

Sixth 381

Chapter 381: Airship

The airship was docked beside the plaza, and figures could faintly be seen moving about on it, most likely patrol guards on duty.

Herag followed Sam to a warehouse district, where a whole area was constructed with large warehouses, each filled with various kinds of goods.

Sam was the manager of this warehouse district, wielding considerable authority, prompting many to curry favor with him.

Because Sam was leading Herag, no one came to question him at all.

The guards responsible for the warehouse only glanced at them. Upon noticing it was Sam's guest, they turned away, pretending not to see.

Sam led Herag into a large warehouse filled with numerous giant boxes.

Herag glanced around, discovering that the boxes contained large animal bones of varying sizes and types.

He recognized after a brief observation what kind of creature these bones belonged to.

"Dragon bones?" Herag asked.

Sam chuckled, "You figured it out, sir. Indeed, these are dragon bones, a true treasure trove. These goods are all meant to serve as cover for you, sir. You will be escorted with them. We'll first reach Beilu City, and from there, proceed to Silver Beach City."

"Once you arrive in Silver Beach City, there will be people to help conceal you. I've already arranged everything."

Dragon bones are rare materials for magic potions and casting, and can even serve as materials for setting up witch arrays and as raw materials for witchcraft artifacts, having many uses.

However, because the Dragon Race itself is scarce, dragon bones are even rarer.

Moreover, most members of the Dragon Race are buried in their own cemeteries after death, leaving few dragon bones to circulate outside.

This time, Sam spent lavishly to grease every transaction; outwardly, it was to smuggle these dragon bones, as others believed.

But his real intention was to cover Herag's undercover escape.

Sam disclosed the real purpose to no one, so those privy to the situation thought it was merely for the dragon bones.

After all, having spent so much money for arrangements, if the transported goods weren't of significant value, it would be a financial loss. No one would engage in a loss-making venture.

If it was for smuggling dragon bones, Sam's actions appeared justified, and people who took money did not think much further, as they were paid to perform a service.

"Sir, this is the place prepared for you." Sam went inside, opening a large box to reveal its contents.

The exteriors of these large boxes were all crafted from solid wood, extremely sturdy.

The wooden box Sam prepared for Herag looked the same as others on the outside, but inside was entirely different.

Inside this wooden box was a large bed to ensure Herag's comfort during the journey.

Besides the bed, there was a special stove, with a large bag of ore placed next to it.

This ore was called Blueberry Ore and was considered an expensive fuel, usually affordable only to nobles.

When ignited, Blueberry Ore emitted no smoke or pungent odor but instead a faint fragrance similar to blueberries.

The ore was also long-lasting, with a small piece burning for a long time.

"Sir, given the limited conditions, the estimated duration is two months, you might have to endure a bit," Sam whispered.

Herag was indifferent to these external conditions, waving off Sam's concerns and saying, "These don't matter. How are your other arrangements going? How certain are you?"

"Rest assured, sir. Even if there's a surprise inspection, our shipment won't be checked. Everything is taken care of," Sam responded.

Herag nodded, "Alright, when do we depart?"

"In two hours, we'll begin loading. Shortly after daybreak, the airship will take off," Sam said.

Herag stepped inside the wooden box, turned to Sam, and said, "You should leave now. Keep an eye out for any movements outside. Unless necessary, don't come over; it'd be best to avoid any mishaps."

With that, he pulled the door of the wooden box shut, plunging the interior into darkness.

Herag did not use the Light Technique, as the darkness didn't affect him.

The box wasn't completely sealed, with holes left for air circulation; light could potentially leak out otherwise.

Sam exited the warehouse with a heart full of trepidation, feeling very nervous.

He was more anxious than Herag, constantly fearing something might happen to Herag during the journey.

Herag lay on the bed inside the wooden box, gazing calmly at the ceiling.

He was mentally prepared to handle all sorts of emergency situations.

No plan is perfect; adaptability is more important.

Mentally, Herag was ready for the worst-case scenario, thinking to get as far away as possible.

Sam stayed in a room outside the warehouse, typically used for guards on night duty.

Having escorted someone in, Sam should have left, but this time he stayed to ensure the entire airship boarding process went smoothly.

Two hours later, the loaders arrived at the warehouse district, transporting the goods listed onto the airship.

The dragon bones batch Herag was in was placed on the lowest level of the airship.

The airship had five upper decks, with four layers below the deck, usually used for storing goods and also housing staff quarters.

During the loading process, Herag kept his presence hidden, making no sound at all.

After the wooden box was placed on the bottommost level of the airship, the loaders left, and the door to the second layer was closed, bringing calmness back.

Herag scanned the entire level; besides himself, no one else was present.

The floor was vast, neatly storing various goods in categories, with numerous items.

Herag did not move around aimlessly, but quietly stayed inside the wooden box, meditating and resting.

Soon, huge roaring sounds blasted around.

Herag felt vibrations all around, knowing the airship was about to set off.

The next destination for this airship was Beilu City, anticipated to take ten days.

There would be no inspections during this period, so Herag could relax a bit, easing his tension.

According to Sam, any inspections would only occur after docking at Beilu City.

During these ten days, Herag didn't plan to be idle but embark on a critical step: the compression of spiritual power.

His mind was now brimming with liquefied spiritual power, which he needed to gradually compress into a spiritual crystal.

For many Liquidation Wizards, this was the most challenging step.

The process was not only extremely difficult and hazardous but also lengthy.

If a wizard's aptitude wasn't sufficient, this step alone might take hundreds of years, with some failing to compress liquid spiritual power into a crystal until their dying day.

Chapter 382: Compressing Spiritual Power

Herag focused his attention and began to slowly attempt to compress his liquid Spiritual Power.

He was very cautious, not rushing at all, taking each step slowly and carefully.

Herag knew that this couldn't be rushed; stability was more important than speed.

Even if it took a little longer, ensuring safety was the most important thing.

If something went wrong with his Spiritual Power, it would be a big problem, affecting his entire wizard career.

Hiss~

As soon as Herag started compressing, he felt a slight headache.

The pain at this stage was much stronger than during the Gaseous Stage, with a very obvious sensation of pain.

After feeling the pain, Herag paused slightly, then continued compressing.

Just then, an icy sensation spread through his mind, instantly dispelling the discomfort brought on by compressing the Spiritual Power.

Not only that, Herag felt as if his Spiritual Power had become more refined, and the compression progress became faster.

"This is..."

After discovering this strange occurrence, Herag recalled and realized that the icy sensation came from the Bloodline Mark.

This sensation had never occurred before, and there were rarely any changes in the Bloodline Mark.

When Herag compressed his Spiritual Power during the Gaseous Stage, there was no such cold feeling from the Bloodline Mark.

He carefully recalled and compared, trying to understand what caused this phenomenon.

After pondering for a while, Herag roughly understood the cause.

"Divine Core..."

At that time, after absorbing the energy from the Divine Core, Herag stored all of it within the Bloodline Mark.

