

## **Sixth 351**

### Chapter 351: The Dark Night

Herag remembered that it clearly required two more stars of meditation to complete this step.

Now, it's already completed, probably because of absorbing the Divine Core.

Although Herag wanted to start the compressed meditation of liquifying Spiritual Power.

But it's obviously unrealistic at the moment; compressing and liquifying Spiritual Power requires high concentration of Spiritual Power, and can't be disturbed, or else a major problem could occur if interrupted.

In the polluted district, it's hard for Herag to find such an environment for peaceful Meditation Practice.

Herag was pondering while paying attention to the surroundings, slowly advancing in the night.

Suddenly, a firelight appeared ahead.

Herag looked up to see a campfire blazing ahead, with a little girl sitting nearby.

The little girl sat by the campfire, her gaze staring blankly at the roaring flames.

Herag's heart skipped a beat, knowing he had encountered trouble again.

Such a raging fire should have been noticed much earlier.

A fire so dazzling in the pitch-black night should be noticeable from miles away.

But now, that campfire was just twenty meters away.

Seeing that the little girl hadn't noticed him, Herag was about to retreat.

Suddenly, a clear voice came from behind: "Brother, are you cold?"

Herag turned around to see the little girl standing behind him, looking at him blankly.

Although the little girl was speaking to him, her eyes weren't really looking at him.

"Brother, are you cold?" the little girl asked again.

"Come by the fire to warm up."

The little girl suddenly disappeared, and her voice came from behind again.

Turning back once more, Herag found the little girl sitting by the campfire, watching him.

He sensed a familiar presence.

This little girl carried the aura of the Abyss Plane.

However, this aura was somewhat peculiar, not quite like the typical aura of the Abyss Plane.

Thinking of this, Herag slightly activated his Bloodline Mark, exuding a faint aura of the Abyss Plane.

The little girl's expression changed slightly, and she looked over with a surprised expression.

"Sir..."

The little girl blurted out halting words, and then knelt down, bowing to Herag.

Herag walked over expressionlessly and sat down by the campfire.

The little girl still knelt on the ground, with her head buried and not lifted.

"Who are you?" Herag asked in the common language of the Abyss Plane.

"No...know..."

This demon seemed to lack intelligence, wasn't aware of what it was, and could only speak a few simple words.

After recognizing Herag's aura, she no longer dared to perform any tricks on him.

Herag continued to ask, "Is there any safe place around here?"

The little girl sat up straight, looking blankly at Herag: "Mas...ter...safe..."

It took a moment for Herag to understand her meaning.

The little girl meant that being by Herag's side was safe.

In close proximity, Herag noticed the little girl's aura from the Abyss Plane had indeed changed.

He speculated that when the Abyss Plane invasion was repelled, many demons couldn't retreat in time and remained in the polluted district.

These remaining Abyssal Demons had undergone some changes over the long years, and even their aura from the Abyss Plane was different.

Finding it difficult to communicate with the little girl and unable to extract any useful information, Herag got up to leave.

Unexpectedly, a cold small hand grabbed his hand, and the little girl, with her head buried, said:  
"Mas...ter...don't...leave..."

Her speech was a bit faster, seemingly urgent, afraid that Herag would leave.

Recalling his daytime experiences, Herag suddenly had some speculations.

He felt the polluted district might also have a territorial division, like no other demons were near that plant.

Clearly, the little girl was also a demon, and this area was likely her territory.

From this point of view, the chance of encountering other demons in this place was very low.

If Herag spent the night here, it would be relatively safe.

With this thought, he sat down again.

Though the little girl showed no expression, and her gaze remained vacant.

Yet Herag could sense that the little girl seemed quite happy.

The little girl stood up, walked to Herag's side, and sat down, quietly staying with her gaze staring blankly ahead.

Herag, seeing she made no move, ignored her and focused on the surrounding sounds.

The campfire continued to burn, illuminating Herag's face.

Only then did he notice that this campfire actually emitted no heat.

The two, a human and a demon, sat side by side for the entire night.

Until the dawn broke, the little girl stood up, waved her little hand at Herag, and gradually faded away.

The campfire disappeared as well.

Herag stood up, preparing to continue his journey.

Just as he guessed, the entire night he did not encounter any other demons.

During the day, although the sun couldn't be seen directly, there was enough light.

Herag turned to glance at the place where he'd spent the entire night; it was just a patch of black soil, with nothing else, leaving him unsure of the little girl's form of existence.

He took out some provisions and water from his Space Ring to replenish his energy.

Then he took out a potion to restore Magic Power, fully recovering his state.

Having eaten, Herag slightly accelerated his pace, wanting to cover as much distance as possible during the day.

Another three hours passed without any unusual occurrences until...

Herag halted, observing a castle ahead.

It was a remarkably well-preserved castle with towering walls and faintly visible internal structures.

Though its appearance was ancient and weathered, the castle showed no apparent damage.

This was all thanks to the witch array within the castle.

Approaching closer, Herag immediately recognized the complex and grand witch array operating inside.

The castle's architectural style was distinctly different from the present, hinting at a construction from an unknown number of years ago.

The witch array, however, remained functional after so many years.

Such arrays typically have an automatic charging system, collecting energy to maintain long-term operation.

Unlike many arrays that rely on Magic Stones or Magical Energy Crystals, which stop functioning without energy supply.

Circling the outside, Herag found that only the main gate offered entry.

Chapter 352: The Castle

The main gate has a Witch Array guarding it; if one's identity doesn't match, they won't be able to enter.

Herag stood at the door and studied it for a while, knowing that independently deciphering it would take a long time.

The most pressing thing now is time.

"Shenlan, begin decoding this Witch Array and find a way to unlock it," Herag commanded.

"Task has been archived, currently analyzing and calculating; estimated time is seven minutes."

This Witch Array is much simpler than the previous Wheel of Fortune Witch Array, so Shenlan doesn't need that much time to produce results.

While waiting for Shenlan's deciphering, Herag also kept an eye on the surroundings, not noticing anything peculiar.

Seven minutes passed.

"Task completed, unlocking method as follows..."

Herag reviewed Shenlan's provided unlocking method twice, finding nothing amiss.

He immediately began the unlocking process, and within ten minutes, the Witch Array at the entrance was deciphered.

The Witch Array at the castle entrance wasn't designed very intricately; it seems like from the beginning, its complexity was not intended to be high.

From this point of view, either there's nothing important inside, or at the time, the castle's location didn't require such stringent protection.

Herag came to the main gate and gave it a strong push; the gate slowly opened.

The dust on the door instantly fell, kicking up a cloud of it; this dust had accumulated over an unknown number of years, forming a dusty plume.

Herag waved away the dust before him with his hand and stepped into the castle's courtyard.

The ground here was exceptionally clean, as if someone cleaned it daily.

Herag knew this was the effect of the Witch Array, likely having an automatic cleaning function.

He had observed when entering.

The dust at the entrance was located outside, while the inner side of the door was spotlessly clean, without a speck of dust.

Herag crossed the front yard and followed the steps into the castle.

