting Herag, just focused on listening.

As Herag explained, several other witch array masters also gravitated nearby to listen attentively.

Herag held nothing back, there was no need to keep secrets about this.

Once Herag completely explained his cracking method, the people around him were left with only admiration in their eyes.

Herag's thought process was so clear that once heard, it was evident there were no issues with it.

That's not the focus; the point is Herag completed the cracking in a very short time.

Herag then added a few more people as Talisman Stone friends, remaining humble and not arrogant.

Since the primary purpose of this exchange meeting had been achieved, it proceeded to the regular exchange meeting and dance segments.

## Chapter 334: Dragged into the Abyss Plane

The exchange event was initially scheduled for three days at the Avila Restaurant, but unexpectedly, it was resolved in one night—it was quite surprising.

Israel joked that Herag was saving money for the Witch Array Master Association.

On the second day, the ten thousand Magic Stones and five hundred Contribution Points were credited in full. Herag looked at these numbers and felt a bit more secure.

This trip to the exchange event was definitely worth it—not only did he earn ten thousand Magic Stones, but also five hundred Contribution Points.

Additionally, he expanded his network a bit.

Networking seems useless when you don't need it, but it always plays a role at crucial moments.

Herag's subsequent plans were simple. Now that he had enough Magic Stones, he decided to continue his Meditation Practice at the Wizard Tower, aiming to quickly reach the Crystalization Stage.

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In the Mozambique Slums, Franz stayed in his family's hall.

The lighting here was dim, with only a few oil lamps lit.

A high table akin to an altar was placed in the deepest part of the hall, and Franz stood before it, eyes closed, muttering something.

Strangely, the altar was empty—there was nothing on it.

Brown, standing behind Franz, knew why.

Lord Franz had once said that placing things on the altar could easily leave evidence.

As long as one has the great Gods in their heart, whether there is a statue on the altar is actually irrelevant.

Franz was chanting prayers, and Brown followed behind, bowing his head in prayer too.

After a long while, Franz opened his eyes and calmly said, "Is there any recent situation?"

Brown lowered his head and said, "Nothing particularly noteworthy, but there is one person who might need attention. His name is Herag, and recently he resolved a Witch Array at the exchange event of the Witch Array Master Association—he is a very promising Witch Array Master."

They had always paid attention to talents in Silver Moon City, recording anyone who was excellent.

The records were not for recruitment or alliance—they were to find opportunities to eliminate them.

Their goal was to bring forth the descent of the Evil God from the Abyss Plane, and these talents in Silver Moon City might become obstacles.

Therefore, those recorded on the list were all targets that needed to be removed.

"Hmm, record it." Franz wasn't too concerned; their list often added rising stars like Herag.

Brown continued, "Another thing worth noting about Herag is, according to internal information, Doron, Max, and Digran, who were caught previously, all had connections with him. These events were triggered because Herag discovered some clues, leading to subsequent capture actions."

Franz, who was originally wiping the table, paused and asked, "Really?"

They had informants embedded within the City Hall of Silver Moon City, ensuring they could learn about any actions over there.

Brown said, "Yes, although those instances seemed coincidental, I have a feeling that Herag might have some issues—it's unreasonable for such coincidences to happen every time."

Franz continued wiping the table with a handkerchief and said, "Then use him to test it."

"Test on him?" Brown asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, I recall this person's strength is merely that of a Level 1 Liquidation Wizard. Not very strong but not weak either, and he lacks background. Plus, he has caused us damage several times—use him for experimentation." Franz said solemnly.

Brown nodded, "Alright."

"The Holy Artifact this time is the first gift from the Gods. To ensure things go smoothly, you will handle it personally. It's also a chance for you to enter the Abyss Plane." Franz said.

Brown nodded excitedly, "Thank you, Lord, for giving me this opportunity!"

"Take it. Once Herag's usual habits are clear, pick a suitable place to make your move." Franz took out a red stone, crystal clear like a piece of jade.

Brown received the stone with both hands, gazing at it in his palm with slightly heavy breathing.

This Holy Artifact, recently gifted by the Gods from the Abyss Plane, could temporarily drag both the bearer and the target into the Abyss Plane.

These Abyssal Cultists possess powers bestowed by the Evil Gods from the Abyss Plane—powers heavily suppressed in the Wizard Plane.

However, once in the Abyss Plane, these powers can be fully unleashed.

In contrast, Wizards from the Wizard Plane would find their powers suppressed in the Abyss Plane.

This one increase and one decrease would form a massive disparity in power.

This Holy Artifact, given by the Evil Gods of the Abyss Plane, is meant to deal with specific target individuals.

Since the process involves a temporary shift into the Abyss Plane, if the target dies there, the corpse remains in the Abyss Plane permanently.

To those in the Wizard Plane, the person would seem to have vanished without a trace, without any evidence left behind.

Through these means, Abyssal Cultists can accomplish targeted killings.

As long as the general strength of the target is known beforehand, one stronger than the target can be chosen for the task.