The immense energy within the Divine Core was naturally not something Herag's body could endure; only the Bloodline Mark could temporarily store it.

This energy had never disappeared, remaining in the Bloodline Mark.

When Herag compressed his Spiritual Power, the energy from the Divine Core automatically emerged to relieve the discomfort in his mind while also refining his Spiritual Power.

After absorbing the Divine Core, Herag's mind was automatically filled with liquid Spiritual Power, indicating that the energy within the Divine Core was beneficial for the growth of Spiritual Power.

This energy's refining process of Spiritual Power invisibly accelerated the compression process.

After discovering this situation, Herag immediately continued to compress his Spiritual Power.

Just as he completed a compression process and felt a slight pain in his mind, an energy flowed out from the Bloodline Mark into his mind, followed by that icy sensation again.

Herag felt a surge of joy; this would speed up the process of compressing Spiritual Power significantly.

More importantly, with the energy from the Divine Core, the safety was greatly enhanced, equivalent to having an ever-present energy source to heal his Spiritual Power.

The energy stored in the Bloodline Mark should be quite immense and unlikely to be used up in the short term.

After all, the Divine Core came from a high-level existence in the Abyss Plane, with such vast energy that Herag, at his level of wizardry, couldn't fully use.

Herag didn't expect such a pleasant surprise after absorbing the Divine Core; he had never felt any change and thought it would only be useful upon entering the Abyss Plane.

After entering the polluted area, he had never done the work of compressing Spiritual Power, so he had never discovered that the energy from the Divine Core could be used this way.

Herag adjusted his mindset and entered into a continuous compression of Spiritual Power, deeply focused.

...

For ten days, Herag did nothing but eat, drink, excrete, and meditate to compress his Spiritual Power, not even sleeping.

After feeling the vibration of the airship, Herag slowly opened his eyes and stopped his Spiritual Power compression work.

The airship had docked, arriving in Beilu City.

Through Shenlan's environmental sensing, Herag observed the outside situation. It was a vast square similar to that in Solde City, with many people coming and going.

According to the plan, the airship would stay here for three days to load and unload cargo and allow passengers to embark and disembark.

After the airship docked, Herag kept an eye on the movements outside.

The first two days were normal, with no inspections.

But on the third day, a group of people boarded the airship.

After probing, Herag discovered that this group was from the Beilu City Hall, conducting a surprise inspection, led by a young man seemingly under thirty.

At this moment, a short and fat middle-aged man on the airship was smiling apologetically in front of the young man: "Lord Case, you should have told me earlier if you were coming, I wasn't prepared to entertain you."

"Royce, I'm here for an inspection, not for your hospitality. If I told you in advance, would that still be called an inspection?" Case said with a half-smile.

Royce had a bitter expression on his face, and he looked around before saying in a low voice: "Lord Case, we've paid quite a lot this time, please let us go."

Case smiled faintly: "I'm aware, but I heard that this batch of goods is not simple. That amount is still too little."

As the person in charge of the airship dock, Case naturally received many of these benefits.

This time, most of the money that Sam arranged for each link was given to him.

But upon learning that this batch was of Keel, Case felt he didn't take enough, so he came to the airship intending to extort more.

After all, Keel is so precious and expensive that those involved in smuggling couldn't risk losing everything by not paying a bribe.

Even if Case raised the price, they would have no choice but to endure.

If you don't pay?

Then this batch will be seized, and not only will your bribe money be gone, but you'll also lose the goods.

Case wasn't afraid of offending these people; with his status, he wasn't worried about any potential revenge.

Even if he were to go back on his word, these people would have to smile and flatter him next time they needed something.

"Lord Case... How much do you want?" Royce had no choice but to give in; Case was determined to extort them, and they as smugglers had no way to counter.

The airship was docked at Beilu City's port, which was under Case's control. If he wanted to trouble them, what could they do but pay up?

Moreover, their business wasn't only this single transaction; there'd be many future dealings needing Case.

Case did not speak but extended his hand, showing a five.

Upon seeing it, Royce hesitated before nodding: "Five... five thousand, then five thousand."

This amount wasn't a lot, still affordable, and Case didn't seem excessively unreasonable.

Case shook his head: "I mean fifty thousand."

"Ah? Fi... fifty thousand! Lord Case, this... this is really too much, I can't come up with that amount."
Royce's face immediately scrunched up like a bun.

Chapter 383: Departure

Royce was immediately anxious. A total of fifty thousand Magic Stones, he didn't have that much altogether.

He knew Case was greedy, but he didn't expect him to be so greedy, demanding fifty thousand Magic Stones right off the bat.

Case looked cold: "Can't come up with it? That batch of goods you sold should easily fetch that amount."

"Sir, please hold on, I need to discuss this with the people behind me, fifty thousand is really too much."
Royce showed a troubled expression.

"Discuss? Then forget about it, I'll go check if there's any problem with your batch of goods."

As Case finished speaking, he led a few people down the deck, and no one on the airship dared to stop them, allowing them to go down for inspection.

They were from the Beilu City Hall, already having the right to inspect.

Seeing this, Royce panicked, taking out the Talisman Stone to contact Sam while jogging after Case and his men.

No matter what, he couldn't let Case seal this batch of Keel; otherwise, it would be a devastating loss.

He quickly sent a message to Sam, reporting the situation here.

Sam was in his room at the moment, frequently checking the Talisman Stone for messages, consistently paying attention to Herag's movements.

His people on the airship would report to him anytime there was a message on the airship.

As soon as Sam saw the Talisman Stone light up, he quickly opened it to see, and his face turned green after seeing what Royce mentioned.

"Damn Case!" Sam cursed loudly, fuming with anger.

He had already given so many valuables before, and now Case suddenly changed his mind asking for fifty thousand Magic Stones, which was excessively greedy.

But there was nothing he could do; he had no way to deal with Case.

A wizard of Case's status could crush him as easily as squashing an ant.

Moreover, this time the smuggling was different from before.

This batch of Keel was secondary; most importantly, Herag was on top of it.

With Herag alive, Sam could survive; he had to ensure Herag's safety.

Sam took out the Talisman Stone and quickly sent a message: "Give it to him!"

Fifty thousand Magic Stones was a lot, but there was no choice; even if it were five hundred thousand Magic Stones, he would have to give it.

It was no longer a question of money, but one concerning life and death.

At this moment, Case had arrived at the entrance to the lowest level of the airship.

In front was a door; opening this door would lead to a staircase to the lower level, storing a large amount of cargo, with the wooden box containing Herag in this area.

Case looked at the door and said to the people behind him: "Open it!"

"Sir, wait! Wait! Fifty thousand, then fifty thousand; transfer it now!" Royce, who was a bit chubby, was panting as he ran.

Case raised an eyebrow: "It's now a hundred thousand Magic Stones."

"A hundred... a hundred thousand!" Royce was dumbfounded. How did it double so suddenly?

