

Sixth 341

Chapter 341: An Unexpected Person

Franz pondered, thinking about the way to investigate Herag's background.

In half a month, Herag, with his strong constitution and Reese's meticulous care, had almost fully recovered from his injuries.

During this period, he stayed indoors, using various drugs to accelerate the healing process.

Herag was well aware that since the Abyssal Cultists had targeted him, they would not stop so easily.

There would definitely be trouble later, so he needed to recover quickly to deal with any potential problems.

During this time, Herag noticed that occasionally some strangers passed by his house.

They seemed to just be passing by, but Herag keenly noticed that they were actually observing his courtyard, likely checking on him.

Herag didn't need to think to know that it must be the Abyssal Cultists probing his situation.

After his injuries were mostly healed, he occasionally appeared in the courtyard, making everything seem normal.

The purpose was to let the enemy know that he was fine.

He couldn't expose the fact that he was injured or show his wounds to the enemy.

If the Abyssal Cultists knew he was injured, they could directly deduce that he had fought with Brown and thus gain some information.

But now Herag acted as if nothing had happened, making the Abyssal Cultists uncertain.

They couldn't ascertain the exact course of events.

During this time, Herag also contemplated how he had come under the Abyssal Cultists' watch.

Logically speaking, though he had been involved in the Abyssal Cultists' incidents several times before,

it shouldn't have led to him being directly ambushed.

He wasn't aware that Brown's visit was mainly to experiment with the effects of the Holy Artifact.

During this time, Herag coincidentally had no disturbances and had attended most of the events before the incident, making it suitable.

One day he was basking in the sun in the courtyard, while Reese peeled grapes for him.

While Herag was enjoying himself, the Talisman Stone lit up.

He glanced at it and saw a message from Goodwin: "Herag, there's a task specifically requesting you to complete. It's not a simple task, but the rewards are substantial, with contribution points. Are you interested in discussing it?"

"It's actually President Goodwin..."

Herag couldn't believe that it was Goodwin, the president of the Witch Array Master Association, who sent him a message.

"What task specifically requires me?"

Herag was a bit puzzled, but since there were contribution point rewards, it must be related to the official affairs of Serlandir.

A task from the Serlandir officials shouldn't be a problem.

He was also curious about what kind of task it was.

"Alright, when?" Herag replied.

"Tomorrow afternoon, here at the Witch Array Master Association," Goodwin said.

Upon seeing this location, Herag was even more convinced that it must be something to do with Serlandir's officials.

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In the afternoon, Herag got off the carriage, shielding his eyes from the glaring sunlight, and looked at the building of the Witch Array Master Association ahead.

Since he was injured last time, this was the first time he had gone out.

The Witch Array Master Association was still as sparse as ever, unlike the Magic Pharmacist Association, which had heavy traffic.

As soon as Herag entered the lobby, a female staff member saw him and immediately walked over: "Mr. Herag, the president is waiting for you upstairs."

Herag nodded, allowing the staff member to lead the way.

He glanced at the name tag on the staff member's chest, which read Heini.

Heini walked ahead, her hips swaying, leading Herag forward, passing through the area where Herag had previously participated in the assessment.

Then they passed through a long corridor, at the end of which was a spiraling staircase.

This place was even more tranquil, resembling a private residence.

Heini's high heels clicked crisply on the wooden staircase.

Herag followed behind, catching a whiff of a lingering fragrance in the air.

After ascending the staircase, a right turn led to Goodwin's office.

"Here you are." Goodwin looked over, smiling as he spoke upon hearing the sound.

Herag said, "President Goodwin, good afternoon."

After bringing him in, Heini left, closing the door behind her, with the sound of her high heels fading away.

Inside the room, there were two other individuals; one was an elderly man who looked very senior, and another seemed to be a younger relative of the old man, standing by as a guard.

"Herag, let me introduce you. This is Mr. Franz, the most significant manager of the Mozambique Slums. He's here to ask you for help with an important matter," Goodwin introduced.

Herag turned to look at Franz, his expression unchanged, and smiled, "What exactly is the matter?"

Although he appeared normal on the surface, internally, he was quite stirred.

It was only because he controlled his expression well that he didn't reveal any anomalies.

From this old man named Franz, Herag sensed an extremely strong Abyss Plane aura.

If not for being in the Wizard Plane now, Herag would have thought he saw a demon from the Abyss Plane.

In Herag's eyes, this old man Franz, apart from having a humanoid appearance, had nothing to do with being human and was entirely like a demon from the Abyss Plane.

Apart from Franz, the young man behind him was the same.

The young man also had an Abyss Plane aura, albeit not as strong as Franz, but stronger than that of an ordinary Abyssal Cultist.

Their overwhelming Abyss Plane aura could only mean that they were almost constantly in contact with entities or things from the Abyss Plane.

Furthermore, they definitely bore the power of the Abyss Plane within them, making them significant figures among the Abyssal Cultists.

Herag quickly connected these two with the previous assault incident, suspecting that his attack was inevitably linked to these individuals.

At this timely moment, they came to see me, even specifically requesting me for some mission—the target must be me.

Herag was quite puzzled about why Franz, such an established Abyssal Cultist, could still interact jovially with official figures like Goodwin.

From the current situation, it appeared that Franz had some extent of fame and prestige in Silver Moon City, enough to garner a personal meeting with Goodwin.

Herag knew that the Abyssal Cultists wouldn't just let it slide and was prepared for encountering troubles again.

But he never expected that the opponent would meet him in such an open manner through Goodwin.

At this point, Herag was somewhat confused about what this Franz really intended.

"Here's the situation: Mr. Franz was personally funding to set up some witch arrays for the slums, so he contacted the Serlandir officials. Afterward, he heard that you have profound knowledge in witch arrays, so he wanted to commission your help," Goodwin explained.

Chapter 342: Direct Confrontation

Goodwin wore a gentle smile as he continued, "Serlandir is highly supportive of this endeavor. If we could add some witch arrays to the Mozambique Slums and improve the living conditions there, spreading the news would enhance our reputation in Silver Moon City and for Serlandir."

"So, Serlandir is greatly encouraging this initiative, offering a whole three hundred contribution points. The reward is quite substantial."

Herag became more puzzled about what Franz was trying to do.

Adding witch arrays to the Mozambique Slums to improve living conditions there?

He wouldn't believe a word of that nonsense.

Franz must have other motives, but Herag wasn't sure what the exact aim was.

Lure them into the slums to kill them?

Herag felt this was unlikely since Franz approached him openly, and the commissioned task was a collaboration with Serlandir.

So, choosing a straightforward approach to make contact meant there would be no secretive harm once he entered the slums.

Whether in the Land of Dawn or the Barren Land, there were many unwritten rules.

Firstly, Serlandir couldn't be unaware of the tricks in the slums, and surely they knew Franz had issues.

Yet, both parties maintained a peaceful and friendly facade, with no conflicts apparent.

At least on the surface, everything seemed harmonious.

If Franz wanted to kill him, he wouldn't need to make such efforts and could act covertly.

Since he chose to approach openly, he must adhere to the rules of open engagement.