The castle had three floors, with numerous rooms on each level.

Herag entered the first-floor room, preparing for a thorough search to see if there were any valuable clues.

As he stepped into the first-floor hall, he saw many miscellaneous items scattered disorderly on the floor.

There were some old notebooks, old books, and some women's clothing.

From this scene, it seemed like those who left did so in great haste, as if preparing to flee.

Herag speculated that the original owner of this place likely knew of the impending pollution spread, hence hurriedly packed and left the castle.

Herag thought of this and felt that it was unlikely there were any high-value things left in the castle.

He searched several rooms in succession, which further confirmed this thought.

These rooms mostly contained everyday items, and the castle seemed to just be a living residence.

Herag gathered all the books he found; the text in these books was unfamiliar, completely unintelligible.

Regardless, he collected all books, intending to later slowly study the text and content.

After searching the first floor, Herag proceeded upstairs to search the second floor.

He discovered something different: there was a place resembling a Magic Potion Material cultivation room.

The room contained various plants cultivated in pots, though they were all dead now.

Herag examined them; most could still be named, all valuable Magic Potion Materials.

It's a pity they all withered; otherwise, they'd be worth a substantial amount.

The second floor yielded no noteworthy findings, only some unrecognized books.

Having searched the second floor, Herag continued to the third floor.

The third floor had fewer rooms, but each was significantly larger, indicating it was the residence of the castle's owner.

He did discover quite a few valuable jewels and ancient carvings here.

Herag thought these items could fetch a good price in the Land of Dawn, being sold as antiques.

Though unfamiliar with these things, he stuffed them all into his Space Ring with the intention of later inquiry.

But he's not here for these items.

Such a well-preserved and intact castle indicated it was an ancient structure from the most prosperous period of the Wizard Plane.

Herag was eager to find something valuable here, as the Wizards of that era were far more powerful than those of now.

Many things from that time haven't been handed down, and compared to then, the overall power of the Land of Dawn is vastly inferior.

Herag meticulously searched the third floor, using Shenlan's environmental detection too, but found no secret chambers.

Slightly unwilling, he pondered if he'd have to leave this ancient relic empty-handed.

Standing by the window, Herag gazed outside when inspiration struck; using Shenlan to scan, he indeed discovered a basement.

Promptly, Herag went to the basement entrance.

The entrance was well concealed; only after clearing a thick layer of turf did he find the basement passageway.

Herag tugged open the basement door and then descended inside.

The basement entrance was also guarded by a Witch Array, which was far more complex than the one at the door.

This indicated that whatever lay within wasn't ordinary.

"Shenlan, decode this Witch Array," Herag commanded after glancing at the array, acknowledging its complexity and initiating Shenlan's deciphering task.

"Task has been archived, currently analyzing and calculating; estimated time is twenty-three minutes."

Deciphering this array required over three times the time of the door's Witch Array.

While waiting, Herag kept vigil on outside movements, knowing all attention shouldn't be riveted here, lest external incidents go unnoticed.

Awaiting time was always tormenting; Herag felt it a lengthy period before Shenlan provided a deciphering method.

Swiftly scanning it and confirming no issues, Herag began cracking the array.

Five minutes later, Herag lightly twisted the doorknob and the door opened.

Upon opening it, the sight before him left Herag stunned.

The basement room was extremely cramped, with a glass vessel suspended in the air within the confined space.

The glass vessel contained a black piece of flesh, soaked in green liquid.

Herag's Talent Spell was Great Dark Heaven; he immediately sensed the flesh was still active, possessing a potent bloodline power.

Though this bloodline power was still inferior to the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power, it ranked second amongst the bloodline powers Herag had seen, just short of the Thunder God Bloodline Power.

"What kind of flesh can remain unspoiled through countless years..."

Herag felt the piece of flesh pulsating as if with life energy, freshly cut from some powerful being.

Chapter 353: Desolate Plague

This piece of flesh, although black in color, is not rotted, but rather, it was originally black.

Herag can clearly feel the life force contained within this piece of flesh.

Judging by the arrangement here, it seems no one has come here for many years.

Yet the piece of flesh in the glass incubator still maintains its vitality.

Herag wandered around the room; the space is narrow and there's not much else.

He quickly noticed a witch array here connected to the entire castle's witch array.

The specific effect of this witch array is still unclear and cannot be seen in a short time.

Herag suspected it was meant to maintain the vitality of the flesh; he believed the castle's entire witch array was actually centered around this piece of flesh.

The castle's owner likely intended to leave this piece of flesh here, at least to use the witch array to prevent it from decaying.

When the opportunity was right, he would return to retrieve the piece of flesh.

The castle owner was surely a powerful wizard; this can be seen from the magic potion materials he cultivated.

Furthermore, this piece of flesh must come from an extremely powerful being, possibly of an abyss plane evil god level strength.

Since the castle owner dared to study this thing, it shows he himself was sufficiently strong to manage it without being destroyed by its backlash.

Herag gazed at the piece of flesh, pondering whether to use Great Dark Heaven to absorb its bloodline power.

Because he was unsure of the nature of the being from which this piece of flesh came, Herag dared not lightly absorb its bloodline power.

What can be certain is that the piece of flesh definitely originates from some being in the abyss plane and is quite powerful.

This thing cannot be taken away for future study since once removed from the glass incubator, it will instantly decay upon leaving the witch array and become a useless piece of smelly meat.

Thus, Herag could only decide here whether to absorb the bloodline power from the black flesh.

He thought for a moment, then reached out his hand, and a phantom of an ancient stone tablet appeared behind him.

Herag decided to absorb its bloodline power.

Within him already existed the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power, which the bloodline power in this piece of flesh cannot surpass.

Therefore, even if problems arise, he can rely on the ancestral bloodline power to suppress it.

Herag performed Great Dark Heaven; as his magic power touched the black flesh, strands of bloodline power began to be absorbed by him.

These strands of bloodline power circulated throughout his body and ultimately gathered within the bloodline mark.

Herag's bloodline mark felt slightly warm, indicating that absorbing this power had caused some subtle changes.

Ten minutes later, Herag ceased Great Dark Heaven, completely absorbing the bloodline power from the black flesh.

The black flesh in the glass incubator now turned dull and lifeless; its contained life force nearly exhausted, quickly becoming an ordinary chunk of meat.

Once its bloodline power was absorbed, the flesh naturally could no longer maintain vitality.

Herag closed his eyes, sensing the newly absorbed bloodline power.

He gained a talent named Desolate Plague.

"Desolate Plague: Absorbs the life force of a living being."

Herag discerned the function of the Desolate Plague after sensing this newfound bloodline power.

Simply put, Desolate Plague can absorb all life energy, strengthening one's own life force.

Life energy can extend one's lifespan and rapidly heal injuries.

Herag, currently still fairly weak, can only absorb life force from other beings through touch.

Once stronger, he will be able to absorb life force from beings within his line of sight.

Herag immediately thought of the desolate pollution spreading across the Kala Continent.

He quickly realized that his Desolate Plague talent likely emanated from the same force that polluted the Kala Continent.