In one-on-one duels in the Abyss Plane, these Abyssal Cultists have absolute crushing superiority.

The only issue is that this has never been used before, so its effects must be tested.

Herag perfectly suited as a test subject—not very strong, not very weak, and lacking background—avoiding relentless pursuit from those extremely powerful.

Silver Moon City is full of talented young individuals, but they generally hail from Wizard Families or are direct descendants of Serlandir's upper echelon.

Targeting these individuals is highly troublesome, as there would certainly be powerful Wizards tracking relentlessly.

Franz and the Abyssal Cultists prefer not to confront Wizards directly, thus they've never targeted those with deep backgrounds.

However, Herag, who suddenly appeared and perfectly matched the criteria, naturally became a target after entering Franz's view.

Brown put the red stone away and said, "I will handle this beautifully, ensuring the Holy Artifact bestowed by the Gods is not wasted."

He took a deep breath to calm himself.

Brown had believed in the Gods from the Abyss Plane since childhood, yearning for the Abyss Plane, considering it a Holy Land.

Now, with a method to enter the Abyss Plane, how could he not be thrilled.

Brown almost wished to use the red stone immediately—just to see the Abyss Plane.

But this is an important Holy Artifact given by the Gods, and it cannot be wasted recklessly—its value must be maximized.

After respectfully bowing, Brown turned to leave the hall.

Upon reaching the courtyard, he glanced at the sky, his gaze firm.

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For half a month, Herag had been unable to fully realize his idea of stealth at the Wizard Tower.

## Chapter 335: Surveillance

Herag underestimated the influence he caused at that exchange meeting.

During this period, he occasionally received invitations for meals from various people.

The people inviting him were not ordinary, making it difficult to refuse.

While dining with Israel, Muir, and Goodwin, Herag learned some news.

It was about the Pioneer Squad from Serlandir; they were very grateful to Herag and planned to personally thank him upon their return.

Herag was quite curious about the pioneers and was ready to chat with them.

Despite the many social engagements, Herag's focus remained on his meditation practice, never neglected.

Whenever he had time, Herag would go to the Wizard Tower for meditation practice.

Evening.

As usual, after completing his meditation, Herag left the Wizard Tower and walked home.

Since learning about the internal and external issues within the Land of Dawn, Herag had developed the habit of keeping his environmental detection active.

He walked down King Street, his expression calm, but inside he was extremely alert.

Herag discovered, in a hotel outside King Street,

a young man was sitting on the hotel bed, his right hand open with an eyeball in his palm.

Although Herag didn't know where the young man was looking with the eyeball, he was certain that the young man was likely an Abyssal Cultist.

The eyeball resembled the smaller version of the one that appeared above Israel's house.

Herag suspected the other party might be monitoring him, but he didn't feel observed.

Herag couldn't be entirely sure because if the eyeball was from the Abyss Plane's Evil God's power, it could go unnoticed by him.

Once promoted to an Official Wizard, one's senses become very acute.

If it were a regular surveillance method, the wizard being watched would surely notice.

So usually special means are required to make the monitored unaware.

If not for Shenlan's environmental detection, Herag wouldn't have noticed the young man's actions.

He wasn't sure whom the young man was monitoring.

People living on King Street were mainly from Serlandir, so it was normal for Abyssal Cultists to monitor the area.

Herag carefully watched the young man's actions and noticed he just stared at the eyeball in his palm without doing anything else.

The other party showed no unusual behavior, so Herag didn't act rashly.

He couldn't possibly tell Pries there was an Abyssal Cultist and ask him to quickly arrest him.

Because normally, Herag had no reason to discover a cultist staying at a hotel across the street.

That would seem too strange.

Herag returned home as usual without mentioning it to Reese, everything remained normal.

He kept an eye on the young man, who continued staring at the eyeball in his palm.

"Doesn't his eye get dry from staring constantly?" Herag wondered.

If it weren't for the man's breathing, Herag would have thought he was dead.

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In the hotel, Brown stared at the eyeball in his palm.

He appeared to be staring at his palm, but his vision was already focused on Herag a street away.

This was a power bestowed by the gods, allowing the monitored to be completely unaware.

Unless the other party was a Level 3 Wizard, they couldn't possibly detect being watched.

Brown always acted with great caution.

Although Herag was just a Liquid Stage Wizard, Brown didn't act recklessly.

Upon reaching the vicinity of King Street, Brown's first action was to begin monitoring Herag.

He first needed to understand Herag's routine and then find the right timing to strike.

Brown had arrived at the hotel in the afternoon, waiting until Herag entered the Wizard Tower for practice.

The protective Witch Array at the Wizard Tower was unique, and his Eye of the Evil God couldn't see inside.

Brown waited patiently for Herag to emerge.

Once Herag came out, Brown silently noted the time he exited.

He was a patient hunter, in no rush to strike.

When he did, it would be a decisive strike.

King Street had many members of Serlandir, so he needed to find a fitting moment.