Franz, someone who has stood firm in Silver Moon City for so many years, would hardly disrupt the established order voluntarily.

This task effectively meant Franz commissioned Serlandir, and Serlandir then assigned the official mission to Herag.

If Franz dared to kill him in such an official mission, it would be disrespectful to Serlandir, violating the most basic game rules.

Having considered all this, Herag asked, "What exactly are the specific requirements?"

With the support of Asir, Franz trembled as he approached, smiling, "This mission is somewhat intricate. It requires witch arrays to purify water sources and protective arrays for some critical places. For example, where food is stored, thefts frequently occur. There's a lot to handle, requiring Mr. Herag to inspect in person and gradually discuss specific details."

After listening, Herag thought to himself, "So, they really want me to enter the Mozambique Slums. What are they actually planning?"

He pondered and said, "Hmm, indeed, it's somewhat troublesome and requires a field investigation."

Having thought it through, Herag realized that since they were ready for a straightforward confrontation, he didn't need to hide.

He wasn't afraid of open contact, but he was concerned about those abyssal cultists playing dirty tricks on him.

These abyssal cultists were scattered throughout Silver Moon City; if caught off guard, anyone could be caught in their schemes.

Rather than constantly worrying about these people, it would be better to confront them directly to see what they're really up to.

Franz nodded and smiled, "Good, good, good. In that case, let us know when Mr. Herag is available, and we'll be ready to welcome you at any time."

After discussing the timing for a while, Franz slowly left with the support of Asir.

Goodwin deliberately kept Herag back, his usual smile fading into a rare serious expression, saying, "Herag, you must be extremely cautious when dealing with those people in Mozambique. Although they wouldn't dare harm you since you represent Serlandir, caution is still advised."

Herag feigned ignorance, "There shouldn't be any issues with the slums, except for some filth and disorder."

"I'm not at liberty to explain. Just remember to be more mindful of everything," Goodwin advised earnestly.

Herag nodded thoughtfully, "Thank you for the reminder, President. I will be careful."

He understood what Goodwin meant.

Goodwin assumed he was unaware of the inner workings of the slums and feared he might get caught up in something shady, hence the specific warning.

It seemed Goodwin was also well aware of the intrigues in the slums and knew Franz was problematic.

However, since he was going to complete an official mission for Serlandir, his safety was at least assured, which was why Goodwin allowed him to go.

Herag felt quite grateful towards Goodwin. He didn't have to say any of this but chose to remind him anyway.

The time to head to the Mozambique Slums was set for two days later. Herag estimated he'd be fully recovered by then and could use these two days to prepare further.

Although visiting the Mozambique Slums likely wouldn't pose a life-threatening risk, he might still encounter some troubles.

Franz probably didn't know that he had already been exposed and might assume Herag was unaware of his abyssal cultist identity.

So, it's highly likely he'd employ subtle means, such as marking or eavesdropping.

There could also be control-type methods aimed at slowly gaining control over him, all of which were possible.

Herag speculated that these were probably Franz's primary objectives.

He wasn't in a hurry to kill him, nor would he do so while he was openly heading there.

He mostly wanted to control him and then extract the information he desired.

Once he'd fully extracted his value and information, he would be dispensable.

Hanging onto these realizations, Herag started making preparations to avoid being caught off guard.

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Two days later.

Herag boarded a carriage once again, heading to the Mozambique Slums.

This time, he didn't disembark at Hogland Street and instead proceeded directly to the Mozambique Slums.

There was no need for disguise; he could openly head there.

Upon getting off, Herag found the surroundings virtually unchanged from before, still strewn with garbage and sewage.

As the wind blew, a stench filled the air, a familiar reek.

Herag slightly furrowed his brows, taking out the Talisman Stone to contact Franz, "Mr. Franz, I've arrived in Mozambique."

The Talisman Stone promptly responded, "Good, sir, please wait. Asir will come to meet you."

Within two minutes of sending the message, Asir appeared from nowhere, approaching Herag with a blank expression, saying, "Let's go."

Turning around, Asir coldly led the way, seemingly indifferent to Herag.

"This doesn't bode well," Herag thought with a chuckle and followed the young man named Asir into the depths of the slums.

Chapter 343: Entering the Slums

The roads within the slum are very narrow, basically only wide enough for one person to pass through.

On both sides of the road are low shanties, some with doors, some without, some just covered with a piece of tattered cloth functioning as a door.

As Herag walked along the path, quite a few sallow and thin children emerged, staring at him blankly from the side.

Those looks made him feel very uncomfortable.

Herag thought for a moment before he remembered what kind of gaze this was.

It was the look a hunter has when locking onto its prey.

The appearance of such a gaze in children so young had an unusual significance behind it.

Even more concerning for Herag was that he felt he had arrived in the den of the Abyssal Cultists.

On this journey, he had encountered an unknown number of people with the aura of the Abyss Plane on them.

The number was so overwhelming that it made Herag wonder if these people realized they had already become Abyssal Cultists.

If these people all became Abyssal Cultists of their own accord, then the Mozambique Slums would definitely be a great hidden danger.

Of course, even if they weren't willing, it was already a problem here.

"Hey, handsome~" A provocatively dressed woman on the roadside whistled at Herag.

Perhaps men with such delicate skin and fair complexion were rare here, so many women stared at him along the way.

The bolder ones, like the woman by the roadside, directly greeted and teased him.

Some even went as far as to display themselves to Herag.

Whenever Herag encountered such situations, he could only sigh helplessly.

He naturally had no reaction, considering nobody here looked remotely clean.

In the literal sense of cleanliness, everyone looked as if they hadn't washed their faces in a long time.

From this, you could see how worrying the sanitary conditions here were.

Herag definitely didn't want to catch some disease inexplicably.

These past few days had been sunny, but the roads in the Mozambique Slums seemed forever muddy.

Walking on them always produced the sound of stepping into mud on a rainy day.

Herag glanced at his leather boots, which Reese had bought him; they were already caked with dirt.

Asir led Herag deeper and deeper, gradually arriving at the heart of the Mozambique Slums.

Asir hadn't said a word along the way, merely guiding him. He also didn't seem inclined to talk to Herag.

Herag glanced around; at this time, he could see that the surroundings were a sea of contiguous low shanties.

In the distant skyline, he could see some tall buildings belonging to the prosperous area of Silver Moon City.

"So you can see it from here as well."

Herag realized that even from the center of the slums, you could clearly see the magnificent buildings far away.

Living in such poor conditions and yet able to look up and see places where the upper class of Silver Moon City live and entertain, who knows how these people feel.

Herag continued to walk forward a bit more, knowing they were almost there.

Because underfoot, the road had transformed into clean, hard stone slabs instead of muddy paths.

Looking up, it was a rare clean place in the slum, with a tidy road clearly maintained by someone.

Not far away, there was a mansion quietly lying there; its tall gates were completely incongruous with the slum's atmosphere, giving Herag the illusion of not being in the slums.

Asir came to the gate, knocked, and someone opened it.

"Go in." Asir said, turning around before walking in on his own, seemingly too lazy to even look at Herag.