He was stunned for a moment before taking out the Talisman Stone, quickly informing Sam about the price increase.

Bang!

In Sam's courtyard, a Talisman Stone flew out, shattering the wooden window.

The next moment, Sam's figure flew out of the window, picked up the Talisman Stone again, and continued sending messages.

Case, expressionless, looked at Royce: "This is punishment for your disobedience. Next time, it won't just be a simple doubling."

"Sir, check your Talisman Stone, Lord Sam said he just transferred it to you." Royce hurriedly said upon seeing Sam's message.

Case listened and took out the Talisman Stone, and after seeing the transaction message, a smile formed at the corner of his lips: "Not bad, Sam's not too bad. Let's go, fellas, they're always law-abiding merchants, nothing worth checking."

Then the group walked towards the deck, leaving the airship.

...

Herag had been paying attention to the commotion above. As Case and the others got closer to the door, he became even more vigilant, ready to act anytime.

If Case and his men entered and found him, trying to take him away, then he would have to act.

Case was a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard, and the others were all Level 1 Wizard level. Herag was confident in dealing with them, though the subsequent problems would be troublesome.

Once they started fighting, whether successful or not, staying on this airship would be impossible; he would have to infiltrate another area of Beilu City and find another opportunity to leave Beilu City.

Herag constantly paid attention to the movements of Case and his men until they completely left before slightly relaxing.

After Case and his team left, no more trouble followed. This was the last day the airship was docked at the port.

At the break of dawn, the airship, this giant machine, began its journey towards Silver Beach City.

This was a long journey that would take a month and a half even at the speed of the airship.

That was if everything went smoothly.

Because the airship had to fly over the high altitudes of the polluted area, if anything happened on the way, this time could be indefinitely extended.

In the polluted area, no one knew what might happen.

After the airship took off, Herag could finally feel a bit at ease.

Because the next stop would be Silver Beach City, reaching there meant no more living in fear like this.

...

In the polluted area, beneath a barren hill was a wide space, appearing to be an excavated underground cave.

Three wizards were currently setting up a Witch Array in this underground cave. The array was almost complete, just waiting for the opportune time to trigger.

Among the three was an old man, the other two were men in their twenties or thirties.

After inspecting the Witch Array, the old man said to the two young men: "So, did the airship take off according to the planned schedule?"

"I got the news, it's already taken off, and the route hasn't changed. It's still proceeding along the previous path. If nothing unexpected happens, it will pass over our high altitude in five days." The young man replied.

The old man nodded: "Hmm, and what about the catalyst? It's on there, right."

"It's in the lowest level of the airship; it was brought on as early as Solde City. Lunxis is also on board, he will be responsible for the situation there." The young man said.

"Hmm, that's good. I hope everything goes according to plan. In five days, we will witness the descent of the Gods!" The old man's face showed a slight fanatical expression.

They had prepared for this plan for a long time, waiting specifically in the polluted area for the arrival of this airship.

By then, they would use the wooden carving on the airship as a catalyst, sacrificing the whole airship as a tribute to directly open a channel to the Abyss Plane with the Witch Array below.

The duration of the channel wouldn't last long, but it would be enough for the Gods they believed in to descend upon this land.

Once the Gods descended, they would sweep across the entire Land of Dawn.

As the old man and the two young men thought of the scene they were about to witness, they couldn't help feeling excited.

On the airship, Herag was holding a small wooden box, lost in thought.

Chapter 384: Wooden Box

This small wooden box is also one of Sam's smuggled goods this time, just a shipment for that little mustache.

Sam didn't pay much attention to this small wooden box; he knew it was probably some abyssal cultist's trickery.

He didn't care, as long as he could earn a little extra money.

The small wooden box was placed on top of a pile of large and small crates, inconspicuous, and no one would think it was anything valuable at first glance.

In fact, even when opened, it was just a wood carving, at most considered a craft.

And it looked quite new, not even an antique, so it wasn't worth much.

But Herag knew what this item was, the red insect inside was too obvious to him.

The abyssal aura attached to the small wooden box wasn't very strong, but it was still noticeable to Herag.

Herag had previously noticed this small wooden box and recalled seeing it in the tavern.

He was cautious at first and didn't touch this small wooden box.

It wasn't until the airship left Beilu City and was out of the Eye of the Storm's range that Herag stepped out of the crates and took the small wooden box.

The box was already opened by him, and Herag was studying the wood carving in his hand, mainly focusing on the small demon inside the carving.

These small demons are difficult to figure out just by appearance what their function is, as the demons of the Abyss Plane are varied and have all sorts of functions.

Moreover, many demon functions can only be fully revealed when combined with many other factors, and can't be seen just by looking.

Herag didn't immediately destroy this thing; he thought he'd wait until Silver Beach City to see who got their hands on this box.

Following the clues to check, there might be some contribution points to gain.

Herag studied it for a while but didn't find anything, so he set the wooden box aside and continued meditating to compress his spiritual power.

After all, the journey was boring, and he could only seize the time to cultivate.

The airship flew high in the polluted area, passing through the clouds.

Below, an old man and two young men stood on the ground, listening to the faint rumbling from above, knowing the airship had arrived.

"It's here, activate the witch array immediately, this array can communicate with the medium, activating it," the old man instructed.

The three immediately began to inject magic power into the witch array, and many complex runes appeared on the ground, glowing with an extraordinary aura.

On the airship, Herag suddenly opened his eyes, looking at the small wooden box beside him.

He opened the small wooden box and took out the wood carving inside, finding the red insect within was restless, churning continuously.

The body of the red insect seemed to be slowly expanding, soon to break out of the wood carving.

Herag slapped the wood carving, scolding, "What are you fussing about! Stay still and don't disturb my cultivation."

A slight hint of aura leaked from him, and the red insect immediately quieted down, lying obediently in the wood carving, not daring to move.

Below the airship, the old man looked puzzled, "Why hasn't there been any reaction? Is the magic power input insufficient?"

He immediately said, "Continue inputting magic power!"

The two young men nodded, redoubling their efforts to inject magic power into the witch array, making its glow even more dazzling.

However, it was only slightly more dazzling, and the next step never began.

Normally, after activating the witch array and communicating with that red insect.

The hidden power within the red insect would be stimulated, which would in turn activate the witch array below, thus forming a phantom channel.

But there was no reaction at all now.

The old man initially thought the magic power input wasn't enough, but even after the three exerted themselves to input more magic power, the witch array still had no response.

"What step went wrong..." the old man was somewhat confused.

"Notify Lunxis to check what happened," the old man instructed the two young men.

One young man nodded, left the witch array, drew a knife across his hand, and when blood poured out, took out a green insect.

He placed the green insect at the wound, and the insect quickly became excited at the scent of blood, crawling over to greedily suck it.

Before long, the green insect swelled several dozen times in size, turning red in color.

The young man immediately grabbed the insect and bit it into his mouth, bursting with juice instantly.

He then closed his eyes and whispered, "Lunxis, the witch array hasn't entered the second step, hurry and check what's going on."