In Brown's eyes, Herag was already prey within his grasp.

Over the next five days, Herag's life was monotonous and simple.

Wizard Tower meditation practice, going home to sleep at night, waking up to continue practice, his routine was very regular.

Brown stayed in the hotel, except for meals and occasional naps, constantly surveilling Herag.

After several days, Brown felt he had grasped enough; it was time to make a move.

According to his observations, Herag left the Wizard Tower almost at dusk, near nightfall, every day.

The route from the Wizard Tower had few passersby, making it ideal for action.

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Today, Herag left the Wizard Tower later than usual, it was already dark.

Through his observations over this time, he could almost confirm the young man in the hotel was watching him.

Because on King Street, very few people stayed continuously in the area over the past five days; most would go out occasionally.

But the young man remained in the hotel, suggesting he was watching someone who was also staying put.

Connecting this with his recent experiences, Herag guessed he had been targeted by Abyssal Cultists.

He had directly or indirectly dealt with several Abyssal Cultists, likely attracting too much hatred.

Every time Herag was on the road, he appeared relaxed outwardly, but in reality, he was fully alert, ready for combat.

His talisman was prepared to quickly notify Pries.

If Abyssal Cultists dared to attack, Herag was at least prepared to react.

Over several days, he observed that the other party seemed to be the only one from the hotel.

The young man acted alone, without any accomplices.

His strength seemed ordinary, just a Third Class Wizard Apprentice.

But Herag didn't believe that was his only strength, there were likely hidden tricks.

Upon exiting the Wizard Tower, Herag unexpectedly discovered the young man was no longer in the hotel.

He was along Herag's route home, casually leaning by the roadside, holding a bottle of wine.

The area had sparse traffic, and occasional passersby merely glanced at him without much notice.

Because on King Street, nobody dared to cause trouble lightly.

#### Chapter 336: Abyss Plane

Normally, even if someone wants to make a move against the members of Serlandir, it's impossible to do so in this place.

Behind lies King Street, where the members of Serlandir reside.

If someone makes a move here, and fails to kill in one strike, the disturbance from the fight will surely draw others.

In that case, even if you kill the person, it would be very difficult to escape yourself.

Herag passed a corner, already ready to enter combat mode at any time.

He saw the young man, and the young man saw him, turning his head to meet his gaze.

Brown's hands were stuck in the pockets of his robe, a strange smile on his lips.

He extended his left hand from the robe, holding a fiery red stone.

Herag was curious about what he was preparing to do when he suddenly felt the space around him ripple.

He immediately realized what the other was doing; it was space transmission.

He just didn't know where he would be transported.

Herag took a deep breath, ready to charge forward, hoping to interrupt the transmission by killing Brown.

Once transported away, he would be in great danger.

The opponent daring to transport him to a specified place must have made thorough preparations.

Herag didn't expect the opponent would use this method to target him.

He had imagined that this person might launch an attack against him.

Unexpectedly, it was directly taking him away to deal with.

Herag's forward movement suddenly paused because he felt the transmission was complete; the aura around him was very familiar.

He glanced around, the surroundings were still that empty street, and a hundred meters away were houses.

But at this moment, the street was already covered with dust.

The distant houses were also dilapidated as if many years had passed.

Herag's gaze turned to the horizon; there was a completely different scene from Silver Moon City.

On the desolate land, not even a single weed could be seen.

In the distant skyline, faint shadows of mountains could be seen.

Herag felt the familiar aura around him, took a deep breath, and felt comfortable all over.

He immediately realized where he was.

Abyss Plane.

The bloodline mark on Herag's chest was slowly pulsating, seemingly sensing the aura of the Abyss Plane.

Herag withdrew his gaze, looking at the young man in front of him, wondering what he planned to do by bringing him to the Abyss Plane.

Brown was now ecstatic, crazily looking at the surrounding scene, extremely excited.

He directly knelt to the ground, madly worshipping the surroundings, even kissing the earth, not caring about the thick dust covering the ground.

"Are you sick?" Herag's words broke the atmosphere here.

Brown heard the voice and realized there was another person here.

He was so excited that he almost forgot his main purpose for coming here.

Brown stood up, looked at Herag, a cruel smile on his lips, and asked, "Didn't expect you to be so calm. Do you know where this is?"

His expression was extremely arrogant, looking at Herag with contempt.

In Brown's view, Herag's calmness was entirely because he didn't understand where he had come.

What an ignorant wizard, he didn't know he was already at death's door.

Herag said, "Of course I know, Abyss Plane. So what? You haven't been here?"

Brown was dumbfounded: "How do you know? Have you been here?"

"I visit occasionally." Herag dug his ear and blew the earwax on his hand.

Brown looked skeptical, not believing Herag's words at all.

Even among Abyssal Cultists, few have been here; how could these wizards possibly reach the Abyss Plane?

Those who can reach the Abyss Plane are existences from many years ago; there has long been no passage between the two planes.