Herag looked at the back of the boy's head, held back the urge to give it a gentle knock, and went inside to see what kind of mischief these people were up to.

Franz's mansion was even larger from the inside than it appeared from the outside. Herag wound around for quite some time before arriving at a small courtyard.

The courtyard held only Franz, who was sitting in a chair.

Next to the chair was a round table with a bottle of red wine and three glasses on it.

"Ah, Mr. Herag is here, have a seat." Franz indicated a chair by the round table reserved for Herag.

Herag didn't hold back, swaggering over to take a seat.

Franz didn't speak immediately but picked up the bottle of red wine and slowly began, "This bottle of red wine was bought for me by that kid Brown. I've heard it cost quite a bit, and I've never drunk it, just kept it there. It wasn't until he died that I remembered it."

"By the way, Mr. Herag, the guy you killed, you probably didn't know his name was Brown."

Franz talked casually, uncorking the wine and pouring it into the three glasses, as if discussing something insignificant.

"Oh, so his name was Brown." Herag smiled.

Franz nodded, "He was a good kid, always worked hard. Did he suffer before he died?"

Herag thought and said, "Probably not."

He recalled that Brown's death had been quite swift, disappearing into thin air with a single punch.

He just wasn't sure if the psychological impact counted as suffering.

Franz placed a filled wine glass in front of Herag, saying, "That's good, that's good."

With three glasses of wine, Franz and Herag each took one, leaving the third untouched on the table.

"Want to try it?" Franz glanced at Herag, then downed his glass of wine in one gulp.

Herag looked at the wine, rich in color, clearly no ordinary vintage.

He smiled, raised his head, and drank it all down without leaving a drop.

"I thought Mr. Herag wouldn't dare to drink," Franz joked.

"I dared to come, why wouldn't I dare to drink? So, what's the reason you called me here, surely not just to help set up a Witch Array, right?" Herag said nonchalantly as he placed the glass back on the table.

Franz leaned back in his chair, seeming very relaxed, "I just wanted to ask how Brown died."

"Simple, I killed him with one punch," Herag replied seriously.

Franz shook his head, "Impossible. He reached the Abyss Plane and was at least Level 2 Wizard. How could he be killed with one punch?"

"That's the fact, believe it or not, not my problem," Herag bluntly responded, too lazy to explain further.

"Are you looking for death?" Asir glared angrily at Herag, ready to rush and punch him.

Herag glanced at Asir, then turned back and asked, "Who's this dimwit? He doesn't seem to have a brain."

Asir was utterly furious, his muscles tense.

"Asir." Franz called out leisurely, causing Asir to instantly restrain his anger, although his chest still heaved violently, evidently very upset.

Chapter 344: Please Die

Franz stopped Asir and said solemnly, "Mr. Herag, I'm seriously discussing this issue with you now. You're just a wizard at the liquid stage and couldn't possibly have the ability to kill Brown who reached the Abyss Plane. So I want to know how you killed him, or what happened when you both reached the Abyss Plane."

Franz had been pondering over this issue for some time. He first ruled out the possibility that Herag killed Brown, as it was basically impossible.

But the fact was that Brown was dead, and he died in the Abyss Plane.

This suggests that Brown was very likely killed by another being in the Abyss Plane, which was what Franz was truly concerned about.

He wanted to know what happened between the two of them in the Abyss Plane.

Herag being able to return alive was most likely a stroke of luck.

Because through this period of investigation, Franz found that Herag hadn't left the house for half a month.

According to the investigated data, Herag frequently went to the Wizard Tower for meditation practice.

But during this half month, Herag very suddenly stopped going to the Wizard Tower.

Abnormality represents anomaly, and there must be a reason behind it.

After a simple deduction, Franz knew that Herag was most likely injured, and not just with a minor injury.

For wizards, minor injuries are easy to recover from.

Wounds that require half a month at home to heal certainly aren't ordinary injuries.

When Franz thought of this, he quickly figured everything out.

It was that after Brown dragged Herag to the Abyss Plane, they encountered some unexpected situation leading to Brown's death, yet Herag managed to escape back by a fluke.

Although severely injured, he preserved his life.

This was also why Franz wasn't in a hurry to kill Herag because Herag simply didn't have that capability.

To Franz, Herag was a tool that could be utilized to its full value.

Herag glanced at Franz and said, "I'll say it one last time: that guy named Brown was killed with a single punch from me, and that's the truth."

Franz sneered and exhaled: "If you don't cooperate, don't blame me for being rude."

"Rude? What, you planning to make a move on me?" Herag asked nonchalantly.

"Killing you is, of course, out of the question, as you represent Serlandir. Can't break the rules. But from today onwards, you have to follow my arrangements, otherwise, you'll suffer," Franz said with a cold smile.

Herag looked surprised, picking up his wine glass, "The wine is poisoned?"

Franz opened his mouth, "Of course, the wine..."

Before he could finish, Herag interrupted, "Of course, the wine isn't poisoned. What's problematic is the cork sealing the bottle. The cork contains extremely tiny mosquitoes, these mosquitoes are a kind of demon from the Abyss Plane. They can silently burrow into people's brains and control their minds, right?"

"You..." Franz was dumbfounded as he looked at Herag.

"How did you figure it out?" he asked, quite puzzled.

These mosquitoes are finer than dust, and barely any wizard could see them, making them impossible to guard against.

These mosquitoes are unaffected even if you hold your breath as they can enter the bloodstream through one's pores and then reach the brain where they reproduce.

The speed at which they reproduce is extremely fast. In the time it takes to drink and chat, a whole swarm of baby mosquitoes would have been produced.

The real reason Franz was slowly chatting with Herag was waiting for these mosquito demons to reproduce.

Herag chuckled, "How I figured it out is none of your concern."

He was highly sensitive and acutely perceptive to the Abyssal Aura.

The moment Franz pulled out the cork, Herag had already sensed these mosquitoes fluttering in.

But as for his constitution, he possessed the bloodline power of the Thunder God Ancestor within his body.

These mosquitoes didn't dare to approach him, let alone enter his body.

But Herag willingly absorbed these mosquitoes into his body, gathering them into a bunch, tightly wrapping them with his magic power.

These mosquitoes, gathered together, felt the incredibly terrifying aura around them and didn't dare to move.

Franz was delighted when he felt these mosquitoes enter Herag's body.

He had thought victory was within his grasp, but unexpectedly, an unforeseen situation occurred.

"Is this all you Abyssal Cultists can do, these sneaky tricks?" Herag asked provocatively.

Franz stared at Herag, speechless, seemingly deep in thought.

"What next? You plan to kill me?" Herag asked, spreading his hands.

Neither Franz nor Asir spoke, leaving the courtyard in utter silence.

Herag extended his neck: "Come on, give me a stab."

Asir glared angrily, seemingly unable to endure such provocation, ready to charge up again.

Franz stopped him again, "Enough, let him go."

At this point, without controlling Herag, anything further had no significance.

Herag had entered openly, with many secretly watching here.

Franz couldn't possibly make a move now, nor could he do anything to Herag.