On the airship, on the second layer below the deck.

A man with a full beard and a dirty appearance sat up immediately upon hearing the voice in his ear.

At this time, most of the laborers on the airship had fallen asleep, and the room was filled with various odors like sweat, foot odor, and cheap alcohol.

Lunxis appeared indifferent, got out of bed, and headed to the lower level of the deck.

He was a devout follower; although he seemed just an ordinary person, posing no threat.

Only Lunxis knew he had the power bestowed by the Gods, allowing him to unleash tremendous power at critical moments.

He was very clear about that small wooden box, as he had personally placed it in the deepest part of the deck during loading.

During this time, no one had been to the deepest part, so the small wooden box must still be there, untouched.

Being of low status, Lunxis usually couldn't approach the deepest part of the deck.

Though no one watched it, if discovered, Lunxis would surely be thrown off the airship.

Personality and dignity were privileges only the noble wizards could enjoy.

Laborers like them had no right to speak of such things.

If they were caught attempting to enter the deepest part of the deck or had designs on the goods, the outcome would be immediate execution by being thrown overboard.

This was the unwavering rule of working on an airship; no scheming allowed.

Lunxis was naturally aware of these, but he had no choice now.

The plan did not proceed smoothly, which was the least acceptable outcome for him.

No matter what, even at the cost of his life, he had to ensure the plan's success.

Lunxis silently arrived at the door to the deepest part of the deck, which was secured with a heavy iron lock, inaccessible without a key.

But Lunxis didn't need one; he extended his left hand, which instantly swelled, veins bulging high, transforming his fingers into razor-sharp claws.

His left hand gripped the iron lock, squeezing it gently, crumpling the iron lock into a mass of scrap metal.

After utilizing the power bestowed by the Gods, Lunxis not only possessed incredibly sharp claws but also greatly enhanced overall strength.

This was the miraculous power granted by the Gods, which Lunxis seldom used.

Clang, the iron lock fell to the ground, and Lunxis pushed open the door leading to the lower deck.

Chapter 385: Failure

The lower deck was pitch black, and Lunxis descended, relying on the light shining through from the door to roughly discern the situation.

He recalled for a moment and moved towards the inside; the small wooden box was right there, he remembered very clearly.

Lunxis came to this inconspicuous corner where there were still several small boxes stacked, seemingly ordinary cargo.

However, the most important small wooden box was missing.

Lunxis vividly remembered that during the cargo handling, the small wooden box was placed here. How did it suddenly vanish?

"Where did it go... where did it go..."

Lunxis rummaged through the pile of cargo, tossing things around, yet he couldn't even find a shadow of the small wooden box.

"Where did it go! Where did it go!"

As Lunxis's frustration grew, his body began showing bulging veins, as if he was about to explode the next second.

"Are you looking for this?" A young man's voice came from behind, and Lunxis turned to see a young man holding a small wooden box.

Upon spotting the small wooden box, Lunxis charged forward without saying a word, intending to kill Herag and retrieve the box.

"Dark Imprisonment." Magic power surged around Herag, and the next second, Lunxis's entire body was immobilized, unable to move.

Immediately, Herag appeared behind Lunxis, grabbed his head with both hands, and twisted it gently, causing Lunxis to collapse weakly.

But that wasn't the end; Herag quickly pierced two fingers into Lunxis's chest, extracting a slender red worm from inside.

With a forceful pinch from his two fingers, the red worm was killed.

Now Lunxis was completely dead.

Herag dragged Lunxis's corpse to the entrance and tossed it out, knowing someone would soon find it and investigate.

The iron lock on the door had already been broken and would be discovered sooner or later.

After dealing with this uninvited guest, Herag returned to his large wooden crate to stay.

Nearing sunrise, Lunxis's body was discovered by patrol personnel who arrived at the lower deck.

The unusual situation was quickly reported upwards, and soon, people came to the lower deck to check the cargo, finding nothing missing.

However, how Lunxis died and who killed him remained unclear.

Moreover, the lock at the door was evidently broken by human force, but no one knew who did it, and certainly not Lunxis.

Lunxis was merely an ordinary laborer, incapable of breaking such a massive iron lock.

After analyzing the situation, airship management concluded that the person who broke the lock was likely the same one who killed Lunxis.

Yet, the purpose of this person remained unknown, having broken the lock but not stolen any cargo, appearing quite strange.

After the investigation yielded no discoveries, the matter was slowly set aside, and a stronger iron lock was installed at the entrance.

Herag stayed inside the crate, holding a wooden carving.

The wooden box had been returned, except the carving inside was replaced with a magic potion root.

While people inspected the cargo on board, Herag concealed his presence, even holding his breath to avoid exposing himself.

They couldn't possibly open every crate to check, especially those containing keel bones which couldn't be opened.

These crates were specially constrained, only accessible by someone with the key.

Moreover, with such restrictions, the crates could not be stored inside a space ring.

This prevented easy theft by storing them inside a space ring, reducing the theft difficulty significantly.

Valuable items generally had these constraints added to ensure their safety.

Initially, Herag had hoped to catch an Abyssal Cultist using this wooden box after disembarking from the airship, but the antagonist appeared on the airship itself.

This left him with no choice but to resolve the issue right there.

Herag glanced at the wooden carving, realizing it was of no use now, and decisively crushed the demon worm inside.

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Below the airship.

An old man and two young men watched the airship fade away in despair, having exhausted almost all their magic power, yet the witch array failed to progress to the second step.

The airship had flown away as if nothing had happened.

"What the hell is Lunxis doing!" the young man cursed.

The old man frowned: "Someone must've obstructed our plan, perhaps those wizards discovered us. If they did, Lunxis is of no use."

The secrecy was paramount to their plan; if discovered, stopping them would be easy.

But if not discovered, the plan would proceed smoothly without a sound.

"Sir, what should we do now?" the young man asked.

The old man glanced at the departing airship and whispered: "Let's return. Failure is normal; what we aim to do is not easily accomplished. Franz took pains for many years, and eventually failed too. Let's go, there will be more opportunities in the future."

Inside the airship, Herag continued silent meditation, compressing his liquid spiritual power.

Beside him, the red worm inside the carving remained perfectly still, daring not make a move.

Unbeknownst to Herag, he had unwittingly thwarted an Abyssal Cultist operation yet again.

Several days later.

Herag took out a map, comparing it to the flight route map drawn by Shenlan in his mind.

The airship flew along the edges of major cities in the Land of Dawn, avoiding the polluted areas.

The flight paths were close to city peripheries, never venturing high over polluted regions.

The polluted territory was populated with powerful demons, who might find overhead noise and become aggressive.

What followed was an uneventful month-and-a-half journey aboard the airship, during which Herag consistently compressed the liquid spiritual power in his mind.

Signs of progress were visible; his liquid spiritual power has shrunk slightly within his mind, just enough to barely notice.

Despite taking such a long time, having such minimal progress felt slow.