Brown had completely reviewed Herag's information; there was absolutely no possibility of having an opportunity to come to the Abyss Plane, so Herag must be lying.

Although he didn't know how Herag determined this was the Abyss Plane, it didn't change the fact that Herag was going to die at his hands.

Brown suddenly spread his hands, using magic power to shatter his clothes, revealing a huge horizontal scar on his chest.

He looked at Herag as if he saw an ignorant ant and said, "Here, I can fully exert my power; this power comes from the great gods. And you will have the honor to witness my true power; dying at my hands is your fortune."

The scar on Brown's chest suddenly split open, and a giant black tongue stretched out.

This scar, when fully opened, was just like a mouth, with a black tongue continuously protruding.

At the same time, Brown's body began to enlarge, rapidly swelling.

His limbs began to bulge into large and small bumps, constantly growing longer and thicker like tentacles.

In just a moment, Brown had turned into a four-legged creature with a large mouth, spewing black stones.

His head hung limply behind his back, his eyes already turned gray-white.

Brown's aura had become extremely strong, entirely beyond what a Third Class Wizard Apprentice should possess.

His four feet lightly stepped on the ground and immediately created four large pits; spiderwebs spread out from the points of contact.

"This is my real power; now my power rivals that of a Level 2 Wizard. Crushing you is as easy as crushing an ant." A voice came from the large mouth on Brown's chest.

"This is the feeling of power? This is the power granted by the gods! When he descends upon the Wizard Plane, he will surely rule it. Wizards, prepare to die!"

Brown was extremely excited; the gigantic power made him ecstatic.

He had never experienced such power.

Brown now felt invincible, as if he could crush anything directly.

"This is Reese's newly bought robe; I'd better not ruin it."

Brown's excitement was once again disrupted by Herag's calm tone.

He glanced at Herag and found Herag looking at his robe. Muttering a sentence, he took it off and stored it in his space ring.

Then, Herag looked up, smiling at Brown: "Thank you for bringing me here, giving me an opportunity to experiment. If it were on my own, I wouldn't dare come here."

"What do you mean?" Brown looked at Herag's smiling face and forever calm expression and tone, feeling uneasy.

But then he thought he was overthinking it; Herag's strength was clear; he was just a Liquid Stage Wizard.

A liquidation wizard couldn't possibly overturn things.

Brown's power now rivaled that of a Level 2 Wizard; dealing with Herag was no problem at all.

Chapter 37: I Was a God All Along

Herag had actually long wanted to come to the Abyss Plane to experiment and see to what extent his strength could reach after fully activating the Bloodline Mark.

Unfortunately, the Abyss Plane is too dangerous, and he couldn't go there recklessly.

He originally planned to wait until he ascended to a Level 2 Wizard to consider taking this risk.

But now, this Abyssal Cultist in front of him used special means to forcibly drag him into the Abyss Plane.

There was nothing he could do; since he was already here, it was just as well to take this opportunity to try.

Herag immediately used the environment scanning of Shenlan to probe the surroundings and found no suspicious presence for the time being.

In the scanning range of Shenlan's environment, there were only two living beings: himself and Brown.

However, the Abyss Plane cannot be viewed with common sense; perhaps an insignificant-looking deadwood could be a demon.

This Abyssal Cultist in front of him may already possess the power comparable to a Level 2 Wizard, but to Herag, he felt weak, very weak.

Even without activating the Bloodline Mark, Herag could intuitively feel the strength of this Abyssal Cultist posed no threat whatsoever to him.

So, he wasn't in a hurry to kill this Abyssal Cultist but instead carefully observed the differences after arriving here.

Herag immersed his mind and focused his attention on the Bloodline Mark on his chest, then activated it.

A mutation abruptly occurred.

A layer of dark golden skin instantly covered Herag's body surface, and his entire body rapidly swelled and changed.

Brown looked at Herag's transformation and was dumbfounded.

He couldn't quite understand the scene before him: "Is he... also an Abyssal Cultist?"

Herag's current appearance was exactly that of an Abyssal Cultist.

Brown was a bit bewildered; if that's the case, then to kill or not to kill?

While different Abyssal Cultists may have different gods of worship, they generally do not attack each other.

If he had known earlier that Herag was also an Abyssal Cultist, he wouldn't have targeted him, feeling a bit like a flood rushed into the Dragon King's temple.

But now, it wasn't about whether he wanted to attack Herag, but rather whether he could survive.

Because just a moment ago, Brown clearly felt a terrifying aura emanating from Herag.

It was a feeling of a completely different life level, making Brown feel a deep-seated awe and fear.

Herag looked down at Brown and noticed that Brown and the surrounding scenery had become very small.

He quickly realized that it wasn't Brown who had become smaller, but himself who had become larger.

Herag had now undergone a drastic transformation, standing eighteen meters tall, with a body as massive as an ancient giant.

His entire form had changed significantly. His body was covered with golden skin, possessing a metallic sheen.

A pair of gigantic golden wings spread out behind him, lacking feathers but gleaming with a metallic luster.