Herag rose with a smile, "Go? No, no, no, your turn is over. Now it's my turn."

"What do you mean?" Franz asked, looking at the young man in front of him.

Herag had no intention of just leaving like this. He came today specifically to eliminate this hidden threat.

Once he left, he could imagine, it would be endless trouble in the future.

These Abyssal Cultists were like maggots attached to a bone. Though they couldn't cause you a deadly wound at once.

But today, they'd get you a bit, and tomorrow again, endlessly annoying.

How could one practice like that, having to guard against these people all day?

This Franz in front of him was clearly one of the leaders among the Abyssal Cultists. The Abyss Plane aura on him was as intense as that of a native from the Abyss Plane.

If Franz reached the Abyss Plane, he should be quite powerful.

But now, in the Wizard Plane, the thicker the Abyss Plane aura on him, the more suppressed the powers from the Abyss Plane would be.

In short, Franz was weak in the Wizard Plane.

"Absolute Defense."

A colorful shield instantly appeared on Herag's body.

"Titan Power!"

Herag's body rapidly enlarged, his clothes instantly shattered, and his body was covered with a layer of dark gold armor.

His massive figure occupied most of the courtyard's space, making the already small courtyard appear even more cramped.

Franz looked at the giant in dark gold armor before him, eyes filled with disbelief.

He felt the powerful aura from Herag's body, never expecting Herag to possess such formidable power.

Moreover, Franz didn't expect Herag to dare to make a move.

He thought that with such open interactions, not succeeding in an underhanded way would simply mean letting it go, without engaging in a direct fight.

Herag laughed, "What? Thought I'd play by the rules? Sorry, I'm young, I don't like your set of rules. I'll eliminate anything threatening to me, it's as simple as that. So, please, go to hell."

Chapter 345: Slaying

After Herag transformed into a giant clad in dark gold armor, Asir reacted quickly.

He had long been dissatisfied with Herag and had always wanted to take him down with a single strike.

Now that Herag had taken the initiative, Asir wanted to use the opportunity to make his move.

Standing behind Herag, Asir's skin turned crimson instantly, and his eyes transformed into vertical pupils.

The aura of the Abyss Plane on Asir became extremely intense, making him seem like a demon from the Abyss Plane.

The muscles on his body swelled, increasing his size significantly, though he still appeared as small as a chick compared to Herag.

Asir moved swiftly, his right hand morphed rapidly into a spike, losing all semblance of a human arm.

He thrust his spiked right hand towards the back of Herag's neck, planning a stealthy attack while Herag wasn't on guard.

Once Asir entered this state, his power would surge dramatically. Especially with his right hand transformed into a spike, he could easily pierce through thick metal plates.

The dark gold armor on Herag looked thin, and Asir was confident he could puncture it.

Fixing his gaze on Herag, Asir watched as the spike was about to hit when Herag vanished.

Asir was momentarily stunned, then a strong sense of danger welled up inside him.

He sensed someone behind him.

Just as Asir was about to flash away, a massive hand clasped his neck.

The giant hand seemed to exert only a casual force, yet Asir's neck cracked with the sound of shattering bones.

Herag had been using Shenlan's environmental detection the whole time, so how could he not notice Asir's little tricks?

Moreover, with his current sensory abilities, he would have detected Asir's assault even without Shenlan's environmental alerts.

In a flash, he was behind Asir and reached out to grip Asir's neck.

With just a slight squeeze, Herag crushed Asir's neck.

Despite his neck being crushed, Asir was still alive, showing no signs of a lethal blow.

He still had the strength to extend his spiked right hand to stab at Herag's arm, as if trying to break free from Herag's grasp.

Herag used his free left hand to grab the spike, then yanked hard, tearing off Asir's right hand, leading to a spray of blood.

Asir let out a muffled groan, his expression filled with agony, clearly enduring immense pain.

At the severed arm, tendrils of flesh shot towards Herag's arm.

These tendrils clashed with Herag's dark gold armor, producing metallic tapping sounds, but utterly failing to breach its defense.

Herag swung his arm around, flinging Asir like a ragdoll, then slammed him violently into the ground.

What followed was a relentless barrage of attacks, turning Asir's body into a pulp, leaving only a bloodied mess on the ground.

It all happened in an instant.

A centipede-like red insect wriggled beneath the carnage, rapidly attempting to flee the courtyard.

Such small movements did not escape Herag's detection.

He stomped down, directly crushing the tiny demon, its fluids spreading everywhere.

Herag suspected that Asir's power must have originated from this centipede.

Since these tiny demons were inherently weak, they wouldn't face much resistance entering the Wizard Plane.

But when such demons merged with an Abyssal Cultist, they could significantly enhance the cultist's power quickly.

This state of obtaining power through Abyss Plane demons was typically called a Demonized State by the wizards of the Land of Dawn.

Once in a Demonized State, one is doomed to live as neither human nor ghost for the rest of their life.

The Abyssal Cultist and the demon enter a parasitic state, dependent on each other.

Just a moment ago, Asir appeared dead, turned into a pulp.

But as long as that centipede could escape, Asir wasn't truly dead and had a chance to rebuild his body and resurrect.

This is why many willingly become Abyssal Cultists.

They yearn for power, for prolonged existence, even if it means living in symbiosis with a demon.

Originally, Asir was merely at the Third Class Wizard Apprentice level. Upon entering the Demonized State, his power rose to the Level 1 Official Wizard level.

This rapid method of power enhancement is an irresistible temptation for those who have lost hope of advancement.

At the same time, it's also a way for some to quickly mass-produce subordinates.

This method skips the training process for subordinates, allowing them to quickly gain power and become immediately useful.

Once Herag crushed the centipede, Asir was truly dead.

He turned to look at Franz, suspecting that this old man controlled many subordinates using this method.

Herag recalled seeing that most people he saw when entering the slums had some Abyss Plane aura.

Perhaps each of these individuals had similar insects within, all under Franz's control.

If that were true, the power this old man could command was indeed overwhelming.

It was no wonder that even knowing Franz was up to something, Serlandir's side had made no move against him.

Franz looked at Herag with shock.

He couldn't believe how this young man dared to act so boldly, completely ignoring any rules.

Herag's strength also exceeded his expectations; Asir didn't even last a second before being pummeled into a pulp, without the slightest chance to resist.

Seeing Herag turn towards him, Franz felt immense pressure and immediately turned to flee.

But Herag wouldn't let him go, appearing before Franz in an instant and delivering a slap that whipped up a fierce gale.

Franz was as fragile as a piece of paper, his head flying off instantly.

Herag reached out, grabbing the head.

"Is he really dead so easily?" Herag doubted, thinking if Franz died this easily, there must be something wrong.

After Franz's headless body fell, it appeared silent, with only blood spreading across the ground.

But Herag keenly sensed countless tiny mosquitoes drifting from Franz's body, trying to escape in all directions.

Herag understood that the demon within Franz was a demon colony.

As long as one mosquito survived and escaped, Franz could remain alive.

A typical wizard might not even notice these mosquitoes, let alone ensure each one was killed.