However, the individual who caused the entire continent's pollution was an extremely powerful existence.

Herag could hardly imagine the level of strength required to pollute an entire continent with the Desolate Plague for such an extended duration.

The desolation has polluted the Kala Continent for countless years, during which it absorbed an immense amount of life energy.

This life energy, in turn, nourished the entity in the abyss plane, becoming an unimaginably vast power.

Should all life energy from the Kala Continent converge upon one person...

Herag could faintly feel the enormity of that person's strength just by imagining it.

However, others might not value this power.

To cause such far-reaching, prolonged pollution, one would likely be stronger than common evil gods.

The fusion with Desolate Plague also caused some changes in the bloodline mark.

Yet, since it cannot be fully activated at present, Herag couldn't determine the nature of the changes.

After absorbing the bloodline power, Herag saw nothing else of interest in the basement and prepared to leave.

Unexpectedly, he sensed something, his expression altering as he quickly shut the basement door.

Outside the castle, on an open ground, spatial ripples suddenly appeared, followed by six people emerging abruptly on the ground.

These six individuals consisted of five men and one woman; leading them was a white-bearded old man, while the others looked to be young adults in their twenties or thirties.

Wizards cannot be judged by appearance for actual age.

But the magic power aura from this white-bearded old man was the strongest, identifying him as a Level 2 Wizard.

The others were Level 1 Wizards, ranging from gaseous to crystallization states.

"Booker, it's amazing how the teleportation coordinates you set are still operational after so long," Martina said as she approached old man Booker, patting a horse.

Booker glanced at his slender female student, feeling quite satisfied, and resting a hand on Martina's back in front of the others: "Though I'm old, I still have some skills."

The others didn't find this scene strange at all, seemingly quite accustomed to it.

Witnessing this, they all began complimenting Booker.

Booker basked in the flattery, smiling as he spoke: "This time bringing you to the pollution area is mainly to broaden your horizons. You've been shielded too well from youth, unaware of the dangers outside. This cannot continue for long, so it's necessary to get some experience here."

"With the teacher protecting us, we're not in any danger," Martina clung to Booker's arm, rubbing herself against him.

Booker relished the attention but maintained a serious demeanor while responding, "The teacher can protect you for a while, but not for a lifetime; ultimately, you must rely on yourselves."

Chapter 354: Discovery

"Martina is willing to stay by the teacher's side for a lifetime." Martina tightened her grip, continuing to rub against him.

The other young people watched, swallowing at Martina's figure, their eyes filled not only with desire but also a hint of jealousy.

They were all Wizards from the Eye of the Storm faction, but none of them were official members.

Booker was the only official member of the Eye of the Storm, a powerful Level 2 Wizard.

He took on many students; these students either had a certain background, were wealthy enough, or were sufficiently young and attractive.

Booker's female students were basically his playthings, and this had never been hidden.

Women who voluntarily became his students were aware of this and were mentally prepared.

It's not easy to become his female student; one's appearance and figure must be acceptable, otherwise, there's no qualification.

As a powerful Level 2 Wizard, Booker indeed had enough strength to make people rely on him.

This was not uncommon among Wizards, it could even be said to be quite common.

His female students were much more likely to gain resources than male students, as long as they could win Booker's favor.

This Martina was a student Booker particularly favored recently.

Accompanying him to the polluted district this time, the other male students had all paid heavy fees to enroll.

Martina didn't pay a penny and was taken care of everywhere, making the others quite jealous.

However, jealousy couldn't change things; the others could only watch.

Martina, receiving such favor, instead became an object of flattery for other students.

After enjoying a round of flattering words from everyone, Booker said, "This ruin we discovered has an extremely complex and tedious Witch Array guarding it. The things inside must not be simple. Since I came last time, I've been researching this Witch Array day and night, and finally figured out the method to break it."

"The difficulty of breaking this Witch Array is extremely high; even a Level 3 Witch Array Master from the Witch Array Master Association may not be able to break it."

Booker deliberately exaggerated the difficulty of breaking the Witch Array at the castle gate to show his superb skills.

"Teacher, you're amazing!"

"Booker, your Witch Array skills are unmatched in the whole Land of Dawn."

...

The others were quite adept at flattery, seizing the moment to praise, which Booker thoroughly enjoyed.

"Let's go, let me show you all how I break this Witch Array, learn as much as you can." Booker led everyone toward the castle gate.

Booker and his group arrived at the castle gate, and upon seeing the already opened door, his face turned grim.

The others, adept at reading expressions, saw Booker's look and understood he was in a bad mood, so no one dared to speak, all bowing their heads for fear of angering Booker.

The open castle gate indicated someone had been here before, and the valuable things inside had likely already been taken away.

Booker wasn't upset because something inside might have been taken.

He was very familiar with this kind of castle; generally used for daily residence and unlikely to have anything too precious, so he wasn't intending to get anything valuable from it.

His annoyance stemmed from bragging about the difficult Witch Array at the gate, how much effort he'd devoted to cracking it.

Booker had exaggerated the difficulty of the Witch Array at the gate too much, even claiming that a Level 3 Witch Array Master from the Witch Array Master Association might not be able to break it.

Now the gate stood wide open, practically a slap to his face, which was the real reason for his sour mood.

Booker didn't care about other things but cared about face, especially in front of his students.

"Let's go in and take a look." Booker walked in with a grim expression, followed closely by the others.

He was still a bit unwilling to leave without checking for any valuables.

This journey couldn't be in vain.

After Booker and several others entered the castle, they quickly began searching through it.

Like Herag, they first searched from the first floor to the third floor inside the castle.

Herag had found nothing valuable during his search, and naturally, they found nothing too.

Half an hour later, the six gathered in front of the castle.

Upon questioning, Booker's face turned even more grim.

This trip had yielded nothing, such a loss.

The most important issue was losing face in front of his students, which was exceedingly distressing to Booker.

After confirming there was nothing valuable left, Booker's face became so sour it seemed water might condense from it.

He stared at the castle for a while, finally said in a deep voice, "Let's go back."

The group was immediately ready to leave.

Herag was hidden in the basement, his heart always anxious.

He had completely restrained his aura, even controlling his breathing, to avoid drawing attention from those above.

Though they were Wizards, Herag didn't know which faction they were from.

If they were not from Serlandir, it would be greatly risky.

After all, it was a polluted district; even if the Level 2 Wizard killed him, nobody would know.

Moreover, the castle seemed completely looted; if they found Herag hiding in the basement now.

This group would surely assume he took the good things inside, demanding him to hand them over.

Giving them up would surely mean being drained dry.

As for his life, it naturally wouldn't be spared.

Even if this group was from Serlandir, Herag wouldn't reveal himself.

For the human heart is the hardest to fathom, anything could happen.

Herag was grateful they hadn't noticed the basement entrance hidden in the corner, having taken some precaution when he entered.

Indeed, their focus remained on the castle above, unaware of the inconspicuous corner.

When they were about to leave, Herag thought he had narrowly escaped danger.

Unexpectedly...

