

## **Sixth 371**

### Chapter 371: Collapse

In the Space Ring, the first Stone Slab and the second Stone Slab are placed side by side.

The two Stone Slabs are exactly the same in height and size, but the content is entirely different.

Herag is now even more curious about these two Stone Slabs, wondering where they came from and who made them.

From the mural, it's impossible to discern this information; not a hint of who the so-called Divine Messenger is.

Herag even wonders, since there is a second Stone Slab, could there be more Stone Slabs? It's all an unknown.

Before he had time to ponder these questions further, some changes occurred in the plaza where Herag was.

The moment Herag put away the second Stone Slab, the bonfires around the plaza extinguished instantly.

The temperature in this space suddenly dropped, and Herag actually felt a slight chill.

It was then that Herag realized the temperature in this space was actually a bit higher and warmer than in the tunnel.

He just hadn't noticed the temperature difference because his attention was on the Stone Slabs.

Now that the temperature had dropped suddenly, he realized the peculiarity.

After the temperature dropped, Herag looked around, feeling that perhaps some changes had occurred here.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to Herag, and he quickly ran toward the passageway behind him.

When he reached the section of the tunnel with the mural, he discovered that the mural on the passage wall was indeed gone.

Herag was very sure he hadn't remembered wrong; the mural he just saw was indeed in this spot, but now it's completely gone, without a trace.

The disappearance of the mural was sudden, but Herag had already anticipated it in his mind.

Because previously in Valley Town, he experienced a similar phenomenon; after coming out of the cave, not only did the cave disappear, but a series of bizarre events occurred.

At that time, Herag couldn't understand what had happened and prudently left Storm City immediately.

Now, it seems, it's most likely due to the Stone Slab that these abnormal phenomena are occurring.

Herag could only surmise that the real reason would likely become clear once he fully understood these Stone Slabs.

Besides the mural's disappearance, nothing else had changed in the passage; it remained the same as before.

Herag returned to the plaza once again where, apart from being a bit colder, nothing major had changed.

"How to get out of here?"

Herag began to ponder this question.

He carefully inspected and searched every corner around the plaza but found no hidden roads.

Currently, it seems as if there's only the one path behind.

Is it possible that he'll have to return the same way?

Herag thought for a moment and realized that seemed to be the only option.

However, on the way back, he needed to think about how to avoid the attack of the giant spider outside the cave entrance.

Herag glanced at the passage wall and even considered digging out from another place if worst came to worst, not exiting through that cave entrance.

The giant spider outside that cave entrance is too terrifyingly powerful, far beyond what he can handle at the moment.

Even though digging out from another place would take time, it would be safer.

Herag had already prepared to dig his way out and began retracing his steps.

This trip wasn't entirely in vain; although he didn't know yet what use the Stone Slab would serve, it certainly wouldn't disappoint him.

It took more than two days to reach the passage, and it seemed like it would take even longer to get back.

Because the way there was generally downhill, returning would involve climbing many slopes.

Herag retraced the tunnel and instructed Shenlan to start mapping the return route.

He planned to compare the two paths once he returned to the starting point.

The monotonous routine of traveling began again, and Herag sighed as he continued on his way.

...

A day later.

After traveling along the tunnel for a day, Herag began to sense a foreboding feeling.

On his way back, he noticed that water was starting to seep through many parts of the tunnel's walls.

This didn't mean there might be a lake above the rock layers; it's normal to have water seepage deep underground.

What concerned Herag was that he hadn't seen these water traces on his way in.

On the way there, the tunnel was very dry, without these water traces.

Moreover, Herag frequently sensed the presence of small creatures moving in the surrounding soil layers.

Earthworms, beetles, and various other bugs were burrowing through the soil layers, and occasionally he could sense some snakes.

There were none of these creatures on his way here.

Herag initially thought that perhaps the polluted areas' soil layers simply lacked these small creatures, but it now seemed otherwise.

Having already experienced a similar phenomenon in Valley Town, Herag found himself less surprised, with a degree of psychological preparation.

These weren't significant issues; Herag's concern was the tunnel's safety.

Previously, the tunnel was very intact, maintained in excellent condition, with no signs of collapse or damage.

But now, after things returned to normal, Herag noticed that many areas showed signs of impending collapse.

This tunnel had no supporting measures, and it could collapse at any moment.

Currently, being at least hundreds of kilometers underground, Herag didn't believe he could escape alive if buried here.

Although his physical abilities were indeed strong, they weren't strong enough to break through from hundreds of kilometers underground.

Just imagining the mass of earth, rock, and minerals above made Herag's scalp tingle.

He silently quickened his pace upward, needing to leave this underground space as soon as possible, as being buried here would be highly dangerous.

Four hours into his upward journey, Herag faintly heard some sounds behind him in the tunnel.

Listening carefully for a while, he discerned that the tunnel behind him was beginning to collapse.

He lifted his head to check the current section of the tunnel he was in, also showing signs of likely collapse.

Herag realized that this tunnel seemed to have been protected by some Power before, which kept it intact.

Now that this Power had disappeared, the force maintaining the tunnel was gone, making it now just like any regular underground tunnel.

Located in the deep underground, under the immense pressure of countless layers of rock and soil above, this tunnel wouldn't hold out for long before being slowly compressed and collapsing.

"No, there's not enough time."

Herag immediately realized that the tunnel's collapse was happening faster than he had expected.

He wouldn't make it back to the surface in time; the tunnel would completely collapse before then.

Herag thought for a moment and then took out the second Stone Slab from the Space Ring, placing it firmly in the tunnel.

The only thing he'd done below was taking this Stone Slab; the Power maintaining the tunnel most likely originated from this Stone Slab.

Therefore, Herag took out this Stone Slab, intending to see if he could restore the tunnel to its previous state.

Chapter 372: Giant Worm

The tall stone slab pressed directly against the narrow passage, pushing the top section of the passage upward significantly.

Herag realized that after taking out this stone slab, the situation inside the passage hadn't changed at all.

He speculated that the reasons for this must be complex, and simply taking out the stone slab would hardly make any difference.

Herag even suspected that returning the stone slab to its original position wouldn't alter the situation here.

Although the situation inside the passage hadn't changed, the stone slab instead provided support here, temporarily maintaining the present conditions.

Herag knew this was only temporary. Once the force from above came down, it would be an all-around, seamless compression.

The stone slab could only support the vertical direction, with no way to provide support front and back.

When a complete collapse occurred, Herag would be crushed to death by the surrounding rock and soil layers.

At that time, he might become the first wizard in the history of the Wizard Plane to be crushed to death by rock layers underground.

Now running upwards was already too late because through Shenlan's environmental sensing, Herag had observed that both the upper and lower passages had started to collapse.

Herag glanced at the plane coordinates in his left hand but did not directly activate the teleportation to escape.

It was still the same principle, he would eventually automatically return, and by then, appearing directly inside the rock layers would still mean death.