With a gentle tap of his toes, Herag floated up, suspending directly in mid-air, without the need to flap the wings on his back.

With a thought, Herag's wings gave a slight flap, and he shot upwards into the sky like an arrow.

Herag felt the wild wind brushing over his face and body, and due to his speed, the wind was extremely fierce as it rushed past him in the high-altitude flight.

If it were the previous Herag, he would have been blown away by this gust of wind, but now he bathed in it with no discomfort.

He glanced at the ground below, seeing the scenery further away.

In the distance, there was green vegetation and some black dots moving around.

With his extraordinarily sharp vision, Herag could see at a glance that those dots were actually various forms of demons.

At this moment, those demons seemed to be frightened and were fleeing towards the horizon in panic.

"What are they afraid of? Could it be some powerful demon has appeared?"

Herag's vigilance was strong, and he immediately began checking whether any dangerous presence had appeared around.

But after looking around, he found no presence that seemed threatening.

He then realized that these demons seemed to be in fear of him.

"No, this is too conspicuous, too large a target."

Though Herag felt that he probably had become quite strong, he thought it was too conspicuous now, easily drawing attention.

The Abyss Plane had too many powerful existences; he couldn't afford to be arrogant or negligent.

Herag thought it over, controlling his body to slowly shrink and dampen the wildly intimidating aura.

In a moment, Herag had transformed into a two-meter-tall humanoid being, with wings reduced in proportion.

Brown dumbly watched the sky, where the once gigantic form had reduced to just a dot.

The momentum Herag exuded just now had directly shocked him, rendering him afraid to even flee.

Or rather, his legs were so weak he couldn't move.

Brown thought he might have guessed wrong; Herag was not an Abyssal Cultist at all.

He didn't need to worship anyone; he was a god himself.

Brown, now on all fours, wanted to escape as soon as he reacted.

He had discovered Herag's secret; Herag certainly could not let him return alive to the Wizard Plane.

The time of the red stone was limited, allowing only a short stay in the Abyss Plane.

He just needed to stall long enough to escape and return to the Wizard Plane.

As long as he returned to the Wizard Plane, Herag's power would be suppressed.

Moreover, in Silver Moon City, Herag wouldn't dare reveal his true form, increasing Brown's chance of survival.

The only problem now was whether he could survive until his return to the Wizard Plane.

Brown didn't think much, he just wanted to escape now.

He longed to return immediately to the Wizard Plane, a place he had always loathed.

Brown scrambled on all fours, his chest mouth drooling, leaving a trail on the ground.

Now he was completely like a demon, acting on demon instincts, just wanting to flee and leave this place at once.

Brown hadn't expected that within such a short time, the roles of hunter and prey would reverse.

"Where do you think you're going?" A cold voice came from ahead.

Brown lifted his chest and saw Herag floating just a few meters in front of him.

He clearly remembered that Herag was just in the high sky...

Brown knelt on all fours, kowtowing: "Great god, I truly did not mean to offend you. If I had known your true identity earlier, I would never have been disrespectful, nor would I have disturbed you."

Herag no longer had any intimidating aura, but Brown dared not move rashly.

The overwhelming intimidating aura just now was something he would never forget.

Now, Herag had no aura at all, which only meant he had an extremely precise control over his aura and power.

Chapter 338: Complete Form

Brown lay on the ground, trembling.

He already felt that Herag had locked onto him, with no escape.

Brown had once felt the aura of a god when communicating with his deity.

Now, standing before Herag, this aura was far stronger and more terrifying than ever before.

Brown couldn't muster even a thought of resistance.

Herag looked at the trembling demon before him, initially considering using this person.

But he quickly dismissed the idea.

Because the risk was too high and the reward too little.

Even if he controlled this person, there would be little gain, full of uncertainty.

If Serlandir's people caught this person and interrogated his soul, everything would be exposed.

No information about Herag could be leaked, so Brown had to be killed.

And he had to be killed quickly!

Because space here was unstable and could teleport back at any moment.

Once they returned, too many variables would arise.

Herag looked at Brown kneeling on the ground, clenched his right fist, feeling the explosive power inside.

He floated into the air, gathering all his power, then suddenly plummeted, punching towards Brown.

Boom!

A loud noise echoed between heaven and earth, waves of air spreading from Herag as the center.

Herag's punch kicked up a storm of yellow sand, obstructing vision and making visibility extremely low, akin to a sandstorm.

Amidst the howling wind and sand, Herag floated in mid-air, looking at the crater on the ground.

The yellow sand struck against his eyes, but Herag didn't blink, unaffected.

The power of this punch exceeded Herag's expectations.

The ground had a massive crater, resembling the mark left by a small meteorite impact.

Brown had completely vanished, his entire being evaporated.

This was in line with Herag's intentions, as he planned to completely obliterate the person, leaving no trace.

It was just that the commotion was a bit too much; Herag felt he might have overexerted.

Such a big commotion could attract troublesome entities.