Martina gazed at the distant lawn, pulling Booker and saying, "Teacher, that seems different from other places."

Hearing her, Booker turned back and looked in the direction Martina pointed.

On seeing the lawn, he immediately noticed signs it had been tampered with, and scanned it using Magic Sense.

Booker revealed a pleased expression, discovering a basement and a person hiding inside.

"Come out!"

Magic Power fluctuated around Booker; soon, Herag was grabbed by a giant stone hand and pulled out from the basement.

The stone hand brought Herag before Booker.

Herag, having deactivated the Titan Power form to enter the basement, had returned to his original appearance.

Booker had never imagined there would be someone still here.

Chapter 355: Caged Bird

Booker was thinking in a normal way.

This place had been taken first, and indeed there wasn't anything good inside.

Booker was in a bad mood, feeling unlucky, and was ready to leave right away.

He never thought that the person who beat him to it arrived just a little bit earlier than he did.

Normally, there wouldn't be such a coincidence.

So Booker naturally assumed that the items here had already been taken by the person who came first.

He had no idea that the person was still here, and hiding in the basement.

"Martina, you're still the observant one. I'll give you a good reward when we get back tonight." Booker was extremely happy at this moment, growing more satisfied with Martina.

If Martina hadn't noticed a slight difference on the lawn, Booker wouldn't have discovered the hiding Herag.

"It's all thanks to the teacher's prowess." Martina's face turned red as if she thought of something upon hearing Booker's promise of a reward, making her look even more alluring.

Booker turned to Herag and said, "Hand over the items."

He didn't ask about Herag's identity because, in his view, it was meaningless.

Herag replied calmly, "There's nothing valuable here; I just got in as well."

"Kid, don't spout such nonsense in front of me. Hand over the items, and I'll give you a quick death." Booker bluntly indicated he intended to kill Herag without beating around the bush.

"Hand over the items, or I'll gouge out your eyes!" Martina venomously glared at Herag as she spoke.

Herag said, "I'm an official member of Serlandir. Are you trying to provoke a war by attacking me?"

"Serlandir?" Booker hesitated for a moment upon hearing Herag's declaration of identity.

But then he thought, this is a contaminated zone, so he smirked coldly, "If I say you're not, then you're not. I only know you're a thief who stole my things!"

Herag's expression turned cold, knowing this old man was determined to eliminate him.

So he wasted no more words and directly activated his Titan Power form.

His body rapidly swelled in size, tremendously increasing his strength and constitution.

The stone giant hand holding Herag instantly shattered, and Herag seized the moment to charge toward the castle's main entrance.

The castle gate was the only exit. As long as he could get into the contaminated zone, he had a chance to escape.

No matter how skilled and daring Booker was, he wouldn't risk chasing him very far in the contaminated zone.

Booker was somewhat surprised; Herag's suddenly swelling size and strength were beyond his expectations.

The stone giant hand he conjured could restrain a typical Level 1 Crystalization Wizard without any problem, but it was unexpectedly broken free by Herag in an instant.

This made Booker's face look even more displeased.

If he couldn't even handle a Level 1 Liquidation Wizard, how could he maintain his standing in front of these students?

Booker snorted coldly, waved his hand, and a massive, thick stone wall rose from the ground, sealing off the castle gate leading outside.

Herag's sprinting figure immediately came to a halt, facing a stone wall over ten meters thick, impossible to destroy in a short time.

"Drawing a Prison."

Booker's voice sounded from behind, and then a gigantic cage formed around Herag's body.

In an instant, a huge birdcage-like stone enclosure formed.

Herag was like a small bird trapped inside the cage.

The stone cage was made up of many columns, with relatively large gaps between the stone pillars.

Herag tried to squeeze through, only to find that the gaps between the stone pillars merely appeared to be there but couldn't actually allow his hand to pass through.

"Idiot!" Martina couldn't help but suspect Herag's intelligence upon seeing this scene.

In her opinion, Herag was doomed to die.

Herag naturally wouldn't give up. He took out several Fire Salamander Bombs, threw them toward the same spot, and detonated them instantly.

Bang!

The entire stone cage didn't even sway, and the blasted area remained unscathed.

"This cage contains Rule Power. With your strength, it's impossible to inflict any damage on it," Booker said unhurriedly.

He just quietly watched Herag try various methods without stopping him, not worried at all that Herag could escape from the stone cage.

Seeing the Fire Salamander Bombs were ineffective, Herag then pulled out his World Tree Bow and shot an arrow into a corner.

The green arrow from the World Tree Bow quickly formed and flew out, appearing at the edge of the stone cage in an instant and exploding.

"It's effective!"

Herag noticed that the spot where he shot had developed some extremely fine cracks.

Even though it wasn't obvious, it indicated that the stone cage wasn't invincible.

"How is that possible!"

Booker was a bit taken aback, immediately focusing on the World Tree Bow in Herag's hand.

He had never seen this bow and didn't know what it was, but he guessed it must be an extraordinary treasure.

The fact that it could inflict minor damage on the stone cage already indicated that this bow contained some Rule Power.

With the power of Herag, a mere Level 1 Wizard, it would be impossible to damage the stone cage otherwise.

"Sure enough, there's something good." Booker showed a hint of greed.

"Teacher, that bow and arrow..." Martina also noticed the extraordinariness of the World Tree Bow and reminded him.

Booker laughed, "I'll let you play with it for a couple of days later."

"Thank you, teacher!" Martina was quite pleased to hear this.

In Booker's view, the World Tree Bow was already as good as his.

He thought this trip would be fruitless, only to unexpectedly gain a bonus.

Martina contributed significantly to this outcome.

In his joy, Booker promised Martina she could use the World Tree Bow for a period.

However, what he didn't know was that the World Tree Bow had very high bloodline power requirements for its user.

Martina, with her ordinary bloodline, would have to expend her life energy to use the World Tree Bow.

"Let's settle this kid first." Booker cast aside unrelated thoughts, raised his hand to gather magic power, ready to directly kill Herag trapped in the stone cage.

At this moment, Herag was a bit anxious inside the stone cage, a massive sense of crisis surging in his heart, as if death could descend at any moment.

He had tried many methods but couldn't escape from the stone cage.

Even using Flash wasn't working; the spatial travel of Flash couldn't leave the stone cage's spatial area, only stopping by the stone pillars.

Just as Booker raised his hand, about to cast a spell to annihilate Herag directly.

Roar~

A mighty roar came from the distance, sounding like thunder rolling, sweeping over from afar.

Roar~

When the second roar came, the sound had already arrived above the castle, resounding like explosive thunder above everyone's heads.

Herag covered his ears, feeling uncomfortable. Even with his constitution, the explosive volume was hard for him to endure.

He glanced outside the stone cage and, sure enough, besides Booker, everyone else was on the ground struggling.

Chapter 356: Legendary Demon

Among the five students including Martina, nearly everyone was bleeding from their noses and mouths, with blood also flowing from their ears.

The stronger ones could still remain conscious, but two of the weaker Gaseous Wizards had already fainted completely.