Thanks to his ability to sense the Abyss Plane aura, these mosquitoes were very apparent to Herag, easy to spot.

Perhaps Serlandir had also tried to deal with Franz, but every time after killing him, Franz would come back as good as new after some time.

Chapter 346: Divine Core

Serlandir couldn't figure out the reason for his resurrection, so he couldn't continue to act against him, maintaining a superficial peace.

Herag focused his mind, directing his attention to the bloodline mark on his chest, and slightly activated the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power.

An intimidating aura radiated out, and these mosquitoes instantly fell like raindrops.

Each of these mosquitoes was extremely weak individually, and simply couldn't withstand the eruption of bloodline aura from Herag at close range.

Herag extended his hand and absorbed, gathering all the mosquito corpses together, then burned them to ashes with a Fireball Technique.

Suddenly, there was some commotion from nearby, and when he turned to look, Franz's headless body had already retreated underground and slipped away.

"Still not dead, huh."

Herag didn't expect that this old man's life energy would be so tenacious, feigning death right in front of him.

But he guessed, it shouldn't be so easy for the old man either.

Herag employed Magic Sense while deploying Shenlan's environmental detection, investigating the situation underground.

Franz's headless body quickly went underground and stopped after reaching a depth of one hundred meters.

Subsequently, countless vine-like plant stems extended from Franz's body towards the surface.

The ground began to tremble slightly, and many people in the slums noticed the anomaly below, but couldn't understand what was happening.

Herag continuously monitored the motion of these vines, and just as they were about to erupt from below his feet, he used Flash to move away.

Several person-width thick vines surged skyward, with Franz's upper body at the end of them.

His lower body had fused with these vines, leaving only the headless half of the upper body.

Herag felt the head he was holding in his left hand move, and saw Franz's head turn to face him: "I'll make you regret it, you doomed everyone in Silver Moon City."

"What are you planning?" Herag asked.

Franz coldly laughed: "I've been setting things up in Silver Moon City for so long, though now it's too early. But I don't have much time left, so I have no choice but to initiate it. Once I activate the mechanisms in Silver Moon City, everyone in the city will be sent to the Abyss Plane as sacrifices for the gods."

"Then, the gods can open the passage to the Wizard Plane with the flesh and souls of these beings as offerings. Unfortunately, neither of us will have the chance to witness this scene, and see the rebirth of this world..."

Franz's expression gradually turned fanatic, muttering words Herag couldn't understand.

Herag noticed that the vines underground were rapidly spreading, seemingly aiming to cover the entirety of Silver Moon City's underground.

"Where does the power of these vines come from?" Herag pondered calmly, without panic.

The almost unlimited growth of these vines must be unreasonable; there must be a source of their power.

After observing for a while, Herag looked at Franz's lower half, which had transformed into thick vines.

He quickly used Shenlan's environmental detection to ascertain the internal situation of the vines, spotting a grey light sphere.

"What is this thing?"

Herag noted that this grey light sphere had a very strong Abyss Plane aura.

He immediately realized that it must be the source of the vines' power.

Once realizing this, Herag took out a heap of Fire Salamander Bombs.

He threw all these Fire Salamander Bombs towards the vines and immediately detonated them.

The explosion echoed, the sound deafening.

After the smoke cleared, Herag looked over to see the vines full of potholes from the explosion but still not damaging the inner sphere.

"You might as well give up. Even if your attack hit it, it's impossible to cause any harm to the Divine Core." Franz sneered at Herag's actions, seemingly not worried at all.

"Divine Core?" Herag had never seen or heard of such a thing before.

Franz, appearing confident, said slowly, "The Divine Core is a highly potent energy source condensed by gods themselves, with the energy inside only absorbable and usable by beings from the Abyss Plane. Only beings from the Abyss Plane can see it. You wizards from the Wizard Plane can't see or touch it. Wait, how can you see it?"

It seemed that being decapitated had affected him a bit, as Franz only now realized Herag could see the existence of the Divine Core.

A Divine Core is a very special item, condensed by powerful beings from the Abyss Plane, containing a portion of their power.

To prevent its discovery and destruction by wizards, the Evil Gods from the Abyss Plane cleverly hid it using Rule Power.

After hiding it, only Abyssal Cultists of Franz's level or other beings from the Abyss Plane could sense and see the Divine Core.

If other wizards came here, they wouldn't be able to discover the existence of the Divine Core.

Unless Parker himself came, there would be some possibility of detecting traces of the Divine Core.

But now Parker is on the Elf Plane and can't attend to this place.

Once the vines spread throughout the city, Franz could initiate hidden methods to transport all life to the Abyss Plane.

Actually, Franz had not completed his preparations, which originally required a long time.

Starting now would likely not achieve the goal of transporting everyone.

But due to sudden circumstances, Franz is merely relying on the Divine Core's power to survive temporarily.

In a short time, Franz's soul would completely collapse, so he had no choice but to start early.

Herag did not answer Franz's question but looked at the Divine Core within the vines thoughtfully.

He drew out a Longsword, approached the vines, and started slicing through them.

With great speed, the wood shavings flew swiftly as the Divine Core was quickly revealed inside.

To ordinary people, there was nothing inside.

But in Herag's eyes, a grey sphere of light was floating there.

Herag felt an inexplicable allure from this sphere, as if it could be greatly beneficial to him.

He reached out and touched the Divine Core, feeling a rush of coldness from his fingertips.

This chill flowed from his fingers into his body, finally disappearing into the bloodline mark.

"This thing can be absorbed by the bloodline mark?" Herag quickly realized what was happening.

Upon careful sensation, it wasn't the bloodline mark that absorbed it, but the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline within him.

After absorbing this chill, the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power in him seemed to strengthen slightly.

Chapter 347: Teleportation

The chill seemed to have limited effects, so Herag only vaguely felt the Thunder God Ancestral Power within him grow a little stronger.

Herag didn't understand why, nor did he know the principles behind it.

He could only speculate that this Divine Core was concentrated with the power of the Abyss Plane's Evil God.

And these powers could be considered supplements for the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline.

Thinking of this, Herag reached out and grabbed the Divine Core in his hand, then slightly activated the Bloodline Mark to actively absorb the power within the Divine Core.

Once he started absorbing, the chill entered his body a hundredfold faster.

In the blink of an eye, the Divine Core had shrunk by half.

This absorption speed startled Herag; he felt that if it weren't for the Bloodline Mark absorbing and containing these powers, he might explode from absorbing too fast.

Herag was just startled, while Franz was simply dumbfounded.

"You... you..." Franz stuttered, unable to articulate.

Franz understood these things much more deeply than Herag.

What was the Divine Core? It was concentrated with the power of high-ranking entities from the Abyss Plane. Could anyone easily ingest such power?

Even beings of the same level dared not absorb the power in the Divine Core this way; otherwise, problems would easily arise.

Herag could absorb the Divine Core's power so quickly and look as if nothing happened, absorbing it without any pressure.

It could only mean that Herag's status far exceeds that of the Gods Franz believed in.