Herag glanced around; aside from some panic-stricken fleeing demons, no demons approached here.

He was hoping to encounter a toad, needing to ask it many questions.

But until now, the toad was nowhere in sight, likely far from here, unable to arrive quickly.

"Shenlan, check the current body data."

Herag seized the moment to have Shenlan check his body data.

He could only feel that he had grown stronger, but didn't know how much stronger.

"Herag Merlin: Power 312, Agility 296, Constitution 301, Spirit 176."

Herag was stunned seeing these figures.

If he remembered correctly, his normal body's data was only around thirty points.

The highest being spiritual power, at sixty-two points.

But unexpectedly, after arriving at the Abyss Plane and activating the Bloodline Mark, his body data reached such terrifying levels.

When body data reaches this level, power can't simply be calculated by multiples.

Herag had long felt that the greater the power, the slower its growth.

Normally, three hundred points of power is beyond what an ordinary human body can withstand.

At this level of power, with human body strength, it's likely a slight movement could tear oneself apart.

Herag now moved freely and controlled his body with ease because the Bloodline Mark had been activated, fully unleashing the Thunder God Ancestor's Bloodline Power.

He raised his hand, looking at the dark golden skin.

This wasn't the effect of Titan Power; Herag was not using any Beneficial Magic, but purely the result after activating the Bloodline Mark.

Herag noticed that spiritual power had also risen to 176 points.

He suspected that if spiritual power hadn't increased significantly, he might have been overwhelmed.

Because after activating the Bloodline Mark, Herag sensed many things he couldn't feel before.

He wasn't clear on what these things were, just an instinctual feeling after activating the Bloodline Mark.

It's like a child opening their eyes for the first time seeing the world, unable to understand what they're seeing or why these things exist because they haven't learned yet.

Many pieces of knowledge filled Herag's mind, but they were temporarily sealed, inaccessible.

He instinctively felt these should be knowledge from the bloodline.

The reason for inaccessibility was his current realm was too low, making it impossible to comprehend this knowledge.

So the body, out of self-preservation, automatically sealed this knowledge, a self-protective mechanism of the body.

Just accepting and storing this knowledge made Herag feel tired and struggling.

If not for the considerable increase in spiritual power, he surely couldn't bear such a flood of information.

He wasn't Shenlan, just a Wizard in the Liquid Stage, his power realm still too low.

Herag initially wanted to try using Titan Power in this form to see what level his body data could reach.

But after considering, he decided against it; if something went wrong, he might explode from overwhelming power.

Herag couldn't know how much power this form could bear.

If Titan Power exceeded the limit, it would be disastrous, equivalent to committing suicide.

Herag excellently restrained his desire for power.

He certainly wanted to grow stronger; once experienced, the feeling of becoming stronger is unforgettable, prompting continual pursuit of strength.

But Herag maintained his rationality, well aware that all of this was temporary.

When returning to the Wizard Plane, he would still be just a Wizard in the Liquid Stage, an insignificant existence.

He couldn't get lost in current power; continuously upgrading his realm and strength was the most fundamental.

Herag sensed that the power within the Bloodline Mark wasn't wholly manifested.

Because his original strength was too weak, he could only unleash so much.

The sealed knowledge in his mind further confirmed this issue.

Herag recalled Chatiya, similar to the Elf Race.

The Elf Race's bloodline also contained knowledge inheritance, which gradually unlocks as elves age and their strength grows, not all inherited at birth.

Herag's current situation was very similar to this.

If he wanted to unlock more abilities, he needed to continue enhancing his strength.

"Shenlan, what level of Wizard does my current strength equate to?" Herag asked.

Chapter 339: Gravely Wounded

Herag had never faced a Level 2 Wizard or anyone stronger, so he didn't have a clear understanding of his current strength.

He didn't know what level he was roughly at now.

But the man who was said to have power comparable to a Level 2 Wizard was killed by him with a single punch, indicating that he was at least at the strong level among Level 2 Wizards, and possibly even reached the strength level of a Level 3 Wizard.

However, after reaching Level 2 Wizard, strength alone cannot be simply used to estimate power.

Because the biggest difference between a Level 2 Wizard and a Level 1 Wizard is that they start to touch upon Rule Power.

Under Rule Power, the advantage of physical strength is not that significant.

After all, no matter how strong you are, if you can't exert or hit, it's meaningless.

Unless the strength is so extreme that it can break all rules.

Herag felt he was still far from that level.

"Lack of relevant data, unable to evaluate specific strength," Shenlan said after calculating for a while.

Herag pondered: "Unable to evaluate, indeed..."

He really hadn't fought a very strong wizard yet, so it was natural that Shenlan also didn't have corresponding data.

This matter could only be set aside for now and revisited later.

The yellow sand around them had gradually calmed down, leaving only a shocking giant pit.

Herag looked up at the sky, operating the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, letting Shenlan record the current distribution and position of the stars.

The stars are positioning coordinates; as long as enough star positions are collected, a lot of things can be analyzed.