The roar was truly terrifying, an earth-shattering sound.

The noise exploded so close above their heads, causing those with weaker constitutions to collapse immediately.

Booker was surrounded by a dirt-yellow shield, his complexion somewhat pale.

It wasn't because he was injured, purely out of fear.

As an old Wizard, Booker was naturally experienced and well-acquainted with the pollution zone; otherwise, he wouldn't dare to casually bring students there.

It must be said, he indeed had quite a few real skills.

But precisely because he knew a lot, Booker was very clear about what was above them.

"Legendary Demon..."

When Booker thought of these four words, he swallowed with some bitterness.

As a Level 2 Wizard, it had been a long time since he felt this fear of impending death.

Encountering any other powerful demon, Booker wouldn't claim to defeat it, but at least he could ensure his own safety.

But when facing a Legendary Demon, he never even considered confronting it.

His mind raced, thinking about how to escape.

Legendary Demons are the most powerful entities known to Wizards within the pollution zone.

Any single Legendary Demon has at least the strength of a Fourth-Level Wizard.

In the Land of Dawn, those at Level 4 were basically the strongest in various factions.

The highest rulers of various factions generally reached the level of a Fourth-Level Wizard.

Therefore, when Wizards of the Land of Dawn encountered a Legendary Demon in the pollution zone, they almost had no ability to resist.

The origins of Legendary Demons are varied, with some saying they have existed since ancient times.

Others say Legendary Demons have also proliferated through many generations, but due to their rarity, they are little known.

The Wizards of the Land of Dawn, through experiences accumulated with blood over the years, summarized the eight great Legendary Demons within the pollution zone.

Encountering any of these eight types of Legendary Demons means facing a near-fatal encounter.

Ordinary Pioneers entering the pollution zone might never encounter such beings in their lifetime.

If they do come across one, all they can do is blame bad luck, as the odds are just too low.

Something most people never see in a lifetime; dying at the hands of a Legendary Demon leaves nothing to be said.

Booker felt dizzy, his face turned pale, his heart raced.

He almost forgot there were such beings in the pollution zone, having always thought of them as legend stories.

Never expected that on this outing, he would encounter such a level of existence.

He looked up, wanting to know which Legendary Demon they had encountered.

A giant fist engulfed in flames gave him the answer.

"Incinerator." Booker uttered these three words upon seeing the giant fist descending from the sky.

The Incinerator is a demon resembling a monkey, extremely large.

Its main feature is flames burning fiercely all over its body.

However, the Incinerator primarily attacks not with fire, but by relying on its formidable physical strength, overpowering with brute force.

But the flames themselves are extremely hot, ordinary Wizards simply cannot withstand such high temperatures.

Once their bodies come into direct contact with these flames, they would soon be cooked.

The Incinerator's fist descended from the sky with fierce winds, crashing down.

The castle's Witch Array blocked the fist momentarily, then completely shattered, losing all functionality.

Instantly, the castle's Witch Array ceased to operate, completely destroyed.

Booker quickly conjured a thick stone wall above the castle, then immediately turned and fled, blinking several times to a distant point.

Since the castle's Witch Array had been destroyed, exits were everywhere, Booker seized the opportunity to flee.

The Incinerator's fist struck the stone wall, causing it to shatter instantly, breaking into countless small stones that flew in all directions.

Simultaneously, numerous flames splattered out, landing everywhere.

These stones and flames also hit the five people on the ground, eliciting wails all around.

Some were hit on the head by stones, and having already fainted, couldn't effectively protect themselves, dying on the spot.

Others who got touched by the flames were rolling on the ground in agony.

These flames couldn't be extinguished by conventional means, clinging to the body like maggots on bones, burning deeper into the flesh.

Unless the whole person was consumed, the flames wouldn't stop.

Herag, being within the stone cage, was protected by it, avoiding the disaster.

Booker, focused solely on escaping, couldn't care about him.

The fist retracted, and from a gap between the stone bars, Herag glanced up at the sky.

He only saw a giant hand retracting, along with two enormous feet, unable to fully view the Incinerator.

The Incinerator's target seemed to be Booker, losing interest in the castle after his escape, instead focusing on the distant Booker.

The Incinerator stomped on the ground, causing a gust of wind powerful enough to almost blow the people on the ground away.

Roar!

Another explosion resounded overhead; this time, Herag was prepared, shielding his ears, feeling less discomfort.

The noise was tremendous as the Incinerator flew across the sky.

Hearing it rapidly fade, the intense threat of death that loomed over Herag's heart finally eased somewhat.

Judging by how far the Incinerator flew, Booker truly could run.

In such a short amount of time, he had managed to get that far, likely using some special means.

Minutes later, the stone pillars suddenly crumbled.

Herag understood that Old Man Booker was probably no more.

That Old Man Booker was able to hold out for a few minutes under the chase of a Legendary Demon was quite remarkable.

Of course, it was also possible that Old Man Booker had voluntarily canceled the Drawing a Prison spell to conserve magic power.

Though this possibility was relatively small.

After Drawing a Prison disappeared, Herag stood on the ground, looking at the moaning few before him.

One man was still alive; upon seeing Herag, he fearfully crawled backwards.

His leg was broken, unable to stand, so he could only crawl on the ground, his broken leg twisted at an extremely strange angle.

Herag took out the World Tree Bow, aimed at the man's head, and shot an arrow.

Once the green arrow left the World Tree Bow, it disappeared, appearing in front of the man's head the next instant.

Immediately, the man's head exploded, and he fell completely silent.

"Don't... don't kill me..."

Martina was still alive, her knee on her leg crushed, a few ribs broken, unable to move freely.

Watching Herag shoot an arrow exploding her companion's head, she fearfully retreated.

Chapter 357: Eye of the Storm

Martina, because of her leg injury, could only keep crawling backward.

Her chest heaved continuously as Martina breathed rapidly, her heart filled with fear.

She was very realistic about her own strength.

Although she was a wizard in the Liquid Stage, it was only with the support of Old Man Booker's various resources that she had been thrust into this realm.

Her combat abilities couldn't be described as weak, but she had virtually no practical experience.

And Herag being able to withstand a few rounds against Booker, a Level 2 Wizard, was clearly not something that these few students could handle.

Not to mention that he was still injured, making the odds of winning even lower.

Herag's gaze was drawn momentarily by a constantly moving part, and he took a second look.

However, he wouldn't be tempted. Now wasn't the time to think about those things.

Martina was best at reading people and understood men well.

She immediately noticed Herag's gaze and quickly said, "Spare me, I'm yours, you can do whatever you want with me, I will serve you well. Please, spare my life."

Martina stopped retreating, ignoring the pain in her body, emphasizing her physical advantages.

Herag spoke, "You are indeed trying hard to stay alive, but I'm sorry, you all must die."

He pointed the World Tree Bow at Martina's head.

Martina, with her mouth slightly open, was about to continue begging for mercy.

Bang, and there was a headless corpse on the ground.

The two other remaining conscious men, upon witnessing this scene, began pooling their magic power for a final stand.