Herag, a Wizard from the Wizard Plane at the First-Level Liquid Stage.

You're saying his status is higher than the Gods of the Abyss Plane?

How could that be possible!

Franz's already sluggish mind completely froze.

He wondered if he was hallucinating; otherwise, how could he see such a scene?

This was absolutely impossible, even in a nightmare.

Just as Franz was questioning life, the power within the Divine Core was completely absorbed by Herag, disappearing entirely.

The vines spreading throughout the city immediately stopped because they lost their source of power and couldn't continue to grow.

Franz stared blankly at the scene before him, muttering, "Impossible... impossible..."

With the Divine Core fully absorbed by Herag, Franz lost the power he relied on, his gaze gradually became unfocused, seemingly about to die completely at any moment.

Just as Franz's consciousness was about to completely disappear, he suddenly roared, "Impossible!"

Immediately, a gray-white spirit body appeared in the air, glaring at Herag with resentment.

"You've ruined everything! You've ruined everything! My years of efforts! You've obstructed the world's rebirth! You've hindered the arrival of the Gods! Even in death, I will take you with me!"

Franz's eyes were filled with extreme resentment, this resentment paired with his power from the Abyss Plane forming a peculiar force.

Franz activated the means of transportation to the Abyss Plane.

But now, with the Divine Core gone, this means no longer had the ability to cross planes, only a teleportation effect.

As Franz's soul was about to shatter entirely, he sacrificed his soul by burning it completely in order to forcibly activate the transportation means buried underground.

This transportation could only send Herag alone, at the cost of Franz's soul and remaining power.

The destination was the polluted region.

Franz just wanted to hurl Herag as far away as possible, the greater the distance, the better.

The inner region of the polluted area was fraught with dangers, and Herag, if he went in, was bound to meet his doom.

Bang.

Franz's soul shattered, and Herag hadn't had time to react when he felt a large witch array beneath him.

The size of this witch array was about the size of the Mozambique Slums.

Franz's fragmented soul fell to the ground, causing the witch array to have some reaction.

Herag felt as though there was a gaze with extreme hatred watching him from somewhere unknown.

Soon, ripples surged around him.

Herag was far too familiar with this scene, realizing that things were not looking good.

But he couldn't do anything because the witch array was spread across the entire Mozambique Slums.

And he happened to be at the center of the slums, unable to escape at all.

In the next second, Herag disappeared from the spot.

...

The disturbance in the Mozambique Slums shocked everyone in Silver Moon City.

In many places across Silver Moon City, roads either had sinkholes or protruded high above.

The entire Silver Moon City had few normal roads left; all caused serious damage due to the underground vines.

Furthermore, many buildings sank, with some people buried underneath the collapsed structures.

The vines moving underground had extremely fast speeds, affecting many ground structures.

Silver Moon City quickly fell into chaos, with most people unaware of what happened, nor did they understand why.

Serlandir's people promptly deployed to investigate throughout the city.

When Pries led his people to the Mozambique Slums, he examined the traces on the scene and roughly deduced what occurred.

"Where is Herag?" Pries asked the staff beside him.

Herag had come to the slums to inspect matters related to the witch array construction, known to many.

This matter was organized by Goodwin acting as a bridge, and then Serlandir agreed.

Originally, Serlandir had its own agenda; they planned for Herag to make some moves when the time came.

After all, the witch array was designed by their own people, so implementing some strategies would be easy.

Nobody expected such a huge incident to occur.

Franz's body had already been found, with only half remaining, the other half attached to massive vines, seemingly natural.

There was also a head fallen on the ground, the face filled with disbelief and shock, one couldn't know what he witnessed before dying.

Pries searched the site for traces of Franz's soul, but found nothing; instead, he found traces of a soul being shattered.

He knew in his heart that Franz's soul was mostly shattered.

As for the other key person, Herag, was still completely unaccounted for.

No body was found, nor were any related soul traces.

Serlandir's people were eager to find Herag to understand what exactly transpired.

More importantly, Herag had achieved great merit this time, directly resolving the threat posed by Franz.

Although there was some damage across various locations in the city, such a cost was bearable.

To the Wizards, restoring some roads and housing facilities was a very simple task.

Chapter 348: Fallen into the Polluted District

Although Pries didn't know why Herag was in conflict with Franz, it was indeed a situation of life and death.

It looked somewhat chaotic, but the result was good.

After Pries and others investigated the underground situation, they were all filled with fear.

Beneath the entire Mozambique Slums lies a gigantic Witch Array, the purpose of which has not been clarified yet.

Because the Witch Array is simply too massive, even recording it takes a long time, and analyzing it requires even more time.

Judging from the complexity of the Witch Array, this is no ordinary Level 2 or 3 Witch Array.

The secrets hidden behind it must be extremely important. From the traces at the scene, it seems that the Witch Array had briefly started, but appeared to have failed.

The investigation related to the Witch Array was personally taken over by Goodwin, who summoned a group of outstanding Witch Array Masters to investigate, analyze, and research.

It will take some time to reach a conclusion, and in the meantime, investigations in other areas will proceed simultaneously.

Herag is nowhere to be found. According to the traces at the scene, he didn't leave here but suddenly disappeared.

The place he vanished was right next to Franz's head, and it seems Herag had been holding the head before disappearing.

Then something unknown happened that led to Herag's disappearance.

Pries speculates it might be related to the Witch Array, and once the investigation results come out, more will be known.

As for whether Herag is still alive, Pries tends to believe he should be fine for the moment, as there were no signs of injury found at the scene.

For now, the only option is to release information to find Herag's whereabouts, and the news will be spread throughout the Land of Dawn.

...

Herag stared at the black earth beneath his feet, lost in thought.

He had evidently arrived at the pollution area.

The problem now was, where exactly in the pollution area he was.

Herag didn't have a detailed map of the pollution area, which no one in the entire Land of Dawn probably had.

He raised his head to glance at the sky, feeling the positions of the stars. After confirming the direction, he started moving east.

The Land of Dawn is located to the east of the pollution area.

As long as Herag is not east of the Land of Dawn, heading east will eventually lead him back there.

If he reaches the seaside, it means the Land of Dawn is to the west.

Herag can only take a gamble, as heading west is impossible now.

If he is in fact to the west of the Land of Dawn, going west would only lead him deeper into the pollution area.

Statistically, the eastern area of the Land of Dawn is much smaller than other directions.

Thus, the probability of him landing on the east side of the Land of Dawn is relatively lower.

Considering comprehensively, moving east is the most reasonable choice.

But these are longer-term concerns; the immediate issue is how to survive here.

The dangers in the pollution area need no elaboration; Herag had already heard about them countless times.

He first checked his belongings: the Space Ring and Talisman Stones were intact.

As long as the Space Ring is safe, there's plenty of resources stored inside.

There's a heap of Magic Potion materials, enough to fill a warehouse.

He also has several sets of Magic Potion Refining equipment, allowing him to refine potions when necessary.

There's a huge stockpile of finished Magic Potions, in great quantity.

Herag has always held a crisis awareness, thus keeping various types of potions stored in his Space Ring.