However, he still hadn't visited the Abyss Plane enough times, so the collected star map information didn't provide any valuable clues yet.

A gust of wind blew by, and Herag glanced around, finding no movement.

He had now completely withdrawn his aura, didn't make any big disturbances, and didn't run around.

The demons originally present had all been scared away by him.

Herag felt this was quite fortunate that he hadn't stumbled upon particularly strong demons.

While he was very strong now and confident that even if he couldn't fight, he could run away.

The tricky part about demons isn't just their strength but also the variety of strange abilities they often have, making dealing with them troublesome.

For example, the polluted areas outside the Land of Dawn, all left behind by entities from the Abyss Plane, are polluted.

The entire continent was polluted; if someone encountered these things alone, the consequences could be imagined; perhaps death would be a relief, a luxury.

The surrounding space began to ripple, a familiar situation to Herag.

He seized the last opportunity to look around but still didn't see the toad, indicating it was indeed far away this time.

But it was also related to the time spent here, which was too brief, about to end soon.

Just as Herag was about to dissolve his current form, he suddenly felt an enormous pressure coming from all directions.

He immediately let out a muffled groan, with a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth.

This tremendous pressure seemed to want to crush him.

Herag immediately understood what it was—the rejection force exerted by the World Will of the Wizard Plane on him.

The different planes are such that the stronger one's power, the stronger the suppression when entering other planes.

Herag's power in his current form was too strong, directly triggering severe suppression and rejection from the Wizard Plane.

He quickly dissolved the form of Thunder God Ancestor, returning to his human form.

The dark golden skin on his body immediately faded, revealing his original human skin.

Herag let out a sigh of relief, the pressure from his body suddenly vanished, and his chest heaved violently as he gasped for air.

It was Herag's first time clearly feeling the suppression of the World Will; the terrifying oppressive force made it difficult to breathe.

He originally thought that form was already very powerful, but under the pressure of the World Will, he was as fragile as a bug.

Herag felt that if he hadn't dissolved the form in time, he might have been crushed alive in another second.

By this time, the surrounding scenery had completely changed, and Herag was back on the road leading to King Street.

Nightfall had already descended, and still, no one was in sight.

Some buildings in the nearby courtyard had lights on, and Herag could hear the sounds of conversation and laughter inside, thanks to his keen hearing.

Breathing the air here and feeling the atmosphere, Herag understood he had indeed returned.

He touched his nose and found he was already having a nosebleed.

At the same time, when Herag raised his hand, he discovered that the skin on both arms was already cracked, with blood seeping from the cracked wounds.

He took a sharp breath, realizing that his injuries were more severe than he had imagined.

The pressure of the World Will was too powerful, far from what ordinary strength could resist.

Recalling, Herag understood why he was subjected to such strong suppression.

At that time, he was in a state of activating the Bloodline Mark, and the space around him had just reached a critical point and was about to end; Herag was also about to return to the Wizard Plane.

At that moment, he was essentially trying to forcefully enter the Wizard Plane in the form of an Evil God from the Abyss Plane, attempting to forcefully penetrate with his physical body.

The World Will of the Wizard Plane naturally produced a tremendous rejection and suppression force, autonomously attempting to crush this bug trying to drill in.

Herag covered his mouth and nose, quickly walking back to the courtyard.

He was glad no one was around, and no one noticed his abnormality.

Herag just stepped into the backyard and collapsed into the courtyard.

"Herag!" Reese, hearing the commotion, opened the door and immediately exclaimed upon seeing the blood-soaked Herag, rushing over to help him up.

Herag hadn't lost consciousness yet, and with difficulty, he said, "Into the house, activate Nightfall."

He could feel the pain from all over his body; now, he was like a man made of cracked glass, with wounds everywhere, and blood everywhere, his entire body was a blood man.

This form absolutely couldn't be known by others; otherwise, it would be hard to explain when investigated, so the Nightfall in the courtyard had to be activated to prevent others from prying.

Reese helped Herag into the house, carefully laying him on the bed, then hurriedly took out several bottles of Tier One Potion Level Healing Potion.

Using both internal and external applications, the bleeding on Herag slowly stopped.

After finishing the emergency treatment, Reese quickly went to activate the Nightfall.

She knew Herag had encountered something he couldn't tell outsiders; otherwise, he would have asked her to contact Pries and others by now.

Lately, Reese had been immersed in studying Magic Potion, and naturally understood how to heal and save people.

Chapter 340: Abnormality

"Flowing Wave Touch."

Reese gathered magic power in her hands, molding it into a bluish-green gel-like fluid that looked much like jelly.

This gel-like fluid covered Herag's entire body, leaving only the mouth and nose exposed for breathing.

Reese, specialized in Water Element, was a wizard skilled in various healing and restorative magic.

The Flowing Wave Touch is a Tier One Water Magic that has excellent recuperative and healing effects for various injuries.

Herag endured excruciating pain throughout his body but kept his composure.