Once teleported over, Herag would need to seize every moment to increase his power, ensuring that when he returned, he could survive in such circumstances.

Cre-e-eak...

Herag heard some subtle sounds, coming from the surrounding rock and soil layers, sounds of them being compressed by pressure.

He looked up at the top of the passage; some chunks of earth had already started falling.

If it weren't for the stone slab supporting here, this passage would've collapsed instantly.

Herag's mind raced, thinking about how to get out of this peril.

He didn't have much time left, estimating that within seconds this area would be fully compressed and collapsed.

By then, pressure would come from all directions, and even though Herag was in Titan Power form, it was impossible to withstand such immense pressure.

Herag gripped his left-hand coordinate with his right hand, ready to activate teleportation at any moment.

Until the last moment, this method couldn't be used.

Because in a certain sense, teleporting to the Abyss Plane only postponed the death time, not solving the problem fundamentally.

Earth chunks gradually fell down, interspersed with various stones.

Every second passing increased the pressure in Herag's heart.

Just as the passage was about to completely collapse, Herag almost retracted the stone slab and activated the plane coordinates.

He suddenly sensed the presence of a demon through Shenlan's environmental detection.

That giant worm, similar to an earthworm, was the kind of demon that had previously attacked him from underground.

Herag immediately had an idea, drew his longsword, temporarily relieved the Titan Power, and sliced a long wound on his palm.

Not only that, but he also splattered his blood out while shouting loudly towards the position of the giant worm.

The sound waves quickly transmitted through the rock layers to the giant worm, which had very sensitive perception underground.

Upon sensing the sound waves, it immediately turned and swam towards Herag, its body shell extremely hard and uniquely structured, seemingly specifically designed to move through underground rock layers.

The giant worm soon smelled the blood scent, which made it excited and rushed towards Herag at increased speed.

It moved underground at extremely high speed, much faster than its actions on the surface.

In almost a blink of an eye, the giant worm arrived at the rock layer next to Herag.

The giant worm opened its mouth wide, ready to bite down towards Herag's location, intending to swallow the entire chunk of rock layer along with the prey.

Herag focused his full attention, timing the giant worm's approach and mouth opening, calculating the right moment.

As soon as that moment arrived, Herag immediately retracted the stone slab, causing the rock layer above to collapse instantly.

But these rock layers didn't hit Herag; instead, they fell onto the giant worm.

The rock layers had no effect on the giant worm, as its fine surface structure could cleverly absorb these forces.

The giant worm swallowed Herag along with that section of rock layer whole, then contentedly wandered randomly underground.

Inside the giant worm's body, Herag took out a dagger and thrust it into the giant worm's cavity, anchoring himself so as not to be sucked into its digestive organs.

The dagger seemed trivial compared to the giant worm's body; such a minor wound had no impact on the giant worm and didn't even make it aware of the knife inside its body.

This kind of giant worm had many twist-like blade organs at its throat to crush the food swallowed, facilitating digestion.

As Herag was being swallowed and almost reached the throat position, he used the Teleportation Technique to skip past the throat location.

The position he was currently clinging to was similar to the esophagus in humans, with darkness behind, appearing like a bottomless abyss.

Further below should be similar to stomach digestive organs since Herag sensed a strong stench and acid smell.

Herag guessed that if he fell down, he would most likely be completely digested soon.

This giant worm, daring to swallow rocks and such without fear, undoubtedly possessed extremely strong digestion capabilities.

Herag grasped the dagger, resisting the suction from behind.

This giant worm's digestive organs seemed to automatically draw in items from ahead.

This suction was extremely strong, and if not for Herag anchoring himself with the dagger, he would likely have been sucked in.

Moreover, the muscle tissue he was in kept writhing, seemingly trying to send him down.

However, Herag's dagger was deeply embedded, firmly wedged in place.

The situation now was akin to a fishbone getting stuck in one's throat, firmly lodged and unable to swallow down.

After stabilizing his position temporarily, Herag dangled mid-air, being swung around wildly.

This giant worm was moving at an extraordinarily high speed, constantly changing direction.

If Herag didn't grip tightly, he might be flung off inadvertently.

He didn't know where the giant worm was heading, nor did he know when it might stop.

Herag prepared to take some action; otherwise, if this giant worm randomly led him to some strange place, he'd never be able to return to the Land of Dawn in his lifetime.

After a while, the giant worm seemed to realize the anomaly inside its body.

It initially thought it had swallowed the prey but realized that this prey was stuck internally and hadn't gone down.

Once the giant worm realized this, it began to thrash its body in an attempt to fling Herag into its digestive organs.

Chapter 373: High-Speed Train

Even as he was whipped around 360 degrees, Herag's hand remained tightly gripping the dagger.

The giant insect had never expected the prey it casually swallowed to be so troublesome.

No matter how it shook or swallowed, it couldn't deal with Herag, who refused to be completely swallowed.

After some struggle, the giant insect seemed to give up, allowing Herag to remain inside.

But it didn't take long for Herag to realize what the giant insect intended to do.

The insect began opening its mouth to gulp down soil and rocks, which tumbled directly onto Herag.

In his Titan's form, these rocks couldn't harm Herag.

The giant insect began an insatiable gulping, with countless soil and rocks pouring down, nearly forming a mudslide.

Herag securely held onto the dagger, maintaining his posture amidst the torrent, refusing to fall.

After a while, the insect stopped consuming soil and rocks; its stomach wasn't infinite, unable to take in so much.

Despite all the earth and stones, Herag wasn't washed away, leaving the giant insect helpless.

The insect continued its rapid underground wandering, destination unknown.

Naturally, Herag couldn't let it take him wherever it pleased, unsure of where he'd end up.

But it seemed beyond his control...

Herag pondered for a moment, suddenly recalling that the Elf Race's Spirit of All Things spell might communicate with the giant insect.

He immediately began to try, gathering Magic Power in his hand, then pressing it against the chamber wall: "Take me to the surface."

After transmitting this message to the insect, it showed no response, still darting swiftly on its own.

However, Herag could distinctly feel the insect had received his message, but chose to ignore him.

"Looks like I'll need to use some methods..."

Herag quickly conjured a fireball in his hand, releasing it into the insect's internal chamber.

The fireball flew rapidly, colliding with the chamber wall, exploding and leaving a noticeable scorch mark.

The insect felt some pain and let out a low growl.

Herag was somewhat dissatisfied with the fireball's effect.

The defenses of the insect's internal chambers were quite high, as even a Level 1 Fireball Technique could only leave a small scorch mark.

"I still have to use the World Tree Bow."

Herag remembered that last time he shot an arrow from the World Tree Bow into the insect's mouth, causing significant harm.

Ordinary magic methods had limited effects; the World Tree Bow's arrow was more lethal.

But now Herag had to hold the dagger with one hand, making it inconvenient to draw the bow.

He thought for a moment, right hand gripping the dagger, while the left hand retrieved the World Tree Bow from the Space Ring, grasping it firmly.