Variety and quantity are abundant, focusing on having a rich and sufficient reserve.

There's plenty of food too, mostly dry rations, enough to eat for half a year.

The only issue is water; the water in his Space Ring is only enough for about a month.

Currently, it's not a concern, but compared to other supplies, the water reserve is too little.

After checking the supplies, Herag turned his attention to the movements around him.

The surrounding scenery was quite monotonous, just black soil, bare rocks, and mounds.

Herag hadn't seen any vegetation growing, nor had he seen any living things.

In the distance were some mountains, with no sight of scenery further afar.

Herag continued to maintain the Titan Power state in preparation for any possible situation.

The Absolute Defense Shield on him remained active; Magic Power was consumed periodically, but he had more than enough potions in his Space Ring.

Safety is the priority.

Shenlan's environmental detection was constantly operating, keeping an eye on surrounding movements.

After walking for some time, Herag found it rather quiet, as if there wasn't a living creature in this world.

The pollution area's sky differed from that of the Land of Dawn, with clusters of black clouds and gray mist, obscuring what might be hidden within.

If not for the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, Herag wouldn't be able to determine direction by stargazing.

He could directly sense the position of stars to ascertain direction.

Herag walked alone on this desolate and eerie black earth for a full three hours without encountering a single breathing being.

Luckily, the scenery around him kept changing, allowing Herag to know he was moving forward.

If the scenery remained constant, it would create the illusion of always standing still.

Suddenly, Herag halted and looked at the ground.

The ground had some rubble, which was subtly trembling.

Under normal circumstances, Herag wouldn't pay attention to this.

But after walking for so long, he had some understanding of the area.

This slight movement was unusual, indicating potential circumstances behind the anomaly.

He immediately focused on the underground situation, but for the moment hadn't discovered anything.

But the next second, a huge object rushed into Shenlan's environmental detection range, racing towards Herag.

The speed was so fast that the ground under Herag's feet was already splitting in the next moment.

Herag swiftly used Flash, moving ten meters away.

At his original standing spot, a worm resembling an enormous magnified earthworm emerged.

On the top of this worm was a hollow, cavernous mouth, like an entrance to a gigantic cave.

This cylindrical worm's diameter was estimated at twenty meters, with a tremendously massive body.

Even with such a colossal physique, it possessed astonishing speed.

Herag suspected that if he hadn't noticed the unusual trembling of the ground rubble, he might not have had time to react.

When the worm entered Shenlan's environmental detection range, it was too late.

The worm's speed was simply too fast.

The worm emerged from the ground, opening and closing its mouth, only to realize it had bitten nothing.

It seemed to have assumed it would swallow Herag inevitably, unexpectedly biting thin air.

The worm sniffed around briefly, soon pointing its gigantic mouth towards Herag's location.

It had no eyes, just a huge cylindrical body and an enormous mouth.

Chapter 349: Survival of the Fittest

This was a demon Herag had never seen before.

"Shenlan, query information related to this demon."

Shenlan immediately responded, "No demon information matching the characteristics was found."

As expected, Shenlan's database also did not store information about this demon.

Herag guessed that this should be a demon unique to the polluted area.

Back when the pollution spread, the wizards had retreated.

But the flora and fauna in the polluted area couldn't retreat; they underwent long-term mutations in the polluted area, becoming all sorts of strange demons.

The pollution left by the Abyss Plane had severely impacted the ecological environment here.

However, the adaptability of life is strong. Many flora and fauna perished, but many also survived after adapting to the polluted environment.

The giant subterranean worm before him was evidently a survivor in this polluted area.

Not only did they survive, but they also became stronger, becoming a new kind of demon that had never existed in the Wizard Plane before.

The specifics of these demons were not well understood in the Land of Dawn.

Mostly contact with one would provide more understanding, and the related information was usually with the Pioneers.

Ordinary people in the Land of Dawn generally wouldn't encounter these and thus wouldn't grasp related information.

The giant worm turned to Herag and lunged directly, attempting to bite him.

Herag once more used a Flash to dodge; he certainly didn't want to test its strength with his body.

With a flash of light, the World Tree Bow was in his hand. Jumping backward to increase distance, he bent his bow and shot an arrow in mid-air.

The green arrow struck the worm's body, exploding and tearing out a significant amount of flesh and blood, with bright red blood splattering instantly.

The giant worm shrieked, seemingly in pain; its body bore a noticeable large crater that kept bleeding.

This completely enraged the worm. Its enormous body emerged a long way from the ground once more, pouncing at Herag.

Herag, under the state of Titan Power, was extremely agile.

Combined with Shenlan's assistance, he could predict the worm's action trajectory in advance, calculate its various data, and estimate the time and location of its attacks.

With a light step, Herag swiftly left his original spot, easily dodging the worm's attack.

The worm, due to its lack of vision, could only rely on sound and smell to determine Herag's position.

This made its actions somewhat slower and not as swift as when underground.

In this situation, it was naturally impossible to attack Herag, who instead created several wounds on it with the World Tree Bow.

Herag used another Flash to dodge the worm's bite and casually aimed an arrow into the worm's wide-open mouth.

The arrow from the World Tree Bow exploded inside the worm, and this time its wailing was extremely fierce, indicating severe injury.

The interior cavity of the worm was not as hard, much more vulnerable.

With this arrow shot inside, the worm became somewhat fearful, refraining from attacking again.

The worm's body was already covered in scars, its massive frame not entirely emerged from the underground.

It looked at Herag with some trepidation, withdrawing underground slightly, then stared at him.

Herag also stared back at the worm, with all muscles tense and mind highly focused, constantly aware of the worm's movements.

After a brief standoff, the worm retreated back under the surface and quickly left this area, abandoning its hunt for Herag.

Animal hunts consider the cost of hunting, and demons naturally do too, even more intelligently.

The worm found Herag somewhat troublesome; after some consideration, it simply abandoned the hunt.

Once it burrowed into the ground, its speed increased several times over on the surface. Herag couldn't keep it, only watching it leave.

After confirming the worm had left, Herag also quickened his pace to exit this area.

The noise from the battle just now was too loud; it could easily attract other entities.

As Herag passed the worm's burrow hole, he glanced down— the hole was deep and pitch-black.

A vague sense of unease stirred within him, an instinctive premonition of danger.

"This place can't stay."

The feeling grew increasingly intense, prompting Herag to sprint away from the area at full speed.

He had no idea what might happen here and could only speculate that something powerful was approaching.

Since the giant worm's attack, Herag became more cautious of the underground as well.

After a two-hour trek, Herag hadn't encountered any other living creatures along the way.

He couldn't tell if the polluted area was too vast, or if there were just too few demons.

After walking for hours, he only came across a giant worm emerging from underground.

Herag wasn't sure if this was good or bad, but going too long without encountering life didn't feel right either.

It could very well indicate something wrong with this place, making even demons reluctant to linger here.

As the sense of crisis in Herag's heart faded, he slowed down his pace.

He dared not move too quickly, lest he mistakenly enter a dangerous area and fail to retreat in time.

Proceeding a little further, Herag suddenly stopped in his tracks.