However, Herag felt very satisfied, knowing this pace was quite fast.

No wizard at the liquidation stage could compress spiritual power as swiftly as he, seeing clear progress within mere months.

Herag adjusted his state through meditation, not to keep compressing spiritual power but to prep for what was coming.

The airship neared Silver Beach City and was about to enter Serlandir territory.

Herag could distinctly feel the airship's speed gradually decreasing, its altitude lowering until finally coming to a complete stop.

On the second deck above, Royce took out a Talisman Stone. Upon entering Serlandir territory, communication could be restored and used normally.

He observed the Talisman Stone's glow and was somewhat surprised upon receiving Sam's message.

Royce hadn't expected this shipment to also carry a person, and Sam only informed him of this now.

Chapter 386: Inspection

In the past, if someone wanted help with smuggling, Royce would always know the situation.

This time, Sam didn't even inform him, which only shows that the person in the lower deck is extremely special and unusual.

However, what Royce didn't expect was that this entire batch of Keel was merely a cover for that person.

After receiving the information from Sam, Royce immediately led his people to the deck below.

Normally, overseeing the unloading wouldn't require his personal attention, but it was different now that there were people involved; he had to keep an eye on it the whole time to avoid any accidents.

This is, after all, within the territory of Serlandir, and Royce and his people are residents of the Eye of the Storm.

If they're caught assisting with smuggling here, it's impossible to go back.

The Eye of the Storm won't negotiate for someone like Royce, being caught smuggling would mean a lifetime in prison.

Royce sighed inwardly, thinking that after selling the goods here he could enjoy some leisure, who knew there would be such an incident.

After the airship stopped, everyone getting off had to undergo identity inspection.

Wizards used Talisman Stones for identity verification, while ordinary people needed to show their respective identification.

Ordinary people's identification was a black stone card, also connected to the Magic Net.

It's said that such black cards are made of the same material as Talisman Stones, specifically for the use of ordinary people.

Since this airship originated from the Eye of the Storm, the identity checks were more rigorous.

If you don't disembark, you won't be checked, but if you want to enter Silver Beach City, there will be strict checks.

Goods also needed to be inspected, although not every item needed checking, usually, some goods are randomly selected from a batch for inspection.

As the unloading began, Royce's heart was in his throat, fearing someone hidden among the Keel would be discovered.

Beside Silver Beach City's docks was a vast plaza and a warehouse area for storing goods.

Once the goods were unloaded from the airship, they were placed on carts for random checks by Silver Beach City's inspectors.

They would also use Magic Sense-like spells to generally scan the contents.

However, some valuable goods couldn't be checked using Magic Sense, like those Keel.

The wooden crates containing the Keel were resistant to magic sensing, a common feature for many valuable items to prevent silent tampering.

Such goods required sampling tests.

This was precisely what kept Royce on edge, wondering what would happen if they randomly opened the crate Herag was in.

There was no concern over the Keel's paperwork, as Royce and his team had already forged them.

These documents would be caught at the Eye of the Storm, but here in Serlandir, they couldn't verify if the paperwork was authentic.

The paperwork appeared complete and seemed compliant, with the only issue being the lack of corresponding archives in Beilu City.

But Silver Beach City had no access to Beilu City's records, making verification impossible; usually, they just let things pass if the paperwork was in order.

Royce supervised the loading and unloading of goods, outwardly calm, but internally anxious.

Two hours later, it was finally time to load and unload the batch of Keel.

Several large wooden crates were placed on carts, unloaded from the airship one by one and gathered for inspection.

Eden, the manager on the dock, was an official member of Serlandir and a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard.

As usual, Eden stood by to oversee the loading and unloading of goods.

His main job was ensuring there were no contraband among the items.

This job wasn't easy, as many people tried to bribe him for leniency.

Eden refused to comply and treated all goods equally, never turning a blind eye to obtain benefits.

Naturally, this made him many enemies who often plotted against him.

If not for his status as an official member of Serlandir, he might have already been harmed.

The temptation of money stokes the heart, and blocking someone's path to wealth is akin to killing their parents, earning him numerous grudges.

Despite facing several challenges, Eden remained committed to his principles and duties.

Now, no one attempted to bribe him, knowing he was impervious to both persuasion and threats.

Yet Silver Beach City held a crucial position, being the closest city to the Eye of the Storm, with many important trades passing through here.

Some merchants, like Royce, would forge fake documents.

Though these fake documents were highly realistic, or in fact, sometimes real but unverifiable at the Eye of the Storm, they sufficed for Silver Beach City.

Some even considered removing Eden, not by killing him but by using connections to have him transferred, just as long as he wasn't overseeing the dock anymore.

However, this plan proved difficult and had yet to succeed.

Eden paid full attention to today's unloaded goods, inspecting each batch personally.

Though this took time, it provided assurance.

The initial goods were ordinary, with nothing amiss.

However, the following batch seemed unusual—several large crates, each with spells on them.

"What are these goods?" Eden asked.

Royce replied with a flattering smile, "Sir, these are a batch of Keel."

"Keel? Do you have the paperwork?" Eden frowned and asked.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course, we have the paperwork; otherwise, how would we dare transport them?" Royce quickly retrieved the documents from his Space Ring and handed them to Eden.

After looking them over several times, Eden said, "The paperwork seems fine. Let's begin the inspection."

"Which one would you like to inspect first, Sir?" Royce asked, still smiling.

Eden glanced at him and then at the crates, "Every single one."

"Ah? Every single one? That's impossible, Sir. These crates all have enchantments; once opened, they can't be re-enchanted, affecting subsequent transport." Royce said with a mournful expression.

Eden stated, "If I don't open them, how can I know if they contain Keel? All of them must be opened for inspection or they'll stay here."

Royce's face turned pale, and he hesitantly moved closer, whispering, "Could you make an exception, Sir? The price is negotiable."

Unaware of who Eden truly was, Royce thought he was like Case and trying to extort him.

Upon hearing this, Eden immediately determined there was definitely something wrong with this batch of Keel. He waved his hand emphatically, "Arrest this fat man; there's an issue with these goods; open them all for a thorough inspection."

Chapter 387: Smuggling

Two staff members immediately handcuffed Royce with Anti-Magic Handcuffs, and Royce didn't dare resist, knowing resistance would only make things worse.

He wailed, "Please spare me, sir. Can I forgo transporting this shipment and go back? I won't do this business anymore."

Eden shook his head, "No, this shipment has already entered our Serlandir territory, so I have both the right and the duty to inspect it."

Seeing no chance given, Royce's face turned ashen, thinking to himself that he was completely finished this time.

He hadn't expected the person in charge of Silver Beach City to be so difficult, not even accepting bribes and insisting on doing it for real.

Royce hadn't done much business in Silver Beach City before; this time, he was specially sent by Sam to handle this shipment of Keel.

Initially, there were no issues, but unexpectedly, the shipment contained a person, which caught Royce off guard.