Then, Herag brought the bow to his mouth, using his teeth to clench the bowstring, applying force with his hand to draw the World Tree Bow.

A green arrow slowly took shape, and with the bowstring taut between his teeth, Herag released it, sending the green arrow speeding out.

The green arrow vanished immediately after launch, reappearing far away at the chamber's location, exploding and tearing flesh into countless pieces.

A bloody pit emerged instantly, blood oozing continuously, with shards of flesh clinging to the surroundings.

The explosion inflicted severe pain on the giant insect, causing it to howl in agony, twisting and convulsing violently.

Herag hurriedly tightened his grip on both the dagger and the World Tree Bow.

Dropping the World Tree Bow would be a huge loss, so he couldn't afford to let it go.

The insect, utterly frenzied by its injury, scurried around like a headless fly underground, only calming down after half an hour.

Even with Herag's high Constitution, he felt dizzy from its thrashing.

After the giant insect's half-hour outburst, it seemed to have exhausted itself.

Herag could distinctly perceive its forward speed slowing considerably, apparently recovering its strength.

With the giant insect finally calm, Herag seized the opportunity to negotiate again: "Take me to the surface, and I'll spare you. Otherwise, I'll kill you from the inside."

The giant insect paused for a moment, then sent back a message: "Okay... okay..."

This message was directly transmitted through the Spirit of All Things spell into his mind, not belonging to any language.

After receiving the reply, Herag said, "Hurry to the surface."

The current position was far from the surface, leaving Herag with no sense of security.

If the giant insect were smart enough, it would know Herag dared not kill it either.

For if the insect died, Herag would be left to die too, needing the insect's capability to return to the surface.

The giant insect obviously lacked such thinking ability, having an extremely simple mindset, seeking only to avoid the pain.

The insect then started moving towards the surface, swiftly.

It almost climbed vertically upwards at high speed.

Herag dangled from the dagger, holding it tightly to prevent slipping off.

Within just ten minutes, the giant insect had brought Herag to the surface, opening its mouth wide for his exit.

Seeing the light coming from its mouth, Herag steadied himself, not rushing out.

He used Shenlan's environmental detection to observe the surroundings, seeing only barren hills with no Demons nearby, indicating safety.

Herag thought for a moment, glancing at this giant insect's inner body, suddenly having an idea.

He placed his hand on the chamber: "Go back underground and keep moving east."

Suddenly, Herag realized that this giant insect was a perfect high-speed train; not utilizing it would be a waste.

The insect was silent, or rather, stunned.

Due to the Spirit of All Things spell, Herag could feel some of the insect's emotions.

The giant insect conveyed some complex emotions, its simple mind seemingly unable to comprehend why Herag reneged.

What happened to "get to the surface and we're done"?

"Hurry up, just head east; I'll come out when we arrive." Herag transmitted the message.

The giant insect let out a low growl, seemingly dissatisfied.

But it had no choice; the internal chamber's pain was still lingering, unwilling to endure such agony again, forcing it to dive back underground, moving eastward.

Herag detected the star's position, ensuring the giant insect moved in the correct direction.

Once in motion, the giant insect was very smooth.

With the horizontal movement, Herag finally had an opportunity to sit down.

Chapter 374: Approaching

Herag's right hand still firmly grasped the dagger, lest the giant worm launch a sudden attack and throw him off.

The giant worm was now roughly three thousand meters underground, advancing at a very fast speed.

Herag constantly kept an eye on the surrounding environment, particularly the changes in soil color.

Wizard Towers were erected in various places in the Land of Dawn to prevent the spread of pollution.

In the vicinity of cities in the Land of Dawn, the land appeared in normal colors, but in polluted areas, the land was black.

As soon as the surrounding soil began to turn yellow, it indicated entering the territory of the Land of Dawn.

Herag was pondering which city he would reach if he continued eastward in the current direction.

The cities to the west of the Land of Dawn mostly belonged to the Eye of the Storm wizard organization, which was not advantageous for Herag.

Herag had clashed twice with the Pioneer Squad of Eye of the Storm in the polluted areas, and he had personally killed a few members of Eye of the Storm.

When encountering the Great Demon, he seized the opportunity to escape, while Bawei and several other Eye of the Storm pioneers were still engaged with the Great Demon.

Who knows if any of those people survived; if someone survived and he encountered them when entering the city, it would become troublesome.

Particularly that Level 2 Wizard whose chances of survival were higher, meeting him again would certainly spell trouble for Herag.

The more troublesome issue now was that Herag's talisman stone was gone, turned into powder by Bawei.

In the Land of Dawn, talisman stones were quite convenient, allowing most tasks to be completed with ease.

However, without a talisman stone, everything became inconvenient, especially identity verification issues.

If in a city of Serlandir, losing a talisman stone was simple to resolve, just go to the local city hall to reissue one.

People there were his own, proving identity was straightforward, as each person's magic aura was unique.

A magic aura was like a fingerprint; no two people had identical magic auras.

When Herag applied for residency in Silver Moon City, recording the magic aura was a necessary step, and Serlandir's facilities could recognize Herag's magic aura.

But here in the territory of Eye of the Storm, it was impossible for Eye of the Storm to have the data information of Serlandir's population; these were the confidential information of each wizard organization.

Though the major wizard organizations in the Land of Dawn were in a state of united cooperation, they still had their own biases in many matters.

The population information and magic aura data of each city were not to be shared with other wizard organizations.

So the issue now was Herag had no way to prove his identity in the cities of Eye of the Storm.

Going to the city hall of Eye of the Storm and contacting Pries through a talisman stone was, of course, a method.

But Herag did not trust the people of Eye of the Storm.

Once entering a city of Eye of the Storm, he had to be cautious, as it was their territory, and everything was dictated by Eye of the Storm.

People of Eye of the Storm were known for their assertiveness; if they learned about his doings in the polluted area, they would certainly capture him first, with no chance of help.

Without the talisman stone, handling it was even more convenient, allowing them to probe into Serlandir's internal secrets.

Herag could imagine all these things were entirely possible.

He dared not gamble, nor could he rely on Eye of the Storm people to assist him kindly.

As the giant worm moved forward rapidly, Herag began to slowly consider these follow-up matters, formulating some plans.

A day later.

The giant worm reached a spot and gradually came to a halt, seemingly reluctant to proceed further.

Upon employing the Spirit of All Things, Herag sensed the fear within the giant worm, immediately realizing there was likely something formidable ahead that intimidated the worm from advancing.

"Turn, bypass the area, and continue eastward."

Herag promptly issued the command, directing the giant worm to circumvent the region.

The worm veered northward for quite a distance before resuming its eastward course.

Since the entire journey was three thousand meters underground, Herag remained unaware of what lay in the bypassed area that could make the worm, deep underground, so frightened.

Such situations occurred more than once; he encountered similar incidents thrice in succession, with the worm fearful of proceeding.