He spotted a plant not far ahead.

After traveling so long without seeing life, spotting a living plant instinctively felt abnormal to Herag.

This was a green broad-leaf plant, standing abruptly on the ground, with broad, thick leaves.

Although knowledgeable, Herag had never seen such a plant, nor did Shenlan's database yield any related information.

This suggested that the plant was likely a new species growing in the polluted area, surviving by adapting to the contaminated environment.

The area around the plant was clean and tidy, devoid of anything else.

Noticing these details, Herag frowned.

At the top of the plant, there was an upstanding bud, seemingly ready to bloom at any moment.

Pop.

A crisp sound broke the silence of the land.

The bud opened a slit, spitting out a black water ball.

The black water ball quickly ascended into the sky and then shattered.

When the ball burst, the sky changed dramatically, with dark clouds quickly gathering.

A gusting wind arose, and rain began to fall from the sky.

"It's raining..."

Herag watched the raindrops from above, caught one with a fingertip, and discovered the rainwater was pitch black.

The heavy rain came with ferocity, instantaneously creating calf-deep puddles on the ground.

Upon closely observing the terrain, Herag realized he was in a depression, with its center being the green plant.

The slope of this depression was so gradual that Herag hadn't realized he was positioned in a hollow.

Chapter 350: The Depression

Now, after surveying the surrounding terrain, he noticed that this was a massive low-lying area.

The rainwater quickly pooled on the ground, and the water was getting deeper, reaching Herag's waist in just a few minutes.

Bear in mind, Herag was now in the form of Titan Power, standing four meters tall.

The plant had already disappeared, submerged at the bottom of the water.

Herag glanced around; this place had already turned into a black lake.

Torrents of rain were falling, with the raindrops getting bigger and showing signs of further enlarging.

This rain was truly unusual. Herag swam towards the shore, planning to leave this place as quickly as possible.

Suddenly, a suction force came from underwater.

Herag, unable to find a foothold in the water, was pulled under on the spot.

The suction was strong, and Herag had virtually no way to resist, being directly dragged to the bottom.

Once pulled underwater, Herag saw the plant at the bottom emitting a green glow, with a strong magic power fluctuation around it.

He was unclear about what this plant exactly was, but he knew he absolutely couldn't let himself be dragged toward it.

With nowhere to find leverage in the water, Herag's strength was of no use, leaving him to helplessly watch as he got closer to the green plant at the bottom step by step.

He remained calm and thought seriously about finding a solution, avoiding futile struggle.

After a moment, Herag extended his left hand, retrieved two Fire Salamander Bombs from his Space Ring, and then hurled them downward with effort before detonating them.

The Fire Salamander Bombs exploded instantly, forming a small mushroom cloud underwater.

The underwater began to churn, and Herag felt the water below pushing him up violently.

With this thrust force, the suction coming from below weakened significantly.

Seeing its effect, Herag immediately threw out two more Fire Salamander Bombs, repeating the tactic.

After several attempts, the explosive force finally propelled Herag to the water surface.

But just as he reached the surface, as he popped his head out of the water, glancing at the torrentially raining sky,

the suction from the bottom pulled him back down again.

Herag, having no other option, could only throw two more Fire Salamander Bombs.

He adjusted his angle, propelling himself diagonally upward to get closer to the shore.

The suction force at the bottom didn't disappear, and every time the thrust from the Fire Salamander Bombs ended, Herag would be pulled down a bit.

Each time, Herag used the Fire Salamander Bombs to get himself closer again to the water surface and shore.

Fortunately, he had prepared adequately; there were still eighty-seven Fire Salamander Bombs in his Space Ring, more than enough for his use.

After using another nineteen Fire Salamander Bombs, Herag finally reached the shore.

He found that the farther away he got from the plant at the bottom, the weaker the suction force became.

Herag crawled onto the shore, feeling grounded, which provided some sense of safety when his feet landed on solid ground.

He looked back, seeing a vast black lake had formed behind him.

The rain was still pouring from the sky, and Herag stepped onto muddy ground, speeding away from the lake.

After walking about a kilometer, Herag finally left the range of the heavy rain.

He glanced back; the sky behind him was still dark with dense clouds, and the rain continued unabated.

Over here, though not brightly sunny, at least it wasn't raining, and the ground was very dry.

Here and the area behind him were completely two different worlds.

Reflecting on the recent experience, Herag finally understood why not a single living creature could be seen in that area.

The inconspicuous low-lying area most likely served as the hunting ground of the plant.

Once a living being entered there, a scenario like the one just experienced would occur.

Even Herag almost fell into the trap. If those less intelligent demons ventured foolishly into it, they would probably end up being dragged to the water bottom.

As for what would happen after being dragged underwater, Herag wasn't sure, but it certainly wouldn't be anything good.

While underwater just now, Herag felt a strong sense of danger.

He could sense that if he were dragged to the water bottom, getting close to that plant, he would most likely never come back.

The plant's power was extremely bizarre, able to affect the weather over such a large area, a power that the current Herag couldn't oppose.

The only consolation was that the plant couldn't move to chase him.

Herag oriented himself again and continued heading eastward.

"The sky is getting dark..."

Herag noted the increasingly dim sky with a heavy heart.

Nightfall, no matter where, is always more dangerous, let alone in this polluted zone.

If in the forest, Herag could find a safe shelter for the night.

But in this polluted area, Herag couldn't determine where was safe.

After experiencing the giant insect's attack, Herag felt no place was safe.

Anywhere, he could possibly be devoured by a giant insect abruptly emerging from the ground in his sleep.

Herag kept observing while walking but did not find any place that seemed relatively safe.

The sky gradually darkened, and night slowly descended.

He looked up, seeing no stars.

At night, the dominant shade here was darkness, not a bit of light in sight.

In other places, the moonlight could at least help see the road at night.

But here, it was sheer darkness, devoid of any light source.

Herag's vision wasn't hindered as he could still see the surroundings clearly in the dark.

He initially planned to find a safe spot to spend the night.

But then reconsidered, as he didn't know which place was relatively safe.

Staying static in one place might actually increase the chance of encountering danger, so he decided to trek through the night, aiming to reach the Land of Dawn as soon as possible.

The subsequent journey was more monotonous, only characterized by eternal blackness and silence.

While traveling, Herag checked on his own status.

Since absorbing the Divine Core, there had not been a moment to examine his condition.

Herag was eager to understand the use of having absorbed this entity.

The Divine Core was absorbed by the Bloodline Mark but couldn't be fully activated within the Wizard Plane.

Herag sensed that if he returned to the Abyss Plane and activated the Bloodline Mark, revealing its true form, it should be more powerful.

"So, this is how power can be enhanced..." Herag made a mental note of this method.

Never having encountered something like the Divine Core before, he naturally didn't know about this way of becoming stronger.

Now it seemed clear that the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power could still continue to grow.

"Hmm? My spiritual power..."

At this moment, Herag realized that in his mind, his Liquid Spiritual Power had filled his mind completely.

Next, he just needed to proceed with compression to gradually approach the Crystalization Wizard stage.