Royce internally blamed Sam, thinking, "You should have told me if it involved a person, so I could prepare in advance."

Being told only after landing, isn't that setting me up?

Having lost all hope, Royce could only think about how to spend the rest of his days in Serlandir's prison.

He handed over the key to the large wooden crates, a black crystal square medallion used to unlock the crates' restraints.

A total of fifteen large wooden crates were being opened one by one in the plaza.

With each crate opened, Royce's heart sank a little more, until only three crates remained unopened.

Right then, some commotion came from one of the crates.

A side of the large crate suddenly opened, and a young man emerged from it.

"Who goes there!"

The two staff members beside Eden reacted quickly, immediately surrounding him, their Magic Power aura fluctuating, ready to act at any moment.

Herag smiled, raised his hands, and quickly explained, "I'm Herag Merlin, an official member of Serlandir under Lord Parker's command. I was accidentally teleported to a contaminated area by Abyssal Cultists and it's been a struggle to return."

He hurriedly clarified his identity and the background of the situation.

The two staff members, hearing his explanation, withdrew their gathering Magic Power and began scrutinizing Herag.

They indeed had some impression, as information regarding Herag had been disseminated to the various cities of Serlandir a while back.

Uncertain of Herag's identity, they refrained from immediate action but maintained vigilance.

After listening to Herag, Eden frowned and approached, looking at Herag before asking, "Where's the Talisman Stone? Take it out for me to see."

"The Talisman Stone was destroyed in the contaminated area for certain reasons. If it hadn't been lost, I wouldn't have needed to return via this method," Herag said helplessly.

"No Talisman Stone?" Eden's face showed a hint of skepticism.

"Even without a Talisman Stone, you didn't need to resort to illegal entry. Couldn't you simply contact someone from the Eye of the Storm for assistance?" Eden questioned.

Herag explained, "I don't trust the Eye of the Storm people because I was previously troubled by a Pioneer Squad in the contaminated area, narrowly escaping them. Upon entering their territory, how could I dare seek their help?"

Eden listened with half-belief, waving his hand, "Lock him up first, and we'll discuss things further once his identity is confirmed."

"Come now, you can contact Mr. Pries in Silver Moon City to verify my identity. Or lend me a Talisman Stone to contact him, and we can prove my identity on the spot," Herag suggested.

Eden said, "No need to rush; your identity will certainly be confirmed. But regardless of whether you are Herag or not, you've already committed illegal entry, so you must be apprehended first. Illegal entry and identity verification are separate matters."

Herag was speechless; are these really his own people?

He had no choice but to enter Serlandir illegally.

From Eden's demeanor, it looked like they were going to convict him of illegal entry.

Returning home is considered illegal entry too?

Eden instructed the two beside him, "Arrest him too, and lock him in the interrogation room."

Two staff members came over and handcuffed Herag with Anti-Magic Handcuffs.

Herag thought for a moment and didn't resist, knowing that the truth would soon come out, and violent resistance would only complicate matters.

It was Royce's first time seeing Herag, and he was quite surprised after hearing Herag reveal his identity, not expecting the person transported in the crate was affiliated with Serlandir.

He hadn't realized Sam had such deep connections with people of Serlandir.

Royce believed Herag must have a good relationship with Sam; otherwise, Sam wouldn't risk so much to help Herag enter illegally.

Thinking he had found a lifeline, he pleaded with Herag, "Lord Herag, help me. I'm a subordinate of Lord Sam. Save me; I don't want to spend my life in jail. Sir, Lord Herag is one of Serlandir's own, so it shouldn't be illegal entry."

"Illegal entry refers to unauthorized means of border crossing, unrelated to identity, so you both still committed this offense. Your specific crimes will be judged later," Eden said with an indifferent expression.

Herag looked helplessly at Royce. He himself was already handcuffed, so how could he save Royce? At least wait until he was free.

Herag was quickly escorted away to an interrogation room next to City Hall.

This was due to his identity; otherwise, he would have been directly imprisoned.

After Herag was placed in the interrogation room, no one tended to him—likely verifying his identity.

Three hours later, a middle-aged man entered, warmly smiling upon seeing Herag, and produced a Talisman Stone, "Mr. Herag, this is a reissued Talisman Stone. If you are the real Herag, you will be able to use it normally, thereby proving your identity."

"May I ask your name?" Herag inquired.

"I'm Brad, the minister of Silver Beach City's security, also acquainted and quite familiar with Pries," Brad replied with a smile.

Herag nodded and raised his handcuffed wrists, "Mr. Brad, could you unlock this first? Otherwise, I can't use Magic Power."

Brad patted his forehead, "Oh, I forgot about that. I've been busy communicating and coordinating; give me a moment."

He left the room and returned shortly with a key.

Brad approached Herag with the key and personally unlocked Herag's handcuffs.

Chapter 388: Talisman Stone

"Thank you, Mr. Brad," Herag expressed his gratitude.

Brad dared to unlock Herag's handcuffs so easily because he was confident enough.

He was a Level 2 Wizard, and Herag couldn't cause much trouble in front of him.

Herag obediently picked up the talisman stone on the table and then input a little bit of magic power.

The talisman stone immediately lit up, and Herag tapped on the personal page, which displayed his information.

"Mr. Brad, please have a look," Herag showed the information displayed on the talisman stone to Brad.

Brad glanced at it and said, "So it's you. I didn't expect you to still be alive."

"Mr. Brad, you know about me too?" Herag asked.

Brad nodded, "Yes, the incident in Silver Moon City at that time had a considerable impact, so I'm naturally aware. After you disappeared, Silver Moon City quickly discovered through positioning that you were deep in the pollution zone to the west."

"Unfortunately, at that time, we in Serlandir didn't have any Pioneers in that area, so we couldn't go to find you. Silver Moon City also applied for a search in the pollution zone to locate you, but the applications were all rejected."

"From the perspective of the higher-ups, sending so many people deep into the pollution zone to find a Liquidation Wizard was not worthwhile, and could potentially cost more manpower."

"Entering the pollution zone is not a simple task, and Silver Moon City couldn't just send people in to find you on their own."

"The matter was initially under discussion, but later one day your position suddenly disappeared. The sudden disappearance of a wizard's talisman stone position, especially in the pollution zone, likely indicates that he has perished."

"So after that, no further mention was made about looking for you, and without positioning, it was impossible to search for you."

"The pollution zone is extremely dangerous, and the probability of a Liquidation Wizard surviving there alone is very low..."

Herag understood approximately, it seemed that the people of Serlandir all thought he had already died in the pollution zone.

This was normal; it was too dangerous inside, and even Level 2 Wizards might not survive, let alone Herag alone.

Herag reflected on his experiences in the pollution zone; there were indeed numerous crises, several life-and-death situations.

It was only by turning danger into safety each time that he managed to return alive.

If even a small mistake had happened in between, Herag wouldn't be standing here now.

Herag glanced at the message list; many people had sent messages, Reese, Pries, Baron, and even Lillian far away at Augustus Academy; it seemed she also learned about his situation.