Herag had no choice but to have the worm detour each time, slowly returning to the original route.

In his mind, there was a route map drawn by Shenlan, showing several obvious detours.

Herag guided the worm, bypassing dangerous areas and regaining the previous level position before continuing eastward.

He did this to prevent the worm from leading him into dangerous territories.

Although it took more time, it ensured safety.

Observing the route map, Herag estimated that if the journey had been linear, they would have arrived by now; the detours consumed too much time.

After a whole half month, Herag noticed a distinct change in the surrounding soil color and promptly halted the giant worm, preparing to approach the surface.

The land outside the Land of Dawn was also black; however, the degree of blackness beneath the surface varied.

The closer to the Land of Dawn, the thinner the layer of black soil became.

Herag had noticed this phenomenon several days earlier, realizing he was gradually nearing the region of the Land of Dawn.

Seeing today's black soil layer significantly thinning, he estimated that he was close, and instructed the giant worm to emerge above ground.

Upon surfacing, Herag lifted a mouse he found alive from within the giant worm earlier during their underground travel.

He had caught and kept it alive, anticipating its use later.

He quickly employed the All Things Have Spirit to control the mouse's body, maneuvering it out of the giant worm's mouth.

Herag's perspective quickly shifted to that of the mouse, maneuvering it to survey the surroundings before continuing eastward.

The mouse dashed eastward for a considerable distance, gradually approaching a silhouette of a high wall.

Seeing this high wall, Herag felt a sense of relief, finally having returned to the Land of Dawn.

He still didn't rush over; for caution's sake, he manipulated the mouse to get even closer, observing for a long time.

Upon confirming that this was indeed the city of the Land of Dawn, Herag released his control over the mouse.

Herag glanced at the giant worm cavity he had inhabited for half a month, patted the giant worm, and said, "Alright, I'm leaving, you head back."

He then used the Teleportation Technique to exit the giant worm, quickly distancing himself to avoid an attack.

The giant worm initially did not sense Herag's departure; only upon noticing the presence of someone nearby, did it realize that the being residing inside its body for so long had finally departed.

#### Chapter 375: High Walls

The giant insect stared blankly at Herag and did not launch an attack. It was already quite familiar with Herag's aura, having spent so much time here.

Herag turned back, saw the giant insect looking at him, and waved it to leave.

He didn't ask the giant insect to take him to the high wall because that would have caused too much commotion.

If the giant insect dared to break out of the ground outside the high wall, that commotion would surely draw the attention of the city's defense personnel.

After waving his hand, Herag began to restrain his aura and cautiously approached the high wall, always alert to his surroundings.

The giant insect watched as Herag gradually disappeared into the horizon, looked around confusedly, and then burrowed back into the ground.

Herag heard the noise behind him and knew that the giant insect had returned.

He felt a bit sentimental and genuinely had to thank this demon, without which he might not have made it back.

Just avoiding those several danger zones on the way, he could hardly manage to get through them all and return safely.

Things that could make the underground giant insect terrified were clearly not something Herag could handle at the moment.

On this journey underground, Herag evaded many potential dangers without realizing it.

Those particular danger zones were merely the most obvious. On the surface, there must be countless similar eerie and powerful entities like Great Demons or depression plants.

Even one of them coming out would cause Herag a lot of trouble, and it's really difficult to return relying only on himself.

A Level 1 Liquidation Wizard is still too weak, practically not qualified to roam in the polluted areas.

Herag took a deep breath, stopped thinking about these matters, and prepared to tackle the problem at hand.

He did not know the name of the city before him or even whether it was the city of the Eye of the Storm.

The city wall here was many times taller and thicker than Silver Moon City's wall. The surface of the wall bore various rough or shallow marks.

Some marks seemed to be left by some claw being scratched across them, indicating how large that claw was and that its body was already not small.

There were also visible large pits on the high wall, as if they had been bombarded by some kind of magic.

From these marks, it's clear that this place likely sees frequent demon attacks, which explains why the walls are so tall and thick.

Silver Moon City, located at the southernmost part of the Land of Dawn, is near the Ten Thousand Mountains area, where demons are rare.

Silver Moon City's walls bore almost no such marks, and demon attacks were rare.

But in this place, demon attacks seem to be the norm.

Herag used Shenlan to probe the environment around him and observed that there was no sign of anyone present.

After narrowly escaping an attack from that giant spider, Herag had become much more cautious, not assuming safety just because he didn't see anything.

He carefully approached below the high wall and looked up at the estimated seven or eight hundred meters high city wall without hastily climbing it.

Silver Moon City's walls are protected with many Witch Arrays; merely relying on the physical height is not enough to fend off those demons.

Herag began researching and indeed found an extensive Witch Array laid within the high wall.

After studying for a while, he discovered that if he rashly climbed the high wall, its alert mechanism would quickly be triggered, and the city's defense personnel would be notified.

The Witch Array itself also has certain defensive and anti-climbing functions, if he rashly climbs, the force will be dispersed, making him fall.

Flying over is also not feasible; the entire city is protected above, making it impossible to fly in.

This is to defend against many flying types of demons to protect the safety of the city's inhabitants.

The sky above the city may appear empty, but it is, in fact, enveloped by a protective shield formed by countless Wizard Towers, which cannot be broken by ordinary power.

The challenge before Herag was how to get through this high wall and enter the city.

After some research on the Witch Array laid inside the high wall, Herag soon discovered that this Witch Array was a super Witch Array composed of individual nodes, likely above the Level 3 Witch Array level.

Fully unraveling such a complex super Witch Array seemed nearly impossible; even if Shenlan could resolve it, it would take an eternity.

Herag couldn't crouch in this corner for his whole life.

Herag thought for a moment and quickly came up with some ideas.

Under current circumstances, fully unraveling this Witch Array seemed almost impossible.

However, he didn't need to completely crack the Witch Array; he only needed to stop this node from working for a moment to get through.

Herag quickly adjusted his mindset; since the super Witch Array within the high wall was composed of node Witch Arrays, then if one could temporarily stop a node from functioning, he could use that time to scale the wall.

"Shenlan, enter the structural data of this Witch Array and analyze a method to make one of the nodes temporarily stop functioning."

"Task documented, estimated completion time: four hours and fifty minutes," Shenlan replied.

Due to the extensive nature of this super Witch Array, Shenlan needed a lengthy analysis and calculation time.

Shenlan first needed a comprehensive view of the Witch Array, followed by calculating a solution to the problem.

Herag looked at the high wall left and right; a node's Witch Array could probably envelop a five hundred meter long section of the wall.

He kept an eye on his surroundings, with no movement for the moment.

It was quiet all around, and a thick fog had risen outside the high wall, which was good news for Herag.

The fog did not hinder his vision but could obstruct others' views.

The over four-hour wait felt slightly long at this moment.

Herag had to maintain his spiritual power at a high concentration, attentive to the movements around.