He could feel Reese applying treatments and other healing to him.

When the Flowing Wave Touch enveloped his body, Herag felt far more at ease, the pain rapidly diminishing.

His body was riddled with wounds, resembling glass-like cracks everywhere.

Seeing these alarming injuries made Reese's heart quiver with fear.

She dared not imagine what kind of danger Herag must have encountered.

With wounds this severe, he must have faced an extremely perilous situation.

Surviving and returning alive was certainly no small feat.

After covering Herag's body with the Flowing Wave Touch, Reese began to carefully examine his injuries.

Upon inspection, she found that the skin was cracked all over, as if the entire person was about to shatter.

However, after applying the Flowing Wave Touch, the immediate danger passed, and the injuries would heal before long.

The ribs were almost entirely fractured; the leg and arm bones showed signs of cracks, with the femur being more severely damaged.

Reese took out a magic potion specifically for treating bones, sitting beside Herag, helping him drink it slowly.

This magic potion was formulated specifically for bone injuries, allowing bones to heal rapidly.

Even bones shattered into powder could gradually recover to their original state.

For wizards, physical injuries like these were actually the easiest to heal.

As long as you are alive, they can mostly be treated, though time is needed.

"Take my Talisman Stone; if anyone asks, just say I'm secluded in training. Don't mention my injury," Herag instructed.

"Hmm, speak less, rest well, have a good sleep," Reese nodded and said.

Since Herag didn't want others to know about his injury, it was likely to avoid informing official forces like Serlandir.

She didn't ask why, trusting Herag unconditionally, unconcerned about the reason for his injury.

In any case, Reese would always stand by Herag's side.

Herag knew that sleep was the best way to heal, and as he had finished today's meditation, he could drift into a deep slumber.

He closed his eyes and, within seconds, fell into a deep sleep.

Reese stayed by the bedside, quietly watching the sleeping Herag, ready to attend to him at any moment.

...

Half a month later.

Mozambique Slums.

"Still no news from Brown?" Franz asked with a serious expression.

"No, after he went to King Street, there was news back for the first few days. But after he said he was ready to act, we never heard from him again. We also checked the intel, and there seemed to be no talk of a conflict on King Street. It's as if Brown vanished from the face of the earth."

A young man of similar age to Brown, named Asir, answered.

Franz remained silent after hearing this, realizing that Brown was likely doomed.

Originally, Brown was assigned to make Herag disappear, but instead, it was Brown who vanished.

"What about Herag?" Franz continued to ask.

Asir bowed and said, "He's been staying at home, not going out. But I saw him sunbathing in the yard when I went to investigate, and he seemed fine."

Franz paced back and forth in the yard, contemplating the issue.

He knew that Brown must have fallen into a trap set by Herag.

Because Brown was always careful, he would only make a move after thoroughly understanding Herag's situation.

Brown would only activate the red stone when alone with Herag.

This level of holy artifact wouldn't be used lightly or wasted.

This indicated that Brown was likely done in by Herag in the Abyss Plane.

This left Franz puzzled.

The records on Herag were clear; he was just a wizard at the Liquid Stage.

Even if he had hidden strength, he couldn't possibly be a Level 2 Wizard.

More importantly, even if Herag were a Level 2 Wizard, he wouldn't be able to eliminate Brown in the Abyss Plane so swiftly.

Franz knew more about Brown than anyone else and was aware of Brown's potential strength in the Abyss Plane.

Brown had power from the Gods, which he could fully unleash in the Abyss Plane, reaching a level comparable to a Level 2 Wizard.

And Herag was just a wizard at the Liquid Stage.

With such a stark disparity in power, how could Herag so decisively eliminate Brown?

Franz sensed a complication, as this was the first time something had slipped out of his control.

He originally wanted Brown to test the holy artifact's effect so that he could report it back to the Gods.

Franz didn't regard Herag as significant, as, under his arrangements, Brown should have an overwhelming advantage, with no suspense.

He didn't expect that precisely this inconspicuous Liquidation Wizard would cause an unexpected setback.

Franz paced in the yard for a long time, unable to fathom the situation.

He couldn't understand how Herag achieved all this while appearing unscathed.

Another aspect was that Franz had informants inside Serlandir.

Normally, if Herag encountered an incident involving being dragged into the Abyss Plane, he'd be bound to report it to Serlandir.

However, he didn't, or at least Franz hadn't heard of it through his channels.

So this situation had two possibilities: Herag intentionally didn't report it, or Herag wasn't pulled into the Abyss Plane by Brown, perhaps not even meeting Brown, meaning a third party might have killed Brown.

Franz was quite certain that Brown wasn't captured or killed by Serlandir's people.

Otherwise, such high-level information wouldn't be unknown to him.

"Herag..."

With narrowed eyes, Franz began to seriously regard this young man from the Barren Land for the first time.

His many years of experience and intuition told him the issue lay with Herag.

Franz felt he was missing some crucial information, leading to misjudgment.

And the answer lay with Herag.