"Mr. Herag, you are free now; go handle your matters," Brad smiled.

He saw the clang of messages in Herag's talisman stone, knowing that Herag would be busy.

Herag asked, "Mr. Brad, is there an airship here to Silver Moon City?"

Seeing so many messages, he wanted to hurry back to Silver Moon City to understand and deal with some matters.

Brad replied, "There's no direct one to Silver Moon City, but there is one that passes through. It generally takes four to five months. If you need, I can help you arrange it."

"Four to five months... Then please, Mr. Brad, help contact me. I want to return as soon as possible. Thank you, Mr. Brad," Herag thanked.

Brad said, "No need to be polite, we are all on the same side. Besides, in my view, you are a hero who saved many people in Silver Moon City, although some people don't think so."

"Some people don't think so?" Herag pondered this sentence, gaining some information from it and silently contemplated.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Brad," Herag expressed his gratitude.

Brad waved his hand and smiled, "It's not much of a reminder, not a big deal."

"By the way, Mr. Brad, what about that Royce?" Herag asked.

"Royce? You mean that smuggling merchant, right? He will most likely be sentenced to seven or eighty years for smuggling," Brad answered.

Although nothing happened to Herag, that was because he was from Serlandir.

But Royce was a resident of Eye of the Storm, who indeed committed smuggling, so he had to bear the corresponding penalty.

Herag said, "He did kind of help me out, can he be let go?"

"Sure, no problem, it's just a matter of words. In fact, such affairs, seen as smuggling, can be phrased differently. If turned into helping a member of Serlandir escape danger, it's not a crime but a merit," Brad said.

"Thank you," Herag smiled.

Royce was Sam's man, and Sam was his servant; saving him might come in handy someday.

Royce and Sam's prowess might not be significant, but their value wasn't in strength.

Herag had no intention of dissolving Sam's contract either.

Sam was an underground figure in the Eye of the Storm area, likely useful in the future, dissolving was out of the question.

When Herag had Sam sign the contract, he had no intention of dissolving it, keeping such a person was useful.

Sam was well aware of this too; he could only pray inwardly that Herag would never die, or at least not before him.

After leaving, Herag found a hotel to stay temporarily, waiting for the airship to come and then setting off.

He sat on the hotel bed, starting to check messages.

Reese's messages were numerous, and from them, it was clear she was very sad.

"Applying to become a Pioneer?" Herag discovered from Reese's message that she applied to become a Pioneer.

Reese firmly believed Herag wouldn't die, but since Serlandir wouldn't send anyone to find him, Reese decided to become a Pioneer herself and head into the pollution zone to find Herag.

Seeing this moved Herag but also frightened him, having just come out of the pollution zone himself, knowing how dangerous it was inside.

Given Reese's capabilities, entering would be a death sentence, with little chance of survival.

Fortunately, upon seeing subsequent messages, he found that Pries contacted people on Serlandir's side and denied Reese's application.

In the message Pries sent to Herag, it also mentioned this, and Herag finally breathed a sigh of relief after seeing these messages.

Fortunately, Reese didn't become a Pioneer to enter the pollution zone, otherwise, he would have to turn back and enter it again as soon as he came out.

After reading Reese's message, Herag sent Reese a message: "I'm back, expected to return to Silver Moon City in four to five months."

On the other side of the talisman stone, in Silver Moon City, Reese saw the talisman stone light up, somewhat puzzled as to who would send her a message.

She opened the talisman stone and saw it was Herag, momentarily thinking she was hallucinating.

Chapter 389: Journey to Silver Moon City

Reese was convinced that Herag was still alive, but she did not expect him to return so soon.

Herag's location was traced to the depths of the pollution zone, a place where returning usually takes years.

After Herag assured Reese of his safety, Reese finally calmed down a little; she no longer needed to think about going to the pollution zone and just had to wait for Herag to return.

Herag shortly thereafter caught up with Reese about what had happened since his departure, gaining a general understanding of the situation.

When he was teleported to the pollution zone, on the Serlandir side, investigations into the slum incident began.

The impact of this incident was enormous; seventy to eighty percent of Silver Moon City was affected by the spreading vines, causing ground subsidence and building collapses everywhere.

After some time, the witch array below the slums was finally investigated and understood by Serlandir.

Once the teleportation effect of the witch array was known, everyone gasped in shock.

If this witch array were to be successfully activated, all of Silver Moon City would be buried in the Abyss Plane.

Furthermore, after their deaths, a relatively stable plane channel would be opened, allowing the existence from the Abyss Plane to reach the Wizard Plane directly.

If such a thing were to happen, the consequences would be unimaginable.

No one expected that Franz, who usually stayed low-key in the slums, was secretly plotting such an earth-shattering plan.

Following this, Serlandir began a thorough investigation of the slums, rounding up all of Franz's confidants without missing any.

However, there was another troublesome issue: there were many people in the slums who were either passively or actively becoming Abyssal Cultists.

Many of these people were unknowingly induced to become Abyssal Cultists, unaware that they were worshiping an Evil God.

After much consideration, Serlandir decided to treat those thoroughly lured into the cult as Abyssal Cultists.

For those not completely ensnared, various Magic Potions were used to eliminate the Demons from their bodies, gradually turning them back into ordinary people, no longer influenced by the Abyss Plane.

Though this approach was laborious, it spared many lives.

If the conventional method of dealing with Abyssal Cultists were applied, most people in the slums would have to be executed.

This wouldn't be allowed in the Land of Dawn, and even Serlandir would face criticism from other Wizard Organizations.

Moreover, many people did not intentionally become Abyssal Cultists, prompting Serlandir to change the handling method.

There were many people in the slums, especially the elderly and children, who couldn't all be killed.

Further investigation revealed that these slum dwellers might have been prepared as "sacrifices" by Franz.

Herag's unexpected intervention disrupted Franz's plans, preventing his conspiracy from succeeding.

Regarding Herag's situation, Serlandir issued relevant search notices across the Land of Dawn, but there was no feedback.

Later, Pries and others learned Herag was deep in the pollution zone and felt that Herag was likely not going to return.

When Herag's location completely vanished, most people thought he was dead.

However, his status was not officially confirmed as deceased, only missing, so many of Herag's privileges were not revoked.

Typically, the information in such cases would be revoked only after several decades.

Herag's return in just a few months naturally avoided being revoked.

Upon learning this information, Herag and Reese began reviewing and responding to messages from others.

At this point, the messages were generally from closer connections.

No one from the Barren Land had sent any messages, as people there were unaware of what had happened here.

Reese did not inform them of Herag's disappearance, only communicated with Asuna, Chatiya, and others.

The reason Reese was confident Herag was not dead was that Asuna and Chatiya were still alive.

She knows that Asuna and Chatiya have a Master-Servant Contract with Herag, and since they are still alive, it means Herag is not dead.