Whenever the sound of the wind blew, Herag would carefully observe the situation over there.

...

"Task completed; the following method can briefly stop the node's operation."

After a long wait, Shenlan provided the results.

Herag quickly browsed through the results Shenlan provided and understood the rationale behind this method.

The nodes of this super Witch Array continuously communicate. A node persistently sends signals to its neighboring nodes, indicating that it is functioning normally.

Every node does so, and when receiving signals from other nodes, it replies to indicate receipt.

Shenlan's method was to first input runes at the node's communication point to control it, then have Herag continuously send signals to the neighboring nodes that everything is normal with him.

Subsequently, he would cease the node's operation briefly.

Initially, once this node stopped functioning, the other nodes without receiving information from this node, while also not getting responses to their signals sent to this node, would determine that something was amiss here.

#### Chapter 376: Nature

As long as one node malfunctions, it will immediately trigger an alert, and the personnel responsible for defending the city will be informed.

An alert being triggered on this side of the high wall is a major issue, as security is the top priority for every city in the Land of Dawn.

Once an alert is issued, it will take only a few seconds for someone to arrive at the scene.

At that time, Herag won't be able to escape and will definitely be caught.

Herag rehearsed the entire plan in his mind, as this method demands a lot from him.

Herag needs to multitask while climbing the wall.

He must pay attention to the signals transmitted from nodes on both sides and continuously transmit simulated signals to those nodes.

He can't make a single mistake; if even one signal is wrong, he might as well jump down and run for it.

After mentally simulating the process several times, Herag has thoroughly memorized every step he needs to take.

But instead of rushing up, he began to carefully observe the surface of the high wall before him.

Herag examined the details of the high wall's surface, noting where there were protrusions and where there were depressions, details that must be remembered.

Only by having these details at his fingertips could he climb up as quickly as possible without wasting any time.

After observing the details of the high wall's surface, Herag had even planned out his climbing route.

The climbing route was extremely meticulous, with each step designated for a specific foothold and handhold, all carefully planned.

Herag stood at the base of the high wall, took a deep breath, and began to prepare for action.

Using Magic Power, he conjured some runes, embedding them in the signal transmission points within the wall, officially starting the plan.

Several runes were inserted into the Witch Array at the nodes' core, immediately halting those nodes.

These nodes were precisely calculated positions by Shenlan, imperceptible to ordinary people in a short time.

Even Shenlan took a long time, indicating the massive amount of calculation involved.

After the nodes stopped operating, Herag quickly inserted runes to simulate the signals at that node, ensuring normal communication with the two adjacent nodes.

At the same time, he began the process of climbing the high wall.

Herag climbed swiftly, darting up like a gecko.

The difficulty lay in maintaining orderly signal communication between nodes throughout the process.

In less than a minute, Herag had reached the top of the high wall.

In front of him lay an open plain; the wall's thickness was five to six hundred meters, its construction a mystery.

Herag ran swiftly forward, maintaining composure while continuously conjuring runes to keep the nodes operating.

A few seconds later, Herag slid down the wall, landing on the ground.

Upon landing, he dispersed the runes embedded in the nodes, causing the nodes to resume normal operation and signal transmission.

Everything was back to normal, as if nothing had happened.

Seeing the Witch Array operating without issues, Herag felt relieved.

But he knew this was just the beginning.

Herag turned and looked ahead and was surprised by what he saw.

This was the outskirts.

The outskirts, meaning mountains, meadows, and streams.

For a moment, Herag thought he was back in the Barren Land, having not seen such natural scenery in a long time.

Silver Moon City was almost entirely urbanized, lacking such views.

Looking at the yellow earth beneath him, Herag confirmed it was unpolluted.

This high wall not only blocked Demon invasions but also prevented the spread of pollution, preserving the area's original appearance.

Herag cautiously ventured forward, finding a pristine primitive forest ahead, its ecology perfectly intact.

The untouched ground in the forest showed that people rarely ventured here.

Such a large area of primitive forest must be a protected area in the Land of Dawn, off-limits to ordinary people.

The trees were tall and thick, having clearly grown for many years.

Herag knew that much wood in the Land of Dawn came from the Barren Land.

Although the Land of Dawn has its own forests and grasslands, they are generally untapped.

Most people in the Land of Dawn never get the chance to stroll through such a primitive forest in their lifetime.

Herag recalled how Amisha, a noblewoman, longed for the seas and forests he described.

Now, seeing the primitive forest, he was somewhat excited, having not seen such scenery in so long, and could understand Amisha's feelings.

Herag walked through the forest, spending half a day reaching its edge.

Upon arriving at the edge, he became even more cautious, knowing he was more likely to encounter people there.

Rather than rushing out, Herag hid in the shadows, observing the situation outside.

In the distance outside the forest, on a high slope, was a wooden cabin with two people inside, likely forest rangers.

Noticing the two people, Herag took a detour to another side.

He still wasn't in a rush to go out, choosing instead to remain hidden.

Under the cover of night, Herag slowly crept out.

"Shadowy Corner."

To avoid drawing attention, Herag used Shadowy Corner to blend into the ground as a silent, fast-moving shadow.

While advancing, he surveyed his surroundings using environmental sensing. Apart from the two individuals in the cabin, he found no one else.

Once clear of the forest, Herag entered a rolling mountain range.

After crossing several mountains, he found a farmland below, growing various vegetables and fruits.

In the Land of Dawn, vegetables and fruits are always expensive, and these were likely meant for the upper class.

Beside the farm stood several wooden cabins, their occupants seemingly fast asleep.

Not wanting to disturb them, Herag silently left the area.

After leaving the mountains, he arrived at a plain, where he could see the outline of a city in the distance.

As Herag quickly traversed the plains, he noticed the extensive cultivation of grain and vegetables.

The land's utilization was high, with nearly every piece cultivated.

"What city is this, with so much land?"

Seeing such vast land, Herag felt only envy.

Compared to this place, Silver Moon City was wretchedly barren, with hardly any natural soil for cultivation and no such mountains, only urban roads and buildings.

Chapter 377: Tavern

Herag found a safe, deserted place and emerged from the ground. It was a small pit overgrown with weeds.

He glanced at the shadow of the city in the distance, took out a vial of Thousand-Change Potion, and drank it up.

His appearance quickly changed, transforming into a man with ordinary features, plain and unremarkable.

Such looks were very common in the Land of Dawn, the kind that would get lost in a crowd.

Herag selected a black robe without any insignia and put it on, completing the most basic disguise work.

Now Herag looked like just an ordinary wizard from the Land of Dawn, with nothing special about him.

After finishing his disguise, Herag continued using the Shadowy Corner to turn into a patch of shadow and stealthily approached the city.

Once the city was within Shenlan's environmental detection range, Herag stopped and carefully observed the internal situation.

The city also had a tall external wall, but it was just an ordinary city wall.

To Herag, the decorative meaning of the city wall outweighed its defensive purpose.