They had lost hope and did not think Herag would spare them.

A woman as beautiful as Martina, with such a great figure, was killed without hesitation, making their survival even less likely.

Herag could kill Martina so decisively, without a moment's hesitation, which meant he had made up his mind to kill them all.

Herag naturally noticed the two men's actions; they were injured and unable to control their magic power stably.

Just as the two began to gather their magic power, Herag had already pulled the World Tree Bow.

Two arrows flew out, adding two more headless corpses to the ground.

After eliminating the conscious ones, Herag put away the World Tree Bow and retrieved a longsword from his Space Ring.

With a swift cut, he finished off everyone in the yard.

While dealing with these people, Herag also took the Space Rings from each of them.

However, he didn't have time to inspect them carefully, so he put them in his Space Ring to examine later for any valuable items.

Herag piled up all the bodies together, then cautiously threw scattered flames from various parts of the castle onto them.

After tossing a few clusters of flames, the fire burned more fiercely, soon reducing the bodies to ashes.

Just a few stray flames from the Incinerator had such power, making Herag thankful that he wasn't the one targeted by the Incinerator.

Booker, being a Level 2 Wizard, brimmed with magic power, much stronger than anyone else in the castle.

For the Incinerator, Booker was a meal worth biting into.

As for people like Herag, they were completely like ants on the roadside, easily ignored.

Unless the Incinerator was in a foul mood, he wouldn't go out of his way to step on them.

After clearing all traces, Herag hurriedly left the place.

While the chances of the Incinerator specifically returning to crush these ants were small, one could never be too cautious.

If that thing came over, Herag would have no choice but to immediately activate the Plane Coordinate to escape into the Abyss Plane.

After leaving the castle, Herag quickly distanced himself from it, still heading east.

Just now, Old Man Booker ran to the north, and the Incinerator chased after him in that direction.

Herag believed now was the best time to flee.

With the Incinerator's appearance, all surrounding demons and potential dangers would definitely steer clear of this place.

Traveling at this time was most suitable, without much worry about suddenly bumping into any demons.

As he traveled, Herag took out the five Space Rings he had picked up and carefully examined each one.

The first thing he found was a Talisman Stone, which he threw away upon glancing at.

The Talisman Stone could only be used by the owner with matching magic power, it was useless to anyone else.

Moreover, its identity was very specific, holding onto it was just trouble.

Herag didn't know which Wizard Organization these people belonged to.

The news would undoubtedly reach the organization behind them soon after their deaths.

Old Man Booker was likely dead, and the death of a Level 2 Wizard was a major event in any organization, definitely warranting a thorough investigation.

The Talisman Stone also had a tracking function to roughly locate your position.

Only the higher-ups in various organizations could see the location.

This function wasn't to spy on anyone, as the tracking wasn't that precise.

For instance, if Herag held the Talisman Stone in Silver Moon City, it would only show he was in Silver Moon City, without specifying if he was east or west of it.

Generally, wizards in the Land of Dawn stayed within various cities, so this tracking wasn't of much practical use in the city.

The tracking function was mainly for use outside the city, in polluted areas.

Since polluted areas lacked the Magic Net, normal communication functions couldn't be used.

Yet, the internal tracking function didn't need the Magic Net. If a wizard encountered trouble in a polluted area, at least an investigation could be conducted via tracking.

Herag knew this, so he immediately took out the Talisman Stone from the Space Ring and discarded it.

After discarding the Talisman Stone, he continued checking each Space Ring for any tracking-related items.

Upon checking, he found nothing of that sort, and from the performance of these individuals, they didn't seem to be high-ranking wizards unlikely to have such things.

"This is..."

Herag took out a notebook from one of the Space Rings and opened it to find it appeared to be a diary.

The diary seemed to belong to a male student, documenting some experiences of studying under Old Man Booker.

Through reading this diary, Herag learned many things.

"People from the Eye of the Storm..."

Herag knew of the Eye of the Storm, one of the Six Great Wizard Organizations.

The Eye of the Storm's influence was mainly in the western part of the Land of Dawn, with many cities in that region under its control.

Upon learning this information, Herag realized that he was most likely in the western part of the Land of Dawn.

Even if it wasn't directly west, it couldn't be far from there; definitely, it wasn't east.

Because the Eye of the Storm people surely wouldn't casually venture to the farthest eastern side.

#### Chapter 358: The City

Herag, after learning his general location, finally felt a bit more confident.

At least he knew the approximate direction now.

Unlike before, when he was unsure and didn't know if he might end up at the eastern coastline.

Upon realizing that these people belonged to the Eye of the Storm, Herag felt a bit troubled.

The Eye of the Storm was notorious for being forceful, and if they found out so many of their members were killed by him, they would surely cause him trouble.

The Eye of the Storm had only one Level 4 Wizard, codenamed the Eye of the Storm.

Serlandir had a total of three, but they usually didn't act as aggressively as the Eye of the Storm.

Because it was said that this wizard of the Eye of the Storm was the closest to a Level 5 Wizard in the Land of Dawn.

In this world, the top-level combat power is always the strongest presence.

No matter how much other combat power there is, it cannot solve problems beyond its level through sheer numbers.

The Eye of the Storm was naturally overbearing and also extremely protective.

This led to his subordinates also acting very aggressively.

Booker didn't even bother to ask who Herag was and directly prepared to attack him for this reason.

They were used to being aggressive and did not regard others in their eyes.

Herag felt some anxiety, fearing he might run into people from the Eye of the Storm.

He didn't know how Booker and the others got there or from which direction they came.

Herag speculated that Booker and his group shouldn't have entered the contaminated area alone; there was likely another group.

Perhaps, while on the road, he might encounter people from the Eye of the Storm.

He needed to prepare in advance to avoid being caught off guard when the time came.

While traveling, Herag scavenged through all of these space rings.

Possessions were minimal; there weren't many magic stones and gold coins.

Because in the Land of Dawn, most people stored their magic stones and gold coins in banks, not carrying large amounts on them.

Only some magic potions and magic potion materials were relatively valuable, but Herag didn't lack these things, so they were of little use to him.

When Herag opened a particularly distinctive-looking space ring, he did find some good stuff.

The ring was inlaid with a ruby, clearly designed for women.

Herag remembered that this ring should belong to Martina.

As soon as he opened Martina's space ring, he found several black stockings, white stockings, and various lingerie...

Of course, the good stuff wasn't referring to these.

Herag took out all these clothes and threw them away directly.

He found a feather in Martina's space ring, the most valuable item inside.

This was a witchcraft artifact.

After examining it for a while, Herag understood the effect of the feather.

When a wizard activates this feather, they gain the ability to fly.

Although the speed wasn't fast, flying as freely as a bird was no problem at all.

"The name is... Feather of Flight."

Herag thought it was pretty useful; it might come in handy at some point.

He could only fly freely in the Abyss Plane; here, he could only use techniques like the Feather Fall Technique to reduce falling speed.

But to fly completely freely, he couldn't do that yet.

Martina had never taken out this feather to use it until the moment she died, not because she forgot, but simply because she had no chance to use it.