Based on the information that Asuna and Chatiya were alive, Reese deduced Herag was surviving in the pollution zone, thus considering entering it at all costs to find him.

Herag was still alive; going sooner might offer some chance to save him.

Every minute wasted, Herag's chances of returning alive diminish.

However, Serlandir did not want to commit so many people to the pollution zone to rescue a Liquidation Wizard, leaving Reese helpless.

The investigation into Abyssal Cultists in the slums continued, but no one could further investigate Herag's issue.

Three days later, Herag boarded the airship to Silver Moon City.

During these three days, he had a meal with Brad, and they became acquainted, adding each other as Talisman Stone friends.

During his wait for the airship, Herag used Brad's connections to borrow books on the pollution zone from Silver Beach City's library.

Normally, based on Herag's level, he did not have the right to borrow these books, but with Brad's help, the restriction was bypassed.

Once in his hands, Herag recorded all the relevant information, intending to study it carefully later.

"Mr. Brad, be sure to inform me if you find yourself in Silver Moon City someday," Herag said with a smile.

Brad waved at Herag from the airship's deck, saying, "Don't worry, when I visit Silver Moon City, I'll definitely have a meal at your expense."

Despite knowing each other for a short time, both got along well.

Brad, although a Level 2 Wizard, showed no arrogance and conversed equally with Herag.

He found Herag to be extremely knowledgeable, possessing a broad spectrum of knowledge that made him, an old wizard with years of experience, feel somewhat inferior.

"I wonder how this young man possesses such an astounding amount of knowledge..." Brad mused, watching the airship gradually fade from view.

Herag stood by a large floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the increasingly distant view of Silver Beach City below, contemplating many things.

He was now in a luxurious and spacious room, the most opulent suite on the airship.

The price of such a lavish suite was naturally expensive, and with Herag's extended travel time, it was astronomical.

Initially, Herag did not intend to be so indulgent; he needed to save his Magic Stones for cultivation.

External conditions were insignificant to him; any small room would suffice.

However, with Brad's assistance, he managed to secure the room at the extremely cheap price of two thousand Magic Stones.

Chapter 390: Earth Core Devouring Worm

Normally, Herag would stay on the airship for four to five months, and an ordinary room would cost around a thousand Magic Stones.

A luxury suite for such a long time would cost at least tens of thousands of Magic Stones.

However, because this airship happened to have many vacant luxury suites, and with a little help from Brad, Herag was able to stay at a cheaper rate.

The interior of the luxury suite is over two hundred square meters, fully equipped with everything imaginable.

There is also one-on-one personalized service, and the staff can be called at any time for assistance.

Inside the room, there's a massive bed that's extremely comfortable to lie on.

Beside the bed is a huge floor-to-ceiling window, through which one can directly view the scenery outside the airship.

Most importantly, the scenery displayed on the window can be switched at will.

Herag stands here, making it seem as if the outside of the window is indeed the outside of the airship.

But in fact, this luxury suite is inside the airship, not outside.

The view shown on the window is transmitted through a Witch Array to display on the surface.

Next to the window is a button, with a press, it can switch between different angles of the outside or close off to become a wall.

Herag walked to the stove, took down the boiling kettle, to brew coffee for himself.

After pouring himself a cup of coffee, he moved to the floor-to-ceiling window and sat on the sofa, contemplating outside.

Herag is browsing the stored information in Shenlan, regarding the pollution zone.

The pollution zone doesn't have a detailed map, only a complete overview can be seen.

However, specific conditions of various places within it's unknown, as those areas constantly change, and no map can accurately note the situation there.

Even the seasoned Pioneer Explorers in pollution zones need to regularly update their hand-drawn maps.

The maps held by Pioneers mainly denote where powerful creatures are active, and some dangerous areas are clearly marked.

But these are inaccurate, for the territories of creatures can change.

While powerful creatures have territory, it doesn't mean they will stay there forever, roaming freely is common.

Invasions and battles among different beasts are possible, such as a giant spider going out to hunt.

Scarier than these creatures are those dangerous regions, technically ancient relics.

Due to the eerie and high-level danger of these relics, they are marked upon discovery.

Some dangerous areas are not fixed and may appear anywhere in the pollution zone, being another reason maps are not useful.

Herag silently browses this information about the pollution zone, enriching his related knowledge base.

While exploring creature introductions, he stumbled upon a familiar name, the Great Demon.

After reading, he realized the Great Demon was more terrifying than imagined.

The Great Demon is akin to a Crawler but an oversized version.

This means the Great Demon is also immortal.

Encountering such a powerful immortal creature gave Herag goosebumps, making one wonder how to combat them.

Great Demons are very few, and encounters are rare; meeting one could be good or bad luck.

If not for the Great Demon appearing, Herag might have died at the hands of a Level 2 Wizard of the Eye of the Storm.

Herag recalled a whole city of Crawlers not far from the canyon where the Great Demon sleeps.

Given the speed of the Great Demon, it's as if it's sleeping nearby.

Herag believed there might be a connection between the city and the Great Demon; such large numbers of Crawlers are too anomalistic.

However, these matters were distant from Herag, not something to ponder on for now.

The Land of Dawn's cities are mostly not closely connected; they are generally separated by pollution zones.

Many powerful creatures, like the Great Demon, once roamed this land, often besieging cities.

Later, the Land of Dawn formed squads to either slay or drive away powerful creatures within its bounds.

After solving these issues, internal safety in the Land of Dawn moderately improved.

Although demons still exist in the polluting zones, very few Level 3 or above are present now.

Usually, Level 3 Wizard equivalent demons have intelligence and tend to avoid bothering the powerful Wizards here.

In dealing with such creatures, Wizards do not engage solo but work as a group.

Additionally, they collaborate with Witchcraft Artifacts and Witch Arrays to design plans—these creatures are no match for Wizards.

Thus, not much time passed until many powerful demons within were driven out.

With vast pollution zones outside, there's enough territory for such creatures.

Herag also spotted an old friend in the creature data, the Earth Core Devouring Worm, the "high-speed train" he once rode.

The Earth Core Devouring Worm is a Level 1 Demon, active underground, occasionally preying on surface dwellers.

According to records, they're considered a beneficial insect.

They consume polluted black soil and rocks, excreting normal soil.

While the principle behind purifying polluted soil is unknown, for Wizards of the Land of Dawn, they're undoubtedly beneficial.

Typically, Pioneer Squads don't hunt the Earth Core Devouring Worms unless attacked, then they retaliate.

The Worm's purification capability can slowly alleviate pollution issues, though it's minor given the vast zones.

Herag once stayed inside an Earth Core Devouring Worm, observing how it devours soil and rocks, although didn't notice normal soil excretion.

Herag spent a day reading about the pollution zone, gaining more insights into the area.

He stretched, headed to the bathroom to run a hot bath, ready to relax properly.

Recently, he endured intense, stressful circumstances, now he can unwind and ease his tension.

The airship's flight route is generally near each city, making encounters with pollution zone dangers rarer.