The gates at the city entrance were wide open, with only two people guarding them, the defense force very weak.

After observing these situations, Herag did not let his guard down; instead, he became more cautious.

A defense this weak didn't indicate the city's leaders were fools; rather, it showed their absolute confidence in their own power.

They didn't need to rely on the wall for defense at all.

This city was different from Silver Moon City; externally, it already had a huge wall defending against the threats of the pollution area.

Internally, there weren't as many external threats.

The city's internal security relied more on manpower and the Wizard Tower.

This city, like Silver Moon City, had many Wizard Towers throughout the city.

The shadow Herag transformed into circled to the other side, where there was no city gate and no one guarding.

After observing the situation behind this side, he found it was a densely populated residential district.

It was obvious that this area was inhabited by the poor, with low houses and dense buildings.

Many people lived in the small area, and the comfort of living was surely very low.

After scouting out the situation here, Herag continued forward.

This section had too many people, making it unsuitable to traverse by climbing over.

Although he hadn't found any Official Wizards yet, it was better to be cautious.

Herag moved on and finally discovered an area with not many people.

It appeared to be a market, very chaotic, presumably a place for city residents to sell and buy various things.

Herag approached the city wall, and seeing no one around, a shadow quickly climbed the wall and flipped over to land on the inside.

Once he landed, he quickly dispelled the Shadowy Corner magic, reverting to his original appearance and walked down the street like an ordinary person.

Once inside the city, he knew he couldn't use Shadowy Corner anymore, as there were many powerful wizards within.

If someone noticed him sneaking with magic, it'd be like having "I'm up to no good" written on his forehead.

Walking normally down the street wouldn't attract attention; who would bother checking on a passerby for no reason?

Most cities in the Land of Dawn didn't have a curfew, and many taverns in Silver Moon City were open twenty-four hours.

After observing outside for a while and confirming there was no curfew here either, Herag took advantage of the night to enter.

The most pressing matter now was to gather intelligence, find out where he was, and which Wizard Organization he was in.

The talisman stone was gone, making it inconvenient to look up information.

But since he was already in the city, Herag naturally knew where to gather intelligence.

Wrapped in his black robe, he couldn't help but shrink his neck as the cold wind blew by.

After walking two main streets, he turned the corner, and there was a tavern with lights on right in front of him.

A lamp hung on the tavern's door, emitting a soft, warm yellow light, illuminating this small area in front of the tavern.

Just as Herag reached the door and before he could push it open, the sound of loud chatter came from inside.

On such a dark, cold night, Herag didn't find the noise annoying, but rather a bit lively.

Herag pushed the door and entered, with a gust of cold wind instantly blowing into the tavern.

He quickly closed the door behind him to block the cold wind trying to rush in.

Herag dusted off the dirt from his body and saw the tavern was quite bustling, full of people either drinking or chatting.

Not many people noticed him; only a few glanced at him before withdrawing their gaze.

Herag looked just like an ordinary customer coming for a drink at midnight, not attracting any attention from these people.

The only one who paid attention to Herag was the server, a young woman in black stockings, who approached with a tray in hand and asked, "What would you like to drink, sir?"

When Herag first entered, he quickly glanced around and found that the drink varieties were similar to those in Silver Moon City.

He casually said, "A butter beer will do."

After ordering, Herag found a quiet corner in the tavern to sit down.

The server promptly returned, holding a tray with a butter beer, gently placing it on the small table in front of Herag.

Sitting alone in the corner, Herag drank silently, without engaging in conversation with others.

The others also didn't bother him; someone like him was common in taverns, with sitting alone in the corner to drink inherently meaning they didn't want to be disturbed.

As Herag drank, he listened to the conversations of others.

The tavern was noisy, with various sounds blending together.

Herag listened carefully, picking out the parts he needed from the mixed information.

"Solde City."

After listening for a while, Herag learned the name of the city he was in.

He then had Shenlan search the database for information about Solde City.

As expected, this city belonged to the Eye of the Storm.

Solde City was the most western city in the Land of Dawn, and a very large one.

This city was about five times bigger than Silver Moon City, with a huge population and strong internal power.

When Herag saw the massive outer wall, he knew this city wouldn't be small.

Small cities generally weren't worth fortifying with such tall and thick walls.

A map of the entire Land of Dawn appeared in Herag's mind, and he located the positions of Solde City and Silver Moon City.

The two cities were far apart, making returning difficult.

Herag didn't expect to return directly to Silver Moon City; just thinking about it made him realize it was impossible to have a direct route.

#### Chapter 378: Private Room

Herag picked up his glass, took a sip of butter beer, and began thinking about how to leave Solde City and head into Serlandir's territory.

He first thought of seeking help from the Witch Array Master Association or the Magic Pharmacist Association, but after some thought, he gave up.

These two associations, although widespread throughout the Land of Dawn, have members from various Wizard Organizations.

However, the managers of these two associations in every city are generally appointed by the local affiliated forces.

Just like in Silver Moon City, Israel and Baron are actually official members of Serlandir, only holding positions in the association.

This means that the managers of these two associations in Solde City are likely people from the Eye of the Storm.

Herag naturally couldn't approach people from the Eye of the Storm.

He knew very well that as long as that Level 2 Wizard returned alive, he absolutely couldn't expose himself.

There's also Old Man Booker, if he's still alive, he would recognize him.

Herag glanced at the map in his mind, noting that there was a city called Beilu City within the Eye of the Storm's territory.

This city held significant importance in the Eye of the Storm's territory, located at a transportation hub.

From Beilu City, one could reach various places throughout the Land of Dawn, naturally including within Serlandir's territory.

The closest city to Beilu City within Serlandir's territory is called Silver Beach City, and reaching this city essentially means entering Serlandir.

Herag quickly planned a route: from Solde City to Beilu City, then from Beilu City to Silver Beach City.

This was the shortest route he could think of so far, and also the one with the least turnaround.

The only problem was how to safely reach Silver Beach City.

In the Land of Dawn, transportation between cities generally involved airships.

These airships could be ticketed by ordinary residents to travel to other cities.

Regular merchant guilds also used airships to circulate within the Land of Dawn, and goods were transported by airship as well.

Ordinary residents could naturally ticket an airship through normal means without identity issues.

But Herag currently had no identity, unable to buy a ticket through normal means.

This was giving Herag a bit of a headache, and he temporarily had no good solution.

If, in the end, he couldn't think of something, he'd have to risk trying to sneak onto an airship.

Such a critical facility as an airship would undoubtedly have extremely tight security, likely making it difficult to sneak on.

Herag slowly took another sip of his drink, pondering these issues.

As he thought, he was also paying attention to the movements around him.

That's when Herag suddenly made a new discovery from one of the tavern's private rooms.

The tavern's private rooms were on the second floor, much quieter, with individual small rooms.

These small rooms were all protected by a witch array, preventing external sounds from entering and providing an absolutely quiet environment.