Because at that time, Herag was wielding the World Tree Bow, which could even impact a Second-level Spell like Drawing a Prison; its strength needed no elaboration.

Martina understood that even if she used the Feather of Flight, there was no hope of escaping; she would just become a target in the sky.

The Feather of Flight was impractical in real combat due to its slow speed.

For wizards, targets in the sky weren't too hard to deal with unless they flew very high.

Herag remembered encountering the strange plant and thought if he had the Feather of Flight, he could have flashed out of the water after nearing the surface and flown away using the feather's flying ability.

Besides the Feather of Flight, he also found a considerable amount of jewelry, all appearing quite valuable.

Some jewelry pieces were marked with the White Mountain and Black Water brand, part of Lady Wendy's family's produce.

These jewels should be worth some magic stones, but Herag, unfamiliar with jewelry prices, couldn't estimate their value.

White Mountain and Black Water was a luxury brand within the wizarding community and definitely not cheap.

After inspecting all of these space rings, only the Feather of Flight held any value.

"It's a shame I couldn't get Booker's space ring..." Herag sighed.

Booker was a Level 2 Wizard, so there must have been a lot of good stuff inside his space ring.

But Old Man Booker was being hunted by the Incinerator, and who knows where he ended up.

A fleeting thought of scavenging for corpses passed through Herag's mind, but he immediately dismissed it.

Encountering the Incinerator would be seeking death.

One cannot be tempted; wealth and resources are external possessions which demand life to enjoy.

Herag's plan was steady development; resources might be less abundant, but safety was more important.

Herag kept traveling for six hours, not even spotting a trace of a demon.

He did, however, notice traces of demons having passed by along the way.

Judging by the footprints, they ran fast, most likely frightened by the Incinerator.

The Incinerator's presence was so overwhelming that no demon dared linger; they all fled far away.

Heading east, Herag was relieved upon seeing the demon's footprints.

Luckily the Incinerator scared them off; otherwise, there was no guarantee of safely returning to the Land of Dawn.

Herag saw a footprint over ten meters long, and who knows how massive the creature it belonged to was.

If he encountered such a demon, it would definitely be a life-or-death situation.

But now, because they were scared off by the Incinerator, Herag found his journey considerably easier.

After continuing the journey for several more hours, the skies darkened, with nightfall approaching.

Herag looked ahead, hesitant about whether to keep moving forward.

He saw a city ahead.

It was an immense city, situated in the distance, with its interior structures stretching endlessly.

As Herag moved closer, he discovered that the city was already quite dilapidated, filled with ruins and debris.

The city was surrounded by massive, broad walls, and from their scale, it was obvious that the city was once thriving and vast.

These city walls were even more grandiose and lofty than those of Silver Moon City.

However, at the moment, the walls were crumbled beyond recognition, with breaches everywhere.

Only some sections remained upright, not having collapsed.

From these remaining sections, Herag could tell how grand they were in the past.

He knew this was a city from the era of the Sixth Ring Tower, a city from the peak period of wizarding strength on the Wizard Plane.

Chapter 359: Crawler

Herag stood outside the city wall, contemplating whether to enter.

At this moment, the sky had gradually darkened, and it wouldn't be long before it completely turned to night.

The city was vast, covering an extensive area.

Herag glanced along the traces of the city wall on both sides; the wall stretched endlessly, with no end in sight.

He was not surprised to see this city.

Because there were many similar cities in the pollution district.

At the time of the pollution spread, people could leave, but the city could not.

Once people left, these cities gradually fell into ruin and decay, until they became desolate ruins, utterly lifeless.

In the Land of Dawn, there were occasional legends about these cities.

Some stories spoke of certain eerie existences inside, quite frightening.

Others said many treasures were hidden in these cities because people didn't have time to take everything when they left, leaving them in some corner of the city.

Some even reported sightings of people in these abandoned cities, claiming these people lived there and had been reproducing since that era.

Yet many scoffed at such claims.

If you're fabricating stories, at least make them logical.

How many years have passed since the pollution first occurred, how could anyone survive and multiply in the pollution district, it's simply preposterous.

Herag used to gather information whenever he had time, so he knew quite a bit about these matters.

Looking at the dilapidated city before him, Herag finally decided to enter and spend the night inside.

At least in the city, one could find shelter, allowing room for maneuver if anything happened.

Outside the city, there was no shelter, making one too conspicuous.

Moreover, there was no such thing as a safe zone in the pollution district; it was the same everywhere, so it was better to stay inside the city.

Night had fully fallen, plunging into complete darkness.

Herag walked into the city, moving along the wide road.

The road was piled with dust and gravel, as well as some strange debris.

There wasn't much in the way of weeds.

Due to the spread of desolation, these abandoned cities weren't overtaken by vegetation.

If other cities were abandoned for so many years, they'd be overgrown with weeds, resembling a primordial forest.

However, precisely because of this, Herag could still make out the original appearance and general structure of the city.

From the collapsed buildings, Herag could see the architectural style was entirely different from today's.

"It must be... several tens of thousands of years ago."

Herag recalled that the era before the spread of desolation was called the Era of Radiance.

After the desolation spread, now commonly referred to as the Dawn Era.

The implication being that after successfully repelling the Abyss Plane invasion, the Wizard Plane would someday return to the pollution district, completely eradicate pollution, and usher in a new era for the Wizard Plane.

As for how long ago the Era of Radiance was, Herag had yet to find detailed historical records, only knowing it's calculated in tens of thousand years.

Herag always felt the historical books he read in the Land of Dawn were somewhat problematic, unclear, seemingly tampered with.

He shook his head, choosing not to think about these matters for now, as they had nothing to do with him.

Using Shenlan for environmental scanning, Herag observed his surroundings, finding few intact buildings.

After walking along the main road for a while, he finally found a room that seemed relatively intact.

Judging by the surrounding ruins and current appearance, this must have once been a large mansion, though now the walls were completely missing.

The main hall of this mansion was very tall, and was constructed of massive stone blocks.

The type of stone was unknown, yet after all these years, it still maintained high hardness.

The main hall was essentially built of these large stones, relying on their inherent hardness to keep the hall's main structure from collapsing.

Herag entered and found a room where he planned to spend the night.

The floor was covered in thick dust; just a few steps sent clouds of dust swirling.

With limited conditions, Herag couldn't ask for more, it was fortunate to have a place sheltering from the wind and rain.

There were several chairs in the room, all wooden, which crumbled to dust at the slightest touch.

Herag gathered some Wind Elemental Energy Particles to blow all the dust out of the room.

After a bit of cleaning, he finally had a spot clear enough to sit.

Once the dust settled completely in the room, Herag took out some dry rations and drinking water to replenish his strength.

He calmed himself and began meditating to restore depleted Magic Power, while adjusting his condition.

His mind was already filled with liquefied Spiritual Power, unable to increase further.

If he wanted to move forward, he would have to compress the liquefied Spiritual Power into a crystal, embarking on the Crystalization Wizard Stage.