Correspondingly, these room arrays also protected against potential eavesdropping or spying, serving a certain level of confidentiality.

Many would occasionally choose such small tavern rooms for discussions that were somewhat private yet not extremely important.

These witch arrays could block ordinary magic eavesdropping and spying methods but couldn't shield Shenlan's environmental detection.

Through environmental detection, Herag clearly saw the situation in the upstairs rooms.

He knew that there were people in four private rooms upstairs, initially paying them no particular mind.

Room One was even hosting quite a show, a melee fight, which Herag watched with keen interest.

What caught Herag's attention was the conversation in Room Five.

On the tavern's second floor, in Room Five.

"Mr. Sam, isn't two thousand magic stones a bit too expensive, considering it's just helping to deliver something," a slender middle-aged man with a small mustache, dressed very gentlemanly, said with a troubled expression.

Sitting across from him was a man in his thirties with a bushy beard and a round belly, a long scar running across his face.

Sam sneered, "Just delivering something? I'm very principled about my work, won't ask what you're bringing in, I just handle getting it out. But do you really think I know nothing? The stuff you're into, if the Eye of the Storm discovers it, we're all dead!"

"Take this box, it looks small and easy to get out. But in reality, don't you realize the risk involved in getting it out?"

The mustached man was rendered speechless, nodding helplessly, not daring to refute.

Sam sat up straight and said, "Two thousand magic stones, not one less. The old rules, no talisman stone transfers. Once I have the magic stones, I guarantee your item gets to Gurating, and I won't ask what it is."

The mustached man hesitated for a moment, painfully agreeing, "Alright then, two thousand magic stones it is, I'll bring them to you tomorrow night."

Sam's expression eased a bit, forcing a smile which, paired with the scar on his face, made him even more intimidating.

He poured the mustached man a drink, "Then, to our smooth cooperation, my friend!"

The mustached man appeared somewhat bitter but could only go along, raising his glass to clink with Sam's.

Downstairs, Herag saw this scene and immediately probed what was inside the small wooden box.

The small wooden box was made of special material, capable of blocking ordinary magic power detection.

Through environmental detection, Herag saw clearly what was inside; it was a wooden carving of a figure wrapped like a mummy.

That wasn't the critical part; the critical part was that Herag noticed there was something inside the carving.

A blood-red worm lay inside.

"Abyssal cultist..."

Herag had dealt with Abyssal cultists quite a bit, never experiencing Abyssal Aura up close, but he didn't need to; one look confirmed this was undoubtedly the work of an Abyssal cultist.

The mustached man was likely an Abyssal cultist, and Sam seemed like an underground figure in Solde City, widely connected and dealing in smuggling business.

Many things in the Land of Dawn were banned and prohibited from sale.

For instance, many necromancy casting materials required registration, sold only officially by major Wizard Organizations, with strict limitations and requirements on purchasing.

Despite such strict restrictions, necromancy casting materials still circulated privately, mostly relying on smuggling channels.

Smuggling was generally done by underground figures in various places, people who might not be very powerful but typically had strong connections to accomplish these things.

#### Chapter 379: Night Intrusion

In some places, the people involved in smuggling are directly members of the Wizard Organization.

Herag looked at Sam upstairs, silently forming some thoughts in his heart.

...

After Sam had negotiated the deal, he put the small wooden box into the Space Ring, and with a hint of drunkenness, walked out of the tavern, heading home.

Although he was only a Level 1 Gasification Wizard, he had the bigwigs of the Eye of the Storm as his backing, thriving in Solde City.

After years of development, the underground world of Solde City was already under his control, with hardly anyone opposing him.

Because everyone knew well that Sam was just a small figure; resolving him was simple, but resolving those behind him was not.

It seemed that Sam was the spokesperson of the underground world of Solde City, but in fact, the real control was in the hands of those behind him.

These people revered not Sam, but merely his backing.

Sam understood this clearly, knowing his position well, and willingly acted as a pawn.

To him, this was enough to get everything he wanted.

Be it money or fame, Sam was already satisfied with the current situation.

He didn't crave more, managing his limits well without overstepping.

The bigwigs behind Sam were also very satisfied with his attitude, which was why they supported him for so many years.

Sam knew that if he ever overstepped, he would immediately become a corpse in the sewers of Solde City.

The spokesperson of the underground world of Solde City would instantly change, no longer being Sam.

At the entrance of the tavern, Sam got onto a carriage, his own carriage, driven by a trusted aide who had followed him for many years and waited outside the tavern.

After getting in the carriage, he lay down drunkenly, gradually getting drowsy.

The carriage slowly reached the rich district of Solde City, where all the residences were large mansions, and the residents were either rich or noble.

The driver drove the carriage slowly into Sam's yard and stopped, then lifted the curtain calling to his master, "Sir, we are home."

Sam drowsily awoke, his head aching from too much drinking, and with the support of the driver, got off the carriage.

Sam stumbled slightly as he walked upstairs, his footsteps waking up a woman asleep there—his new favorite, named Qiao Aili.

Qiao Aili was wearing a small shoulder strap and nightgown, her long, straight, slender white legs fully exposed.

Hearing Sam return, she stepped barefoot onto the floor, opened the door, and helped Sam to bed.

Sam's eyelids grew increasingly heavy, and after glancing at Qiao Aili helping him undress, drifted off to sleep.

...

"Hey, wake up." A basin of cold water was thrown on Sam's face.

Sam immediately awoke, looking around to find himself still in his bedroom, with Qiao Aili asleep at his side.

The room remained his, but now there was a black giant present.

This black giant was entirely covered in black armor, emanating an extremely terrifying aura.

Sam knew this was not someone he could deal with, and instinctively tried to retrieve a Talisman Stone from his Space Ring to contact someone.

Herag held a ring between two fingers and asked, "Are you looking for this?"

Sam was now fully sober, his mind exceedingly clear, rapidly analyzing the situation.

He realized that if he was careless, he might not see tomorrow's sun.

Sam didn't even attempt to mention his backer to threaten Herag; he knew that since the other party dared to show up so openly in his bedroom, he must have something to rely on.

"I don't know what brings you here, Sir. If there's anything I can do, I'll certainly accomplish it." Sam said in a deep voice.

Herag saw that he didn't attempt to run and said, "Indeed, I have some matters I'd like you to help with, hence my visit. This is a Master-Servant Contract; sign it first, and then we'll discuss the matters at hand."

"Master-Servant Contract?" Seeing the contract, Sam immediately wanted to escape through the window, but looking at Herag's size, he doubted he could escape.

Who asks for help by first signing a Master-Servant Contract?

Sam understood well what a Master-Servant Contract meant; once signed, his life would be entirely in the other's hands.

More importantly, if the master died, the servant would die too.

Herag said in a low voice, "Sign it first; once you've helped me with the task, I'll break the contract."