Once entering the Crystalization stage, the limit of Spiritual Power increased substantially.

As the Spiritual Power of a Crystalization Wizard grew, the crystal would enlarge a little.

Typically, a significant amount of Spiritual Power growth is required before the crystal shows any tangible size change.

For most wizards, there will be minimal change in the brain's Spiritual Crystal until they promote to Level 2 Wizard.

Many wizards stagnate at the Crystalization Stage their whole lives, dying with their Spiritual Crystal nearly the same size as it was initially.

The needed Spiritual Power to increase the crystal's size is simply too much.

Most wizards meditate their whole lives, and the amount of increased Spiritual Power is just enough to maintain, without making the crystal particularly large.

Herag still hadn't started compressing his Spiritual Power, instead relying on meditation to recover Magic Power, adjusting his condition.

While meditating, he suddenly noticed a shadow hundreds of meters away on a large street.

That entity could only be described as a shadow because it was an entirely pitch-black humanoid creature.

Herag, upon seeing it, immediately realized what it was.

He had come across related records and descriptions in a found diary, identifying it as a common Demon in the pollution district known as the Crawler.

Crawlers are mostly transformed from people who died in the pollution district; these might have been Wizard Apprentices or Knights in life.

They possessed a certain level of strength, though not very strong.

Crawler strength varies between individuals, but generally falls around Third Class Wizard Apprentice or Knight Level.

Crawlers are said to be immortal, without any lethal weaknesses.

Even if you decapitate them, they continue to move freely, unaffected.

Wizards typically deal with Crawlers using Fire Magic, completely burning them to ash.

If only hacked into parts, each would continue moving independently, extremely eerie.

Chapter 360: Night Wind

The undead nature of Crawlers naturally attracted the attention of Wizards.

Years ago, many Wizard Organizations specialized in capturing Crawlers for dissection and behavioral studies.

But in the end, nothing was discovered, and the reason for their immortality remains unknown.

Based on conventional theories in the Wizard World, it's speculated that Crawlers' immortality stems from pollution, characteristics originating from certain existences in the Abyss Plane.

Crawlers are humans that were polluted after death, causing their corpses to acquire some unknown traits, enabling them not to die.

However, this immortality is not truly immortal.

Researchers believed Crawlers don't die because their power comes from some distant existence in the Abyss Plane.

As long as that existence lives, these Crawlers can continue to be undying.

After many studies yielded no concrete conclusions, gradually, no one conducted research on Crawlers anymore.

Because Crawlers aren't particularly powerful, they merely possess an undying trait.

But they're not invincible; you can just burn them down.

Once, a Wizard attempted to transfer the undying trait from Crawlers to himself, resulting in execution after being discovered by the Land of Dawn's higher-ups.

Because this Wizard's experiment failed, he not only didn't gain immortality but also attracted attention from the Abyss Plane.

His experiment was extremely dangerous, almost transforming himself into a creature of the Abyss Plane.

Although he wasn't an Abyssal Cultist, his actions were no different from one.

The Land of Dawn considered a broader context since pollution inherently has a spreading nature.

If this Wizard caused any pollution to spread in the Land of Dawn, it would be disaster.

Thus, since then, the Land of Dawn established a new prohibition against attempting similar experimental operations with pollution.

"This is a Crawler..."

Herag observed the Crawler in the distance.

Just as its name suggests, although it looks human, it moves by crawling on the ground with its hands and feet.

Its speed is fast, almost on par with a Knight Level person running at full tilt.

This Crawler wandered aimlessly over the ruins, seemingly searching for food.

Finding food in a polluted area isn't easy; most captured Crawlers were dissected and found to have stomachs full of stones, dirt, and not even a single insect.

This causes Crawlers to go insane upon encountering fresh human blood and flesh.

The scent of human blood and flesh is an enormous temptation for them, irresistible in every sense.

Once they spot a human, Crawlers will frenziedly pounce and bite.

The instinct for food drives them to hunt. Even when their heads are chopped off, they continue to clench their jaws at humans.

A breeze passed by; the Crawler suddenly sniffed the wind.

It looked towards the direction the wind blew, right where Herag's palace was located.

The Crawler's body had turned pitch black, and its facial features blurred, showing no expressions.

Yet Herag could still sense the mania emanating from it.

"Bad news, it caught my scent."

Herag hadn't expected the wind to carry his scent over like that.

He wasn't afraid of the Crawler but worried that dealing with it would attract other entities' attention.

Already fast, the Crawler sped up considerably upon sensing food.

It was only a few hundred meters away from Herag, reaching him in the blink of an eye.

The Crawler crashed through many buildings, charging straight towards him.

These buildings were already decayed and mostly weathered over time.

The Crawler had great strength and speed.

Its collision resulted in a cascade of collapsing structures.

"Damn!"

Herag cursed under his breath.

This Crawler making such a grand scene would bring him lots of trouble.

He took out the World Tree Bow, aiming at the Crawler barreling down on him.

An arrow shot out—the green arrowhead disappeared instantly.

The next moment, the green arrow appeared in front of the Crawler, piercing its chest and exploding immediately.

The Crawler had already made such a commotion that Herag stopped hiding, dealing with it directly with the World Tree Bow.

The power of the World Tree Bow could blast the Crawler into tiny pieces.

He didn't intend to annihilate it completely; incapacitating it was enough to prevent further interference.

Herag initially opted for the Longsword due to its silence.

He was grappling with the thought of how many chops it would take to dissect it.

Unexpectedly, the Crawler charged forward without stopping, causing such a racket throughout the city that he used the World Tree Bow instead.

The arrow from the World Tree Bow exploded, reducing the Crawler to fragments, its limbs severed.

The Crawler's undying trait was indeed mysterious. Even its severed limbs kept moving.

Its hand continued grasping towards Herag, unable to move, clawing only air from its spot.

The spectacle seemed eerie yet absurdly comical.

Herag wanted to laugh but couldn't.

Because at that moment, in the deep blue environment detection, countless Crawlers were rushing towards this location.

Many Crawlers hadn't moved for years, just lying in one place, their bodies covered with dust and rubble.

But now, awakened by the commotion, they slowly came to life.

Only then did Herag notice that the city's depths harbored so many Crawlers.

Previously, he only scanned the outskirts and hadn't delved deeper; the deep blue environmental detection couldn't reach that far.

He discovered this was practically a Crawler nest with many dormant Crawlers.

The scent of Herag's blood and flesh drifted with the night wind, shining like the night's brightest beacon to these Crawlers.

Roar...

Many Crawlers began emitting hoarse howls.

Their howls sounded bizarre, likely due to damaged vocal cords, akin to a torn trumpet.

Soon, over ten Crawlers reached the palace's exterior, charging at Herag.

Herag fired two arrows, shattering a few, then took out a Fire Salamander Bomb to blow up several more.

One Crawler reached him; Herag kicked it hard, piercing it through with immense force.

Herag's foot lodged in the Crawler's chest, releasing a stream of black goo from the rupture.

Uncaring of its punctured chest, the Crawler clung to Herag's leg, gnawing at it.