Sam looked at the Master-Servant Contract and then at Herag, staying silent, clearly distrustful of Herag.

Someone who introduces themselves by asking you to sign a Master-Servant Contract is unlikely to kindly break it after completing the task. Sam didn't believe Herag's words at all.

Seeing Sam's silence, Herag said, "You can choose to believe me or choose... to die now."

Although his words were calm, the coldness in them caused Sam to shiver all over.

Sam struggled internally for a long time, even considering calling for help, but realized that distant aid wouldn't help in this immediate danger.

By the time help arrived, he'd already be long gone.

"Alright, I'll sign." Sam said bitterly, taking the Master-Servant Contract promptly piercing his finger to drop blood on the servant's position.

Herag, watching this scene, was quite satisfied, and added his blood to complete the Master-Servant Contract.

From this moment, everything about Sam was in his control.

Herag contemplated that since he needed Sam to find a way out of the Eye of the Storm, ensuring trust was crucial.

If Sam wanted to deceive him, there were too many opportunities to manipulate the situation.

No matter how, Herag wouldn't feel assured and couldn't entrust his life to such a stranger.

After deliberation, the Master-Servant Contract proved to be the best solution.

By turning Sam into his servant, there'd be no trustworthiness concerns.

Herag said with a smile, "Now, I'll ask you some questions and entrust you with some tasks to help me accomplish."

Sam nodded, "Alright, Sir, speak."

Now, with a changed heart, he could not defy Herag's orders and could only comply.

Sam glanced at the sleeping Qiao Aili beside him, eyes hinting at ruthlessness, "Sir, shall I take care of her?"

Herag shook his head, "No necessity; I've already given her a sleeping Magic Potion to ensure she sleeps until tomorrow afternoon, so there's no worry she will leak anything. I won't stay long in Solde City either, and will leave soon."

Qiao Aili at this moment slept in an alluring posture, her legs flaunting the beautiful curves of her calves.

The small strap had slipped down significantly, revealing quite a scene.

Sam glanced at her and said, "If Sir desires, I can offer her to you."

"No need, let's get down to business."

Herag had no time for such frivolities; whether he could safely exit the Eye of the Storm was still uncertain, leaving no room for such thoughts.

Chapter 380: The Secret Room

"Do you have a way to get me out of Solde City? I need to go to Silver Beach City," Herag asked directly.

Sam pondered, "Silver Beach City..."

He knew Herag wasn't talking about a legal route, or else he wouldn't have come to him.

If it's an illegal route, it's troublesome. Smuggling a live person out isn't easy.

Sam's usual business involved transporting goods, though he had smuggled people before, he couldn't guarantee absolute safety.

In the past, he would take on the risk for good profit, but this time was different.

Herag's life equals his own. If Herag died, he wouldn't survive either.

"There is a way," Sam began, "Normally, we hide people with the cargo, once at the destination, they sneak away. We have people loading and unloading, so arrangements can be made. But, there's a chance that at each city, the cargo will be inspected. If found hiding a person, they'll surely be detained for questioning."

"Those questioned usually have issues, so the outcome is often dire..."

Sam laid out all the risks, hoping Herag wouldn't take the gamble.

After hearing this, Herag contemplated and asked, "I see. Is there another way, like identity forgery?"

If he could have a legitimate identity, he wouldn't have to take such risks to reach Silver Beach City legally.

Sam replied helplessly, "Sir, forging a simple identity is easy. But one that passes all city checks is hard, taking at least half a year. I assume, sir, you can't wait that long."

Herag nodded, acknowledging the difficulty.

To forge an identity that can withstand city scrutiny, one must create a real identity.

In the Land of Dawn, due to the Magic Net, information is hard to forge, making it as if creating a person from thin air.

Though Sam seemed resourceful, his influence wasn't strong enough against true power in Solde.

Forging such an identity was beyond his capability, thus requiring much time.

Herag obviously couldn't stay in Solde City for half a year; it's too long, too many variables.

Another way is using Sam's Talisman Stone to contact people in Serlandir, explaining Herag's situation.

Yet this method is risky, as any Wizard Organization can monitor Talisman Stone communications, particularly Sam's, likely already monitored.

Once the message is sent, Herag might expose himself before Serlandir's people arrive.

Herag thought and said, "In that case, proceed with the previous method. If there's danger, I'll adapt."

"Sir... Alright, I will handle it to the best of my ability, ensuring the cargo isn't inspected," Sam hesitated but had no choice but to do his best.

"When?" Herag asked.

"Three days later, a batch of smuggled goods will go out. I'll make arrangements, doing my utmost to ensure your safety," Sam said.

"Alright, prepare a quiet room for me, without interruptions," Herag planned to spend these three days preparing.

Sam, somewhat influential, had a relatively safe estate.

"Sir, I have a secret chamber, completely safe," Sam responded promptly.

Herag nodded and looked out the window.

By now, it was daylight. A ray of sunlight streamed through the window, illuminating the sleeping Qiao Aili.

"Take me to your secret chamber," Herag turned back.

"Sir, this woman..." Sam suggested cautiously.

"Don't cause trouble for me," Herag wasn't Cao the Thief, nor did he want unnecessary trouble.

Sam could only nod, "Alright."

Sam led Herag down the floor, stopping at a painting depicting a naked woman with a dignified demeanor.

Channeling his magic power into the painting, it rippled.

The painted woman came to life, her eyes fixed on them.

"Open," Sam instructed.

The woman nodded, waved her hand, and the wall transformed, a door appearing.

Sam opened the door, "Sir, please enter."

Upon entering, Herag found himself in a well-furnished room.

Not large, but well-stocked with Magic Potions, armor, and weapons, food, and water. Clearly a hideout prepared by Sam.

The only drawback was the lack of windows, relying on artificial light, which can feel stifling over time.

Unbothered by these, Herag nodded, "Not bad. Go do your work, inform me if needed."

"For any instruction, you can command me," Sam said.

Herag nodded again, saying nothing further, lying on the bed to begin his meditation.

Sam left hurriedly, evidently anxious, eager to prepare everything.

This time was not like others, it had to be executed perfectly.

Every step required more attention and funds, with no expenses spared.

Life and wealth were on the line, money-saving was impossible.

...

During the three days, Herag remained in the secret chamber, silently meditating and preparing.

"Sir, everything's set," Sam reported.

Herag still appeared under the influence of the Thousand-Change Potion; he took another dose recently to maintain the effect.

To facilitate the arrangements, Sam had sent Qiao Aili back home.

It was late night, Sam intended to use the darkness for Herag's escape.

Most people in Solde City were asleep but the airship dock was bustling.

A significant amount of cargo needed handling before dawn.

At dawn, the airship would set off for the next city.

Following Sam's plan, they took a carriage to the dock.

Solde City's dock, on the eastern side, featured a vast plaza, where a massive airship rested quietly.

This airship was much smaller than the one Herag took to the Land of Dawn but still gigantic, roughly 300 meters tall.